

THE GOLDEN THIMBLE.

The following lines, along with the present of a golden thimble, were handed by a father to his daughter, on her nineteenth birthday.

A SPECK OF STEEL.

Which May Cut Short a Human Life—A Marvel of the Microscope.

The murder of Mary Stannard in Connecticut, and the arrest of Rev. Mr. Hayden on the charge of being the murderer, are fresh in memory.

But science did not let go of the case. The microscope, chemicals, measurements, keen eyes, hours of patient work on a speck that a breath would blow away, it is now said, made a discovery.

Then the microscope was put upon the clean white paper that would catch any foreign substance and hold it.

Now the glass is run along the blade of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's knife, on which Professor White found blood. There are one or two little nicks easily seen in it, too large to match this little piece.

Such is the story that somewhat indefinitely, but with sufficient detail to make it worthy the attention of the Rev. Mr. Hayden's counsel, is reported regarding the result of the scientific men's work in discovering evidence.

LEADVILLE PIETY.

Respect of the Gospel Maintained With Revolvers.

Of course I went to Leadville, that wonderful mushroom city, which can boast of the most rascally gamblers, hardest drinkers, cheekies, bummers, and vilest prostitutes in creation.

I was standing in front of the hotel, when my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated-looking specimen of a saloon bummer, who was passing along the street ringing a bell.

"Religious racket right away at the big tent! Roll up, tumble up, or slide up on your ears, for we'll have a bang-up dish o' gospel talk from Faro Bill; and d-o-o-o-n't you forget it."

Turning to a dapper little gambler who stood near, I asked:

"Who is this Faro Bill?"

"Who is he? Well now, if that ain't the boss play for high. You can break me right here if I thought there was a bloke in the mines that didn't know Bill. He used to be one o' the boys, but got capped into a religious game by a slick-tongued gosharp about two months ago. He's chopped on all his old racket, and don't stand in with nothing now that don't show up a Bible or prayer book in the lay-out. Billy wasn't to be boss gambler of the camp, and wasn't afeared to sit in a game with the flyest sports that ever slung a card; but he is clean gone on the pious lay now, and seems to have lost all the good there was ever in him. The boss mout' of the heavenly mill has gone down to Denver, and Bill is agoin' to stand in an' sling gospel to the boys as well as he can."

This explanation, given in the most earnest tones, started me instanter for the big tent. It was used at night for a variety theater, where artists (?) of questionable character performed acts of still more questionable decency, and was rented for religious services every Sunday morning. I found this tent filled to its utmost capacity. Many had, no doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill would deport himself in this, his first sermon. Upon the stage sat a burly, red-faced man, with arms folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of the most decided independence.

"Fellow citizens: The preacher being absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it for all its worth. You all know that I'm just a learnin' the game, an' of course, I may be liable to make wild breaks, but I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage of my ignorance, an' old-deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, and I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without coppersin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay-out as this, he plays every card to win, an' if he goes through the deal as he order to, when he lays down to die, an' the last card is ready to slide from the box, he can tell the turn every time."

"I was readin' in the Bible to-day that yars about the Prodigal Son, an' I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile either. I reckon the old man was pretty well fixed, an' when he died intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod gave the

old man a little game o' talk one day, and intended him to whack up in advance o' the death racket. He'd no sooner got his dive in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on earth; but hard luck hit him at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but I reckon he got steered up agin some brace game. But, any how, he got left without a chip, or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An old granger then tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped off the swine while they were feedin' an' stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such plain provender, an' says to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub while I'm worryin' along here on corn husks straight. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself an' chop on the racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call for a new deal, so off he started.'

"The old man seed the kid comin' and what do you reckon he done? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intending to wipe him out as soon as he got in to range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he rustle around for a club and give him a stand-off at the back gate? Eh? Not to any alarmin' extent he didn't. No, sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him, an' froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blow-out the camp had ever seed."

At the conclusion of the narrative the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, bear-eyed gambler, with a fierce mustache, arose and said: "Tain't me as would try ter break up a meeting, or do any thing disregruous. No sir. I am not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoodoos it is a parliamentary rule for anybody who wants to ax questions to rise up and fire them off. I dont want to fool away time a questionin' the workings of religion, oh, no. As long as it is kept in proper bounds and does not interfere with the boys in their games I do not see as it can do harm. I just want to ask the honorable speaker if he has not given himself dead away? Does it stand to reason that a bloke who fed upon corn to lusk when there was wash factories in the camp? Would anybody have refused him the price of a square meal if he had a struck fur it? Would any of the dealers that heat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I do not want to make any disrepectable breaks, but I must say that I have got it put up that the speaker has been a tryin' ter feed us on cussed thin taffy, and no one but a silly would take it in."

Bill glared upon the speaker and fairly hissed:

"Do you mean to say that I am a liar?"

"Wall you can take it jult as you choose. Some folks would swaller it in that shape."

Bill pulled his revolver, and in an instant the bright barrels of numerous weapons flashed in the air as the friends of each party prepared for active duty. The brave preacher was the first to fire, and the rash doubter of spiritual truths fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and when quiet was again restored, a score or more of dead and wounded men were carried from the tent. Having secured attention, Bill said:

"Further proceedings is adjourned for the day. You will receive the doxology."

The audience arose.

"May grace, mercy, and peace be with each of you now and forever amen; and I want it distinctly understood that I am a going to maintain a proper respect for the gospel if I have ter croak every dirty son-of-a-gun of a sinner in the mines. Meetin' is out."

The crowd filed from the tent as coolly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and as I gained the sidewalk I heard a man remark:

"Bill has got the sand to make a bang-up preacher, and I would not wonder if he made a big mark in the world yet."—Bohemian Wanderer in Carbon. (W. T.) Journal.

THOUGHTS.

Education is the keynote of the best society.

Duties fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

Every man who has decision of character will have enemies.

Many who find the day too long, find life too short.—Colton.

Many a good purpose lie in the Churchyard.—Philip Henry.

In every noble heart burns an eternal thirst for a nobler.—Richter.

The line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and desire.—W. B. Alger.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.—C. Hesterfield.

Health is the only riches that a man ought to set value on; for without it all men are poor, let their estates be what they will.

If anyone says that he has seen a just man in want of bread, we answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.

Every day brings its own duties and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming afar.

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.—Sidney Smith.

Buddha said: "A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one is like a man who looks up and spits at heaven; the spittle soils not heaven, but comes back and defiled his own person."

It is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. It is a higher lot never to have lied and truckled, than to have shares honors won by dishonesty.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longer on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest; little farms the best silled; little books the most read; and little songs the dearest loved.

There is no compensation for the woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been on more than a mistake. She has lost her crown. The deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her and then forever passed her by.

Life after all is but a bundle of hints, each suggesting actual and positive development; but rarely reaching it. And as I recall these hints, and in fancy, trace them to their issues, I am as truly dealing with life, as my life has dealt them all to me.—From Mitchell's Dream Life.

In morality there are books enough written both by ancient and modern philosophers,

but the morality, of the Gospel doth so exceed them all, that to give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I shall send him to no other book than the New Testament.—Locke.

Family likeness has always had a deep sadness in it. Nature, the great tragic dramatist, knits us together by bone and muscle, and divides us by the subtler web of brains; blends yearning and repulsion; and ties us by the heart-strings to the beings that jaws at us every movement.

The vulgar lover, who loves the body rather than the soul, is inconstant because a lover of the inconstant; and therefore when the bloom of youth is over he labors with wings and flies away in spite of all his promises; while as the lover of the noble mind, which is one with the unchanging, is life long.—Plato.

The humblest human creature is not incapable of taking some part in the battle which is continually going on between the powers of good and those of evil; a battle in which every, even the smallest, help to the right side has its value in promoting the very slow and almost insensible progress by which good is gradually gaining ground from evil, yet gaining is so visible at intervals as to promise the not uncertain triumph of good.—John Stuart Mill.

These people meet on road to town, Of boots and shoes in quest; The ones they wore were much run down, And made them look undress'd.

And during the conversation they came to the conclusion that they would hurry with the house where honest goods are kept, which is at the

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