

SOME RECENT VERSES.

Lord Lovell came over the billowy sea To win an American maid; He possessed a remarkable ancestral tree, (It was said that he had, I'm afraid.)

The Harborthold Statute. The land, that, from the rule of kings, In freeing us, itself made free,

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands Unlifted by the toll worn slave, On Freedom's soil with freedmen's hands

O France the beautiful, to thee, Once more a debt of love we owe In peace beneath thy Fleur de Lis,

Rise! stately Symbol! holding forth Thy light and hope to all who sit In chains and darkness! Belt the earth With watch fires from thy torch uplift!

Reveal! the printed mandate still Which chads heard and ceased to be, Trace on mid-air the Eternal Will In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim, A lightning flash the wretch to smite Who shields his license with his name!

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sore, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, itchy hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively kills piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by D. L. Loring.

THE STORY OF A MINE.

BY BRET HARTE.

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CHAPTER XI.

HOW IT WAS LOBBIED FOR.



MRS. HOPKINSON.

HE HON. FRATT C. Gashwiler, M. C., was, of course, unaware of the incident described in the last chapter. His secret, even if it had been discovered by Dolbs, was safe in that gentleman's innocent and honorable hands, and certainly was not of a quality that Mr. Wiles, at present, would have cared to expose. For, in spite of Mr. Wiles' disfigurement, he still had enough experience of character to know that the trait member from Fresno would be satisfied with his own peculiar manner of vindicating his own personal integrity, and would not make a public scandal of it. Again, Wiles was convinced that Dolbs was equally implicated with Gashwiler and would be silent for his own sake. So that poor Dolbs, as is too often the fate of simple but weak natures, had full credit for duplicity by every road in the land.

From which it may be inferred that nothing occurred to disturb the security of Gashwiler. When the door closed upon Mr. Wiles he indicated a note which, with a costly but exceedingly distasteful bouquet—rearranged by his own fat fingers, and discolored and incongruity visible in every combination of color—he sent off by a special messenger. Then he proceeded to make his toilet—an operation rarely graceful or picturesque in our sex, and an insult to the spectator when obesity is superadded. When he had put on a clean shirt, of which there was grossly too much, and added a white waistcoat, that seemed to accent his rotundity, he completed his attire with a black frock coat of the latest style, and surveyed himself complacently before a mirror. It is to be recorded that, however satisfactory the result might have been to Mr. Gashwiler, it was not so to the disinterested spectator. There are some men on whom "that defamed thief, Fashion," avenges himself by making their clothes appear perennially new. The gloss of the tailor's iron never disappears; the crosses of the shelf perpetually rise in judgment against the wearer. Novelty was the general suggestion of Mr. Gashwiler's full dress—it was never his habitude; and "Our Own Make," "Nobby," and the "Latest Style, only \$15," was as patent on the legislator's broad back as if it still retained the shopman's ticket.

Thus arrayed, within an hour he complacently followed the note and his floral offering. The house he sought had been once the residence of a foreign ambassador, who had loyally represented his government in a single unimportant treaty, now forgotten, and in various receptions and dinners, still actively remembered by occasional visits to its salon, now the average dreary American parlor.

"Dear me," the fascinating Mr. X. would say, "but do you know, love, in this very room I remember meeting the distinguished Marquis de Monte Plo," or perhaps the fashionable Jones, of the state department, instantly crushed the decayed friend he was perfunctorily visiting by saying: "Pon my soul, you here! Why, the last time I was in this room I gossiped for an hour with the Countess de Castenet in that very corner." For, with the recall of the aforesaid ambassador, the mansion had become a boarding-house, kept by the wife of a departmental clerk.

Perhaps there was nothing in the history of the house more quaint and philosophic than the story of its present occupants. Rog-

Fauquier had been a departmental clerk for forty years. It was at once his practical good luck and his misfortune to have been early appointed to a position which required a thorough and complete knowledge of the formulas and routine of a department that expended millions of the public funds. Fauquier, on a poor salary, diminishing instead of increasing with his services, had seen successive administrations bud and blossom and decay, but had kept his position through the fact that his knowledge was a necessity to the successive chiefs and employes. Once, it was true that he had been summarily removed by a new secretary, to make room for a camp follower, whose exhaustive and intellectual services in a political campaign had made him eminently fit for anything; but the alarming discovery that the new clerk's knowledge of grammar and etymology was even worse than that of the secretary himself, and that, through ignorance of detail, the business of that department was retarded to a damage to the government of over half a million of dollars, led to the reinstatement of Mr. Fauquier—at a lower salary. For it was felt that something was wrong somewhere, and as it had always been the custom of congress and the administration to cut down salaries as the first step to reform, they made old Mr. Fauquier a moral example. A gentleman born, of somewhat expensive tastes, having lived up to his former salary, this change brought another bread-winner into the field, Mrs. Fauquier, who tried, more or less unsuccessfully, to turn her old southern habits of hospitality to remunerative account. But as poor Fauquier could never be prevailed upon to present a bill to a gentleman, sir, and as some of the sons of the best southern families were still waiting for, or had been recently dismissed from, a position, the experiment was a pecuniary failure. Yet the house was of excellent repute and well patronized; indeed, it was worth something to see old Fauquier sitting at the head of his own table, in something of his ancestral style, relating anecdotes of great men now dead and gone, interrupted only by occasional visits from importunate tradesmen.

Prominent among what Mr. Fauquier called his "little family," was a black-eyed lady of great powers of fascination, and considerable local reputation as a flirt. Nevertheless, those social aberrations were amply condoned by a facile and complacent husband, who looked with a lenient and even admiring eye upon the little lady's amusement, and, to a certain extent, lent a tacit indorsement to her conduct. Nobody minded Hopkins; in the blaze of Mrs. Hopkins's fascinations he was completely lost sight of. A few married women with notably sensitive husbands, and several single ladies of the best and longest standing, reflected severely on her conduct. This younger man, of course, admired her, but I think she got her chief support from old fogies like ourselves. For it is your quiet, self-convicted, complacent, philosophic, broad-shouldered, father-familias who, after all, is the one to whom the gay and glib of the proverbially impulsive, unselfish sex owe their place in the social firmament. We are never inclined to be captious; we laugh at as a folly what our wives and daughters condemn as a fault; our "withers are unwringing," yet we still confess to the fascinations of a pretty face. We know, bless us, from dear experience, the exact value of one woman's opinion of another; we want our brilliant little friend to shine; it is only the mother who will burn their two penny immature wings in the flame! And why should they not? Nature has been pleased to sup ply more noths than candles. Go to! Give the pretty creature—be she maid, wife or widow—a show! And so, my dear sir, while mat-familias lends her black brows in disgust, we smile our superior little smile, and extend to Mistress Anonyma our grateful indorsement. And if giddiness is grateful, or if folly is friendly—well, of course, we can't help that. Indeed, it rather proves our theory.

I had intended to say something about Hopkins; but really there is very little to say. He was invariably good humored. A few ladies once tried to show him that he really ought to feel worse than he did about the conduct of his wife; and it is recorded that Hopkins, in an excess of good humor and kindness, promised to do so. Indeed, the good fellow was so accessible that it is said young DeLaney, of the tape-department, confided to Hopkins his jealousy of a rival; and revealed the awful secret that he (DeLaney) had reason to expect more loyalty from his (Hopkins's) wife. The good fellow is reported to have been very sympathetic, and to have promised DeLaney to lend whatever influence he had with Mrs. Hopkins in his favor. "You see," he said explanatorily to DeLaney, "she has a good deal to attend to lately, and I suppose, has got rather careless—that's women's way. But if I can't bring her round I'll speak to Gashwiler—I'll get him to use his influence with Mrs. Hop. So cheer up, my boy; he'll make it all right."

The appearance of a bouquet on the table of Mrs. Hopkins was no rare event, nevertheless, Mr. Gashwiler's was not there. His hibiscus contrasts had offended her woman's eye—it is observable that good taste survives the wreck of all the other feminine virtues—and she had distributed it to make beauties for other gentlemen. Yet, when he appeared, she said to him hastily, putting her little hand over the cardiac region: "I'm so glad you came. But you gave me such a fright an hour ago."

Mr. Gashwiler was both pleased and astounded. "What have I done, my dear Mrs. Hopkins?" he began.

"Oh, don't talk," she said, sadly. "What have you done, indeed! Why, you sent me that beautiful bouquet. I could not mistake your taste in the arrangement of the flowers; but my husband was here. You know his jealousy. I was obliged to conceal it from him. Never—promise me now—never do it again."

Mr. Gashwiler gallantly protested.

"No! I am serious! I was so agitated; he must have seen me blush."

Nothing but the gross flattery of this speech could have clouded its manifest absurdity to the Gashwiler consciousness. But Mr. Gashwiler had already succumbed to the girlish half timidity with which it was uttered. Nevertheless, he could not help saying: "But why should he be so jealous now? Only day before yesterday I saw Simpson, of Duluth, hand you a nosegay right before him!"

"Ah," returned the lady, "he was outwardly calm then, but you know nothing of the scene that occurred between us after you left."

"But," gasped the proffered Gashwiler, "Simpson had given your husband that contraband—a cool fifty thousand in his pocket!" Mrs. Hopkins looked on dignifiedly at Gashwiler as he was consistent with five feet three, the extra three inches being a pyramidal structure of straw-colored hair, a front of flat curls, a pair of laughing blue eyes and a small belted waist. Then she said, with a casting down of her lids: "You forget that my husband loves me, and for once the mix appeared to look pent. It was becoming; but as it had been originally practiced in a simple white dress, relieved only with pale blue ribbons, it was not entirely in keeping with bellflower lavender and rose-colored trimmings. Yet the woman who hesitates between her moral expression and the harmony of her dress is lost. And Mrs. Hopkins was victrix by her very subdity."

Mr. Gashwiler was flattered. The most dis-solute man likes the appearance of virtue. "But graces and accomplishments like yours, dear Mrs. Hopkins," he said coquishly, "belong to the whole country." Which, with something between a courtesy and a strut, he endeavored to represent. "And I shall want to avail myself of all," he added, "in the matter of the Castro claim. A little supper at Webster's, a glass or two of champagne, and a single flash of those bright eyes, and the thing is done."

"But," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I have promised Josiah that I would give up all those frivolities, and, although my conscience is clear, you know how people talk! Josiah fears it. Why, only last night, at a reception at the Patagonian minister's, every woman in the room gossiped about me because I led the German with him. As if a married woman, whose husband was interested in the government, could not be civil to the representative of a friendly power!"

Mr. Gashwiler did not see how Mr. Hopkins's late contract for supplying salt pork and canned provisions to the army of the United States should make his wife susceptible to the advances of foreign princes; but he prudently kept that to himself. Still, not being himself a diplomat, he could not help saying: "But I understood that Mr. Hopkins did not object to your interesting yourself in this claim, and you know some of the stock—"

The lady started, and said: "Stock! Dear Mr. Gashwiler, for heaven's sake don't mention that hideous name to me. Stock, I am sick of it! Have you gentlemen no other topic for a lady?"

She punctuated her sentence with a mischievous look at her interlocutor. For a second time, I regret to say, that Mr. Gashwiler succumbed. The Roman constituency at Fresno, it is to be hoped, were happily ignorant of this last deflection of their great legislator. Mr. Gashwiler instantly forgot his theme—began to pry the lady with a certain bovine-like gallantry, which it is to be said to her credit she parried with a playful, terrier-like dexterity, when the servant suddenly announced, "Mr. Wiles."

Gashwiler started. Not so Mrs. Hopkins, who, however, prudently and quietly removed her own chair several inches from Gashwiler's.

"Do you know Mr. Wiles?" she asked pleasantly.

"Not that is, I—ah—yes, I may say I have had some business relations with him," responded Gashwiler rising.

"Won't you stay?" she added pleadingly.

"Why?" asked the lady laughing.

"Because I don't trust that Gashwiler. A woman with a pretty face and an ounce of brains could sell him out; eye, and us with him."

"Oh, say two ounces of brains. Mr. Wiles, Mr. Gashwiler is no fool."

"Possibly, except when your sex is concerned, and it is very likely that the woman is his superior."

"I should think so," said Mrs. Hopkins with a mischievous look.

"Ah, you know her, then?"

"Not so well as I know him," said Mrs. H. quite seriously. "I wish I did."

"Well, you'll find out if she's to be trusted. You are laughing—this is a serious matter! This woman—"

Mr. Royal Thatcher was too old and experienced a mountaineer to do anything but accept patiently and cynically his brother Californian's method of increasing his profits. As it was generally understood that any one who came from California by that route had some dark design, the victim received little sympathy. Thatcher's equable temperament and indomitable will stood him in good stead, and helped him cheerfully in this emergency. He ate his scant meals, and otherwise took care of the functions of his weak human nature, when and where he could, without grumbling, and at times earned even the praise of his driver by his ability to "rough it." Which "roughing it," by the way, meant the ability of the passengers to accept the incompetency of the company. It is true there were times when he regretted that he had not taken the steamer; but then he reflected that he was one of a vigilance committee, sworn to hang that admirable man, the late Commodore Cornelius Vanderbit, for certain practices and cruelties done upon the bodies of certain stage passengers by his line, and for divers irregularities in their transportation. I mention this fact merely to show how so practical and stout a voyager as Thatcher might have contemplated the perplexities attending the administration of a great steamship company with selfish greed and brutality; and that he, with other Californians, may not have known the fact, since recorded by the romances of the family clergyman, that the great millionaire was always true to the lyrics of his childhood.

Nevertheless, Thatcher found time to be cheerful and helpful to his fellow passengers, and even to be so far interesting to Yuba

Bill, the driver, as to have the box seat placed at his disposal. "But," said Thatcher in some concern, "the box seat was purchased by that other gentleman in Sacramento. He paid extra for it, and his name's on your way bill!"

"That," said Yuba Bill, scornfully, "don't fetch me, even if he chartered the whole shoblong. Look yar, do you reckon I'm goin to spile my temper by setting next to a man with a game eye! And such an eye! Gashwilkinst! Why, darn my skin, the other day when we were watering at Webster's, he got down and passed in front of the off leader—that yar pinto colt that's tin accustomed to Injuns, grizzlies and buffalo—and I'm bless of, when her eye tackled his, of she didn't jst git up and run round that I reckoned I'd hev to go down and take them blinders off from her eyes and clap on his." "But he paid his money, and is entitled to his seat," persisted Thatcher. "Mebbe he is—in the office of the kempny," growled Yuba Bill; "but it's time some folks knowed that out in the plains I run this yer team myself." A fact which was self-evident to most of the passengers. "I suppose his authority is as absolute on this dreary waste as a ship captain's in mid ocean," exclaimed Thatcher to the balf-eyed stranger. Mr. Wiles—whom the reader has recognized—assented with the public side of his face, but looked vengeance at Yuba Bill with the other, while Thatcher, innocent of the presence of one of his worst enemies, placated Bill so far as to restore Wiles to his rights. Wiles thanked him. "Shall I have the pleasure of your company far?" Wiles asked, insinuatingly. "To Washington," replied Thatcher, frankly. "Washington is a gay city during the session," again suggested the stranger. "I'm going on business, said Thatcher, bluntly.

A trifling incident occurred at Yuba Crossing which did not heighten Yuba Bill's admiration of the stranger. As Bill opened the double locked box in the "boot" of the coach—served to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express and the Overland company's treasures—Mr. Wiles perceived a small, black morocco portmanteau among the parcels. "Ah, you carry baggage there, too?" he said, sweetly. "Not often," responded Yuba Bill, shortly. "Ah, this then contains valuables?" "It belongs to that man whose seat you've got," said Yuba Bill, who, for insulting purposes of his own, preferred to establish the fiction that Wiles was an interloper, and of he reckons, in a sorter mixed kempny like this, to look up his portmanteau, I don't know who's business it is. "Who?" continued Bill, lashing himself into a simulated rage, "who in blank is running this yer team? Hey? Mebbe you think, sittin' up thar on the box seat, you are. Mebbe you think you kin see round corners with that thar eye and kin pull up for teams round corners on down grades a nabe ahead?"

But here Thatcher, who, with something of Laureoli's concern for Modred, had a noble pity for all infirmities, interposed so sternly that Yuba Bill stopped.

On the fourth day they struck a blinding snow storm while ascending the dreary plateau that hereforward for 600 miles was to be their roadbed. The horses, after bounding through the drift, gave out completely on reaching the next station and the prospects ahead, told by the experienced eye, looked doubtful. A few passengers advised talking to Josides, others a postponement of the journey until the weather changed. Yuba Bill alone was for pressing forward as they were. "Two miles more and we're on the high grade, whar the wind is strong enough to blow you through the windy and jst part enough to pack away over them cliffs every inch of snow that falls. I'll jst skintch round in and out of them drifts on these four wheels whar ye can't drag one of them flat bottomed dry goods boxes through a drift."

Bill had a California whip's contempt for a sledge. But he was warmly seconded by Thatcher, who had the next best thing to experience, the instinct that taught him to read character, and take advantage of another man's experience. "Them that wants to stop kin do so," said Bill authoritatively, cutting the Gordian knot; "them as wants to take a sledge can do so, thar's one in the barn. Them as wants to go on with me and the relay will come on." Mr. Wiles selected the sledge and a driver, a few remained for the next stage, and Thatcher, with two others, decided to accompany Yuba Bill. These changes took up some valuable time; and the storm continuing, the stage was run under the shed, the passengers gathering around the station fire, and not until after midnight did Yuba Bill put in the relays. "I wish you a good journey," said Wiles, as he drove from the shed as Bill entered. Bill coughed no reply, but, addressing himself to the driver, said curtly, as if giving an order for the delivery of goods, "Shove him out at Rawlings," and passed contentedly around to the tail board of the sled, and returned to the harnessing of his relay.

The moon came out and shone high as Yuba Bill once more took the reins in his hands. The wind, which instantly attacked them as they reached the level, seemed to make the driver's theory plausible, and for half a mile the road bed was swept clean, and frozen hard. Further on a tongue of snow, extending from a bowlder to the right, reached across their path to the height of two or three feet. But Yuba Bill dashed through a part of it, and by skillful maneuvering circumvented the rest. But even as the obstacle was passed, the coach dropped with an

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with his lantern. Then followed an outbreak of profanity which I regret, for artistic purposes, exceeds that generous limit which to a sympathetic public has already extended to me in the explanation of character. Let me state, therefore, that in a very few moments he succeeded in disparaging the characters of his employers, their male and female relatives, the coach builder, the station keeper, the road on which he traveled, and the travelers themselves, with occasional broad epithets addressed to himself and his own relatives. For the spirit of this and a more cultivated poetry of expression, I beg to refer the temperate reader to the Third chapter of Job.

The passengers know Bill, and sat, conservative, patient, and expectant. As yet the cause of the catastrophe was not known. At last Thatcher's voice came from the box seat: "What's up, Bill?"

"Not a blank lynch pin in the whole blank coach," was the answer.

"There was a dead silence. Yuba Bill executed a wild war dance of helpless rage. "Blank the blank enchanted thing to blank!"

(I beg here to refer the fastidious and cultivated reader to the only adjective I have larvel transcribed of this actual oath which I once had the honor of hearing. He will, I trust, not fail to recognize the old classic demon in this wild western abjuration.)

"Who did it?" asked Thatcher.

Yuba Bill did not reply, but dashed up again to the box, unlocked the "boot" and screamed out: "The man that stole your portmanteau—Wiles!"

"Thatcher laughed. "Don't worry about that, Bill. A "biled" shirt, an extra collar and a few papers. Nothing more."

Yuba Bill slowly descended. When he reached the ground he plucked Thatcher aside by his coat sleeve: "Ye don't mean to say ye had nothing in that bag ye was trying to get away with?"

"No," said the laughing Thatcher frankly. "And that Wiles warn't one o' them detectives?"

"Not to my knowledge, certainly."

Yuba Bill sighed sadly, and returned to assist in the repairing of the coach on its wheels again.

"Never mind, Bill," said one of the passengers sympathizingly, "we'll catch that man Wiles at Rawlings sure!" and he looked around at the inchoate vigilance committee, already "resembling in form" about him.

"Ketch him!" returned Yuba Bill, derisively; "why we've got to go back to the station; and afore we're off agin he's putted fur Clar-mont on the relay we lose. Ketch him! He'll be full of such ketches!"

There was clearly nothing to do but to go back to the station to await the repairing of the coach. While this was being done Yuba Bill again drew Thatcher aside:

"I allers suspected that chap's game eye, but I didn't know how to do anything like this. I reckoned it was only the square thing to look after things generally, and specially your traps. So, to prevent trouble, and keep things about equal, ez he was goin' away, I sorter lifted this yer bag of his out the tail board of his sleigh. I don't know as it is any exchange or compensation, but it may give ye a chance to spot him agin, or him you. It strikes me as bein' far-mindod and square," and with these words he deposited at the feet of the astonished Thatcher the black traveling bag of Mr. Wiles.

"But, Bill—see here! I can't take this!" interrupted Thatcher hastily. "You can't swear that he's taken my bag—and—and—blank it all—this won't do, you know. I've no right to this man's things, even if—"

"Hold your horses," said Bill gravely; "I undertook to take charge of your traps. I didn't—at least that d-d wall-eyed—Thar's a portmanteau! I don't know who's it is. Take it."

Half amused, half embarrassed, yet still protesting, Thatcher took the bag in his hands.

"Ye might open it in my presence," suggested Yuba Bill gravely.

Thatcher, half laughingly, did so. It was full of papers and semi-legal looking documents. Thatcher's own name on one of them caught his eye; he opened the paper hastily and perused it. The smile faded from his lips.

"Well," said Yuba Bill, "suppose we call it a fair exchange as present."

Thatcher was still examining the papers. Suddenly this cautious, strong minded man looked up into Yuba Bill's waiting face and said quietly, in the despicable slang of the epoch and region: "It's a go! Suppose we do."

[To be Continued]

"Mamma, papa says you warn't pretty last we k, but y u are today." "Ah, my child, last week I had neuralgia. Today I have Salvation Oil!"

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