OVER THE BALUSTER.

Over the baluster bends a face,
Daringly sweet and beguiling.
Somebody stands in careless grace,
And watches the picture smiling.

The light burns dim in the hall below,
Nobody sees her standing;
Saying good night again, soft and slow,
Half way up to the landing.

Nobody, only the eyes of brown,
Tender and full of meaning,
That smile on the fairest face in town,
Over the baluster leaning.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
I wonder why she lingers,
And when all the good nights are said,
Why somebody holds her fingers—

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its masses brown
Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the baluster soft hands fair
Brush his cheeks like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the baluster drops a Yes
That shall brighten the world for him alway.

MLLE. ALBERTINE.

It was 8:30 o'clock, and in the hall below stairs the domestics were finishing their repast, brought from the master's table, for the service in the house of M. and Mme. d'Aloys was very easy and agreeable.

Young, handsome, almost too rich, married for two years and more in love the one with the other than on the first day, these benevolent ones had the bad taste to wish to diffuse their happiness around them. But, stranger still, from housekeeper to scullery boy, the servants were disposed to look upon their service as passing in Paradise—with a few more clothes, of course, and a serpent the less.

They talked and laughed gayly, stopping only long enough to discuss a certain sweetmeat frozen at the cafe, and which all united in declaring exquisite.

"But you are not eating, Auguste; are you not hungry?" demanded the maitre d'hotel, noticing that one of the valets de chambre, a handsome fellow, tall, well made, had left his friandise intact upon his plate.

"Undoubtedly," responded the questioned, "and I have"——

A mocking cough and a voice interrupted him, the voice of a woman:

"Dined badly," said she; "and shall I tell you why?" she continued, with a slightly malicious smile, turning to address her neighbor.

"Certainly, Rose, why is it?"

"Mlle. Albertine is detained by madame to coif her for the concert. She is not down, you see—voila tout!"

"Ah, love's no crime. Auguste has taste," replied the maitre d'hotel. "We were in love with the little one ourselves, only"——

"Well, only"—— repeated Auguste.

"She puts us in our place again with a little slap—not too hard, you know, but still a slap and a flash of her big eyes that made us comprehend we were losing time?"

"Then—she is honest."

"Honest, or ambitious, who knows? At any rate she finds us too low for her. But Auguste is such a handsome fellow he may be luckier than the others." And the saucy chambermaid shut up her lips with an air that told you plainly enough everything she thought about it at least.

"A compliment to the others," cried the coachman, joining the discussion, "but no matter, Rose, Auguste's a good soul if he is a new comer; we'll pardon you for his sake. Besides, if he does please Mlle. Albertine she'll not come to him with empty hands. It's two years now since Mme. la Comtesse brought her from her home in Switzerland. She thinks the world of her and will be generous at the last, as she has been with all of us."

"True, true!" chorused the table, though Auguste shook his head with a disdainful movement as if to say: "Bah! who cares for a dot?" and which clearly showed how seriously he was touched.

In the boudoir above stairs, a marvel of luxury and taste, Mlle. Albertine put the last hand to a coiffure that would have rendered even an ugly woman charming, and the very pretty Comtesse d'Aloys, with her blonde hair which she did not tint, her complexion without a blemish, her eyes without penciling, her figure supple and sustained, but not imprisoned, in a light corset scarcely drawn, her lace robe sowed with jewels above gleaming satin, was one of the loveliest women in Paris. So Paris said, and Paris should know, and also that she justified—no, a hundred times justified—the love that the husband evinced for his amiable wife.

Think of it for yourselves—a woman beautiful without being foolish, spirituelle without being wicked. Paris was right.

"Leave it alone, my good Albertine," said she presently; "the puff will do as it is; you will be late for your dinner."

"Madame need not worry—I have finished," was the calm response.

She who occupied the heart of the handsome Auguste was a very pleasing personage. Twenty-five years of age, perhaps, and perhaps a trifle too slender in her dark woolen dress, but with features clear cut and well shaped, beautiful teeth, smooth skin and great black eyes, at times lively, at times soft, at times firm and resolute. The hair chestnut and half concealed under the little national coif or square that Albertine had never been willing to leave off, parted in the middle and combed back in black shining bands. A skill of hands truly marvelous, an extraordinary dexterity about all her duties, a step so discreet they seldom ever heard a sound in her apartment, a conduct so regular that in her two years' service she has never been known to take one hour's outing—such were the qualities that had already attached the comtesse to this incomparable handmaiden.

'Good, very good indeed! Tell Jean to harness up immediately. My bonnet and gloves I'll put on for myself; go to your dinner at once, my good girl," and the mistress, throwing off the light dressing wrap that protected her toilet, stepped forth like a gorgeous butterfly from its chrysalis.

"As you please, madame," and Albertine left the room. She had scarcely gone when M. d'Aloys put his head through the half opened door.

"I can enter?" he demanded.

"Of course, Henri; come in."

He obeyed and pushing to the door behind him stepped to the side of his wife.

"Have you found it?" he questioned half tragically.

"No, it's gone."

"And what do you think of it, my dearest?" said he.

"I am disturbed, very much disturbed by it, indeed. Not so much for the value of the trinket, great as it is, but that cross of opals you gave me on my birthday—you remember it?"

"And also the thanks I received."

"Always a lover," she answered smiling, "but it chagrins me, Henri, to have it go like this from my own house—taken by whom?"

"Ah, I know not, and it is the second time in three months; your diamond bracelet first, and now the opals!"

"And all my servants were with my mother, who changed but seldom, heaven knows."

"The new valet de chambre"——

"Was not in our service when the bracelet disappeared. I was at Etretat with Albertine and Depuis, who has since died."

"True, and this time it was a two days' absence at the house of your brother-in-law."

"With Auguste and Albertine"——

"Auguste and the inevitable Albertine—yes."

"Henri!" cried the comtesse in a reproachful tone, "you have never been able to abide that poor girl."

"Too strong a word, Suzanne; had it been as you say, you'd have sacrificed your cameriste unhesitatingly."

"Yes, at once; all the same, Henri, you do not like her. She is, however, perfection."

"It is the perfection, perhaps, I do not like."

"She arranges my hair so admirably."

"I know, madame, that your hair is the best coiffed in Paris, but then—with hair like yours"—and the young husband, proud and fond of his wife, breathed in the slight fragrance that came from the chevelure as if it were the aroma of a flower. Suzanne shook her head with an air of determination.

"No," said she, "your flatteries cannot make me forget your exactions."

"Exactions, Suzanne?"

"I repeat it, exactions that forbid my employing a femme de chambre for—oh, well, a thousand and one cares of the toilet. Neither Albertine nor Rose, through your caprice, can enter my apartments even when I am more clothed than for a ball. Do you realize, monsieur, what a crowd of things you force me to do for myself?"

"I do not wish that others should see you; I have particular ideas, very particular ideas, upon the subject; but see, dearest, are you not ready?"

"Yes, but we must decide something regarding this ugly affair. To go on suspecting everything and everybody in this way is abominable."

"Then the only thing to do is this: To-morrow I will go to the prefect of police, state the case to him, and have him send some one to watch our people."

"Our people? Here in our house? Impossible! They would perceive it!"

"No, my child, in a thousand ways it could be done—a footman more, say. He would send us an agent disguised."

"A la the Vaudeville, the Varieties and the comic feuilletons! Such things are done, Henri, only in romances."

"And in life, too, dearest; but come, we are late; the carriage awaits us."

* * * * * * *

"Put the papers there, M. Megre, on the desk, and leave us. And now, monsieur," said the prefect of police, courteously addressing M. d'Aloys, who had followed his card closely, "what can I do for you?"

"This, M. le Prefect," and he went on to lay the facts before him. "Our hotel," he concluded, "is in the Rue Monceau, and somewhat large; our train of servants as well. It is three months, I think, during a two days' absence from home, since the first trinket disappeared from my wife's casket."

The prefect turned over the papers the employe had laid upon his desk.

"Hum—m—yes; and those two days were passed at Etretat; the trinket a bracelet with brilliants and an emerald clasp."

The comte started. "Ah! you know that?"

The prefect smiled.

"Anything else, monsieur? Was that all?"

"Unhappily, no. Once again, and during an absence of forty-eight hours—a visit to a relative—we lost a cross valued by the comtesse very highly."

"A second theft!" and the official's tone was less of surprise than satisfaction.

"Describe it, monsieur."

"A gold cross—the cross of Russia; twenty-four brilliants at the top; at the sides opals in clusters; in the center another opal as large again as the eight others."

"Was it part of a necklace?"

"Formerly, yes."

"And you suspect no one, M. d'Aloys?"

"No one. Our domestics were all in the employ of the comtesse's mother"——

"Nearly all, not all."

"Eh! How!" cried the comte, confounded.

"I said nearly all, not all."

"True; but those who have entered our household at a more recent date accompanied us in these trips. Naturally, it was neither of them."

M. d'Aloys' "naturally" obtained no response. The prefect was rummaging his papers. Presently he laid them aside.

"And you suggest?" said he, questioningly.

"That an agent be introduced into my house."

"The idea is excellent."

"Ah, then"——

"So excellent that we have one there already. Your thief has been under surveillance for two months past, monsieur."

"Two months past! In my house?" cried the comte, bewildered.

"Ask me no more," said the prefect, seriously; "the affair is graver than you suspect. Do not mention even to Mme. d'Aloys what you have learned here today; and another essential recommendation I would make to you, monsieur; let there be no change in your manner to those who serve you, neither with those who are pleasing to you nor with those who are less agreable. Remain"—and the prefect looked his visitor full in the face, why d'Aloys could not have told you, but as the piercing eyes met his own the chestnut bandeaux under their velvet coif and the big black eyes of Mlle. Albertine seemed to focus before him—"remain, I say, as benevolent as ever to all your people, and also Mme. d'Aloys, who, as you have said, exacts little service from her femmes de chambre. I have the honor, monsieur, to salute you."

"Little service!" murmured d'Aloys aloud, in the street again, hat in hand and still dumfounded, "'Little service! femmes de chambre! as I said!' but I said nothing at all—nothing whatever—to that devilish man!"

* * * * * * *

"Then I am to understand that you have nothing to say to this marriage—you decline it utterly?" demanded the comtesse, seated in the boudoir where we have seen her the night before, beside her the inevitable Albertine, putting in order the drawer of a chiffonier in which laces and ribbons were somewhat confused.

"Madame is very kind," responded the young woman, "but marriage is not to my taste."

"You will, however, sooner or later, my good Albertine, be compelled to make a choice. Young girls like you are not intended for old maids."

A singular smile that Mme. d'Aloys, who had turned aside, did not see crossed Albertine's thin lips.

"Auguste is not only a handsome boy, but has banked his savings, and I myself should do something for you," pursued the comtesse.

"Madame is benevolence itself."

"Not at all, but content with your service—sure of your probity, that is a great deal," and Mme. d'Aloys recalled that among all her domestics Auguste and Albertine were the only ones she had been unable to suspect. "Reflect and reflect well before you say no."

"I have reflected, madame."

"Droll girl! But tell me; you have a lover, perhaps, or a fiance, over there in your own country. Do you desire to return to it?"

The singular smile again crossed the cameriste's lips.

"Neither lover nor fiance. As for a return to my country, I am able to assure madame that nothing would be less agreeable." And Albertine closed the drawer with a brusqueness so different from her usual habit that her mistress wheeled quickly.

"We will speak of it no more," said she, a trifle coldly. "You are free; put the bracelets in place again, and—ah, it is you, Henri!" as the door opened and her husband entered the room.

"Yes—I—Suzanne—in a bad humor."

"You, Henri?"

"Yes, and with reason; that confounded Auguste and his notion for marrying"——

A start of anger, quickly repressed but none the less violent, escaped the placid Albertine.

"He's stubborn as a donkey, that fellow; he won't give up, and what do you think? persists in demanding to talk to Albertine in our presence. He says he can persuade her."

"It's useless, Henri. Albertine will not hear of it, and, frankly, I myself have heard enough of it."

"I, too, dearest; but you see I've promised, and he's waiting outside there. Auguste, Auguste, I say!"

The door opened; two cries resounded simultaneously—one from the comtesse as her husband seized her by the waist and dragged her to the end of the room; the other from Albertine, grasped by the strong arms of two agents of the police, who had entered at the heels of the amorous valet de chambre. Yells, curses, kicks and bites from Albertine, writhing forms, quick orders, and at last the flash of a broad, gleaming blade suddenly whisked from Albertine's corsage.

[illegible] in three minutes [illegible] was over, the chestnut bandeaux and velvet coif lying in the corner, and mademoiselle the "maid," with the queerest looking poll shaven like a convict's and covered with a short black down, on her way through the crowd of domestics clustered about the doorway to the carriage that waited for her at the porte-cochere—a ride taken at the city's expense.

Meanwhile Auguste, hat in hand, had returned to make his explanations as soon as Mme. d'Aloys had somewhat recovered from the shock.

"I beg that Madame will pardon us," said he. "We have disturbed you greatly, but it was unavoidable—there was no other way to avert suspicion and secure your jewels at the same time. Your real jewels," he added, smiling a little as his eye caught the sparkle of the gems in the jewel case that Albertine had not had time to close and put in place again. "They are false," he responded to the look of astonished inquiry thrown upon him by the comte and comptesse; "the two years' work of the shrewdest rascal, counterfeiter, forger and murderer who ever for three years long escaped the hands of justice. But do not be alarmed, madame la comtesse," Auguste continued, "in the handle of the knife we took from his bosom, M. Albert's, or Albertine's, as you know him better, the jewels will be found intact. The delay in relieving you was occasioned by the necessity of locating the booty. The jewels and the commissaire are here if madame la comtess is ready to identify them. Monsieur le comte, madame la comtesse, I beg to salute you."—Translated from the French of Georges Grand, by E. C. Waggoner, for the New York Mercury.

Around Edinburgh.

The surroundings and environs of Edinburgh are as full of interest and beauty as the town itself. Roslin Chapel is situated about seven miles from Edinburgh on the north bank of the Esk, and is one of the loveliest of spots. The Gothic chapel was founded in 1446 by William St. Clair, Earl of Arbury and Lord of Roslin. The pillars and arches display a profusion of ornament, executed in a most artistic manner.

Beneath the chapel lie the barons of Roslin, all of whom, up to the time of James VII, were buried in complete suits of armor. It was believed that the night before the death of any of the barons of Roslin the chapel appeared as if in flames, and this is the legend to which Sir Walter Scott alludes in his beautiful ballad of "Rosabelle."

Hawthornden, once the habitation of the poet Drummond, is well worthy of a visit. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. The former walked from London to visit Drummond, and lived for many weeks as his guest at Hawthornden. Under the mansion are some caves, hewn out of the solid rock with great labor, and communicating with each other by means of long passages. Doubtless these were used as places of refuge in troublous times, when ordinary habitations were unsafe. At a short distance from Hawthornden is a cottage where Sir Walter Scott spent some of the happiest days of his life.

Weeks may be pleasantly and profitably spent in exploring Edinburgh and its neighborhood. Few towns are so full of memories of the past.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Presidents' Names.

It is a singular coincidence that there is only one exception to the rule that candidates for president whose names end in N are elected. Tilden is the only exception. There have been a surprising number of presidents with the N on the termination of their names—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Buchanan, Lincoln and Harrison. The Republicans had a double chance, because both of their candidates' names end with N, while the Democratic candidate for vice president, Thurman, could not overcome such heavy odds. The presidents elected without an N at the termination of their names were not pitted against the unconquerable N. The president-elect, according to superstitious traditions, was lucky to have only one given name. This recalls the fact that fifteen of our presidents, and Harrison will make the sixteenth, have had only one given name.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

That Ended It.

Some of the greatest orators the world ever produced have shone their brightest when some incident or impertinent question drew them out. The eloquent and erratic Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, was once delivering an address in Buffalo, N. Y. As was usual, he began in a low tone of voice. Some one in the rear of the hall yelled "Louder, louder," several times. Marshall stood the interruption some time, then advancing to the front of the platform, he raised his impressive voice to a tone that everybody could hear, and said: "When the last great day comes and the angel Gabriel blows his trump to waken the quick and the dead, then, I suppose, some d—d cuss from Buffalo will yell louder, louder." That ended further interruption.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Beauty of American Women's Feet.

American women have made Paris their second home for so long that there is little to be said about their demeanor here. They are great favorites with dressmakers, and especially admired for their little feet. The French shoemakers say that they shave down the lasts of even the Spanish women to fit the beautiful American foot. A well arched foot looks better in a boot than in a shoe, and it is sad to see a foot crumpled up in a tight slipper and a too high heel, a perfect piece of Chinese deformity. To do Americans justice, they do not have to squeeze their feet to make them look small, and the only advice to give them is to go to England for their walking shoes and to learn to walk more.—Paris Guide de la Mode.

Men's Dress Don't Suit Her.

The Anglo-Indian official swelters in scarlet cloth under a tropic sun; the Japanese wears a tall hat under his tulip trees; the farmer of Illinois cuts his wheat in a rusty surtout; the Italian peasant perspires in a cheap ulster; the English statesman snores under a black chimney pot; they are all as ill clad and as thoroughly uncomfortable as men can be. Who will teach them the supreme truth that the man alone is well dressed who is dressed in keeping with his station and his occupation, and that while male dress is as senseless, as ugly and useless as it at present is, it is absurd to prate of the taste or to boast of the wisdom of civilization?—Ouida.

A Real Live Zulu.

In San Diego there is a man who is supposed to be a full blooded Zulu and who goes by the name of Stephens because no one can pronounce his Zulu name. He says he was a member of Cetewayo's body guard during the Zulu war, and was in the skirmish in which Prince Napoleon was killed. He shows numerous scars and relics in proof of his assertion and talks a hideous jargon that may be Zulu or Choctaw for all any one here can tell.—San Diego Bee.

The Wrong Woman.

There is a legend told in a great Yorkshire town to the effect that, after several couples had been simultaneously married at the parish church, one bride found her bridegroom walking away with another lady on his arm. The curate, summoned to her aid, remonstrated with the defaulter and besought him to take his proper partner. "Nay," said he, "aw was married to this 'un, and I loike her t' best." There is no reason why this should not be sober truth.—The Cornhill Magazine.

Lord Tennyson's Wedded Bliss.

It has been said that "of all the great literary figures who have loomed upon the latter part of the Nineteenth century, Lord Tennyson has been the most fortunate in his married life." In 1850 he married Miss Emily Sellwood, the daughter of a solicitor. The young couple lived for the first two years at Twickenham. Their first baby died; but in 1853 there was another a year old, "crazy with laughter and babble, and earth's new wine."—Cassell's Magazine.

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too.

When the cat is away then the little mice play.
When there is a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire;
Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.

There's no use crying over milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes oft to the well till its broke.

By rogues falling out honest men get their due;
Whoever it fits he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy:
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

THE GREEK CINDERELLA.

[The story of "Cinderella" is very old and has passed through many forms. Perhaps it may be surprising to know that the Greeks told this story to their children many centuries ago. Here is the Greek version.]

There were once three sisters spinning flax, and they said, "Whosever spindle falls, let us kill her and eat her."

The mother's spindle fell, and they let her alone.

Again they sat down to spin, and again the mother's spindle fell, and again, and yet again. "Ah, well!" said they, "let us eat her now!"

"No!" said the youngest, "do not eat her; eat me, if flesh you will have."

But they would not; and two of them killed their mother and cooked her for eating.

When they had sat down to make a meal of her, they said to the youngest, "Come and eat, too!"

But she refused and sat down on a saddle which the fowls were covering with filth and wept. Then the youngest, whom they called Little Saddleslut, gathered all the bones and buried them, and smoked them every day with incense for forty days, and after the forty days were out she went to take them away and put them in another place. And when she lifted up the stone she was astonished at the rays of light which it sent forth, and raiment was found there like unto the heavens and the stars, the spring with its flowers, the sea with its waves, and many coins of every kind. On Sunday her sisters went to church; then she, too, arose; she washed and attired herself, putting on the garment that was as the heavens with the stars, and went to church, taking with her a few gold pieces in her purse. When she went into the church all the people were amazed and could not gaze upon her by reason of the brightness of her garments. When she left the church the people followed her to see whither she went. Then she filled her hand with money from her bag and cast it in the way. Then the crowd scrambled for the coins, and left her alone. And straightway she went into the house and changed her clothes, and put on her old things, and sat down upon the saddle. Her sisters came home from church and said to her: "Where are you, wretch? Come and let us tell you how there came into the church a maiden more glorious than the sun, who had such garments on as you could not look on, so brightly did they gleam and shine, and she strewed money on the way. Look, see what a lot we have picked up! Why did you not come, too? worse luck to you!"

Next Sunday they went to church again, and she did the same. Then they went another Sunday, and just as she was flinging the money she lost her shoe among the crowd and left it behind her. Now the king's son was following her, but could not catch her, and only found her shoe. Then said he to himself: "Whose ever foot this shoe exactly fits, without being either too large or too small, I will take her for my wife." And he went to all the women he knew and tried it on, but could not manage to fit it. Then her sisters came to her and said: "You go and try it on; perhaps it will fit you."

"Do not make fun of me," she said. However, she went down, and when the prince saw her he knew the shoe was hers, and said to her: "I will take you to wife."

"Do not make fun of me," she answered, "so may your youth be happy!"

"Nay, but I will marry you," said he, and he took her and made her his wife. Then she put on her fairest robes. When a little child was born to her the sisters came to see it. And when she was helpless and alone they put her into a chest and carried her off and threw her into a river, and the river cast her forth upon a desert.

There was a half witted old woman there, and when she saw the chest she thought to cut it up (for firewood) and took it away for that purpose. And when she had broken it up and saw some one alive in it, she got up and made off. So the princess was left alone, and heard the wolves howling, and the swine and the lions, and she sat and wept and prayed to God, "Oh, God, give me a little hole in the ground that I may hide my head in it and not hear the wild beasts," and he gave her one. Again she said, "Oh, God, give me one a little larger, that I may get in up to my waist." And he gave her one. And she besought him again a third time, and he gave her a cabin with all that she wanted in it; and there she dwelt, and whatever she said, her bidding was done forthwith. For instance, when she wanted to eat she would say, "Come, table, with all that is wanted! Come, food! Come, spoons and forks, and all things needful," and straightway they all got ready, and when she finished she would ask, "Are you all there?" and they would answer, "We are."

One day the prince came into the wilderness to hunt, and seeing the cabin he went to find out who was inside; and when he got there he knocked at the door. And she saw him and knew him from afar, and said, "Who is knocking at the door?" "It is I, let me in," said he. "Open, doors!" said she, and in a twinkling the doors opened and he entered. He went up stairs and found her seated on a chair. "Good day to you," said he. "Welcome!" said she, and straightway all that was in the room cried out, "Welcome!" "Come, chair!" she cried, and one came at once. "Sit down," she said to him, and down he sat. And when she asked him the reason of his coming, she bade him stay and dine.

He agreed, and straightway she gave her orders: "Come, table, with all the covers," and forthwith they presented themselves, and he was sore amazed. "Come, basin," she cried. "Come, jug, pour water for us to wash! Come, food, in ten courses!" and immediately all that she ordered made its appearance. Afterwards, when the meal was ended, the prince tried to hide a spoon, and put it into his shoe: and when they rose from table, she said, "Table, have you all your covers?"

"Yes, I have."

"Spoons, are you all there?"

"All," they said, except one which said, "I am in the prince's shoe."

Then she cried again, as though she had not heard, "Are you all there, spoons and forks?"

And as soon as the prince heard her he got rid of it on the sly and blushed.

And she said to him, "Why did you blush? Don't be afraid. I am your wife."

Then she told him how she got there and how she fared. And they hugged and kissed each other, and she ordered the house to move and it did move. And when they came near the town all the world came out to see them. Then the prince gave orders for his wife's sisters to be brought before him, and they brought them and he hewed them in pieces. And so thenceforward they lived happily, and may we live more happily still.

UTE BILL'S PARTNER.

Half way up the mountain which overshadows Cheyenne canyon is a rude log cabin of only two rooms.

Many years ago, when reports of the finding of gold drew men from every state in the Union, there appeared in this grand but desolate canyon a man by the name of Rivers—Stanley Rivers, he said—who at once proceeded to erect a cabin for himself. This cottage, he kept well within its walls when not actually engaged in prospecting. He located his claim and went about it as readily as an old miner.

The little town of Colorado Springs, four miles distant, was often visited by the miners when they had accumulated a little dust, but Rivers had never accompanied them on these occasional sprees, although they had often urged him to do so.

A man in a mining camp who does not drink is considered, as a general thing, beneath the notice of the average miner, but it was not so in this case. Here he had the confidence and respect of the rough men gathered around him, and, by his gentle ways, boyish face and pleading blue eyes, had won every man over to his side.

They no longer urged him to go with them; they went, and respected him. There was not a man in all the camps around who would not have taken the part of the "tenderfoot," as they jocularly called him. And not only that, he knew it.

His past was a blank, and he mildly resented all efforts to reveal it. On one occasion Ute Bill had pressed him too closely on the subject, and he reproved him by saying:

"Bill, I think you are a friend of mine, but I would rather have you throw me down that shaft of yours than ask me to tell you my past life. It is too painful."

If the boys could have seen Bill then; if they could have looked upon him as he stood abashed before this slender, pale looking young man; he, who had killed his man; this "Indian chewer," who had come out ahead in a hand to hand fight with a bear; this same Ute Bill, who figured as a desperado in the country round for a hundred miles, they would have wondered if he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

But they were alone, and in an humble voice he said:

"Beg yer pardon, Mister Rivers, I didn't mean to hurt yer feelin's. I hev kinder taken a liken to ye, a sort of fatherly interest, and if ye say the word we'll be pards."

The word was said, and great was the surprise in camp when the new partnership was announced the next day. What had come over Bill? Was he going to reform? It was a seven days' wonder, but gradually died away until it was no longer an attraction to see Bill's six feet of muscle and brawn towering head and shoulders above his delicate looking "pard" as they prospected the country.

One day in their wanderings they found they had nearly reached the summit of the grand old peak at whose base flowed the waters of the San Juan creek, when Bill suddenly uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Look here, pard, we've struck it this time; chunks of it!"

Rivers, who had been patiently clipping specimens off the ledges which jutted out here and there, hastened to his side and looked. Bill had a piece of dark looking rock in his hand, and was turning it excitedly over and over, his eyes glowing like stars in his intense excitement.

The news spread like wildfire through the camp. All the miners were half crazy over the find, and deserted their old claims to search for new ones. There was no doubt of the vast wealth that lay in the mine which Bill and Rivers had opened. It was a settled fact that the men had more money than they could ever realize beaming down on them as the mining ore should be turned out.

As the two men were lying on their rough beds in the little cottage they talked of the future and its grand prospects. Bill was full of enthusiasm, and pictured in glowing terms his highest ambitions, to be realized when he should count his thousands.

He would be a congressman. What thrilling speeches he would make. He would have every word of them printed in the newspapers. He would own a fast horse, and the "boys" should have all the drinks they wanted; they should not go dry while he was on top of sod. And he stopped suddenly and looked at his companion.

"What's yer lead, ole pard? Will yer hang onto yer dust, or spend it like yer got it?"

For a moment Rivers was silent.

"I dare not think what disposition I shall make of it. I will probably go back east. My plans are not definitely settled," he finally answered. So the subject was dropped.

Bill knew the quiet, retiring man at his side well enough to know all inquiries to be fruitless. So he turned over, and, after a few more words about the work of the morrow, he fell asleep.

When the morning dawned Bill was up and stirring. Rivers slept late, and at last Bill thought he had better awaken him. As he shook him in his rough way he noticed the bright spots on Rivers' cheeks and his short, irregular breathing.

"It is all right now, Lillian," murmured the sick man, tossing uneasily; "it's all right now. I've got the money to keep you where you should be." So tenderly, pathetically came the words that the rough miner brushed away the tears as he listened to the hidden story of his "pard's" past life. He told it all in his delirium, and seemed to live the long years over; how he had loved this delicate girl, reared in luxury and ease, and when he lost the fortune he had so slowly accumulated he dared not tell her of his love. He would not ask her to share his poverty and hardships. He had come away and staked his life and love in the search for gold, and found it. Yes, now he could clasp her slender hand in his and give her all the riches he possessed in return. Over and over again he called her name.

Bill softly stroked the brown hair from his forehead, and as he did so Rivers said: "It is so soft—her little hand—it rests me to feel it on my head." And he lapsed again into a restless sleep.

"Durn that big paw!" said Bill, looking at his rough, brawny hand, and then at the white forehead on the pillow. "And ther ain't a woman's hand in the camp to fix things easy for him. I'd give the hull bizness if he was only out of this muss."

But before two hours had elapsed there was a doctor from Colorado Springs bending over the sick man, and by the bedside sat a pale, slender girl, watching with intense interest every motion and word of the patient, and soothing him with her little hands holding his. She came with the doctor. Bill stood inside the door, and looked like a bashful schoolboy in the presence of this stranger, who seemed to be taking his place and caring for Rivers when he ought to be doing so. But he asked no questions, and waited for the doctor's answer.

"Just keep the camp quiet, Bill, and Miss Lancaster will give the medicine and see to the rest. He is worn out with excitement, and a little quiet, with good nursing, will make things right. If the fever is no better in six hours let me know." And that was all the explanation Bill got from the doctor.

Was she a professional nurse? Bill guessed so. And he thought how nice it would be if he could be sick when Rivers got well.

The camp was still—Bill had ordered it so—and every man asked how the "tenderfoot" was, and about the "gal."

"Dunno," was all the answer they got to the latter question, and Bill told all he knew when he said that.

Rivers was in a serious condition, and before the six hours were up a horseman dashed out of camp and after a doctor. It was Ute Bill. He could not stand by and see him toss back and forth in bed. It was too much. He wasn't used to it. The doctor had to make another trip—Bill said Rivers was worse.

When the doctor had made an examination of his patient he declared the worst was passed, and left Rivers sleeping quietly under a gentle narcotic.

All this time the girl had not released her watch by the bedside, and she seemed to be soothing away the delirium of the fever in gently passing her hands over the sick man's temples. Her eyes never left off their watch of every movement of the "tenderfoot's" face, and Bill stood by wonderingly, casting a furtive glance at the delicately featured face bending over his pard's pillow, and trying to solve the problem in his mind.

Hours passed, and finally, with a long sigh, Rivers opened his eyes and looked at Bill leaning over the foot of the bed.

Then his wandering attention was focused on the anxious face by his side. There was no glad cry of recognition—it was a mutual understanding. All the warmth of his great love was expressed in the gently whispered name "Lillian," as he drew her face to his. Resting her head on his shoulders, she told him of the long years of waiting for tidings from him and the hasty letter from Omaha, which she had only received a few days before. She had left home, friends, everything, and gone to seek him in the wild west, she knew not where, but she had found him. And Bill had disappeared.

A few days afterward one of the "pards" gave up his claim to the little cabin, and the minister said the ceremony which linked two lives into a world of their own.

Many and hearty were the rough congratulations. That evening the miners gathered at the little home to say a word of welcome to the beautiful young bride. Even if it were spoken by a big, rowdy miner like Bill, there was a genuine ring of manliness about it, and made her feel quite at home in the wild, picturesque spot so far from every sign of civilization. As the men filed out slowly Rivers conducted his girl wife to the porch of the rude cabin, and, standing close by his side, she sang one verse of "Home, Sweet Home." The tender, sympathetic voice fell on the still night air with a wonderful sweetness, and awakened many old memories in the hearts of the rough, coarse miners gathered there.

Heads were uncovered and there were tears wiped hastily away as Bill led them to the saloon. Was there rough talking and coarse jests now? No. As each man raised his glass a solemn hush fell upon the group, broken at last by Ute Bill's voice. It was choked and unnatural.

"Boys," he said, "I never hed but one pard, but I give him up to the best pard a man ever got. And I'll never hev another till I get one like his."

Bill set his glass down and walked away abruptly. It was not long until the saloon was deserted and the camp hushed in the repose of night.

After that Bill did not seem like his old self. He was quiet and solemn. He knew what was the matter, but did not care to let the boys know where the sunshine had fallen on his rough heart and then so suddenly been swept away.

The next spring came, and the doctor made another trip to the little cabin. When Ute Bill went up the next day Rivers led him into the dainty bedroom and gave him a peep at the tiny baby girl that had come that night. The big rough hand closed tightly over the one of a more delicate mold that was laid in his, and the two men understood each other. There were tears in Bill's eyes and an ache in his heart which no one but Rivers should ever know as he turned silently away.

The miners gathered again in the saloon to drink to the health of the mother and child, and hear Bill, now glowing with animation, tell about the baby and its queer ways until they all wanted to see the youngster. A vote was taken, and the camp was to be christened after the baby, and Bill had forgotten to ask her name. Away he went, and soon returned. He looked sheepish and finally came forward and said:

"Boys, yer got me this time. They've called her 'Utella!' as near my name as they could get, and it's my layout. What'll ye hev?"

The classes clinked merrily, and Mr. Bill beamed with happiness.

Not a day passed that Bill did not visit the cottage, and as the wee babe grew to a toddling, lisping girl, Bill was her chief sympathizer, and the boys in camp at last called him "Uncle Bill."

"There's no harm in me lovin' her," he said one day as he stroked the curly brown head nestled against his breast; "the other wasn't for me." And Rivers glanced up quickly at Bill, and then to his wife, who was sitting by the doorway with her dainty fingers busy in mending a little frock.

"It was before I knew"—and Bill swallowed the big lump rising in his throat and tried to go on, but his voice broke and he trembled in the vain effort to suppress his emotion. Rising suddenly he left the cabin.

That was years ago. The mining camp has disappeared and only the lonely cottage marks the spot where it once stood. Stanley Rivers lives with his wife and dark eyed girl in an eastern city and enjoys the wealth he made in the picturesque spot which now bears the name of Cheyenne canyon. Bill never married; he loved the beautiful girl who sat by the bedside of his sick "pard;" he loved the tiny babe who played upon his knees and laid her soft cheek against his own. And when he died they found a little faded shoe which contained a slip of paper. It only said: "Give all my dust to my pard's baby." And Ute Bill, the roughest miner in the camp, was buried near the little cottage in Cheyenne canyon.—New York Star.

Fiction of Today.

For some time past the fashionable tendency has been largely in the direction of a conscious, not to say willful, thinness of narrative material. The old merits of fullness and "body"—virtues apparently hereditary in that lineage of robust minds which can be traced backward without a break from George Eliot to Fielding—have been growing rarer and rarer. In their place the art of making a very little go a very long way has been carefully cultivated by undoubtedly dexterous hands. Fiction has almost reached the point of sheer bravado in some developments of the "society" novel, notably a species grown in American soil, or rather in New York conservatories and forcing beds, and distinguished by an elaborate triviality which no amount of cleverness can render other than vapid. Such a fashion can never in the nature of things be long lived. Those miracles of inexhaustible nothingness, in which the tiniest rivulet of incident just trickles across a continent of dialogue, cannot long be interesting, even as miracles, in an age to which the miraculous does not make a permanently successful appeal.—Fortnightly Review.

Good and Bad Taste.

Don't put your initials or your name over everything you possess, so that people who pick up a fork or look at a pillow sham will read, "John Brown, my property." It's all right to mark things of use in some such a way, but not things of beauty, and if you must so mark them make the letters small and put them on the back of the objects, not the front. The woman who wears her initials in diamonds on a brooch is vulgar. The man who prints his monogram on his china does a useless thing, for nobody is going to run away with his dishes. Don't be too showy and complex. Don't make your napkin rings too emphatic and obtrusive. Put flowers on the table, but place them loosely or in glass, for if you put them in china or any other opaque substance you conceal half their beauty—namely, their stems. Don't entirely cover your wall with pictures, and when you have a picture don't let the shop keeper kill it with a big gold frame. Try bronze or something that will relate to the picture on the wall, and not make it stand out like a big, shiny spot of color and gilt gingerbread.—Decorator and Furnisher.

A Panic Stricken Atlanta Man.

An Atlanta man had a very thrilling experience the other day. He had occasion to go a short distance up the Georgia Pacific road, and was thinking of the late accident of Nitkajack creek, as he looked out of the window on the trees and bushes flitting past. Suddenly, just ahead and coming rapidly toward the train on which he was, the man saw another passenger train come flying around a curve in the road. He jumped from his seat and started for the door. Remembering his overcoat, he turned back and caught the coat from the back of the seat. "Look out for a collision!" he yelled, as he started toward the door. Everybody jumped from their seats and made a wild rush for the door. As the excited man had his hand on the doorknob there was a rushing sound outside, and the approaching train dashed harmlessly by on the Western and Atlantic track, running parallel to the other. The man sank pale and gasping upon a coal box near the door.—Savannah News.

12, MIDNIGHT, DEC. 31.

Once more the sea of Time rolls up toward the shore,
  And in a mighty surging billow breaks.
The wave is gone, like all the others gone before;
  Some sands are gone—the spoil that each wave takes.

Forever, as the ocean wears upon the land,
  Time crumbles down the limits man has set,
Nor rocky shore, nor level lines of yielding sand
  May hold their place; there is no barrier yet.

Alike, the ruthless torrent crumbles all away.
  The pleasant gardens of our youth are gone;
The land where life was life, where our toil was play,
  Where every pebble like a jewel shone.

Gone, too, are all the fields, where manhood's toil
  Made fertile plenty gladden arid ground;
Where life, enriched with labor's bounteous spoil,
  Its full fruition and enlargement found.

The sea wall, builded up with fond, delusive hope,
  To bar the progress of the mighty sea,
Proved all too weak with this dread enemy to cope—
  It lies in fragments on the barren lea.

Now, beating at the foot of these few sterile rocks,
  Where old age clings to some possession still,
Relentless years are rolling up with rhythmic shocks,
  To shatter e'en the hopes life could not kill.

So all goes down beneath the rolling tide of years;
  The billows swallow up life's narrow shore.
So shall it be, and still shall fall man's life tears,
  Until the day when Time shall be no more.

—David A. Curtis in Once a Week.

A Kiss in the Dark.

Horace Vernet, the artist, was going from Versailles to Paris by railway. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him minutely and commented freely on his martial bearing, his hale old age, the style of his dress, etc. They continued their annoyance until finally the painter determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark.

Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet, on leaving them, said: "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?"—Paris Letter.

"Nym Crinkle."

In this great metropolis there is no more interesting personality than that of "Nym Crinkle," who is known in private life as Mr. A. C. Wheeler. He is a slender, well made man above the average height. He has nervous hands, an aristocratic head, and eyes full and blue. His gray blonde hair and mustache testifies to his forty years. Mentally, he reminds one of Robert Louis Stevenson. There is the same fascinating facility in picturesque phrasing, the same love of dainty argument, and fine spun analysis in quaint lines of thought. Socially, Nym Crinkle is gentle; his cruelty is all in his pen. Wit, poet and cynical philosopher, he is anything in appearance but a journalist. Instead of growing thinner, his writing gets broader and better as he gets older.—Current Literature.

Black Stockings.

As it is so fashionable for both children and grown folks to wear black stockings, it is well to know how to wash them so they will not fade. Both cotton and woolen should always be washed before they are worn. Lay them all night to soak in cold water. Wash them next day by themselves in two waters, warm, but not hot, the soap being previously rubbed into the water so as to form a lather before the stockings are put in, and mixing with the first water a tablespoonful of gall. Then rinse them, first in lukewarm water, until the dye ceases to come out and the last water is colorless. Stretch them and hang them out immediately in the air to dry as fast as possible.—National Stockman.

To Cure Frost Bites.

A splendid cure for frost bites is a solution of alum and water, strong as can be made. Hold the frosted flesh in the solution till the frost is drawn out. This you will know easily, as the flesh will look wrinkled as one's hands do on wash days. You will feel no more inconvenience from that frost bite.

The following passage occurs in a notice recently posted on the court house door by a constable of Wicomico county, Md.: "I have seesed and took into execution, a'cordin to law and, iniquity, the following aforesaid property."

"My Wife is a Terror!"

said a mild tempered man in our hearing. "She snaps and snarls, spanks her children, and finds fault continually I can't bear it any longer." Don't be too severe on her my friend; you little realize her sufferings. She has lost her former sweet disposition, and ill health is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will make her well. For female diseases, functional derangements, bearing-down pains, and the long list of ills that render women miserable, no medicine can compare with this. It is the only medicine for womens peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee printed on the bottle wrapper.

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To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York. 30y

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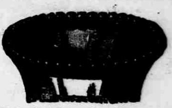

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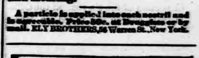

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