## Severe in its simplicity, And destitute of trims It is a style undoubtedly Convenient for swims

THE ROBBER'S CROSS.

"They call Spain the land of adventure, muttered Harry White, as he strolled before breakfast around the outskirts of a small Spanish town on the southern slope of the Sierra Morena: "and I've been in it three weeks, and not had one adventure yet. A man gets no show at all in traveling nowadays. Hello! here comes somebody in a hurry!"

Very much in a hurry, certainly, seemed the sturdy Spanish peasant who had just appeared on the top of the steep ridge above the boy's head, for he was leaping from crag to crag as recklessly as a wild cat, and at times even swinging himself over some deep cleft by the bough of a tree, as if in such haste that he had no time to think of such a trifle as the chance of a broken neck.

But in this case it was "most haste, worst speed," for all at once a large stone gave way beneath the Spaniard's feet. and he came tumbling headlong down into the road amid a whirlwind of dust.

Harry, whose sympathies were already enlisted in favor of a man capable of such feats of strength and daring, flew to the spot, feeling as if he had really met with something like an "adventure" at last. But when he reached the fallen man he stopped short in sheer amaze-

And well he might. The man whom he had seen bounding along the ridge had had long gray hair and beard; he was quite sure of that, for he remembered wondering that an old man should he so active. The hair of the man before him was short, thick and black as night, and he had no beard at all. Meanwhile, the stranger had managed

to sit up, and was wiping the blood from a bad cut on his forehead. In doing so he discovered the loss of his false hair and beard, and met Harry's eyes fixed wonderingly upon him. "Well," asked he, fiercely, answering

the boy's glance with a defiant stare, "do you know me?" "No. and I don't want to know you mid Harry, in broken Spanish, rather nettled at the man's imperious tone. "I

guising yourself that way." "Yes, I am," replied the other, with a strange smile. "Are you going to give me up to the police?" "Not I!" cried Harry. "It's not the

man who can't stand up for himself." "Ah, you're an American then?" said the smuggler, looking curiously at him. "Well, if you are willing to help me, I'll tell you how you can do it. Give me your arm as far as the chapel of St. James, about half a mile down the road -for I find I've sprained my ankle too badly to walk alone-and then I'm all

"Come along, then," rejoined Harry, offering his arm. And the strangely assorted pair

On the way our hero told his new friend, who seemed in too much pain to talk himself, that he was traveling through Spain with his father, that he had picked up in Mexico what little Spanich he knew, that his tour had hitherto been provokingly bare of adventures, and that the one thing in the world which he most desired was to fall in with a gang of real Spanish brigands.

At last they reached the chapel, and smuggler, five wild looking horsemen. with long guns on their shoulders, started out of the encircling thickets, one of whom led by the bridle a fine black horse. on which they at once mounted the crippled Spaniard, not without casting more than one puzzled and suspicious look at the wondering boy.

"Take this for your good deed," said the tall smuggler, taking a small silver earnestly, as possible. cross from his neck and giving it to Harry. "It may be of use to you if we ever meet again. And, as you seem any. ions to meet with some Spanish brigands, it may please you to learn that you have seen half a dozen of them today."

So saying, he spurred his horse and vanished into the forest with his grim comrades, while Harry turned slowly back to the town, hardly knowing whether he was awake or only dream-

"Just like my luck! I've lost my way. sure enough! And this strikes me as the very place to fall in with that nice man, Pedro Gonsalvez, the brigand captain, who seems to be terrorizing the whole country at this time."

The speaker was no other than our friend, Harry White, now grown into a tall young man, and revisiting, after a five years' absence beyond the Atlantic, his former haunts in southern Spain.

He had certainly good cause to feel uncomfortable just then. To lose one's way in a gloomy forest among the Spanish mountains, with night at hand and a storm coming on, is not a pleasant experience in any case; but when to all this is added a very strong probability of falling in with a band of robbers, whose usual mode of demanding ransom for a captive is to mail his ears or nose to his envious friends as a hint that "speed payment is requested," he must indeed be a brave man who can face the situation without flinching.

What Harry feared came only too soon. A hoarse shout was suddenly could draw his revolver he was surrounded by a gang of fierce looking men, whose grim, ruffianly faces and scowling eyes boded him no good.

A smart stroke from the butt of Harry White's heavy whip felled the foremost man, but the rest at once dragged him from his horse, and, in spits of his furious struggles, bound him hand and foot. "Let me kill the dog!" roared the in-

ared robber, whose head was bleeding realy. "He shall never strike a Spaniard "Not so fast, Brother Juan," said an-

other. "He looks like an Englishman, and the English are all rich. We'll make him pay a fat ransom."

"And if he don't pay it quickly," put

in a third, with a significant whish of his knife close to the prisoner's car, "his friends won't find him quite so hand-some the next time they see him." Harry's blood ran cold at the horrible at and the roar of brutal laughter

that followed it. He was now completely disanchanted, for the brilliant and chiv-alross bandits of his boyish dreams were righterent from these ragged, hangthe stifling odor of gartic and bad

Then his horror turned to rage at the

oy these crutas rescale, and he filwardly vowed that when he did get free he would spend all the money he had in hunting them down. But, as we shall see, he never got the chance of doing so. The robbers laid their prisoner on the horse and led him up a steep, nigrag path to a kind of rocky platform, walled in on three sides by unscalable cliffs, while on the fourth lay a precipice of several

hundred feet. Here about twenty more brigands were encamped; and Harry White, suddenly ring his silver cross, looke eagerly to see if the man who had given it to him was one of the band; but he could see no one in the least like him. "Has Capt. Gonsalvez come back yet?" asked one of his conductors.

"No," was the reply; "but we are expecting him every moment." Just then a hasty step was heard below, and a tall, dark figure, springing up the rocks as nimbly as a mountain goat. came bounding on to the platform.

"Up with you, comrades!" shouted the new comer, who was no other than the formidable Pedro Gonsalvez himself. "We have been betraved, and all the soldiers from La Redonda are upon our trail. We must retreat at once. Hal who is this-a prisoner?"

"We took him in the valley yonder and have kept him for ransom," replied one of the bandits. "There is no time to think of ransoms

now, when our very lives are at stake,' said the robber chief, sternly. "Take what money he has on him, and then fling him over the precipice." Instantly a dozen eager hands wer rifling Harry's pockets, and the brave

lad, giving himself up for lost, prepared to die like a man. But, as his watch was dragged forth by the robbers, the silver cross that hung to its chain caught the eye of Gonsalvez, who sprang for ward and asked hurriedly:

"Where did you get that cross?" "It was given to me five years ago by a smuggler of these parts, whom I helped to escape when he was crippled by a fall," replied Harry, looking fixedly

"And I am the man who gave it," said Gonsalvez, grasping his hand warmly; "and for that good deed you shall depart free and unharmed. Comrades. give him back all that you have taken. Follow that path, Senor Americano which will lead you to the village of San Tomas; and when you tell this story to your friends, tell them also that kindness is never thrown away, even upon a brigand."-David Kerr in Golden Days.

## MARRIED AT SIGHT.

We had been upon the Mediterranean station for about a year when our commander ordered the ship to head for

enjoyed the leave on shore in a foreign port with boyish delight. There were six in our mess, and we managed to get shore leave so as to be together when it was possible to do so. This was the case know that no time is like the present shore leave so as to be together when it one fine Sunday in the month of Decemstyle of us Americans to give away a ber, as mild and summer like in the south of France as a New England May

> mess table or camp fire, but have never put it into print. We were strolling on the square known as Le Cours St. Louis, a sort of permanent flower market, where the women sit

enthroned in tent like stalls of wood, encircled by their bright, beautiful and fragrant wares, while the manner of arranging the stalls, so that the vender sits raised some six feet in the air, gave a novel effect to the scene. While we were idling away the hour in Le Cours St. Louis, with these roguish

and pretty flower venders, we were all thrown into a state of amazement and curiosity by the appearance of a young girl of about 17, who rushed among us with a startling speed, and who, hardly pausing to regain her breath, said in excellent English:

"You are Americans, and, I trust, genthen, at a peculiar whistle from the tlemen. Is there one among you who "We will all marry you," was the in

stant response, accompanied by hearty laughter. "Ah, you are in sport, but I am earnest. Who will marry me?"

There seemed to be no joke after all. The girl was positively in earnest and looked at one and all of us as coolly, yet "Here, Harry," said one who was rather a leader among us, and addressing Harry,

"you want a wife," and he gave our comrade a slight push toward the girl. For some singular reason Harry took the matter much more in earnest than the rest of us, and regarded the newcomer with a most searching but respectful glance. Approaching her he said: "I do not know exactly what you mean, but I can understand by your expression of face that you are quite in

earnest. Will you take my arm and let us walk to one side?" "Yes; but I have no time to lose. And taking his arm they walked away

We looked upon the affair as well prepared joke, but were a little annoyed at the non-appearance of Harry at our rendezvous on the quay. Our leave expired at sunset, and we dared not wait for him, as Capt. D-was thorough disciplinarian, and we didn't care to provoke him and thus endanger our next Sunday's leave.

On board we went, therefore, leaving Harry on shore. When we reported the question was, of course, asked where Midshipman B-was, to which query we could return no proper answer, as we really did not know. He knew perfectly well that we must all be at the boat land-

ing just before sunset. Harry did not make his appears until the next day at noon, when he pulled to the ship in a shore boat, and, coming on board, reported at once to the captain, who stood upon the quarter deck, and asked the privilege of a private interview.

absence of Harry were very peculiar, and as he was one of the most correct fellows on board, his request was granted by the captain, who retired to his cabin, followed by the delinquent. After re-maining with the commander for nearly an hour, he came out and joined us. "What is the upshot of it, Harry?" we

"Well, lads, I'm married—that's all." "Married?" asked the mess,

"Tied for life!" was the answer. "Hard and fast?" "Irrevocably." "To that little craft you soudded away

"Exactly. As good and pure a girl as ever lived," said Harry, earnestly. "W-h-e-w?" whispered one and all.
"How did Old Neptune let you off?" we all eagerly inquired—that being the name the captain went by on board. "He is hard on me," said Harry, seriously. "What do you think he de-

"Can't say, what is it?" "If I don't resign he will send me some in diagrace. That's his ultime-

Harry told us his story in a desulto

manner, interruptes by many questions and ejeculations, but which we will not into a sample form ser the convenience

Julie Mourice was the orphan child of chant, who had bee a merchant, who had been of high standing during his life and who left a handsome fortune to endow his daugh-ter on her wedding day, or, if not mar-ried before his was to receive the prop-erty on coming to the age of 20 years. Her mother had died in her infancy, and her father, when she was 10 year of age, placed her in a convent to be educated, where she remained until his teath, which occurred suddenly six months previous to the period of our

After his death Julie became the ward of her uncle, by the tenor of her father's will, and the period of her educational course having just closed at the con-vent, Hubert Meurice, the uncle, brought her home to his family circle. Mme. Meurice, it appears, was scheming, calculating woman, and knowing that Julie would be an heiress she tried every way to promote her intimacy with her own son, who was an uncouth and ignorant youth of 18 years.

vithout one attractive point in his Hubert Meurice, the uncle of Julie was a sea captain, whose calling carried him much away from his bome. During his absence his wife treated Julie with the utmost tyranny, even keeping her locked up in her room for days together, telling her that when she would consent to marry her son, Hubert, she would release her and do all she could to make her happy. But to this Julie could not consent. Imprisonment even was preferable to accepting her awk-

ward and repulsive cousin. One day she overheard a conversation between her aunt and her hopeful son, wherein the mystery of her treatmen was solved.

The boy asked his mother what was

the use of bothering and importuning Julie so. "If she doesn't want to marry me nother, drop the matter. I like Julie, and she would make me a nice little wife, but I don't want her against her

"You are a fool," said the mother "You know nothing about the matter. Her father's will endows her with a fortune at her marriage, even if it be at 17, just her present age. At 20 she receives the fortune at any rate. Now, don't you see if you marry her we are all fixed for

"Does Julie know about the money?" he asked. "No, of course not." "It's a little sharp on her," said the

"I'm looking out for you," said the

"Just so," mused the hopeful. "I am resolved that she shall marry you, and that is why I keep her locked up, so that she may not see some one she I was then a young midshipman and would like better. Your father is fexpected home next week. I want you to be married before he returns. He approves of it, but is a little too delicate time, so I have been making arrangements to bring this about immediately. I have got a Protestant clergyman who will perform the ceremony first, and then you can be married at any time afternumber I have often told since about the | ward in the Catholic church, to make it valid on her side, for her father was a

This was enough for Julie. She un derstood the situation fully now, and saw that her aunt would hesitate at nothing. The poor child feared her beyond description, and had yielded to her in everything, save this one purpose of her marriage with Hubert.

Julie was a very gentle girl; one upon whom her aunt could impose with impunity. She had no idea of asserting her rights, much less of standing up for them. But she was thoroughly frightened now, and resolved to escape at any cost from the tyranny which bound her. No fate could be worse, she thought, than to be compelled to marry that coarse, vulgar and repulsive creature.

The next day after Julie had heard this information was Sunday, the gayest day of the week in Marseilles, and, fortunately, Julie succeeded in making her escape from her aunt's house. Still. undecided where to go, and in her desperation fearing that at any moment she night be seized and carried back, she had wandered into the flower market. where she came upon us, already de-

As she explained to Harry afterward she was intent only upon escape, and be-lieved this to be her last chance. When she saw a half dozen young Americans, who seemed perfectly respectable, the idea that positive safety lay only in marriage dawned upon her, and she actually ran toward us, as we have related, the moment the thought developed itself.

Harry became more and more imressed with Julie's story as they walked long, while he was delighted by her innocent beauty and manifest refinement. It was all like a dream, almost

"Dare you trust me with your happi-

She looked at him thoughtfully with her soft, pleading eyes. Her brain was very busy; she remembered what await-ed her at home, what had driven her thence, and then, in reply to his sober try Gosselin." question, she put both of her hands into his with childlike trust.

They wandered on. Julie had always elenty of money in her purse, and they strolled into a little chapel on their way, where they found a young clergyman who could not resist their request to marry them, backed by ten golden Napoleons, and so, though reluctantly and advising proper delay, he performed the marriage ceremony, aided by the sexton and his wife, who each received a Na-

As an inducement, Harry had also told from you." the clergyman that he was just going to sea, and that he must be married before

be lost. "Perhaps I am saving the girl's honor." said the young clergyman, as he finally

Julie came out of the chapel the wife of Harry B., who went with her to the Hotel du Louvre. From here he sent a was chafing at the delay, "it is no use greening note to the American consul, wasting any time, and we had better see who came to him early the next morning, and by the earnest persuasion of Harry the consul agreed to take the young wife to his own house until mat-ters should be settled as it regarded their future course. In consul's house Julie found a pleasant and safe retreat for the

time being.

Whatever might be said with regard to the propriety of the young folks' conduct, it could not be undone. They were irrevocably united as husband and wife. Harry was forced, however, to resign his imion. By the aid of the consu Julie's rights in relation to her fortune under her father's will were fully realized, and she came almost immediately with her young husband to America.

Harry B., by means of proper influence, once more entered the navy, the

second time as lieutenant, and now wears

THE RAIN HARP. When out of down is full of rain I look out through the window passe And see the branches of the trees.

Alto people dancing to the brees. They bow politely, cross and meet, Salute their partners and retreat, And sever stop to rest until They reach the end of the quadrille.

I listen and I hear the segud Of music floating all around, And fancy 'tis the Bresse who plays Upon his harp on stormy days. ed by a bill at three months. The strings are made of rais, and when The branches wish to dance again They whisper to the Bresse and he Begins another melody.

I've heard him play the pretty things Upon those slender, shining strings; And when he's done—he's very shar o always hides away the harp. —Frank Dempster S

## A NAME FOR A BOOK.

In the latter years of the third empire a pleasant time enough while it lasted among the many privileged purveyors of gossip to the Parisian daily and weekly press one of the most indefatigable in nearthing the latest tithit of contemporary anecdote was Jules Lecomte. Less elegant in style than Henri de Pene. less humorous than Auguste Vilemot, he was nevertheless mainly instrumental in emoting the circulation of the journal o which he was attached by his happy choice of subjects and generally reliable information. One day he received a letter from an anonymous correspondent, beginning with the usual compline phrase, "You who know everything," and terminating by a rather puszling query: "Why did M. Alphonse Karr select for a volume of tales published some twenty years ago the is-comprehensible title of 'Vendredi Soir?" (Friday Evening).

"Not a bad idea of my friend, the writer, whoever he may be," said Leomte, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "to apply to me, as I happen to be the only person able to answer the question. I may as well gratify him, particularly the hourse and the boulevard are pretty well used up, and a retrospective article for once in a way will be a novelty." Not having the paper by me, and com-

pelled therefore to trust to my memory, I can only attempt to reproduce the substance of one of the lively chronicler's most amusing feuilletons, related somewhat in the following terms:

A good many years ago, when I first essayed to gain a living by my pen, Alhonse Karr, if not already famous, was at least regarded as one of the most proming young authors of the day. He then occupied a tiny apartment on the top floor-the seventh-of a house in the Rue Vivienne, where I occasionally passed half an hour with him, when-a frequent occurrence, alas! at that period of my career-I had nothing better to do. One afternoon, after clambering up his interminable staircase, I found him, contrary to his wont, sitting in a deing the picture of misery.

"Anything wrong?"
"Everything," he replied, drumming his knuckles impatiently on the window pane. "I have a bill for 300 francs due today, and no funds to meet it."

What is the matter?" I inquired.

(It must be understood that in Louis Philippe's reign, to a literary man, living as it were from hand to mouth, 300 francs appeared a fabulous sum.) "Not a sou!" he continued, "and that isn't all; Tuesday is the last day of the carnival, and I have promised a pretty

neighbor of mine to escort her to the ball at the Varietes, which of course entails supper." "And champagne," I suggested. "Exactly, and where on earth am I to find the money?"

This was a poser, and for some min-

utes we looked despondently at each Suddenly an idea struck me. "Why not ask your publisher," said "to advance it to you?" "No use," he muttered, with a melar choly shake of the head. "I am in his

debt already." "If he won't," I persisted, "others may. And, now I come to think of it, why not collect those tales and sketches you have written for different reviews? They ought to make a volume."

"Yes," said Karr, "with a dedication. a preface, plenty of margin and an index, perhaps they might." "Very well, then. Put on your

and come with me to Souverain. "Your publisher? You don't mean say there is any chance of his taking it?" "Why shouldn't he?" I replied. "He will be only too glad to have your name will be only too glad to have your name in his catalogue. At all events, there is sion to marry the girl. Among people no harm in trying."

The establishment of M. Hippolyte gers, sometimes as many as twenty being Souverain, the fashionable publisher of the period in question, was in the Rue des Beaux-Arts, and on our arrival there we were directed by one of the clerks to a restaurant in the Rue Jacob, where the great man was in the habit of dining. He had nearly finished his repast and too romantic for truth. Our "fate" shook hands cordially with me as I incometimes comes to us in this singular troduced my companion. I thought it fashion, he thought. "There is a tide best to act as spokesman on the occasion, in the affairs of men which, taken at the and explained as briefly as possible the flood, leads on to fortune." Suddenly object of our coming. Souverain lie-he turned to her and said: object of our coming. Souverain lie-tened attentively while sipping his coffee. "Very happy to know M. Karr," he

said. "We will talk the matter over one of these days." "That will be too late," I replied cisively. "It must either be settled now

or never. If it doesn't suit you, we will "But, my good sir," objected the pub lisher, "you cannot expect me to pur-chase a book without having the least

idea what it is!" "Oh." said I. "if that is all, there will be no difficulty in satisfying you. Karr is ready to sign an agreement, making over to you, say for five years, the exclusive right of republishing in any form you choose certain specified tales and sketches which have appeared in various periodicals, in consideration of the sum

"Not in cash!" hastily interposed Sou-"Out of the question. Karr has

of five hundred francs received by him

of his own due, and to pay it he must have money down." "Very sorry, but I make it a rule neve to pay cash until my bills fall due." "In that case," said Alphonse, who

"Wait a moment," expostulated Souverain. "You don't suppose I carry 300 francs about with me!" "We said 500, not 800," quietly observed Karr. "When you have finished your coffee, it is but a step to the Rue des Beaux-Arts."

"You are in such desperate hurry! Can't you wait until I have thought it "Bills won't wait," I retorted, "as you know very well. So, unless you decide quickly, there is an end to the matter." "H'm," muttered Souverain, visibly

perplexed; "we said 400, did we not?" "No," emphatically replied Karr. "Not a sou less than 500." A quarter of an hour later we were seated in the publisher's room, where so

ously awaited the decision of its shrew but by no means unsympathetic owner. The agreement was soon drawn out, and after an abortive attempt on the part of our Mecsenas to reduce the rate of purchase to 450 francs, which was indignantly protested against and overruled, the terms were finally settled, and it only remained to discuss the mode of payment, which Souverain insisted should be effect

This suggestion met with an energetic refusal. "Impossible!" exclaimed Karr. "It is 7 o'clock now, and how are we to find any one at this hour to discount it!" "Early to-morrow morning will do as well," faintly remonstrated the pub-

"Not for me," curtly retorted the author, rising from his chair and making me a sign to follow him. We had just reached the door when Souverain, evidently unwilling to let so pro peculation slip through his fingers. called to us to stop. "There is only one way," he said,

arrange this little affair. I shall have to liscount the bill myself." And pen in hand he proceeded methodically to calculate the rate of it terest at 6 per cent., besides commission and, the operation terminated, delivere the balance to my companion in notes

and five franc pieces. Pocketing the money with a thrill of delight, and hardly yet able to realize his good fortune, Karr hastily signe the agreement, and still appr some further objection on the part of the publisher, only began to breathe freely when we were safe outside the door. We had scarcely reached the middle of the staircase, however, when Souverain's voice brought us suddenly to a check.

"Monsieur Karr!" "Don't answer!" whispered Alphone "He wants his money back, but I'll be

hanged if he gets it."
"Monsieur Karr!" again shouted my friend's new "editeur." "What title are we to give your book?" "Is that all?" laughed Karr, com-pletely reassured. "Whatever you like, Monsieur Souverain," he replied. "Let me see, today is Friday; suppose we call it 'Vendredi Soir'!"—Temple Baz.

On an Apple Dumpling. It may be worth noting that in the last century a native of Cumberland was prompted to write a poem in laudatory strain on the virtues and under the title of "The Apple Dumpling." It appeared first, circa 1770-75, in The Town and Country Magazine, above the signature of Pygmalion, the writer (as his "Poems 1778, show) being Charles Graham, o Penrith. A few of the lines I venture to quote as unique on such a theme, and value in the description of an ol north country dish. Graham is evident ly in sympathy with his subject: The task be mine . . .

The task to mino
To sing a British apple dumpling's praise.

Rumatra's fruit We court not; Britain's fertile isle brings forth

brought
Short respite we allow thee; now with speed
Thou'rt placed conspicuous in a china vase,
(Or sometimes dost descend to humble delf), hile round thy [the?] polish'd sides redu

Nectarous juice la most delicious floods Ofttimes I've seen thee (charming to relate) [sic] Ride buoyant on the stream, with head erect And houest front float round the dish audacious. But when thou boastest a more gigantic size, Enormous, many, ample, long and huge.

-Notes and Queries.

A Pigeon Decides a Law Case. A novel decision was rendered by Justice Miller in a suit before him between John B. Kirby and John Scott, each claiming the ownership to a certain carrier pigeon, which was brought into court in charge of an officer. Justice Miller, in order to settle the ownership beyond question, ordered the pigeon placed in the hands of two disinterested persons, who took it four miles south of the city and released it. After it had started, two chasers were sent up by Kirby, and Scott followed suit by releasing another pigeon. The pigeon in controversy flew straight to the residence of Scott, and, according to the decision of Justice Miller, is now Scott's property.—Youngstown (O.) Cor. Cleveland Leader.

THE BILQULA MARRIAGE KNOT.

The Strange Courtship and Queer Weddings of a Northern Tribe. Mr. Pl. Jacobsen, in a letter to well known brother, Capt. A. Jacobsen, gives the following description of the marriage ceremonies of the Bilqula Indians of British Columbia. An Indian who intends to marry calls upon his intended wife's parents and arranges with of high descent this is done by messensent to call on the girl's father. They are sent by the man's parents before the young man is of age. In many instances both man and girl are not more than 8 or 9 years old. The messengers go in their boats to the girl's house, and carry on their negotiations without going ashore, where the relatives of the girl

are standing. The messengers of the young man's parents praise his excellence and noble lescent; the great exploits of his father, grandfather and ancestors; their wars, victories and hunting expeditions; their liberality at festivals, etc. Then the girl's relatives praise the girl and her ancestors, and thus the negotiations are carried on. Finally, a number of blankets are thrown ashore by the messengers; and the girl's relatives protest, and maintain that the number is not sufficient to pay for the permission to marry the girl. In order to obtain their consent, new blankets are thrown ashore one by one, the messengers continually maintaining that the price paid is too great. Generally from twenty to fifty blankets, each of the value of about fifty

cents, are paid.

After this the boy and the girl are considered engaged. When they come to be grown up the young man has to serve a year to his father-in-law. He must fell After a year has elapsed the marriage is celebrated. At this time great festivals are celebrated. Seven or eight men perform a dance. They wear dancing aprons and leggings trimmed with puffin beaks, hoofs of deers, copper plates and bells. If the groom should be a wealthy man, who has presented to his wife many small copper plates, such as are used as presents to a bride, these are carried by the dancers. The singing master, who beats the drum, starts a song, in which the dancers join. The song used at the marriage festival is sung in unison, while in all other dances each dancer has his own tune and song. The first dancer wears a ring made of cedar bark. His hair is strewn with eagle down, which flies about when he moves and

forms a cloud around his head. The groom presents the first dancer with a piece of calico, which the latter tears to pieces, which he throws down in front of each house of the village. crying "Holp!" in order to drive away evil spirits. These pieces of calico which he throws down in front of the houses have a lucky meaning, and at the same time express the idea that the groom, a captain's epaulets.—"L. M." in New Frederic Soulie among the number, had not forget the inhabitants of any house at one time or another more or less anx- when giving a festival. The dancers

ter. The bride orders a few blankets to be spread before the groom. She sits down, and he puts his hand upon her head. Then the groom is given for each of the parts of his body one or more blankets. Finally he is given a new blanket. After the bride's father has given a blanket to each dancer and to the drummer the villagers are invited to a great feast. At this time groom and bride sat for the first time together.—

stone the crucifizion of our Saviour—s worken and soldiers; all most remarkable for delicacy and perfection of expression, and an admirable distribution of the groups. In the cabinet of gems in the gallery of Florence is still to be seen a cherry stone on which is carved a 'chorus of saints, in which seventy heads may be counted.

Among other women of the Sixteenth.

Mineel Ianv.

LETTING GO HANDS

of These Unhappy Happening Make All Observes Feel Sad Two friends of mine, a couple had been married for twenty years, came to the conclusion that marriage was a failure for them. They agreed

Years before, the man had been off, but had lost everything through speculation. He took to drink and soon erated to a worthless burden upon the wife, who supported the family by taking boarders.

For ten years these two had lived together in the same house, the estrangement widening as the husband's folly increased until she could endure it no longer. The papers were made out and the day came when he was to leave the home he had made so wretched. I happened to be a witness to the parting. There was no one in the hou

at the time but we three. She picked up his shirts and collars, which she had that day ironed with her own hands, and he stood on the threshold with the parcel under his arm, besides a trunk which contained his other personal

Scarce a word was spoken. Both seemed to feel that a crisis in their live

For twenty years these two had been together, through light and shade, in good fortune and ill, and now they were to part forever. Twenty years before. buovant with youth and hope and confidence in each other, these two had linked

What touching memories must have surged through both their hearts as they stood thus, she leaning against the stair-way in the hall, and he standing on the doorstep with the dusky twilight closing in about him as if to emphasize the darkness of the future years. The hour seemed strangely in keeping

with his strange parting. There are moments so tragic in life that speech is dumbly inadequate. This was one of "Have-1-got-everything-Annie? he slowly said, in a dazed way, as he

turned toward the door. "All but this, Frank-do you want it?" and she handed him a packet of faded letters tied with a crumpled ribbon. He turned pale as a corpse, as if not until that instant realizing all the parting meant. He looked at the packet, slowly untied the ribbon and wound it about his hand, his whole frame trem-

bling violently. "Keep them-Annie-for me!" he sob bed, made one convulsive step toward the woman, then turned and walked out into the night.

And she? Well, an hour later I stepped softly into the hallway, alarmed at the deathly silence. Still leaning against the stair-way she stood, the letters clutched tightly in her frigid hands, her eyes strained out upon the night as if they saw the resulting from catarrh. Easy and pleasghosts of bygone days when faith and ant to use. Follow directions and a cure haunt me forever.—Boston Commercial.

The Boys' Friend. ment for \$1; sent by mail, \$1.10. For John T. Trowbridge was born in a log cabin, raised on a New York farm and composed his first verses behind the plow. His mother was a cultivated New England woman, and the boy inherited her refined taste, and although not interested in the studies his common school education offered him, hungered after

languages-Latin in particular. When 16 he wrote some verses on the "Tomb of Napoleon" which were published in The Rochester Republican, and from that moment he determined to become an author. After his father's death he left the farm and attended a classical school. where he studied Greek and his coveted Latin. His twentieth birthday found him in New York battling almost against starvation for a place in the literary arena, and at last he won the desired vantage ground and has sustained it both with his verse and prose. As a writer of boys' stories, he has scarcely a rival in this country, and his poetry is

admirably simple, dignified and musical,
—Current Literature.

Mamma and papa may be equally loved but the least thoughtful of children do not fail to notice that they have different characteristics. Two little girls were one day eating berries from a bush, and

and play you're a little birdie." So the other one obediently put back her head, stretched her mouth wide and received in it a big berry. "Thank you, pape robin," said she.
"How do you know 'twasn't a mamma

obin?" asked the one who had played parent bird.

my throat," was the reply.-Youth's She Can Everlestingly Detait Sode. There goes a girl who is the cham-

pion soda water drinker of Buffalo," said a Main street pharmacist to a man who is addicted to the habit. "Yes, sir," continued the garrulous compoun-der of nauseous drugs, "that girl can get outside of more soda water than any three girls in the high school. She came trees, fetch water, fish and hunt for the latter. During this time he is called poured seven glasses of the stuff down NORTH and SOUTH minutes. She drinks at least two glasses of soda with vanilla flavor every time she comes in here."-Buffalo Express.

A Seggested New Use of Photogra Professor John Trowbridge, in Scrib ner's, calls attention to the importance, from an engineering point of view, of making careful photographs of steel and timber at the point of rupture under a breaking load, suggesting that in this way we may learn something important way we may learn something important on the much vexed question of elasticity. This is a suggestion worthy the atten-tion of our metallurgists, some of whom have made a critical study of the behavior of iron and steel under strains.

It would be impossible to rid this country of the English sparrow. The pertinacity of the pest was never better libertrated than by the British sailor's his of doggerel, which runs:
The bloomin', bleedin' sparrow west up the
bloody spout;
The bleedin' rais came down and washed the

persia di Rossi, a maiden of rare beauty, great refinement and unusual Then the bride's father brings a great number of blankets, generally double the number of those he had received from the groom, and gives them to his daughter. The bride orders a few blankets to be spread before the groom. She side

> Among other women of the Sixteentl century noted as sculptors, fresco painters and engravers, one of Titian's pupils Irene di Spilimberg, highly educated, surrounded by luxury and with every thing beautiful about her, devoted her self wholly to art. Some of her works are still extant, and she must have used her time and energies to great purpose for she died at the age of 19. Harper's

> > A teriant Entro

Blythe-Your autograph album is one of the finest I have ever seen. The names are all written so neatly and symmetrically Lythe-Yes, I copied them myself

from the originals, some of which were perfectly leaved - Openha Visable The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OIN

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when alone.

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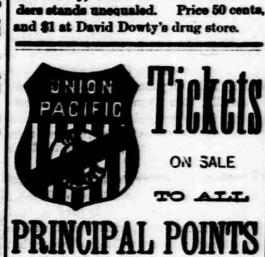
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