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"THREE IN A BED."

Gay little velvet coats,
One, two, three!
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsy and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so cosily,
Three in a bed!

Woe to the stupid mouse
Prowling about!
Old Mother Pussy
Is on the look out!
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky parlor,
Three in a bed!

Mother's a gypsy puss;
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
High minded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out, you see,
Three in a bed!

LOVE.

It is not in the mountains
Nor the palaces of pride,
That Love will fold his wings up,
And rejoicingly abide;
But in meek and humble natures
His home is ever found,
As the lark that sings in heaven
Builds his nest upon the ground.
—Blanchard.

CRAB POINT.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

[From Demorest's Monthly Magazine.]

The woman who is to stand in the fore ground of this little sketch of mine came out from a long straggling grove of pines, and walked across the warm, wet sands of the small cape which ran sharply into the sea.

She walked in a quiet, leisurely way, stopping occasionally to gather a shawl of some soft wool about her shoulders, or to take in some effect of the clouds, or the water, or the beach. I hardly know whether she was a handsome woman—people differ so widely in their understanding of that adjective—but she certainly was a striking one.

She was young still; if in reality she was among her thirties you would not have suspected it, even in the strong, low lights which the sea sunset threw upon her face. She had a clear, brownish complexion, and dark-grayish eyes that shaded into blue; soft, abundant hair, of that shade, too, which hesitates doubtfully betwixt brown and black; and lips which made you think of a red-throated bird, with a streak of sunshine across the color.

There are heaps of clouds in the low sea horizon, gray, with a hot-glitter of flame at the edges, that widens all the time, and in the midst burns the fiery crater of the sun, fast going down in the sea now.

The tide is coming in, too; the waves, white, happy things, gamboling up, and thrusting their clear, cold faces lovingly on the still sands, and then retreating, half in play, half in fright at their own audacity, in the midst of little tinkling, rustling laughters.

This woman, Margaret Duane, has come out to see and enjoy it all. She has been spending the summer, or a large part of it, at Crab Point. She had plenty of fun at first out of the homely old name, but has grown rather to like it of late. Her brother and his two children are with her. He is a prosperous city merchant, deep in his forties and a widower. Margaret has long been an orphan and has lived with this brother of hers since she left school. His wife, a pretty, fragile creature, had been very fond of her young sister-in-law, and on her death bed had solemnly commended the children to the charge of their aunt. Whatever sacrifices all this involved, Margaret Duane was the sort of woman to make them, although when you spoke of these there would come a singular light into her face, and she would tell you that she did not know what that word meant, so far as her relations with the children were concerned.

The house where the Duanes have been boarding this summer stands at the head of a grassy lane, with low fields and rising pasture grounds sweeping away from the three sides of the building—an old, rambling farm house, with wide double piazzas at the front, where you can sit and watch the ocean in all its wonder of moods and changes, where you can hear the winds grieve in the pines, and the surf break its huge shining lengths upon the sands, or get from side and back windows pretty effects of meadow and pasture land.

Often, during this summer, Margaret said to herself, "I wonder if anybody but an artist has any right to be here. The land and the sea should be his."

Once she said this to her brother. It was a moonlight night, and they two were on the piazza alone. Earth and ocean were glorified in that white, still rapture of light.

General Duane took his cigar from his mouth very leisurely, looking at Margaret a little quizzically: "It strikes me, Margaret," he said; "that anybody has a right to the scene who pays for it."

That shows the man: yet he was an honest, good-natured gentleman, with a solid, compact figure, grayish whiskers, and a little growing baldness at the top of his head, and some shadow of family likeness to Margaret, which, when you came to search for it, always eluded you.

But to come back to Margaret, making her way slowly over the little sandy cape, which struck, perhaps, an eighth of a mile out into the sea. In stormy weather the land was frequently submerged by the tides; tresses of coarse, gray grass waved sparsely among the sands, and there were stray locks of sea weed and broken shells. A low, desolate sea coast, yet it had a character of its own, which seized hold at once of the æsthetic sense. "Crab Point belong to an artist," as Margaret had said.

The sands were warm where the hot sunshine had been lying all day. Bits of breeze, with a little salt, cool sting, came in with the tide, and touched Margaret's hair. She had come down to the shore without so much as her sun-hat on.

"What a pleasant world it is!" she murmured to herself, such a light coming into her eyes, and the gladness that was sweeter than a smile, and yet not precisely one, growing about the fine, red curve of her lips.

By some subtle line of association those murmured words carried Margaret Duane back into her past; the light faded from her eyes, her whole face grew grave and sad; the shadow of an old pain, an awful one, came up. A woman with a face like that would be sure to have some vital experiences. Margaret Duane, going down that low stretch of sandy shore, with the pines behind her and the ocean in front, saw no more the curve and dip of the seagulls, nor the white sails of distant sloops, like banks of snowy blossoms. She saw across the years, some days rising up—days which had colored and shaped, more or less, all her womanhood.

Between these days, of course, there were backgrounds of soft lights and shadows—weeks, months, years, indeed, steeped in rosy atmospheres of girlhood and youth; but these days which rose up in Margaret's memory, clear and sharp, like promontories along smooth levels of coast, are all with which you and I have to do.

One man—one only, had come into Margaret Duane's life to make any vital issues there. Others had touched her girlish fancy, or stirred her young imagination, but the interest they had awakened had been fleeting until he came—he of whom she had said in her soul, "Behold the king!"

Nature like Margaret's would be likely to be romantic in its youth, yet he was no commonplace man who had taken possession of her imagination.

Dick Kennedy was a younger brother of Gerald's partner. He was a man of the world, a little this or the other side of thirty, had finished his college course with extensive travel, and was just returned from a several years' business residence from abroad, when Margaret met him for the first time.

He understood women in a certain way, and better how to make himself agreeable to them.

Without being at all an Adonis, there was something attractive in his presence, and a good deal of social magnetism in Dick Kennedy. He could talk about books and music and art, like one at least who understood the shibboleth, and he had wonderful powers of adapting himself to his audience.

When you came to the central qualities of the man, he was good-natured and good-hearted, with plenty of underlying self-conceit, which he had good taste enough to keep mostly in the background, and a general purpose of being a gentleman, in all the relations and circumstances of life. He admired Philip Sydney and Sir Walter Raleigh and all the grand and poetic figures of history, and had a feeling, which, it is charitable to hope, sprang from something better than mere egotism, that he belonged by birthright of sympathies and aspirations to this company of the great and good of all ages.

He was just the sort of man, you see, this Dick Kennedy, to attract the fancy and heart of of a young girl like Margaret Duane. She was not so very young, either, but she had high ideals of men, and those she had met had been sure to disappoint her in themselves before long.

The business relations between the houses of Duane and Kennedy afforded Dick a very comfortable footing in the former family.

He was fascinated with Margaret from the first time he beheld her—honestly thought her the sweetest and noblest woman he had ever met; and for her, if heart and soul were a little slower in yielding to the new attraction, they were drawn steadily toward it, as moons draw the tides.

I am not writing a mere love-story; if I were, I should linger over this enchanted ground of Margaret Duane's youth. Few men, perhaps, are loved as Dick Kennedy was. How Margaret glorified and idealized and worshiped this man, with all the tenderness and all the imagination of her nature.

Yet there was a certain dignity and reticence in her affection. Sentiment with her never left solid ground, "to lose itself in quaking morasses of sentimentality."

Dick Kennedy was certainly an ardent lover enough, at this time, to satisfy the most exacting of women, and Margaret had, of course, absolute faith in him. She was too loyal and proud for any pettinesses of jealousy.

The companionship of such a woman lifted Dick Kennedy into a mood that was hardly natural to him, yet he was not consciously insincere, and I will say this much for him: if in those happy days of courtship he could have been made to believe that he would ever be false to Margaret Duane's heart and faith, I honestly believe the fellow in his disgust and horror would have gone out and shot himself.

Gerald, on the whole, was gratified with his sister's choice. He would have liked to retain Margaret as the mistress of his pleasant suburban home, and, beyond his own interest, he was honestly fond of his sister; but he felt that it would not be quite fair to ask her to doom herself to single blessedness for his sake.

And, if he must give up Margaret, Dick Kennedy had many of those qualities likely to commend themselves to a man who surveyed all things from the side of their material values, who believed in money and comfort and respectability.

Dick was in a fair way of making a fortune, the brother reasoned, if the fellow would devote himself to business and not be drawn off by any dilettante tastes in literature and art; he was good-natured, had an unblemished name, and was desperately in love with Margaret. So Gerald Duane comfortably made up his mind, musing after dinner, betwixt his newspaper and slow puffs of his cigar.

"Margaret, it was true," he concluded, "was a splendid creature, worthy of the best man that ever trod shoe leather, and she had evidently taken it into her mind to exalt this mortal Dick Kennedy into a kind of god. Well, it seemed in the woman genus to do these things," smiling complacently to himself; and so, when the time came, and his consent was asked, which everybody understood was the merest ceremony, Gerald played very handsomely the role of elder brother and guardian. Various circumstances, however, occurred to delay the bridal—most unromantic illnesses of the children, to whom Margaret was devoted.

Then, of a sudden, serious illness of one of the members of the firm summoned Dick to San Francisco. That was in the days before the opening of the railroad, and the young lover was obliged to make the journey by sea.

"I never was made up after the pattern of Jacob. I can not serve seven years for my Rachel, though she be a thousand times fairer and sweeter than she of Haran," said the young man to Margaret, in their last interview. "These six months seem an eternity."

"I know they do, Dick," raising those wonderful, bluish, grayish eyes to his, and when he looked in them he actually wondered if there had been so splendid a woman in the world before, thinking of Cleopatra, Portia, Beatrice.

"And across the days and distance will shine this one truth: we have each other to love and to trust."

She was silent a moment here. The two were walking in the grounds of her brother's home. It was a still moonlight night, the edges of the outgoing September just a little crumpled by the frosts, and a lonely crying of katydids among the shrubberies.

Then Dick Kennedy spoke, "I was wondering how I managed to live in this world without that knowledge, Margaret; yet I did, and made shift to get along pretty comfortably, too, strangely enough, it seems, now."

Her face looked up at him in the still moonlight, which seemed to have touched the world with the holiness of heaven. "Dick," she said very earnestly, "I do not believe I am a very good woman."

"Margaret!"

"Because, I can not understand how I could live a moment in God's world without your love, without my faith in you, and I should not want to. Is that right, I wonder?"

And again he said, more softly and tenderly, if possible, than before, "Margaret!"

"But don't you see, Dick, there have been women with hearts as tender and faith as strong as mine, and they have had to lose both the love and the faith, and yet they lived on, brave, noble, heroic women. How did they do it?"

"You will never be put to any such tests, child," he said. "Yet, if anything should happen to me"—

She drew closer to him, with a little gesture of terror, which made him hasten to say, in a careless tone:

"But nothing is going to happen. I prophesy to you, Margeret, that six months from to-night you and I will walk upon these very paths, and the moon will wait upon us, with all her court of stars."

"But what if there should be no moon, and it should happen to rain?" she said, with that swift sparkle of humor which was a part of Margaret Duane, and which gave its own freshness and piquancy to her talk. "Then your prophesy will have failed you, Dick Kennedy."

"So, you cut down my pretty metaphor with one sabre stroke of your wit," laughed the man.

But in a minute she was grave again. "Death would not be the worst thing for you or me. If it came to either, I think the other might bear that, dreadful as it must be; but the loss of love and faith—oh, Dick, that would be for eternity!"

"Hush, Margaret! because such loss is impossible between you and me; it is sin to speak of it."

And that walk with the lonely katydids, and the solemn moon, and the patient watch of the stars, was their last together.

The next day Dick Kennedy sailed. Letters came and went between the lovers, promptly as the mails allowed; letters that, on his part, breathed a very passion of devotion, yet they were not weak or sentimental; young Kennedy was never that with tongue or pen; and of Margaret's, it is sufficient to say they were like the woman herself. So the winter went by. There were some delays in the letters then. Margaret attributed these to the mails, and something—she could not tell what—the girl was by nature neither suspicious nor jealous, and when she gave her faith she did it absolutely—seemed to haunt the latter and briefer epistles, and when the winter was gone, and the robins sang again, there was a shadow—she could not tell why—on the native gladness of Margaret Duane's soul. "But the king was coming, and then all would be right."

CHAPTER II.

Something came, but not the king. It came suddenly—like a thunder-clap, and I must write it briefly.

It was in the midst of a golden May twilight, Margaret was sitting by the window, and there was a faint, slender horn of a young moon in the sky. She remembers just how it looked, between the budding woodbines, and to this day she does not enjoy the sight of a slender curve of moon in a sunset sky.

Dick had not fulfilled his prophecy—she was thinking of that moment when somebody brought in the mails, amongst them a letter with the California post-stamp. She seized it eagerly, not observing the handwriting of the address, and tore the thing open.

There were only a few lines. No need for many. The writer was a friend of Dick Kennedy's, and announced the young man's marriage the day before, with a lady who had been visiting her uncle, and whose beauty and accomplishments had made a powerful sensation in the great Western city.

So the bolt fell; under it Margaret did not shriek nor cry. She sat quite still and the thin curve of the young moon dropped and was lost behind the distant hills, and the sky and the stars were alone.

So was the woman sitting there so still and pallid. You would have thought some flash had smitten her suddenly to death, but the stillness and dumbness were all on the outside. But all this while the awful consciousness of the truth was growing on heart and brain, breaking the one and crazing the other. Several times her little nephew and niece, Tom and Gracie—the girl was named after her dead mother; there was only two years difference between them, and the boy, who was the elder, had just sealed his sixth birthday—came up and looked with perplexed, scared faces at their aunt, who glared back with her stony eyes, which did not see them, and when they called to her she did not seem to hear. Her drawn mouth only twitched a little, and at last the children went away, their hands clasped in each other's, and a great trouble in their small faces.

"Gracie," said Tom in an acrid tone, when they were outside the door, "something is the matter with Aunt Margaret. We won't play any more."

The scarlet blossom of the little girl's quivered. "She never looked like that before," she said.

They went and sat down together on a great lounge in the wide old hall, and there the night came slowly up and found them, the boy with his round, brown head, and the girl with her pretty golden one, watching the door of their aunt's room, which stood ajar, just as they had left it.

At last Margaret rose up. Her brain was on fire, and there was some strange, horrible anguish at her heart. She could not well remember that time. Long, long afterward, when she found courage to to turn and look back upon it, she knew that she had a dark, confused sense that God and man had forsaken her, that she was all alone in the world, with hateful faces of spectres grinning around her.

She had a blind purpose to get away from all these—from the fire that was consuming heart and brain, and there came a vision of the river half a mile away, cool and dark and still, looking up at the stars between its low, green banks.

"That is the place for me," said Margaret, with a kind of triumphant cry, like one, who, hunted by bloodhounds, has distanced her pursuers and reached the precipice.

They were the first words she had spoken since the letter came, and a moment later, the children in the hall saw her sweep by them with her white face and her fixed, stony gaze.

A vague sense of trouble filled the children's souls. "Let us go and find her," said the boy to his sister.

And they started together and went out into the darkening twilight, through which the dews were falling.

Through the damp grass, across the pasture and the low open meadows the pattering feet followed the figure of the woman. They gained upon it, too, for it stood still sometimes, and stared in a wild, vague way about it, and then it kept on at its rapid gate, bareheaded and unshawled, on toward the river.

Margaret Duane had almost gained the banks—oh, the fire that was going out in heart and brain when she leaped into the dark, cool depths of the waves—she smiled to herself a dreadful smile as she thought of that—when suddenly little hands gripped at her dress.

She turned around sharply, trying to disengage herself. "What are you?" she cried. Then she saw the small frightened faces upturned in the starlight. "Come home, Aunt Margery," cried the children's voices.

Through the woman's crazed brain, through her tortured heart, that cry made itself felt. She put her hand to her forehead "Go back, children," she said. "Nobody wants me—nobody in the world"—her voice mounting shrilly over the last clause.

"Yes," said Tom sturdily, the tears standing still on his cheeks, "Gracie and I want you—we want you more than anybody. Do go home with us, Aunt Margery."

"Yes, do, Aunt Margery," cried Gracie, and again her hands plucked at the lady's skirt.

And again that cry pierced through crazed brain and breaking heart.

"There's nobody to hear us say our prayers." In the damp grass Margaret Duane sank down, and they heard her cry out: "Somebody wants me—somebody in thy world, O God!" and then she burst into a terrible weeping.

It was long before they got home. Her mind was half distraught yet, but she had an instinctive feeling that God had sent his angels to her, and she clung fast to the children's hands, which gripped hers in a deadly fear that she would break suddenly away and leave them. Indeed it was doubtful whether, without their guidance, she would ever have reached home.

When they did, at last, she found Gerald there in some alarm over his absent household, of whom the servants could give no account.

He was dreadfully shocked at the appearance of the disheveled trio (at Margaret's especially), who answered all his questions in a half-dead tone. "I'm tired, Gerald. Let me go to bed."

He carried her there at last, and for days she did not leave it. It was a wonder they had not all taken their death-colds. The girl lay in a kind of stupor much of the time, hardly speaking to anybody, and her white, still face having a dreadfully pathetic look.

And outside the robins sang, and the trees made ready with banners of pink and white for the coming of June, and all this time nature was taking the girl into her tender care, and warming the worn heart and brain back to life and strength again.

Of course Gerald Duane questioned his children very closely about that night's work. Whatever inkling of the facts their replies may have given him, he never alluded to the matter, waiting for his sister to speak.

One day, going up to her room, he found her sitting by the window for the first time. The warm sunshine fell all about her, and it brought out in very sharp lines the white face that this last week had so wasted.

"Oh! Margaret!" said the man, standing still at the sight, startled and shocked.

She did not answer a word. She only placed the letter Dick Kennedy's friend had written in her brother's hands.

Gerald Duane read it. "The fellow is a brute—a fiend! I suspected something, but not so bad as this. I'll shoot him myself!" he shouted, transported with rage.

"No, Gerald, that would do no good. Have patience with me, and I will surmount this. You know how near it came to killing me, and how it was your children only that saved my life when heart and brain reeled. I went wild. Now, let us never again speak of this."

Gerald, strong man as he was, sat down, and actually sobbed; but afterward, though he was kind and tender, almost, as the lover she had lost, he never mentioned, in Margaret's hearing, the name of Dick Kennedy, and the girl, thinking of that, will believe to the day of her death that Gerald, despite all his practicality, has something fine and poetic at the core of him.

As for Margaret Duane, she was a brave woman; she did what she said she would. It took time, of course; and the straggle, at times—well, only God and she will ever know anything about that.

But the human interests and ties came one by one to assert their claims in her life. She was not at all of Tennyson's Mariana-at-the-Moated Grange type; where honor and respect were gone utterly, tenderness could not always remain. When the new life came back, Dick Kennedy had no part nor lot in it, except as a memory of shame and baseness, which she put away.

Look at that woman going slowly down Crab Point in the sunset.

She does not seem like one through whose youth and hopes have burned any black frosts of disappointment and blight. You know, when you look into the dear sweetness of the eyes, and watch the soft line of the scarlet lips, where the light of pleasant thoughts seems ready to break into a smile, that life has much which is glad and good to Margaret Duane.

She has never loved again, it is true. A nature like hers recovers slowly from such a vital shock as she received. If no man since that time has crossed her path to stir heart or soul out of their long calm, yet Margaret has learned that life may be full of dignity and happiness without that one human love.

The sun has dropped behind the sea. Under the red fire of the clouds the waters heave and glow, but Margaret does not see it all: she sees only that dreadful night, with its lost moon and its reproachful stars, when she went to the river to die.

She has reached the shore now. There are some low, ragged rocks here, with knots of sea-weed in the crevices, and around these rocks the tide has risen in long, green swells: the water must be several feet deep by this time.

Suddenly Margaret hears a laugh—a low, happy laugh, in the throat of a child; she looks up and sees him hanging over the edge of the rock—a pretty boy with brownish cheeks and hair which glitters gold in the sun; he leans far over after some dazzling bit of rock, he reaches it, he loses his balance: with a terrible cry Margaret springs forward and reaches out her arms; he comes against them; his fall is so heavy that it knocks her down, but the boy does not fall into the sea, as he would have done but for those outstretched arms. They have saved him from drowning.

A woman's shriek rings overhead. "Oh! my boy, my boy!" and she dashes down the rocks and into view.

She is a handsome woman, and elegantly dressed; her robe rustles and her diamonds quiver in the light.

Somehow, when you have said that, you have said all. Despite the fine features there is something wanting in this woman's face. Behind it dwells no lofty, tender soul. It is a face that will grow old early. It is rapidly losing its bloom, and when its youth has gone all its charm will go; yet it is precisely the kind of face which has its time of triumph, of incense, and flattery and the wooing of men.

Look at the two women standing there. Margaret, so cool and sweet and fresh, in contrast, yet she was never so handsome, and quite likely is older than this woman.

The latter is sobbing betwixt excitement and fright. "You were almost drowned, Dick, she says, "and the lady has saved your life."

At that moment a gentleman, startled by the cries of mother and child, hurries around the corner of the rocks.

"What is the matter here?" he asks, coming up to the group.

Margaret has arisen now, and brushed back her disarranged hair, showing a cut on her forehead. The fright and fall have shaken her a good deal.

"Oh, Dick!" says the sobbing mother, "the child would certainly have gone into the water, and been dead before now, if the lady had not caught him as he fell. I shall never get over it!"

Margaret, at that name, turned sharply around, and she and Dick Kennedy looked each other in the face.

They were both very white, but she, at least, was quite calm.

"I am very glad I saved the child," she said simply, and then she turned and walked quietly away.

"And he could desert me for that woman—that!" said Margaret to herself. There was no scorn or bitterness in her face or tones, only a great wonder in both.

"Dick, do you know that woman?" asked Mrs. Kennedy, the tears still on her cheeks, her arms around her boy, who had been bruised a little, and frightened a great deal by his fall, and was now sobbing lustily.

"I did once," he said, and the man left wife and child and went after the woman going with such a quiet grace up Crab Point.

"Margaret!" She stood still at the well-known voice, which once had made her very pulses thrill with joy, and so she fronted her old lover.

"Do you know you have saved the life of my child."

"I am glad of it, as I said."

She turned and went on again. He followed her. "Margaret," he said, "I treated you like a brute—I know it."

She turned on him steady and bright the gray-blue eyes he remembered well; her voice did not falter. "I think you did, Dick Kennedy, or worse than that."

He was silent a moment at that, but he kept on walking by her side.

Then he broke out with a passionate impatience: "At least, if it will do you any good, I swear that I have paid an awful penalty for my folly and madness of that time. Margaret, you have had your revenge."

"I never wanted any. You knew me too well to imagine that, Dick Kennedy," her voice soft and steady, like her face.

He looked at her with some bitterness in his eyes, with some curiosity, too. "I was a monster, I know, Margaret, but, bad as I was, I should be glad to hear you say the old hurt has healed."

I suppose Dick Kennedy thought he was telling the truth, yet it would have gratified his self-love to know that some tenderness lingered for him in this woman's soul.

Margaret turned now and faced him—this lover of her youth. The wind fluttered in her hair: the dark lustrous eyes seemed to probe behind his face to his soul.

He, too, had grown old in these years, but it was not the slight frosts on temples and beard that struck her.

Dick Kennedy was changed, and changed for the worse, in heart and soul, during these years. Not that the world counted him for a bad man. He had been successful—he was an honorable business man, and he had buried himself in his material prosperity; but the real man, the best, which Margaret had known and loved, had been growing hard, and cold, and skeptical all these years.

And this was what Margaret saw. "Yes, Dick Kennedy," she said, "the hurt was deep and long," too honest still for any disguises: "but it has healed—healed utterly. Now go back to your wife and child. They need you."

She turned and left him. It was evident she did not need him.

He stood and watched her with a great self-reproach and longing in his eyes, as she went up Crab Point in the fading light alone, and quiet and graceful like herself.

But he did not see the sudden light which rose into her eyes and grew upon her face, nor hear the prayer which came that night for the first time out of the soul of Margaret Duane. "Oh, my God, I thank thee that even at such a price I was saved from being the wife of this man."

Wild Bill.

Among the white scouts were numbered some of the most noted of their class. The most prominent man among them was "Wild Bill," whose highly varied career was made the subject of an illustrated sketch in one of the popular monthly periodicals a few years ago. "Wild Bill" was a strange character, just the one which a novelist might gloat over. He was a plainsman in every sense of the word, yet unlike any other of his class. In person he was about six feet one in height, straight as the straightest of the warriors whose implacable foe he was: broad shoulders, well-formed chest and limbs, and a face strikingly handsome; a sharp, clear blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely-shaped nose, inclined to be aquiline; a well-turned mouth, with lips only partially concealed by a handsome moustache. His hair and complexion were those of the perfect blond. The former was worn in uncut ringlets, falling carelessly over his powerfully formed shoulders. Add to this figure a costume blending the immaculate neatness of the dandy with the extravagant taste and style of the frontiersman, and you have "Wild Bill," then as now the most famous scout on the plains.

Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw. Of his courage there could be no question: it had been brought to the test on too many occasions to admit of a doubt. His skill in the use of the rifle and the pistol was unerring; while his deportment was exactly the opposite of what might be expected from a man of his surroundings. It was entirely free from all bluster and bravado. He seldom spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His conversation, strange to say, never bordered either on the vulgar or blasphemous. His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded; his word was law; and many are the personal quarrels and disturbances which he has checked among his comrades by his simple announcement that "this has gone far enough," if need be followed by the ominous warning that when persisted in or renewed the quarreler "must settle it with me."

"Wild Bill" is anything but a quarrelsome man; yet no one but himself can enumerate the many conflicts in which he has been engaged, and which have almost invariably resulted in the death of his adversary. I have a personal knowledge of at least half a dozen men whom he has at various times killed, one of these being at the time a member of my command. Others have been severely wounded, yet he always escaped unhurt. On the Plains every man openly carries his belt with its invariable appendages, knife and revolver, often two of the latter. "Wild Bill" always carries two handsome ivory-handled revolvers of the large size; he was never seen without them. Where this is the common custom, brawls or personal difficulties are seldom if ever settled by blows. The quarrel is not from a word to a blow, but from a word to the revolver, and he who can draw and fire first is the best man. No civil law reaches him; none is applied for. In fact, there is no law recognized beyond the frontier but that of "might makes right." Should death result from the quarrel, as it usually does, no coroner's jury is impaneled to learn the cause of death, and the survivor is not arrested. But instead of these old-fashioned proceedings, a meeting of citizens takes place, the survivor is *requested* to be present, when the circumstances of the homicide are inquired into, and the unfailing verdict of "justifiable," "self-defense," etc., is pronounced, and the law stands vindicated. That justice is often deprived of a victim there is not a doubt. Yet in all of the many affairs of this kind in which "Wild Bill" has performed a part, and which have come to my knowledge, there is not a single instance in which the verdict of twelve fair-minded men would not have pronounced in his favor.—*Galaxy.*

The Recent Worm Shower.

George W. Lawson, of Somerville, Massachusetts, who noticed the singular phenomenon of a shower of worms on the fifteenth instant, sent some specimens to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and has received the following interesting reply from Mr. Thomas G. Cary, of that institution:

I have received your letter containing a specimen of the worms which you saw "apparently falling with the snow" during the storm of the fifteenth instant. I have shown the specimen to Dr. Kagen, who says it is the larva of a beetle belonging to the family *Telephorida*, and probably to the species *Changlibgnathus Pennsylvanicus.* Similar extraordinary appearances of insects during snow storms have been recorded in Europe. The earliest notice was given by Moller, in Hungary, in 1673, the description being still extant in a very rare pamphlet. These appearances occur in winter, when there have been several warm days in succession, followed by a snow storm. In Sweden, Germany, and in the mountainous parts of France numbers of the larvæ of these insects, together with other living insects, mostly *Poduridæ*, have been found, and were supposed to have fallen with the snow, but the phenomenon has never been satisfactorily explained. Some think that the insects have been swept up into the upper stratum of air by violent gales prevailing before the snow storm, while others suggest that the insects, being attracted by the warmth to the surface of the earth, and then being covered lightly by the snow, still endeavored to keep at the surface. As this late apearance has been accompaied by warm weather, high wind and then snow, either of the above suggestions would hold good.

Intemperate Confessions.

President Hopkins, of Williams College, is thoroughly good and greatly loved, and he is a stately and dignified old gentleman withal. All these excellent qualities added a quaint effect of contrast to the suddenness of the following answer which the worthy president once received, and which illustrates the principle that "ridicule is the test of truth." In the railroad cars one day the president descried one of his students, a youth of regrettable habits in point of dissipation, and wearing at that moment the haggard and disheveled looks of one not yet over the effects of a hard debauch. Stepping up to the young man, looking him sternly yet sadly in the face, the president said in a deep and impressive tone:

"Been on a drunk?"

"So have I," was the answer.

Those confessions, however, do not imply anything inconsistent with a right belief about intemperance. The following, however, does. A well-known physician in one of our large cities was walking one evening, when, coming up behind a rather forlorn-looking couple, he perceived that they were jangling about something, and as he passed, the husband reproved what had evidently been some expression of repining on the part of the wife, in the following terse, though morally unsound proposition:

"You was drunk yesterday, and you was drunk day before yesterday, and I should like to know what more you could have, unless it was a hangel in heaven."

The Cincinnati *Times and Chronicle* says:

The many warm personal friends and business acquaintances of Mr. Charles Stetson, formerly of this city, will regret to learn of his death, which is announced by telegraph from New York this morning. Mr. Stetson was born in Massachusetts about 1796, and removed thence at an early age to New Orleans, where he conducted a prosperous business as a commission merchant under the firm name of Stetson & Avery. He came to Cincinnati about the year 1838, and in 1845 was called to the presidency of the Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company. When this bank went down in the crash of 1857 he was left penniless, and removed to New York city, where has since resided. Being obliged to labor for his daily subsistence, he accepted a modest clerkship in the New York Customhouse, a position which he filled up to the time of his death.

Mr. Stetson is still remembered by our older citizens as one of the scholarly, refined gentlemen of his day. With open hand and liberal heart he dispensed hospitalities to almost every distinguished man of letters or art who visited our city, and took an active interest in every measure that tended to Cincinnati's welfare.

Washington specials to the St. Louis *Times* say of Judge Davis:

Judge David Davis, in correcting the assertions of a correspondent, makes a statement for the authenticity of which your correspondent vouches. That statement, in substance, is as follows: If the people who seek to bring about a reform in the government, who favor amnesty for political offenses, a restoration of the Union in all its integrity, the supremacy of the civil over the military power, the honest enforcement of the laws, hostility to centralization, and integrity in the administration of public affairs, desire him to represent them as a candidate for the Presidency, he will accept the honor, because these principles accord entirely with his convictions.

The Labor Reform headquarters, just established here, is very busy sending out pamphlets, circulars and letters to all parts of the country. Outside this little bureau, however, nothing is now heard of Judge Davis' candidacy. His stock has gone away down, and it seems clear that he will have scarcely more show at the Cincinnati convention than would Grant.

A lonely pioneer writes as follows from La Corna, Wyoming: "I sincerely wish that many hundreds of old maids and widows who can not get husbands at home would come out here, where they could speedily get a choice of good, honest, hard-working men, who could make them comfortable and independent. There are, I really think, five men here for one woman. In fact, very many of them have been compelled to live with native Indian women, who, to my eyes, are perfect frights, and worse in their conduct than appearance, although that is bad enough."

The Lottery Maniacs.

Lottery buyers may be classified, in regard to special characteristics, in numerous subdivisions. There is a man who once secured a small prize and has since spent twenty-fold its amount in the vain hope of obtaining a successor of more respectable proportions. There is a man who knows a man who heard a fellow talking of another fellow he once knew who had drawn a "capital," and he cites the misty tradition as a certain sign that he is sure to have the same luck. There is a man who saw the new moon over his right shoulder the previous evening and augurs from the accident that he is to have a good run of luck. There is the man who woos the goddess Fortune in dashing, haphazard style, and pulling out the first ticket he happens to get his fingers on, resolutely turns his eyes ceilingward, so that he can thrust it into his pocket without seeing what numbers it bears; he has an unfaltering belief that this way of doing the thing is vastly superior to any other, and is certain to bring a prize sooner or later. There is the man who is the exact opposite, and makes the selection of his ticket a matter of close calculation of chances by looking over the drawings for a number of days to get precise information as to what numbers have been drawn, and from this shadowy foundation divine what ones will be drawn. He is a devout believer in the solemnly uttered axiom of the lottery dealer, that during the year each number is drawn an equal number of times: and if any one has not been drawn for several days, he begins to purchase tickets, bearing it with an unquestioning faith that is amusing to an unbeliever. There is another man, however, whose faith in his power of divination is as amazing as the case cited is amusing; and this is the individual who is certain that a selected combination of numbers is sure to be drawn, and who rushes in frenzied haste from one office to another looking for the ticket bearing it, and, inconsolable if he does not find it, nevertheless, does not let fortune give him the slip altogether, but plays the numbers in that delusive game called policy, which is to be described. This sort of buyer can never be mistaken He is the person who rushes into an office, eagerly calls for the "Kentuckys," hastily looks over the tickets, departs as hurriedly as he came, and of whom the man behind the counter remarks, before he is fairly out of ear shot, "One of the sharps. He's going for a sure thing!"—*April Galaxy.*

Died of a Broken Heart.

The Buffalo *Commercial* has the following account of a man who died of a broken heart, caused by a successful attempt to blackmail:

A few months ago a man died in a little town on the Canada side, who in early life was one of the most promising clergymen in the city of New York. He died a broken-hearted man, and the victim to a merciless attempt to blackmail which had been tried upon him soon after his entrance upon parochial duties. He was summoned one day to perform a Christian clergyman's offices in a house where he had no previous acquaintance. The story told by the parties who summoned him was a very plausible one, and he went without hesitation into the trap prepared for him. As soon as he arrived at the sick chamber he was confronted by two men, who maintained that he had visited the house with impure motives, and threatened to expose him unless he paid over a certain sum of "hush money." The man in his bewilderment took precisely the wrong course. He felt that he could better submit to pecuniary extortion than to allow his name to be used in connection with a disgraceful affair, no matter how innocent he might have been of the charges brought against him. He therefore paid the sum demanded. From that hour he was a doomed man. At regular intervals his persecutors called for more money. If he refused to pay they held the old threat over him, and it was no doubt strong, from the fact that he had once paid to keep the matter a secret. His life became a torture to him. He resigned his parish in the metropolis, and tried to be concealed in a more humble parish in another part of the country. But go where he could, the relentless blackmailers were on his track. Finally he told to his friends the terrible secret of his life. This thwarted his persecutors, to be sure, but their wretched victim was already a ruined man, as we have said; he died a few months ago in a quiet, out-of-the-way Canadian town.

The Fisk-Mansfield Letters—Colonel Fisk Declares His Repentance.

[McAlpine's Life and Times of James Fisk, Jr.]

These are the letters of a man infatuated by a siren bent on leading him to destruction. They are not what a prurient public expected. Fisk fought hard to prevent their publication, and gave his enemy $15,000 that his shame might not be blazoned forth to the world. It is evident that he did not write them—they were penned by a better scholar. For a long time certain of Fisk's immediate friends strove earnestly to induce him to publish the letters himself. He refused.

"You may laugh at me, but I tell you I can't put up on a sign-board some of the purest thoughts that ever stirred me, and let the world laugh at me. They may curse me for this, and damn me for that, and ridicule me for something else; but, by the Lord, this is my heart that you want me to make a show of, and I won't."

But a few weeks before the publication of the letters he yielded to the solicitation of his friends, and furnished his copies of the correspondence to an amanuensis, with orders to prepare them for the press. When this had been done to his satisfaction, he dictated a letter to the public, in which occurred the following words:

"This will amuse a great many heartless people, but I am satisfied to let them laugh. For much that I have done I have been justly blamed, and have been ridiculed for much more. In this correspondence, which was an insult to one of the purest women that ever lived, I have been more guilty than in anything else. I have sought and obtained the forgiveness of my wife. Now let the world laugh."

It was most unfortunate that Fisk changed his mind again, thereby losing an opportunity to present himself in a far better light than any in which the public had viewed him. There is no doubt that at this time he had resolved to turn over a new leaf and become a better man.

Which Side Will Do Justice?

[From the Bay St. Louis Gazette.]

In a Wyandotte (Kansas) paper of a late date we see an article addressed to the numerous Germans living in that State, asking them if in return for their steadfast adherence heretofore to the Democratic doctrines the Democratic party has shown any appreciation and gratitude, or not. The article proceeds to state that it has not: that the naturalized citizen of German descent is treated very condescendingly only about election time by the great moguls of the Democratic party, but as soon as his vote is obtained he is treated with supreme contempt, classed even below the negro, and always referred to as "that d—d Dutchman." The paper confesses that the Democratic party is beginning to be strongly tinctured with Know-Nothingism, and calls upon the German-American population to take counsel together and ascertain which of the two great political parties in the country seems most willing and ready to treat them with becoming politeness, and do them the simple justice of treating them as men and fellow-citizens.

If we had the space we would copy the whole article *in extenso* for the attentive perusal not only of our German but more particularly of our American citizens. There is arising in the State of Mississippi, as well as in numerous other States, an uneasy feeling among the German-American population that their steadfast adherence heretofore to Democratic doctrines has not been appreciated, and the question is commencing to be muttered, "Under which king, Bezonian?"

Scroggs sent an order by express for his wedding cards, adding to his name, and the name of her who was to make him happy, and the favored spot, and the fortunate day of the blessed month, the letters C. O. D., to give assurance of immediate liquidation. Fancy the feeling of himself and of her who was to be, on receiving the cards at the latest practicable moment with the letters C. O. D. in the corner of every one of them.

THE "COMING WOMAN."

The Heroic Little Soul who Always Hits Back.

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

There is in this city a very unhappy lady who should be hunted out and honored by the women's rights people. On Saturday she brought her husband into court to compel him to support her, and when her lord and master was placed upon the witness stand for the purpose of ascertaining what he had to say for himself, he gave as a reason for his misconduct that when he hit his wife she struck back! She is said to be a very small and very weak woman, but she evidently has a heroic soul, and the manner in which she vindicated the rights and the dignity of her sex by pummeling the tyrant man as represented by her brute of a husband, should recommend her in the strongest manner to the women who are striving for the disenthrallment of their gender. For our part we are exceedingly glad she did strike back. Perhaps it was not Christian, but a man who would first beat his wife and then come into court with a whimpering complaint that she retaliated is a kind of animal who ought to be kicked and cuffed frequently and vigorously by somebody, and justice could not supply a more fitting instrument than the abused wife. If a greater number of beaten wives would strike back, a smaller number would be beaten, for the men who indulge in these domestic combats are of necessity cowards of the meanest description, who would be scared into a kind of shabby decency of conduct by the smallest hostile demonstration from a woman. While we commend the retaliatory conduct of the particular weaker vessel in question, we venture the assertion that when again she wishes to strike back, there are very few men in the community who would not experience a serene pleasure if they could hold the complaining husband, or sit on him, while his spouse battered him with a chair or with some other equally formidable weapon.

A Diabolical Murder in France.

A trial for murder under extraordinary circumstances has just taken place at Milan, in France. A small farmer of Saint named Ducorbier, aged twenty-six, and who was married in 1867, appears not to have lived happily with his wife, his disorderly and prodigal habits being a frequent cause of quarrels. The man and his father who resided in the same village, and who sided with his son, then resolved to get rid of the woman by murdering her, and not having the courage to perpetrate the deed themselves, they looked about for some willing instrument. Proposals were at first made vaguely by the husband to a laborer named Morea, but he showed no inclination to lend himself to the crime. Ducorbier was more successful with a thresher named Bertin, a man of a wild and brutal nature, who was in a state of profound misery, and who undertook to do what was required of him for the sum of 150f. The husband told him to throw a chicken down the well, and when the woman came to look down it to see what was the matter he was to take her by the feet and throw her in. He did as he was desired, and the wife came and looked over the brim; but the man's courage failed him at the moment, and the woman went away unharmed. Ducorbier reproached Bertin with his cowardice, and as the same stratagem could not be employed a second time, the farmer told him to use a hatchet. This was done. The man took advantage of a moment when the woman was alone in her kitchen to fell her to the ground with a blow on her head, and then strangled her. The conduct was the more barbarous that the wife was five months advanced in pregnancy. Bertin was arrested, and confessed his crime, and the two Ducorbiers were sent to join him in prison. The father contrived to commit suicide by hanging himself, the son has been now condemned to death and the actual murderer to hard labor for life.

The Huston Investigation.

The investigation on the part of the church into the charges made against Rev. L. D. Huston will, we learn, commence this week. The presiding elder of the district, Rev. Samuel Rogers, has, we are informed, appointed the following clergymen as the committee to make the investigation: Rev. A. W. Wilson, presiding elder of the Washington district; Rev. J. S. Gardner, located at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and Rev. Dr. S. Regester, located at the Maryland Agricultural College. Dr. Huston having charged the clergy of the Baltimore districts with being imbued with a feeling of jealousy and hatred against him, has probably induced his presiding elder to select the committee from other districts. The high character of the gentlemen named gives promise that the truth will be vindicated. Rev. Mr. Rodgers, who will preside over the examination, is also distinguished for purity and firmness of character, and will see that there shall be no intimidation of witnesses, but rather that all who know anything relative to the charges, whether for or against Mr. Houston, shall be encouraged to come forward and testify, regardless as to whom it may affect.

The number and variety of the charges made against the Rev. Dr. Huston will make the investigation a long and tedious one, and it will probably be a month before it can be closed. They include almost all grades of immorality, and are daily accumulating. We also learn that letters are being received from Kentucky, Ohio and Georgia, from gentlemen of high standing in the church, relative to his career before he came to Baltimore, and there is every reason to believe that his character, past and present, will be fully developed before the investigation closes.—*Baltimore American.*

A Man Steals $50, and, Being Discovered, Hangs Himself for Shame.

[From the Chicago Tribune, March 21.]

At half-past eleven o'clock yesterday forenoon some boys, while playing near the corner of Franklin street and Belden avenue were horrified at finding the dead body of a man hanging by the neck in an unoccupied shed. Strangulation had been effected by means of an old pair of suspenders; the face was quite black, and the remains presented a very revolting aspect. The boys notified the police at the Western avenue station and Officers Quirk and Jacobs were detailed to cut the body down. This was effected and the corpse was conveyed to the station where the coroner held an inquest last evening. The remains were identified as those of Adolph Berk, who boarded for some time with Gotlieb Bogar, at No. 211 North avenue. On last Monday Bogar missed $50 from his drawer, and accused deceased of having stolen it. Berk made no attempt to deny the charge, but handed over $36 of the money and a watch which he had purchased for $14 from one of the boarders. Then the unfortunate fellow disappeared and was seen no more until found dead, as related. In his pocket was found a bloody knife, with which he had attempted to sever an artery in the left wrist. Failing in that he resorted to hanging. The suicide had a wife and two children, who reside in Rochester, New York, from which town he had recently come to Chicago. He was a good looking, quiet man, evidently not hardened in crime. Remorse or shame at having been exposed as a thief led him rashly to take his own life. Bogar feels badly over the affair, as he would rather have lost the money than caused the man to commit an act so desperate. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the testimony.

A young man was compelled to appear in the Albany police court against his own mother, the other day. He had a younger brother at home sick unto death, and the conduct of the mother, who was on a spree, was so outrageous that father and son both asked that she might be locked up. The young man could not restrain his tears while on the stand. The husband then took the stand, when she fell down and clasping his knees besought him for the love of God, for the sake of her infant babe, and for all the ties that bound them together, not to send her to jail. The husband, though deeply affected, was inexorable, saying that his boy's last hours should be spent in peace.

The Iberville *South* says:

We have no reason as yet to change our statement as to the large amount of seed cane lost in this parish. Very few planters saved more than one-half their seed, and the majority have not planted that much. In many instances but one-third of their seed cane was apparently good, and now we hear that cane already planted is rotting in the ground.