

THEY TOOK HIM IN.

How Two Hardy Miners Deal With a Little Chap With Eyeglasses and a Hard Hat.

From the Denver Republican.

"Wan' ter talk ter me about mines, eh," queried Uncle Billy Sampson to a Republican reporter recently.

The speaker was a tall, broad-shouldered man of 60 years of age. His long, luxuriant beard had once been a bright, sandy color, but was now liberally streaked with gray. His face was bronzed and wrinkled, but his form was erect and there was a clear, bright light in his eyes, which showed him to be in perfect health and likely to resist the attacks of Father Time for many years more.

His hands were large and brown and in places calloused by work. His clothing was of the "hand-me-down" variety, and did not fit him very well, but vanity was not one of the old man's failings. He was not perfectly at ease in his new suit, however, and his actions indicated that he would much prefer being attired in his old suit of "ducking" with his pants in his boots.

He wore a blue shirt—no amount of persuasion could have induced him to put on a "billed" shirt—and smoked a pipe. The latter was his dearest companion and his source of comfort in all troubles; he detested a cigar.

In the mountains he was known to his intimate acquaintances as "Uncle Billy"—few of them knew his surname to others, he was known as "the old prospector."

For years he had searched the mountains for precious metals; he had traced "float" for miles to discover its source; he had "panned" the placer grounds along a hundred mountain streams, fortune seemed against him, and the result of his labor had simply been enough to provide him with food and clothes. He had lived a life of exposure and privation, far from civilization, and for many years had nothing to show as the fruit of his labor.

About a year ago his luck changed and fortune favored him—but he will let him tell his story in his own way.

"A year ago last spring," said Uncle Billy, when he had filled and lighted his pipe and settled himself comfortably in an armchair, "I was prospecting in San Juan county, I had been over in the Ten-Mile territory before, but I didn't seem ter have no luck t' all, Old Jim Martin, who was down in the San Juan, writ me a letter to come down ther, as things were lookin' purty good."

"Well—sit—I went—down—ther," continued Uncle Billy, alternating each word with a puff from his pipe, "an' I went up to ole Jim's claim. He called the claim the 'Mary Jane,' after a gal back East he used ter sweet on, but she married another feller, an' that's one reason why ole Jim come 'cross the plains; but he was allers kinder gone on the gal ever since."

"Did he have a good claim?"

"Kinder. He thought he had struck it big."

"What yer got, Jim?"

"I've got the lime and porphyry, sez he, what more do I want?"

"Waal, sez I, kinder slow like, 'seems to me a little mineral would help it along a bit, an' I then I laugh at him, and purty soon Jim commenced laughin' to."

"That's so," sez Jim, "but when yer git the lime and porphyry yer sure to get the mineral after a while."

"The next mornin' I took my pick and struck out. I hadn't gone far when I picked up a piece of float rock. 'Humph,' sez I, 'wonder what that come from; purty good lookin' stuff.'"

"I looked right up ahead of me, whar ther was a sharp ledge of rocks. 'That's whar she comes from,' sez I to myself."

"After selecting a location I started in."

"Did you strike it?"

"Not right away. I worked for about three weeks without gettin' anything; then a little streak of mineral came in; it wasn't a very big streak, but it looked rich. Jim was working on the Mary Jane, just below me. I hollered to him; 'Jim I've struck it!'"

"Jim come up, got out his glasses and examined it. 'We've got it, pard,' says he; 'gray copper and native silver. We've got a bonanza, sez Jim.'"

"I don't know what a bonanza is, Jim, sez I, 'but if it's anything good I hope yer right.'"

"We got a windlass and commenced work in dead earnest. We sunk her forty feet and then got scared."

"What scared you?"

"Why, the darned old thing commenced to pinch out. 'Jim,' sez I, 'one mornin', 'what do you think of the bonanza now?' We had named the claim the Bonanza."

"There's nothin' ter do, says Jim; 'sell out.'"

"We commenced to blow about what a big mine we had, and purty soon we had the whole neighborhood talkin' about it. Early in the spring a little chap with eyeglasses and a hard hat came into camp. He wore boots laced up in front and a corduroy suit. The boys spotted him for an expert. He said he was representin' St. Louis moneyed men and was lookin' for a mine."

"'Billy,' sez Jim to me one day when we was talkin' about the expert 'let's take his look.'"

"'How?' sez I."

"'Let's sell him the Bonanza; I don't think he knows a mine from a post hole.'"

"To make a long story short," said Uncle Billy, "we took him in, \$20,000 in good money. By George! 'excuse me the old miner's swine' excited at the awakened memory of the transaction 'but me and Jim felt good.'"

"You did take him in, sure enough," said the reporter, unconsciously rejoicing at the old man's good luck.

Uncle Billy looked at the reporter with almost a savage look. His whole demeanor had changed in an instant.

"I'll tell you the balance of the story about that mine and you can judge for yourself who got took in. That feller knew more in a minit than me an' Jim both put together did in a year. He was back East and got three other fellers in with him—big boys."

"They took that ole 40-foot hole, put up a shaft house, put in machinery and set a gang of men to work. They called themselves the 'Bonanza Gold & Silver Consolidated Mining & Milling Company.' They issued 'The Little Fellow' with the corduroy suit an' eye-glasses was Super-

intendent. Purty soon they made a strike; then they built a mill, then they declared a dividend. You couldnt touch that mine now with \$2,000, 000; no siree."

"Jim and me never talk about the ole Bonanza now. One day I said to him: 'Jim, I see the ole Bonanza out put another dividend yesterday. He looked at me kinder sad like and said: 'Billy, me and you are two derned old fools; let's go take somethin'.'"

Done in a Minute.

Cleveland Press.

"Well, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a minute."

But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, what you are waiting a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of 13 miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror made you look at a minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world, about eighty new-born infants have each reached a wall of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last gasp.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile and a half, a street car 3 rods; the fastest trotting horse, 147 9-16 rods, and an average pedestrian of the genius homo has got over 16 rods.

In each minute in the United States, night and day, all the year round, go down 12,000 barrels of beer have to go down 12,000 barrels of beer, 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.

If there were a box kept at the city hall in the city of Cleveland into which every minute a sum sufficient to pay the interest on the city debt had to be dropped, the sum so dropped each minute of the whole year would be \$7 cents.

How about national finances? Well, sir, in the same way, each minute, night and day, by the official reports for the year 1886, the United States collected \$639 and spent \$141; \$178 more than necessary. The interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time.

Now, in the residue of figures I give you will remember that they represent so much for every minute in the year. All the preceding figures should be so considered. And remember, also, that we are all the time, hereafter, talking about a minute connected with the whole United States.

The telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 196 times. Of tobacco, 925 pounds are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.

But I am afraid that you will forget that an article about a minute, sixty seconds of time? No? Well, then, every minute 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig sixty-one tons of anthracite coal and 200 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig iron we turn out 12 tons and of steel rails three tons.

But I am afraid that you have kept me waiting fifteen legs of cotton have been made, twelve bails of cotton from the fields and thirty-six bushels of grain gone into 149 gallons of spirits, while \$66 in gold should have been dug out of the earth. In the same time the United States mint turned out gold and silver coin to the value of \$121, and forty-two acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.

WITHIN AN ACE.

A War Correspondent's Narrow Escape from Death.

"At the capitulation of Paris the correspondents were eager to get into that unlucky city and send a description to their papers," writes Archibald Forbes. "This was a somewhat dangerous undertaking. The morning after the capitulation I secured a pass through the German lines and walked into the city all well. Words cannot describe the condition of things. I carried in my wallet five pounds of ham which formed the first provisions that were sent in. Inset some of my colleagues there who had been shut in during the siege. They were dining on dog soup and horse steak, and were eating a peculiar looking stuff, called bread, which was made chiefly of sawdust and sand. The horse steak was not bad. It had an odd sweet taste with it, but one has to become accustomed to it to like it. The dog soup I did not try. The difficulty there was to get the news to London. Telegraphing was strictly prohibited in France, so I rode far for about 20 miles to a railroad station that took the train to Strasbourg; from there I went to Carisbad and sent off my dispatches. I then returned to Paris, having accomplished a journey of 70 miles in 48 hours. On re-entering Paris I met several of my colleagues, who chaffed me considerably on their having been in the capital first and sent off their dispatches. I said nothing, but a few days later they were very quiet when they saw the Daily News with the news they had sent ahead of their dispatches. After the capitulation followed the awful days of the Commune, when, as M. Labouchere put it, 'they shot you first and apologized to your body afterwards.' One day I had the misfortune to be set upon by an excited mob who took me for a German spy. I fought as long as I could, but finally fell down. The ruffians then danced a sort of a waltz around me, kicking my head as they passed. I was just becoming unconscious when a body of police rescued me and I was locked up. Next day I was taken before a magistrate, and on showing him my British passport I was released, fortunately without any broken bones. On another occasion I was taken prisoner and along with several others stood against a wall to be shot. The order had been given to present when an officer recognized me and I was released."

A HAND.

As Small as a Child's, as Soft as Velvet, and Owned by a Daring Little Woman.

I am a sound sleeper. With a clear conscience and a robust constitution, it is impossible for a man to toss sleeplessly on his bed. But that morning I awoke suddenly two hours before my usual time, and felt so wide awake that I thought it must certainly be 7 o'clock at the latest. I pulled aside the curtains of my berth and held my watch under the glimmering light. It was only 5! I shook it, looked again at it and glanced up and down the car. No one was stirring; not even the porter in sight. I pulled my head in again, shivered a little, turned over and tried to go to sleep, but the pillows seemed out of shape and I could not comfortably arrange them. The covering would not adjust itself to me, and after trying to keep my eyes shut a few minutes, at last gave it up and rolled up the curtain.

The air outside looked keen and snapping. The ground with its covering of snow sparkled as if some prodigal hand had scattered diamonds in profusion everywhere. The moon was low, but seemed to be lingering for one last look on so beautiful a landscape. Away ahead I could occasionally catch glimpses of the engine as she rounded the curves, covered with clouds of smoke that fell back over her dusky form like a mantle of eider. She held her nose over the glistening path, with its two parallel lines running into infinity, like a bound on the trail, while the light on her forehead darted flashes like a meteor. On we flew. The low rumble and swaying motion of the car on its springs tokened our speed.

I lay back on my pillow thanking fortune that I was in comfortable quarters and not breathing the frosty airs as the men on the engine. As dawn appeared I pulled up the curtain at the foot of the berth, piled the pillows under my head, making my position a semi-reclining one, and watched the effect of the bright streaks of crimson which were now shooting over the hills and making the shadows in the valleys disappear.

On entering the car the evening before, as far as I could notice, the apartments were nearly all filled. Seeing this, I gave my valise and coat to the porter, entered the smoking apartment and did not leave it until late—so late in fact that it was impossible to find my berth, owing to the poor light and the uniformity of the made-up berths.

I now noticed as I raised the lower curtain, in the half light of morning that filled my apartment, a white object at the upper inside corner of the berth, to which I at first gave no attention, thinking, as I remember now, that it was the corner of the sheet that covered the berth above me. At one time I saw it move, but the movement was so unnatural for an inanimate object that it gave me a slight start. As the light increased I found my attention was all the more riveted on it, as it grew more and more complex and a well-formed head crowned with a luxuriant growth of auburn hair. As the curtains parted and she stood for an instant, not quite determined which way to go, I caught her full outline. She was medium in size, graceful in every movement, with an elderly gentleman's face, and a complexion of the color of her complexion. As she passed me I imagined I caught a little rough twinkle in her eye—but that may have been only my imagination. I waited patiently for her return, but my station, Hudson, was not where she came back, and she did not return.

The beautiful little town nestled so quietly under the lee of the great black St. Croix bathing its feet, is as beautiful in winter as in summer months. As I left the car and stepped into the cold, invigorating air, I could not but admire the quiet tranquility that reigned everywhere. The blue smoke was curling upward from a number of white cottage chimneys that betokened warmth, peace and plenty inside. I dropped my valise at the depot and walked aimlessly down the high grade approach of the immense bridge. I had been awakened in the night by that was the nearest approach to sentimentalism that had occupied my thoughts for many a day. The long train, now rumbling along the farther end of the bridge, and so far distant that it resembled a toy train of cars, contained a face and form that had awakened in me a desire in me. A little white cottage in some quiet place like this, a wife, and maybe a little toddler at my knee—but nonsense. I started back at a rapid rate, breakfasted, finished my business and took the next train for St. Paul.

It was the time of the ice carnival. Such a throng of people in outdoor dresses, that the city was gaily illuminated with myriads of electric lights and its streets filled with noisy, rollicking, gaily dressed crowds. I hurried through my business, which kept me occupied for several days and then, being alone and having no personal acquaintances in the city, did as the rest did—bought a blanket suit, a tasseled cap and followed the crowd. I was not willing to admit them, even to myself, why I staid, as I took no particular interest in tobogganing, or freezing myself standing on the corners watching the various carnival companies in their parades. But you can guess it. On the third day I was rewarded. I was coming down Third street; the sidewalk was filled with pedestrians, while the street was in a continual jingle of passing sleighs loaded with happy people. My attention was remarkably fine. Three large horses were hitched abreast, a semi-circle of plumes over the central horse, while the others were nearly covered with bells. The heavy harnesses were trapped with silver. The sleigh was low and broad, hidden with robes, while the driver, on a high seat in front, was costumed like a Cossack. There were two occupants beside the driver—an old gentleman and a lady. The gentleman was so closely muffled that he was nearly unrecognizable, but the lady was the one that had occupied my thoughts. She was a beautiful, blonde I recognized her. As the sleigh passed me and was receding, she pulled her mittened hand from her muff and held it up, palm toward me, for an instant, behind the

base of the thumb, called the vital line, if I remember correctly. The line was marked, that is, it was a good constitution and a fair lease of life. Its course was nearer the base of the thumb than is usual, showing her to be of a warm, confiding nature, firm, but sympathetic. Some other lines showed a love of independence, and sound judgment; others, a coquette, rough nature; others that she was tender of other's feelings. This much I found: That I was unconsciously taking as much interest in the "tale of the hand" as if I expected my own hand to be crossed with a silver piece when I had finished the examination. A few markings in the center of the hand I desired to see, that the half light in the apartment did not reveal. I never knew how it happened, but can only remember that I was so earnest in my endeavor to trace out those markings that I forgot the hand belonged to any one—forgot where I was, or the situation, and turned the hand around to the light.

I noticed that my story was not much appreciated by my audience. This was made very evident by an occasional yawn from some of the members of the party, or from their changing their positions occasionally. I did not desire to bore them with a story that I myself thought insipid, and as I closed the last sentence said: "I see you are not interested and we are all tired, let us postpone the balance of the story until to-morrow night."

"No, go on!" said Midge. "It is just beginning to get interesting. What did she do when you caught hold of her hand?"

The moment my hand came in contact with the hand from above I realized my mistake. The hand was suddenly withdrawn. An overwhelming sense of my folly came over me. I could not help but wonder how I could not say it was an accident, because I had taken hold of the hand deliberately. Had I merely touched it that would have been another matter. I did hope at that moment a collision would happen, that in the uproar I could drop out into the snow unobserved.

With a feeling somewhat akin to criminality, dressed quickly, secured my valise and coat and placed them in a seat not occupied further up the car, and then went into the wash-room. Not until I reached it did I feel secure. I plunged my burning face into the cold water, which animated me a little, while completing my morning toilet. I smiled at my sudden trepidation. I had not been seen; why not go back and from another seat see if the owner of the hand was as comely as I had pictured her? There were twenty other persons in the car; how could she distinguish me from the others?

I went back into the car and took a seat near my own berth and waited patiently for the occupant of upper "seven" to make her appearance. After a lapse of time that seemed hours, while in reality it may have been twenty minutes, I saw the porter approach the berth with the ladder, and immediately a girlish head protruded from the curtains with a half-frightened expression on her face. What I expected from so beautiful a hand was more than realized. The face was beautiful, the eyes were gray, the complexion and a well-formed head crowned with a luxuriant growth of auburn hair. As the curtains parted and she stood for an instant, not quite determined which way to go, I caught her full outline. She was medium in size, graceful in every movement, with an elderly gentleman's face, and a complexion of the color of her complexion. As she passed me I imagined I caught a little rough twinkle in her eye—but that may have been only my imagination. I waited patiently for her return, but my station, Hudson, was not where she came back, and she did not return.

The beautiful little town nestled so quietly under the lee of the great black St. Croix bathing its feet, is as beautiful in winter as in summer months. As I left the car and stepped into the cold, invigorating air, I could not but admire the quiet tranquility that reigned everywhere. The blue smoke was curling upward from a number of white cottage chimneys that betokened warmth, peace and plenty inside. I dropped my valise at the depot and walked aimlessly down the high grade approach of the immense bridge. I had been awakened in the night by that was the nearest approach to sentimentalism that had occupied my thoughts for many a day. The long train, now rumbling along the farther end of the bridge, and so far distant that it resembled a toy train of cars, contained a face and form that had awakened in me a desire in me. A little white cottage in some quiet place like this, a wife, and maybe a little toddler at my knee—but nonsense. I started back at a rapid rate, breakfasted, finished my business and took the next train for St. Paul.

It was the time of the ice carnival. Such a throng of people in outdoor dresses, that the city was gaily illuminated with myriads of electric lights and its streets filled with noisy, rollicking, gaily dressed crowds. I hurried through my business, which kept me occupied for several days and then, being alone and having no personal acquaintances in the city, did as the rest did—bought a blanket suit, a tasseled cap and followed the crowd. I was not willing to admit them, even to myself, why I staid, as I took no particular interest in tobogganing, or freezing myself standing on the corners watching the various carnival companies in their parades. But you can guess it. On the third day I was rewarded. I was coming down Third street; the sidewalk was filled with pedestrians, while the street was in a continual jingle of passing sleighs loaded with happy people. My attention was remarkably fine. Three large horses were hitched abreast, a semi-circle of plumes over the central horse, while the others were nearly covered with bells. The heavy harnesses were trapped with silver. The sleigh was low and broad, hidden with robes, while the driver, on a high seat in front, was costumed like a Cossack. There were two occupants beside the driver—an old gentleman and a lady. The gentleman was so closely muffled that he was nearly unrecognizable, but the lady was the one that had occupied my thoughts. She was a beautiful, blonde I recognized her. As the sleigh passed me and was receding, she pulled her mittened hand from her muff and held it up, palm toward me, for an instant, behind the

old gentleman, and seemingly trying to avoid being seen by others or the old gentleman himself. There was a most tantalizing and bewitching expression on her face as she did this. In an instant the face was gone.

To say that I was dumfounded at her action would be hardly expressing my feelings. That she knew or divined my efforts at palmistry in the car was certain from her action. That she was amused at my nonplussed expression was evident from the suppressed mirth, the fun, rillery and blishes which followed like quick ripples over her face. To my embarrassment she had turned the tables on me. The twinkle that I thought I saw in her eyes as she passed me that morning in the car was not supposition. It was a reality.

I made my way to my hotel and took the first train home. On my way to the depot I was afraid to look into a woman's face, fearing that it might be she and that some new phase of the matter might reveal itself that I knew nothing about or did not expect. The matter puzzled me for a long time, but I never could come to any real opinion of how she obtained the knowledge of my efforts at palmistry.

When I entered Mme. Y's residence the night of her famous reception, unattended, the house was ablaze with light. The parlors and halls were crowded with guests, while the dancers in the saloon were making muscular efforts to keep in motion, though nearly futile for want of space. My acquaintance was limited, and after disposing of my wraps I was happy that such was the case. I could get into a corner somewhere and watch what was going on unobserved. I had scarcely reached the lower landing when I was confronted by an old classmate that I had not seen for years. His delight at meeting me was not assumed and nothing would do but that I must make the rounds with him. Almost before I was aware of it I was filling my card with names.

I spent a most enjoyable evening. I closed my last number and was standing in the conservatory, which opened from the drawingroom, talking with Brown, my old college chum, when my attention was attracted to a graceful figure standing at the further end of the drawing-room conversing with an elderly gentleman. Occasionally she would look in our direction, artlessly shading her eyes with her hand to get a better view of us. There was something familiar to me in the figures of both the gentleman and the young lady. I probably stared so earnestly that Brown, noting my lack of attention, turned, and seeing the object that attracted me, said:

"That's the princess, Jim. They have come in late, and that is her father, Senator X. Come along. I'll introduce you."

I tried to remonstrate, but it was useless. The minute I saw her face I recognized her. I am not usually timid, but I never felt so ill at ease or awkward as I did at that time. She saw my embarrassment and only added to it by saying:

"Yes, Mr. Brown, Mr. Daly comes very near being an old friend; so much so, in fact, that we should shake hands."

And as she said this she coquettishly thrust forward the little gloved hand, which I clasped with a vigor that was quite unnecessary. The conversation branched off into various channels. I staid along and looked on the winter. I heard from the Senator occasionally during the following summer on business topics, and his daughter, but only as to her health or some such matter. In the following September I saw a newspaper announcement of the engagement of Miss X., daughter of Senator X., of St. Paul, to Lieut. S. A. Somers, U. S. N. It made me shiver a little. I laid down the paper, and through the curling smoke of my pipe saw a slender white hand form itself and gradually grow dim and vanish in the shadows beyond the range of my lamp. I chided myself that I had let my idle thoughts do all that time, and had not even made a fair race for that which I desired above all things. Now it was out of my reach.

The latter part of the next January found me again at St. Paul during the carnival. The day after my arrival, returning to the hotel for dinner, I found a note from Senator X., saying he had seen an announcement in the Globe of my arrival, and insisted that I should have my things sent up to his house and make his home my own during my stay; and further explaining that they had been home for some weeks and would not again return to Washington that season. I called the next afternoon and was met by Cassie, who had been apprised by her father of his invitation. She seemed embarrassed at our first greeting, but it soon wore away and I found her even more beautiful and kind than ever before.

When the Senator arrived he seemed delighted to see me, and his conversation was in one of his merriest moods. That evening a few of my friends came in and Cassie sang for us. Late that night the Senator and myself talked over the ordinance bill that had passed the previous spring so favorable to myself, and planning new measures necessary for its general introduction into the navy. That suggested a matter of painful recollection to me and I said:

"I saw an announcement last fall, Senator, that you were to have a member of our navy as a son-in-law."

"Where did you hear that? You mean Sumner? No; that was only a little newspaper gossip."

I could have hugged the old gentleman. I mentioned that was where I had seen it—in some newspaper.

"No, Daly; the right man has not come along yet. She is a jewel for some man, but since her mother's death she has been in the hands of a villain, and sooner or later, it is bound to come."

The following afternoon a sleigh-ride was proposed by Cassie. The Senator had said at lunch that he would not be back until late.

On entering the sleigh I noticed it to be the same one that I had seen on that memorable occasion the year before. Our ride was delightful in itself, but I think we were both ill at ease. By some lucky intuition we again passed the spot where I had first seen

That night, just before we parted, Brown said abruptly:

"So you and the princess are old friends, Jim?"

"How does she come by that name?"

"Oh, that is the name she is known by among her gentleman friends, and that is the name given her by the papers here. She is so well liked, and is such a regal-looking beauty—did you ever see such eyes and hair? She reminds me of—"

"Her eyes were blue, and such a pair. No star in heaven was ever brighter. Her skin was most divinely fair. I never saw a shoulder whiter. And there was something in her form—just on her points, I think they term it—"

"That really was enough to warm the icy bosom of a hermit."

"She has more admirers than any other woman in Washington, and treats us all about the same, but she is still heart and fancy free."

"Then you are an admirer, I should take it?"

"Yes I was one of them, but now I admire from a distance. Where did you say you met her, Jim? You did not seem a bit impressed with her cordiality."

"Oh, it was only a casual acquaintance—some time back."

"Eh, ha! Good night," and Brown left me.

I sauntered slowly toward my lodgings; the bright moonlight and the utter quiet were restful. The cigar I smoked was a good one, but my mind was so busy in recalling my every word and expression during our short conversation that it went out half a dozen times. I was restless that night. I closed my eyes and could see the little white hand as I first saw it in the half light of early morning in my berth. I could see it in its little silk mitten, held up toward me from the sleigh. I could feel it, with its gloved warmth, lying carelessly in mine, and then, as I gradually became unconscious, it seemed to hang over me, and as I would grasp it, it would vanish just out of my reach. I, too, was becoming one of "princess's" admirers.

The dinner that evening was a charming experience—just her father and herself. Her father, the Senator, was, how I find, an old friend of my father in their younger days. When we arose from the table and the Senator led the way into the library, or his den, as he termed it, she begged to be allowed to follow us, and over perplexing details and seemingly uninteresting designs to her, we spent the evening. In comment on the idea of her's that explained a certain perplexity we were worrying over, her father said:

"Well, now, daughter, you know more about guns than either of us. You see, Mr. Daly, it's hereditary."

Before I left she handed several charming little ballads, "favorites of papa's," she said, and I went back to my lodgings in love with the "princess."

The next day and the next saw me at the Senators. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of Cassie as she fitted past or through the doorway, where the Senator and myself were busily engaged over our drawings. Sometimes she would stop and listen to our discussions. It was then that designs, ideas and details would vanish and leave me in such an absent-minded state that it would be some minutes after she had passed before I could again collect myself enough to proceed.

Much to my pleasure I found that my work was being lengthened out beyond all my former calculations. After plans had been placed on file I had no reasonable excuse for staying. The last evening in Washington I called, with the full intention of telling Cassie some things her ear alone should hear. I found myself in a semi-reception when I reached the Senator's, and had only a few minutes with her to say good-bye. The Senator said he was sorry to lose me, as I had been the only sociable friend of the winter.

I heard from the Senator occasionally during the following summer on business topics, and his daughter, but only as to her health or some such matter. In the following September I saw a newspaper announcement of the engagement of Miss X., daughter of Senator X., of St. Paul, to Lieut. S. A. Somers, U. S. N. It made me shiver a little. I laid down the paper, and through the curling smoke of my pipe saw a slender white hand form itself and gradually grow dim and vanish in the shadows beyond the range of my lamp. I chided myself that I had let my idle thoughts do all that time, and had not even made a fair race for that which I desired above all things. Now it was out of my reach.

The latter part of the next January found me again at St. Paul during the carnival. The day after my arrival, returning to the hotel for dinner, I found a note from Senator X., saying he had seen an announcement in the Globe of my arrival, and insisted that I should have my things sent up to his house and make his home my own during my stay; and further explaining that they had been home for some weeks and would not again return to Washington that season. I called the next afternoon and was met by Cassie, who had been apprised by her father of his invitation. She seemed embarrassed at our first greeting, but it soon wore away and I found her even more beautiful and kind than ever before.

When the Senator arrived he seemed delighted to see me, and his conversation was in one of his merriest moods. That evening a few of my friends came in and Cassie sang for us. Late that night the Senator and myself talked over the ordinance bill that had passed the previous spring so favorable to myself, and planning new measures necessary for its general introduction into the navy. That suggested a matter of painful recollection to me and I said:

"I saw an announcement last fall, Senator, that you were to have a member of our navy as a son-in-law."

"Where did you hear that? You mean Sumner? No; that was only a little newspaper gossip."

I could have hugged the old gentleman. I mentioned that was where I had seen it—in some newspaper.

"No, Daly; the right man has not come along yet. She is a jewel for some man, but since her mother's death she has been in the hands of a villain, and sooner or later, it is bound to come."

The following afternoon a sleigh-ride was proposed by Cassie. The Senator had said at lunch that he would not be back until late.

On entering the sleigh I noticed it to be the same one that I had seen on that memorable occasion the year before. Our ride was delightful in itself, but I think we were both ill at ease. By some lucky intuition we again passed the spot where I had first seen

the sleigh and the little mittened hand thrust out before me. Glancing nervously at Cassie I noticed a slight tinge of crimson on her face. She laid her hand coyly on my arm and the tinge deepened as she said:

"It was here I treated you very unkindly a year ago."

"You held it toward me then—and now, darling, will you not give it to me to keep forever?"

And as I clasped the little hand in mine, I laid there a willing prisoner, and her tears told me a story far more delicious than ever wildly dreamed of.—James Daly, in the Little Blind God on Rails.

A B-a-d Man

Texas Sittings: He called himself Rattlesnake Bill, and looked as if he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness.

"You plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the Austin justice before whom he was being tried.

"You don't try a man before the inquest from a distance. Where did you take me around first to the undertaker's shop to identify the remains? That is what I have been accustomed to do in Colorado. I am always asked to identify my corpses."

"What remains? What inquests?" asked the recorder.

"The mangled remains of the policeman who tried to arrest me," said the desperado.

"You are laboring under some hallucination, my friend," remarked the recorder. "I didn't kill any policeman last night."

"Then he isn't dead yet. Take me to the hospital, where his leg is ebbing away. In Colorado I'm known as the Jumpin' Jimblette that chews up railroad iron an' they allers take me to the bedside of the dying policeman who tried to arrest me, so that he can identify me as the cyclone that devastated him. Have you taken the ante-mortem of the policeman I partially destroyed last night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the justice. "You were arrested and brought to the lockup by a little stick of a tailor, who couldn't sleep on account of the racket you made."

"So I was arrested by a civilian, was I? Oh, well, that's all right. At first I was afraid I had disgraced myself. I was afraid I had allowed a squad of policemen to arrest me. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. Civilians are beneath my resentment. A civilian can kick the Ghouls from