THE STRANGER FROM AMERICA.

The bay of Corunna was lying blue and placid in the afternoon sun. The polished cannon of the two old forts caught the sunbeams and glistened in peaceful splendor, and the great glass windows in the Tower of Hercules, the tall lighthouse which lights the harbor, caught them, too, and shone as if the lamps were all ablaze.

A ship was swinging with the tide in the offing. The sailors were climbing up and down the masts, unfurling the sails and preparing for departure. The pier was crowded with men, women and children, and small boats were plying back and forth, carrying the passengers on board. The crowd was composed of the poorer classes, who, lacking means to farm their native land, were bound for South America in search of fortune.

There were the usual sorrowful leave-takings. Anxious looks were cast toward the vessel which was to bear its living freight across the sea, as if it could tell the secrets of the tempestuous waves which awaited it between haven and haven. Men and women were embracing, children were crying, and as each boatload departed carrying the emigrants and the chests containing their scanty possessions a wail arose from those who were to remain behind.

Antonio, an old sailor, who had been ordered by the Captain to remain on the pier until the last emigrant was aboard, to see that no children and no packages were left behind in the general confusion, declared that he would rather face a dozen Java pirates than such an army of weeping women.

"Come, good people, this is no time for ceremony," he called briskly; "hurry into the boats and get on board."

He stopped and turned away his head to avoid the sight of a mother who was clinging to her son and saying good-bye for the hundredth time.

"Come, my good woman, let him go. The Madonna will protect him," he said. "This way, my dear"—addressing a pretty girl—"Buenos Ayres will be better than ever if you are going to live there. Come, into the boat quick, all of you. Hello! my son, what is the matter with you? Have you lost your chest?"

"I haven't any," replied a boy, who stood holding a small bundle tied up in a red cotton handkerchief.

"Where are your folks—your father and mother?"

"There is nobody belonging to me," said the boy.

His voice was so weary and his whole appearance so utterly forlorn and hopeless that the sailor looked at him sharply.

"My eyes! If my heart was not as hard as a cocoanut I should pity you," he exclaimed. "Into the boat with you, and shame, I say, upon those who send so young a lad off into the world alone."

The good sailor was too much of a diplomatist to express his opinion of the boy's chances for success in the strange world beyond the sea, but he added:

"Jump into the boat quick, and if any one on board teases you, just remember that my name is Antonio, do you hear? If you get into trouble and do not come to me, by Heaven! I'll catch you and beat you black and blue. Hello, baby, what are you doing here? I don't suppose you have the—the—good fortune to sail with us," he continued, addressing a lovely little girl of about six years, who was holding the boy's hand and crying bitterly.

The child did not answer, and he turned again to the boy.

"Who is this little girl? And what is your name, boy?" he asked.

"They call me Jose Benito," said the boy.

"That is a good name. But the baby, who is she?"

"She is Maria."

"That is a good name, too. Is she going on board, or does she stay ashore?"

"She stays ashore. Yes, sir," said Jose Benito, his voice breaking with sobs as he looked down at the child, who was still clinging to his hand.

"Who are you, little girl?" asked the sailor kindly.

"I am Maria," she said.

Under his rough exterior Antonio carried the tender heart of a child. Although he swore valiantly at the crowd of weeping women, he pitied every single one of them, and the passionate sobs of the little girl came near making him cry as he had not cried since the day, years before, when he left the paternal cottage to begin the life of a sailor of the seas.

Maria was a lovely child. Her large brown eyes, glistening with tears, looked up imploringly into the sailor's face. She clung with all her strength to the boy's hand, and as Antonio tried gently to draw her away she threw herself at his feet and, clasping her little hands, begged him not to separate her from Jose Benito.

Here was a nice situation. The passengers, with the exception of the boy, were all on board, and the last boat was waiting for Antonio. He could hear the creaking of the chain as the sailors weighed anchor. There was not a moment to lose, and still Maria clung to him with all the frenzy of childish grief. Put her away roughly he could not.

"You must kiss your brother good-bye and run home, little girl. There is no help for it," he faid.

"She is not my sister," said Jose Benito.

"You poor little thing, who are you, then?" asked the sailor. "And why do you care so much for this boy?"

"I am Maria," sobbed the child.

Poor Antonio was in despair.

"The fact that you are Maria doos not help matters in the least," he said desperately. Then turning to the boy:

"Here you, Jose, or Benito, or whoever you are, tell me who this little girl is, and be quick about it. She is dressed better than you are. Who is she?"

"She is Maria, that is all I know, sir," said the boy still sobbing. "She lives in the house where I lived. They say she is the niece of the lady there; but nobody cares for her."

"Poor little thing!" said Antonio, drawing his rough hand over his eyes. "You can come aboard, little one," he added; "there are women there who will look after you, and when you grow up if you still love your friend you can marry him. But if we wait here any longer the Captain will scold us. Will you come, Maria?"

"Yes, yes," said the child, eagerly, smiling through her tears. "Jose Benito is all I love in the world, for he is the only one who loves me. The others hate the sight of me. Oh, I know it all the time."

As Antonio seized the hands of the two children to hurry them into the boat, a woman came running down the pier.

"Maria, Maria!" she called. Her voice was loud and angry.

The little girl trembled with terror. If Antonio had not caught her in his arms she would have fallen to the ground.

"Is this child yours?" he asked, scowling at the woman.

"She belongs to my mistress, and I have orders to take her away from this fool of a boy," replied the woman. She was dressed like a servant, and her face was as repelling as her harsh, ugly voice.

"I have no right to keep her," said the sailor, fiercely, "but I must say that leaving her with you is like throwing a canary into the jaws of a shark."

"Wretch!" screamed the woman; "but then who could expect anything decent and civil from an ugly sailor like you."

"If I am as ugly as you are, may the Lord have mercy on me!" replied Antonio. He kissed the weeping child and sprang into the boat.

"Good-by, Maria. I will come back some day," called Jose Benito as the boat was rowed away.

"Good-by, Maria," called Antonio. And as he saw the woman with the ugly face dragging the child away he muttered a malediction between his teeth, and swore by all the saints in the calendar that if there was any justice in Galicia that woman would end on the gallows.

Years came and went. The suns of twelve summers had scorched the old pier at Corunna, when one morning a ship's boat, rowed by two sailors, grated its keel on the beach, and a young man, the only passenger, sprang lightly ashore.

He was a tall, graceful young fellow, with wavy auburn hair, frank blue eyes and a handsome face, but his garments were threadbare. His trousers were, of course, gray cloth and too long for him; his coat, shiny with much usage, was buttoned up to his throat as if to conceal the lack of starched linen; his straw hat, broad-brimmed, like those worn in the South American plains, was frayed at the edges, and his heavy shoes were covered with patches, although they had been polished until they shone like a mirror. The utter poverty of his appearance combined with its cleanliness and neatness was extremely pathetic.

The young man stood still for a moment running his eyes over the different streets which led from the water, as if striving to recall old memories. Then turning into one of them he bent his steps toward the main street of the town. The main street was where all the life of the small seaport centered. Here were the handsomest houses, and before one of the largest the stranger stopped and timidly rang the bell.

"Does the widow Sanchez live here?" he asked, as a servant opened the door.

"Yes, she lives here," was the curt reply.

"Tell her that Jose Benito wishes to see her," said the young man.

Without asking the stranger to enter, the servant turned away, when from the interior of the house came a sweet, eager voice:

"Jose Benito! Can it be true?"

"So true, Senorita, that I am here to prove it," said the young man, lifting his tattered straw hat as a beautiful young girl appeared in the doorway.

"Where is Jose Benito? Where is he?" she exclaimed.

"Here, Senorita," he replied, with a graceful bow.

"You! But—but—Jose Benito was a boy when—" she hesitated.

"Yes, Senorita, he was a boy when Maria bade him good-by, but that was twelve years ago."

"When I bade him good-by! True it was years ago," she said with a weary sigh.

"You, Senorita—are you Maria?"

"I am Maria."

"'I am Maria!' Those were the very words you said when poor old Antonio asked your name."

"Yes, yes, I remember. Are you, then, Jose Benito! I am sure of it now," cried the girl, her lovely face radiant with delight.

She seized his hand and drew him into a small reception room near the door. "It is such a long time since we parted," she said, catching her breath. As she looked at his handsome face her cheeks were covered with blushes.

"Yes, Senorita, twelve long, weary years," he replied, without raising his eyes.

"Senorita! Why do you address me as Senorita? Am I not always Maria to you?"

The young man could not refrain from seizing and pressing the little hand which she extended to him. Then drawing away from her, he said, sadly:

"In those days long ago Jose Benito was a boy and Maria was a little child. Now Jose Benito is a man, but he is as poor as when he wept at parting with the child who is now a beautiful woman."

"Supposing you are poor, that is nothing," she said, blushing. "I knew by your dress that fortune had not been kind to you before you told me; but for all that, dear old friend, you have improved. You talk better and have better manners than many a man who has gold in his purse."

Jose Benito's handsome face flushed crimson.

"Still, after so many years a man ought to bring money to show for his work," he said, with a sigh.

"Your hands are soft and white, still I am sure you have been industrious," she said, smiling sweetly.

He made no reply; he did not even raise his eyes to her face.

"Tell me, where is that sailor with the ugly face who was going to carry me away with him?" she asked.

"He had an ugly face, it is true, Senorita, but he had a good heart. Poor old Antonio was a noble man."

"Oh, yes, I remember how kindly he spoke to me. Where is he?"

"Ah, Senorita, who can tell? In so many years the wind blows a sailor in all directions."

"Poor old man! I should like to see him again," she said.

There was a rustling in the hallway, and a tall, elderly woman entered the room, followed by two girls, who resembled her so much that it was evident that they were her daughters. All three were richly dressed in trailing silk attire and covered with jewelry, in striking contrast to Maria, who wore a cheap cotton gown and no ornaments.

"What is this? Who is this man, Maria?" exclaimed the woman in a sharp, disdainful voice.

Before Maria could reply, Jose Benito came forward.

"Is this Senora Sanchez?" he asked, politely.

"That is my name," replied the woman, tossing her head proudly.

"I am Jose Benito," he said.

"May the Saints have mercy on us!" she exclaimed. Then turning to her daughters, she added:

"What do you think of this good-for-nothing?"

"That he has come back as poor and shiftless as he went away," said Petra.

"And as big a fool," added Ramona, with a scornful laugh.

"Yes, more stupid than ever," said their mother; "look how he stands there like a log. He scarcely hears what we say."

"And you, what are you doing here alone with this man?" asked Petra, turning toward Maria.

"I was only wishing him welcome," said the poor girl, blushing violently.

"You cannot call this fellow a man," said Ramona, looking at him with a contemptuous toss of her head.

"I should think Maria would remember too well the trouble she had for saying good-by to that boy to ever wish to set eyes on him again," exclaimed Petra. "That cost her not only a good whipping but three days' solitary confinement on bread and water."

"What is the matter with you? Why are you staring at my daughter in such impudent fashion?" exclaimed the Widow Sanchez, addressing the young man, who stood gazing at Petra, his eyes blazing with indignation. "And let me tell you," she added, "if this bold girl Maria was punished for saying good-by to you, she will be punished still more now for talking to you here alone. She will not only receive a sound scolding, but whenever my daughters and myself go to the promenade she will be locked in her room, that we may not return to find her disgracing herself talking with a beggar."

"The Senorita Maria is not to blame. Senora. It was I who—" began the young man.

She interrupted him:

"That makes no difference. She had no right to listen to you. And as for you, the sooner you take yourself away the better."

"Senora, I must wait until you read this," said the young man, handing her a letter. "Had I not been ordered to bring it to you, I should not have entered your house without your permission."

"I am glad you have decency enough to apologize. Give the letter to me. Who sent it?"

"It is from my master."

"Who is your master?"

"A generous, noble-hearted man, Senora; and a very rich man, too. He found me on board ship and he pitied me for my poverty and misfortunes. He offered to take me as his servant, and I was only too glad to accept."

"H'm! If he is rich and generous, I should think he would give you better clothes to wear."

"No doubt he will, Senora; but we only reached port an hour ago."

"What business has your master with me, and in such a hurry, too?"

"I do not know, Senora," replied the young man; but it did not escape his notice that the widow turned pale, and the hand that held the letter trembled.

"Are you to wait for an answer?" she asked.

"Yes, Senora."

"Then go and wait at the door until I call you."

The young man turned to obey, when the widow, who had hastily opened the letter, started violently.

"Jose Benito, Jose Benito, come here, quick!" she called.

Her daughters rushed to her side, questioning her eagerly, but she ordered them from the room together with Maria. Then closing the door she turned to Jose Benito.

"Who is your master? What is his name?" she asked sharply.

"Don Jose de Zayas, Senora."

"Is he a respectable person?"

"He is said to be worth $5,000,000."

"But is he a gentleman?"

"Ah, Senora, with so much money he—"

"Very well, that is enough," she said, impatiently. "Tell him I will receive him at once."

"Thank you, Senora," said poor Jose Benito as he went away.

A half hour later, as the Widow Sanchez, attired in her richest costume, sat waiting in her parlor, the maid announced the arrival of the expected guest.

As the man entered the room the widow bit her lips to restrain a smile at his extraordinary figure. He was tall and stout, with stooping shoulders; he had an enormous red nose, and his wrinkled skin was brown and weather-beaten; a stiff, bristling gray beard covered the lower part of his face, and his hair was reduced to a gray fringe across the back of his neck, leaving the rest of his head bald and shiny. His costume was of fine black broadcloth, with the exception of the vest, which was of yellow velvet spotted with red. Across the broad and ample breast he wore a gold watch chain as massive as a ship's cable, his fat fingers were covered with costly rings, and in his shirt-front sparkled a magnificent diamond.

At the widow's request he seated himself upon the sofa, while his long legs stretched half way across the parlor.

For a few moments not a word was spoken; each sat eyeing the other with evident distrust and suspicion.

"Have I the honor of addressing Don Jose de Zayas?" said the widow at length.

"Your servant, Senora. And I suppose I am addressing the Widow Sanchez?" said the stranger, with an awkward bow.

He was evidently embarrassed. He coughed several times, ran his fingers nervously through his beard, and then sat gazing at his red, bejeweled hands.

At length, summoning up courage, he said:

"I am a plain man, of few words, Senora, and we will proceed to business at once. What is your answer, yes or no?"

The widow hesitated. She had already formed her own plans to appropriate this man's millions, and they differed materially from those which he had proposed. Her object now was to gain time.

"When I read this letter which your servant—"

"My Secretary. I have made the young man my Secretary," he interrupted her gruffly.

"I beg your pardon, Senor, your Secretary. When I read this letter, I thought at first it was a cruel joke some malicious person was playing upon an unprotected widow, but—"

"As it told the truth, you saw that it was in dead earnest—eh, Senora?"

"I have been very unfortunate," she said, pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, "and, much as I shrink from doing so, I am compelled to accept your offered aid. I think I can make the terms satisfactory to you," she added with a simpering smile.

"I want nothing, Senora, except what the letter stated, that, or our business is at an end. Do you understand? I thought the letter was plain enough. Listen!"

He leaned forward suddenly, and, taking the letter from her hand, began to read:

"Respected Senora: I know that not only the house in which you live, but your jewels and all your property have been mortgaged and the money squandered. You have also appropriated to your own use the property of your neice and ward, Maria, which has also be lost. Your creditors are pressing you, and within a week your house will be sold over your head to satisfy there demands. I will pay off your mortgages and place you in comfortable circumstances on one condition—that you give me the hand of your niece, Maria, in marriage."

The old man laid the letter on the table and sat awaiting her reply.

"But, Senor, I do not know who you are. You may be unable to do all this," she gasped.

"Look!" he said, drawing a package of papers from his pocket, which he carefully unfolded and held at a safe distance for her to see.

They were all the mortgages and notes which were outstanding against her.

"I have bought all these and now I am your only creditor," he said, chuckling to himself as he saw her cheeks grow pale. "And I have still more," he went on, "I have full proofs of your theft of your ward's money. You thought that you had destroyed them, but, Senora, such actions are sure to come to light. On the day that Maria becomes my wife I will burn all these in your presence. If you refuse my proposal I shall proceed against you to the full extent of the law. Now, take your choice. Meanwhile I will tell you all you need to know of my history. I went to South America a poor boy. There a kind man took me into his service. I nursed him through a terrible illness, and he became so fond of me that, as he had not a relative in the world, he adopted me and gave me his name, which I hope to carry with honor as long as I live. When my benefactor died I found he had made me heir to his immense fortune. I then went to California, where, by lucky investments, I doubled my money. If we were in California now I should marry Maria and leave you to starve, but I know that here in Spain her marriage would not be legal without the consent of her guardian. Now, what have you to say?"

The widow was cornered. She moved uneasily in her chair as she replied:

"But, Senor, you arrived only a few hours ago; you have not even seen my niece. Why do you wish to marry her?"

"I have been in Corunna before, Senora, and I know more about your niece than you think. And then the whole town speaks of Senorita Maria de Rivera as a model of beauty and virtue. I am an old man, and my only wish is to settle down with a young and pretty wife for my companion. If you have any further doubts of my wealth you are at liberty to go to my bankers here in Corunna. But time is pressing, Senora, you must give me an answer at once."

The old man arose and stood watching her with his small, twinkling eyes.

The widow had no alternative. Furious as she was over what she considered Maria's good fortune, she was compelled to acquiesce in it. That the girl herself would resist it never entered her mind, but Maria, hitherto the meekest and most submissive of maidens, declared that she would throw herself headlong from the Tower of Hercules sooner than become the wife of such a hideous old man. The widow's commands and entreaties were of no avail, and in despair she finally locked the young girl in her room, declaring that she should remain a prisoner until she came to her senses.

In the morning Jose Benito appeared with a note from his master. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes as became the Secretary of a millionaire, and looked handsomer than ever.

In the note Senor Zayas requested permission to visit his bride, which the widow did not dare to refuse. Then she set to work to prepare the obstinate girl for the interview. It was not an easy task. Only after a storm of threats and abuse did Maria allow herself to be arrayed in a silk gown belonging to one of her cousins, and conducted to the parlor to await the arrival of the dreaded bridegroom.

The widow met him at the door. She thought it wise to inform him of Maria's rebellious state of mind before he saw her.

"H'm! So she objects to the marriage, does she? That is serious," said the old man, thoughtfully. "Please allow me to see her alone for a few moments. I think I can tame the little rebel," he added, with a self-satisfied smile.

A solitary interview was contrary to all laws of Spanish etiquette, but this was an extreme case and the widow was forced to give way. Although she was dying with curiosity to be present she took the old man to the parlor and left him alone with the unfortunate girl.

When she returned to the room half an hour later she found Maria weeping bitterly, but the old man was sitting at her side, holding her dainty hand in his rough, red paws. He had evidently conquered.

In the days that followed Maria crept about the house pale and silent. Jose Benito came constantly, bringing flowers and rich presents from his master to the bride. Every evening the old man was at Maria's side, and strange as it may seem, she was evidently growing fond of him. Her lovely eyes sparkled when he appeared and his whispered words often brought a rosy blush to her fair cheeks.

As for the widow and her daughters, the old man's ugly face was gilded by his gold. They declared that he was the most elegant of gentlemen and their hatred and jealousy of Maria increased every moment.

But they were helpless and dared not say a word.

Not far from Corunna an elegant villa stood in the midst of an extensive park. Its owner lived in Madrid and the place had been for sale for many years, but as no one in Corunna was rich enough to purchase such a magnificent property it stood in solitary state, while the surrounding grounds had become a wild tangle of shrubbery and forest undergrowth, among which squirrels and wild deer roamed at will.

One morning the gossips of Corunna became wildly excited over the rumor that the rich stranger from America had purchased the entire estate, and would fit up the mansion with the utmost splendor to receive his bride. That this rumor was true was soon proved by the armies of carpenters, masons, painters, and gardeners which swarmed about the villa, and by the great vans which were being loaded with furniture of the richest description, which a ship had brought from London to Corunna.

Senor de Zayas and his secretary, Jose Benito, directed all the improvements in person, and the old man took special interest in the renovation and decoration of the chapel, for it was here that he intended the marriage ceremony to take place.

From time to time he went in an elegant carriage drawn by a span of magnificent English horses, to take his bride to view the progress of the work. On these occasions Maria was always accompanied, as was proper, by the widow Sanchez and her daughters, to whom the old man was most courteous, although certain people declared that they had seen him make furious grimaces behind their backs which revealed quite a different state of feeling. Maria apparently took little interest in these preparations for her future luxury. Still the roses were beginning to bloom on her cheeks, and the gossips said that, when talking with the handsome Secretary of her future lord, her lips were much more smiling than the occasion called for.

The widow and her daughters, on the contrary, treated Jose Benito with great rudeness; in fact, they ignored him completely; but they were lavish in their praises of the villa, and bowed down to Don Jose de Zayas as did the Israelites of old to the golden calf.

"Ah, Senor, I fear love has made you blind," said the widow, with her sweetest smile. "I am positive that Maria cares nothing for you. She is marrying you only to escape from us. Although we have protected her all her life, the ungrateful girl has always hated us. Then, too, she is a girl with no manners; she is not fit to be the mistrees of an elegant mansion like yours. She will not make you happy, Senor. I should be proud to see you married to some lady of a good Corunna family, and if she were not a chit of a girl like Maria, but some person of age and intelligence, surely she would be more companionable for you."

The widow had made a bold stroke, and she waited to watch the effect of her words, but the old man's face was immovable. He stood watching her with his little sharp, piercing gray eyes and said not a word.

"Ah, Senor, you do not answer me, you cannot," she persisted, encouraged by his silence. "You, too, have noticed that Maria is not fit to be your wife. Now if you really desire a young and pretty wife you should select one with some style about her, like my Petra or my Romona; not such an awkward ignorant creature as Maria, who might make a decent wife for your stupid secretary, but not for you."

"Caramba! Senora," roared the old man. "I shall marry whom I please. I have loved Maria ever since she was a child, and that's the end of it. As to my secretary, I am fond of the young man, and must beg you to speak respectfully of him; and, let me tell you, he is quite able to manage his own love affair when he chooses to have one."

The widow trembled with rage, but she dared not say another word. The man had her tight in his clutches.

At last all the preparations were complete. The villa was a bower of luxury and beauty, the adjoining chapel was magnificently decorated, and the grounds were a paradise of sparkling fountains and flowers. For three successive Sundays the banns between Senor Don Jose de Zayas and Senorita Dona Maria de Rivera had been proclaimed in the Cathedral of Corunna and nothing remained but the ceremony of the priest's blessing on the marriage.

On a sunny morning in early autumn Don Jose's carriage stood before the widow's door, and the crowd, which always gathers upon such occasions, waited impatiently to witness the departure of the bride. She appeared at last—a lovely apparition in a cloud of white lace and orange blossoms. It was easy to see that she was trembling. A bright-red spot gleamed on each of her cheeks, and she entered the carriage without raising her eyes from the ground. The widow and her daughters followed, and Maria was whirled away from the home where she had toiled and suffered so many sad years.

When the bridal party reached the chapel it was already crowded with the invited guests. Jose Benito, attired in the most elegant fashion, was at the door to receive the bride and conduct her to the altar, where the priest stood waiting. The happy bridegroom had not yet appeared. As they ascended the altar stairs a commotion was seen in the middle aisle and an old man clad in a sailor's suit of blue flannel embroidered with many anchors, came elbowing his way through the crowd.

"Blessed be the day on which I was born in the shadow of the Tower of Hercules; blessed be the bridal pair, and most blessed of all be the hour in which I have torn off my toggery and put on decent clothes," he cried, in a loud, hearty voice, which rang to every corner of the chapel.

The excitement was intense. Men sprang to their feet; the guest, who all recognized the old man at once, thought the bridegroom had suddenly gone insane and began talking each to the other.

"Silence, all!" thundered the old man. "This place and this hour are sacred. Reverend Father, proceed with the ceremony."

The solemn voice of the priest was now heard reading the marriage service, and the assembled guests instantly became still. They were stupefied with astonishment, and not until the priest had spoken the final words which made the handsome young pair kneeling before him husband and wife did even the widow recover herself sufficiently to speak. Then springing to her feet, she screamed:

"What outrageous burlesque is this? What—"

She was silenced at once by the young bridegroom, who, after kissing his bride, turned and faced the guests.

"Senora and friends," he said, calmly, "I am Jose de Zayas, the millionaire; this lady is Maria, my wife, and this dear old man"—laying his hand affectionately on the sailor's shoulder—"is my noble and faithful friend, Antonio. Reverend Father, pronounce the benediction."—*Translated from the Spanish of Fulgosio, by Mrs. Helen S. Conant.*

A NIGHTMARE.

Last night instead of sleeping I seemed to take
a notion to enter into dreamland and give
my fancy sway;
Queer meditations keeping my thoughts in
strange commotion until I felt a tremor that
would not pass away—
I saw Queen Aphrodite propounding to Apollo
a most peculiar question, a complicated riddle;
And Jupiter the mighty within a mountain-
hollow called all the Gods before him and
played upon the fiddle.
Micawber was in limbo, a brilliant halo o'er him,
discussing with dear Traddles a wondrous
jeu d'esprit;
A critic, arms akimbo, with twenty beers before
him, was busy in explaining a Wagner ecstacy;
A very funny writer whom no one ever greeted—
although a large-sized audience the king of
jesters dubbed him—
Becoming somewhat brighter, an awful pun
completed, when with decisive action they
all rose up and clubbed him;
A dozen lovely lasses, poetic tales rehearsing,
threw lovesick glances at me that worked
like miracles,
And on dew-decked grasses sat long with them
conversing until I caught pneumonia and
half a dozen ills;
And when I went to kiss them, in manner far
from tragic (that is to say, according to all
romantic lore),
I found I did but miss them—for such is night-
mare's magic; I left my bed and dreamland
and tumbled on the floor.

—*Nathan M. Levy in Judge.*

BURDEN BEARERS.

In the gay, shifting markets of the East.
Gaunt and grotesque the patient camels stand,
Calm amid busy tumult, ugly, grand,
With rough-ridged form and meek, uplifted
face.
Ready to bear afar, in conscious strength,
That which is laid upon them. Day by day
To fast and thirst, and labor till at length,
The desert crossed and won the resting place.
A master's hand shall lift the load away.
O, still, strong human nature whom we meet
Day after day, in adverse circumstances
Serene and faithful! Have we learned, per-
chance,
From these dumb heroes of the eastern mart
The untold secret, wonderful as sweet,
Of all that grandly simple strength of heart?
In meekness lieth might. Such souls as these
Accept their burden upon bended knees!

—*Portland Oregonian.*

Lover-like Cats.

A certain household in a London suburb were without a cat, and the mice grew thick. A very beautiful tabby was given to them. But lo and behold! she proved to be a sad thief, and stole all from the pantry that she could get her claws on. She was given away and sent away, but she came back. Besides this she proved to be very much a belle of the neighborhood, and the garden of her owners was full of the most awful concerts each night. Finally she was drowned. The weather was too cold to dig her grave at once, and while waiting for sunshine, as it was freezing outside, the body of the sinner was laid in an old arbor. The next day, as one of the family was walking toward the arbor, what did he see but a strange cat, dark in color, squatted down beside the dead tabby. The coming of the person disturbed him, and he ran away. The next day he was seen in the same position, and the next. It was the cat of a neighbor that had been fond of playing with the deceased. A third day of freezing cold came, and lo, the stranger was discovered to be again beside his playmate—but dead. He had been frozen to death while mourning for his friend. The family buried them in the same grave in the garden, like lovers in old ballads.

How to See a Bullet's Flight.

By saturating the bullets with vaseline they may be easily seen in the course from the rifle to the target; their trajectory course is marked by a beautiful ring of smoke, caused by the vaseline being ignited on leaving the muzzle of the gun, the smoke being suspended for some time in air if not too windy. Much better scores result when grease of some kind is used; bullets are not so apt to split, the recoil is not so great, and it is believed the course of the missile is more true.—*Ohio State Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

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ALWAYS RELIABLE — PURELY VEGETABLE.
THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY.
CURES all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Piles, Etc., and renders the system less liable to contract disease.
DYSPEPSIA.
RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They tone up the internal secretions to healthy action, restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions.
PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
☞ If your Storekeeper is out of them we will mail you a box on receipt of price 0 five for $1. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren street, New York. WS&W

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Have you used
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BEATS the World. It is the Best
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The BEST for Men's Boots
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ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.
SOFTENS and PRESERVES the Leather
Once a week for men's boots and once a month for women's is ample for perfect results. It makes the handsomest and most durable polish you ever saw. You don't have to groan and sweat with a blacking brush. Be wise and try it. Because your grandfather worked hard is no reason you should not spare yourself this worse than useless labor.
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MANDRAKE PILLS
are the safest, surest and speediest vegetable remedy in the world for all diseases of the Stomach and Liver.
They clean the linings of Stomach and Bowels.
Reduce congestion in all the organs.
Heal irritated and excited parts.
Promote healthy action and sweet secretions.
Correct the bile and cure biliousness.
Make pure blood and give it free flow.
Thus send nutriment to every part.
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EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878
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Breakfast Cocoa
Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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Safe and Infallible. Guaranteed 50 per cent stronger than the so-called English article, and absolutely harmless. Druggists everywhere, or by mail, $1. Send 4c. for "Advice to Ladies." Specific Med. Co., Phila., Pa.
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HAS been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Pills. Travelers by land or sea are liable to constipation or other derangements of the stomach and bowels which, if neglected, lead to serious and often fatal consequences. The most sure means of correcting these evils is the use of **Ayer's Cathartic Pills.** The prudent sailing-master would as soon go to sea without his chronometer as without a supply of these Pills. Though prompt and energetic in operation, Ayer's Pills leave no ill effects; they are purely vegetable and sugar-coated; the safest medicine for old and young, at home or abroad.
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Excellent
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"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for affections requiring a purgative, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. Woodson, Fort Worth, Texas.
"For several years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than upon anything else in the medicine chest, to regulate my bowels and those of the ship's crew. These Pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect for the cure of rheumatism, kidney troubles, and dyspepsia."—Capt. Mueller, Steamship Felicia, New York City.
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Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

NOTICE.

ALL PARTIES CLAIMING TO HOLD DEEDS for water in and under the Mohawk Canal, situate in Yuma county, Territory of Arizona, the same having been acquired from parties who obtained title from the Mohawk Canal Company under a certain indenture dated August 30, 1887, and recorded in Book 6 of Deeds, page 51, in the office of the Recorder of Yuma county, Arizona Territory, are hereby notified that, under the terms of said conveyance, notice of all transfers or conveyances and rights thereunder must be given to the Mohawk Canal and Improvement Company, successors to the Mohawk Canal Company.
(Signed)
MOHAWK CANAL AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, by R. J. DAVIS, Secretary, successors to Mohawk Canal Company. Offices, 306 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal. au30-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF NICHOLAS SCHADT, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEORGIANA SCHADT, Administratrix of the estate of NICOLAS SCHADT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the law offices of Chauncey H. Dunn, No 9-0 Fifth street, in Sacramento, Cal., the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the county of Sacramento, State of California. GEORGIANA SCHADT, Administratrix of said estate.
Dated August 30, 1890.
CHAUNCEY H. DUNN, Attorney for Administratrix. au30-5tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF ADRIEN GONNET, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the estate of ADRIEN GONNET, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at the office of Isaac Joseph, No. 531 K street, Sacramento, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.
L. NEUBOURG, Executor.
Dated August 16, 1890.
ISAAC JOSEPH, Attorney for Estate. au16-5tS

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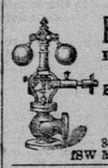
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