THE SEMI-WEEKLY MINER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882.

An Affecting Little Sketch.

"Well, Hazel, don't you think you had better shift onto the other knee for awhile?"

Hazel Quirk looked quickly up at Lood Traverse Bay, the love-light beaming forth from her eyes with a tender defiance that told more plainly than could any words the deep affection she bore him, but there was in the look a pleading wistfulness, a sense of trustful security, that touched his fiery heart.

She did not speak, but, placing a dimpled arm around his neck, drew his head down and kissed him with a soft, lingering, three-for-fifty-cents kiss that seemed kept on tap only for him, and then her eyes shone forth again the love that her lips could not utter, while the drooping mouth quivered as if in pain.

"You are not well, darling," said Percy Hansin (his week-day name) in agonized tones, the words nearly choking him as he spoke. "Let me bring your mother, or a bottle of seltzer—a quaff of one of that would revive you."

But Hazel only laid her head on his shoulder, wound her white arms around his neck, and began to sob as if her heart would break.

"My God! Hazel, what have I done to cause you this bitter anguish? Speak, darling, and tell me wherein the fault lies. Demand of me any sacrifice, no matter how great, and it shall be cheerfully made. Give me a large, red apple from the overcoat pocket, and it shall be yours—all yours, if you will only speak."

Only from the shoulder blade arose the little head with its mass of brown curls, slowly turned the pure, beautiful face of Hazel Quirk until Percy again looked down into those eyes that had so lately beamed forth merry glances and now once more the little nose that had so gracefully narrowed in his vest. "You will not keep your promise?" Hazel asked between the convulsive sobs that seemed to be breaking her heart and horribly disarranging her liver.

"Of course I will, my sweet," replied Percy. "You shall have the apple."

"And is it a really and truly red one?" asked the girl again sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Yes, my love."

"Hope to die if it ain't?"—this being the time sobs.

"Yes," said Percy.

"Criss-cross?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well," and here she broke down again, but finally mastered her grief and spoke: "Papa has soaked the mill!"

"What?" exclaimed Percy in tones of astonishment, "soaked the mill that has been his home so long?"

"Same mill," replied Hazel, wringing in her handkerchief and fishing up a lemon one from the sleeping car of her promise.

"Well, that is sad, indeed," said Percy, "but what matters it to us?"

"If you do not understand," sobbed Hazel—"you do not drop."

"Why, what do you mean, Hazel? You have concealed something from me the way this juggling with words?"

"I mean, Percy," said Hazel in low, tender tones, "that the mill is mortgaged and that I am to pay the debt."

"What, my Hazel, collateral security? Demand, must not be!"

"But it is," was the tearful response.

"I care not," exclaimed the young man. "You shall not be sacrificed. I will marry you to-morrow and thwart the vile plan of Jim Rodney's."

"You will?" said the girl, looking at him eagerly and jumping lightly from his knee.

"I will."

The little head fell on his shirt-front with a dull thud.

Hazel had fainted.

Placing her carefully on a *fauteuil*, Lood Traverse Bay kissed the tear-stained cheeks and started out to borrow a dollar and a half from his mother with which to get the marriage license. As the sound of his footsteps died away, Dunstan Quirk entered the room where Hazel was lying. She rose as he opened the door and smiled faintly.

"Did you give him the racket, sis?" the old man asked.

"Yes, papa."

"And did he fall into the net?"

"I should smile," replied Hazel.

"Suckers are pretty thick this winter, my child," said Dunstan Quirk, "and we're the girl that can land them."—*Louisville Commercial.*

South American Affairs.

A New York dispatch of Jan. 28 says the steamer Colon arrived that evening. Of news is generally unimportant. Under date of Panama, Jan. 18th, we learn that Gen. Lynch left Lima on the 11th inst. with a formidable expedition against Caceres, the Peruvian chieftain. The forces of the latter were soon dispersed. The Chilians were well received by the people, who hailed them as deliverers from the terrible rule of Montoresse. The disappearance of Caceres' troops and the establishment of Chilian troops in the Junin valley will be of great benefit to Peru. It will open trade with the coast and enable farmers to get their produce to market. It will also tend to revive business in the city of Lima.

It is reported that Chili is resolved on the annexation of Tarapaca. In a circular of December 21st, the Chilian Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Balmaceda, reports that Chili demands an indemnity for war expenses paid in territory, as imposed upon Peru and Bolivia by the fatal and unavoidable law of necessity.

The Prado Monastery of Lima was recently invaded by forty scoundrels, who stole everything of value possessed by the nuns, robbed the chapel and even the altar of their sacred relics. No trace of the thieves. Prado Monastery is one of the richest in the city, and has about forty nuns and two novitiates.

On the night of January 4th, a second expedition started for the interior of Peru, but on a more southerly route than that taken by General Lynch. It was composed of 1,000 strong, principally cavalry and infantry, under command of Col. Lagos.

Ex-Governor Pierpont of West Virginia, enjoying the best of health, is reading obituary notices of himself published by mistaken newspapers.

General Nathaniel P. Banks is still popular in Massachussetts as a lecturer. He is sixty-six years old, is as handsome as he ever was, and he knows it.

A DOG LET LOOSE.

A Joker Who Lost a Bet But Had All the Fun.

Detroit Free Press.

Some days since a saloon keeper on Gratiot avenue paid certain parties in Chicago $25 for a stuffed lion to add to the attractions of his saloon, and the other morning as the place was being scrubbed out the lion was placed at the front door to keep him out of the wet. Half a block down the street a farmer was having his wagon repaired and a big bull dog was chained to the hind axletree. He grew uneasy the minute the lion was rolled out, and it needed only a few encouraging words from the boys to render him half frantic. He growled and plunged and tore around and attracted quite a crowd, among which was a man who remarked:

"That's a purty brave dog of yours, stranger."

"Brave! I'd like to see the man or beast he wouldn't tackle!" replied the owner.

"I dunno know about that. Never saw a dog yet who'd stand before a lion."

"Well, here is one who would stand before two lions. See how anxious he is to get there."

"Yes, but he puts that on because he is chained. If he was loose you could not get him within a rod of that specimen."

"Couldn't, eh? May be you want to hear yourself talk."

"Well, I dunno. I'm opposed to betting, card playing, dancing and all that, but seeing you are very sassy about this, I've got half a dollar here which says that you can't get that dog to go within six feet of that lion."

"Put up the money—put up the money," shouted the farmer, as he went down into his own pocket after the coin.

The money was put up, the crowd fell back, and the farmer's face wore a smile of triumph as he still further excited the dog and then slipped his collar. With a yell of rage the canine made a bee-line for the king of beasts, and in another moment there was reason for a terrific yell of applause. Dog and lion filled the air, so to say. The lion was rolled over and over, grabbed by the throat and shaken around, drawn across the street and back by the ear, and when the dog finally let up on the corpse the battle-ground was covered with hair and hay and sawdust and glass eyes. At that moment the saloon keeper rushed out, a policeman came up, and for five minutes the air was rent with shouts and exclamations and expostulations.

"It was all in fun," exclaimed the farmer.

"Dot lion cost me $25 in Sheecago," protested the saloon keeper.

"Who put up this job," demanded the officer, as he glanced around on the crowd.

By and by a deep silence fell upon the crowd, and in a voice which had only kindness in it, the owner of the lion said he must have $25 or he would start for the police court. The policeman said it certainly was a case for the courts, and the crowd said the farmer might have known what would happen. He protested, but finally came to time, and when he had passed over a ten dollar bill and given his note for the balance, had only one sentence to utter. That was:

"Now, then, I'll give any one of you five acres of land to put me face to face with the outlaw who put up this job on a hard-working, innocent man."

Some Blunders.

Among the more amusing errors that have appeared in our paper, says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, and our city contemporaries and exchanges, within the past few years, the following are recalled:

A local item of ours once announced that it would cost the city "$1,200 to repair a break in the street and catch vermin." For "vermin" substitute "basin."

An *Enquirer* printer once made the words, "Points in the mining regions," read "Priests mixing drinks."

In an article in the old *Star* mentioning the monument to Schiller and Goethe, at Weimar, it appeared as though erected to the memory of Schnaller and Gerke, the well known brewing firm of this city.

One of our best "comps" set up a line in an editorial where the words, "a day's toil in Boston," were used, as "a dog's tail in Boston."

A few days afterwards the words "a dog's tail" actually occurred in an illegibly written article. The same compositor got the take, and was determined to be right this time, so he set the words "a day's toil."

The *Commercial* some years ago announced that a worthy citizen of Cumminsville had "gone into the business of stealing chickens." The worthy citizen declared that he was honestly raising chickens. He also raised something else in the *Commercial* office.

During the late Opera Festival an "intelligent compositor" set up the name of Mozart's opera of "Magic Flute" as the "Magic Flirt."

In spite of the fact that the New York *Herald* is one of the papers that fine the the proof-readers for blunders that elude them, that paper not long ago made the astonishing announcement that "a procession of scorpion feathers filed into the church." The "filing" was done by surplliced fathers.

Another New York daily once contained the startling news that a locomotive had once run over a cow and cut her into calves.

A sentence in the New York *World's* report of a political meeting last fall read as follows: "The snouts of ten thousand Democrats rent the air."

A few years ago "Gath" wrote a Fourth of July article. With great eloquence he told of the effete monarchies of the old world trembled in their boots when they read the immortal declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson. "Thrones reeled," wrote "Gath," but he wished he hadn't next morning when he saw in leaded brevier, "Thomas reeled."

An Indianapolis daily once printed "fist of the Almighty" instead of "fist of Almighty."

An English paper in reporting a sermon recently, where the minister spoke of "woman clothed with sanctity," by an unfortunate transposition of the "c" printed the phrase "women clothed with scantity."

Oftentimes the reporter, with much to write and little time to write in, makes some odd declarations. For instance, a news-gatherer on the Chicago *Times* penned the following graphic picture of a lady in an unfortunate condition: "Mrs. Johnson was found reclining on the bed, while her lower limb extended over the floor and toward the outer edge of the room."

PERSONAL.

Oscar Wilde is coming West.

General Belknap is busy as a Washington lobbyist.

Bismarck is recovering from a painful attack of sciatica.

Mr. Gladstone has sat in Parliament for exactly half a century.

George M. Pullman was a farmer's son, born in New York State.

Mrs. Hayes will visit Washington during the season and remain a week or two.

Oscar Wilde's first audience in New York was a joy forever to the extent of $8,400.

Thomas T. Henry is the first colored lawyer to pass the local examining board in Philadelphia.

General Sherman is very fond of dancing. His favorite dance, in which he excels, is the war dance.

General Prentiss let a lie about himself go on its travels, and the truth overtook it in just twenty years.

Bishop Kavanaugh of the Methodist church South, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday in Louisville.

The three foremost architects of England, Sir Gilbert Scott, Mr. Burges and G. E. Strett, died during the year 1881.

Both McDill, who now fills Kirkwood's old seat in the Senate from Iowa and Wilson who is to succeed him, are Ohio men.

Patti will return to Europe in April, and the present outlook is that the Atlantic will freeze over before she returns to America.

It is said that there are eleven nuns in the Hotel Dieu Convent, Quebec, who have each completed over fifty years in the sisterhood.

The business of Attorney-General Brewster while practicing in Pennsylvania is estimated to have been to the amount of $30,000 a year.

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