

WHEN MOTHER CUT MY HAIR.

I've been down to a barber shop, the first dogged one I've tackled since I've been in town a-visitin' my son. They trimmed my hair and twisted it and plastered and shampooed...

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

So long as the Mascot mine had been as a ravening monster crying: "Give, give!" its discoverer had been permitted to do with it as he would. He might cast into the mine's insatiate maw his money, his hopes, his very life...

It was a time of general business depression, and hundreds of needy workmen were eager to take the places vacated by the strikers; but the unhappy "scabs" came but to suffer martyrdom. Threats and execrations pursued them through the streets of the camp...

CHAPTER II.

Dorothy Meredith rode slowly along the sandy shore of Gem lake, her enjoyment of the scene subtly enhanced by the suggestion of forbidden fruit more distinctly in evidence with every moment of dallying.

In all Colorado she was sure no scene could be found more wildly beautiful than this tree-fringed water, like a bit of silver dropped down in the mountain's embrace...

And now up by the old trail the Grubstake mine was presently vying with the Mascot in outward showing of prosperity. Buildings went up and development work proceeded at such a rate as only unlimited command of

capital could bring to pass, while all the camp wondered. The Grubstake had been located years before by a couple of credulous youths who were directed in their operations altogether by the pretended revelations of a so-called professor of spiritualism in Denver.

But, though in the vested independence of American girlhood she might be oblivious to the claims of an irate father, she could not long remain deaf to such warnings as the winds were now shrieking through the trees.

Ten years before, just at the last of the Silver City excitement, her father had brought her mother and herself to stay for a month or so at Windy Gulch, and then, with a child's fondness for gadding, she had learned the topography of all the region round.

There was a pleasure in recognizing familiar features of the landscape as she swiftly passed them by. This narrow interval, hedged in by almost parallel lines of foot-hills, she remembered so well, although in the old springtime the ground had been almost carpeted with great purple anemones...

On and on she went, scarce heeding the landscape now, except to watch for the longed-for juncture of the two roads. The roar of thunder had begun resounding through the mountains, as though voicing the wrath of Jove, while with the sound a nervous terror insidiously grew upon the girl.

But at the bottom of the deep cut ran a small stream across which was thrown a rude bridge of poles; and as the horse, in the impetus of the mad dash down the steep embankment, plunged heavily upon this flimsy structure, a length of rotten wood snapped like a pipe-stem...

the sudden, unconsidered movement her skirt caught on the saddle-horn and she half fell, her weight coming upon her outstretched hands in such fashion as severely wrenched one wrist.

"Miss Meredith—are you hurt?" he breathlessly exclaimed, as he threw himself from the saddle beside her, so much of genuine concern in voice and manner that the girl felt unconsciously strengthened and comforted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD MARRIAGE LAWS.

Queer Customs That Obtained in Past Centuries.

There are many curious features about the laws of marriage as administered under our early Anglo-Saxon and Danish kings, traces of which have survived in our existing jurisprudence.

The father, of course, was the guardian of his unmarried daughters; the brother if the father died; and next to him the nearest male relative; if, however the female were friendless and alone, she found in the king her legal guardian.

If a man ventured to marry without first having bought and paid for his wife he was guilty of the crime of mund-breach, the consequences of which were both disastrous and vexatious. The husband, in such a case, possessed no legal authority over his spouse; he was a husband, in fact, without a wife; he could recover no compensation for any insult which another man should dare to offer her—she had not been paid for—the guardian had received no consideration; and all the damages or fines inflicted for such an insult were payable to the woman's mundbora.

Willing to Walk.

Once when the Pensacola was coming up to San Francisco from the South seas somewhere off Honolulu she met a gale that almost laid her down.

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"You heard what I said," said the captain, losing patience at last; "now get up that mast, and be quick about it, too."

Truly Wonderful. A prayer which was none the less the sincere expression of fervent gratitude from the fact of its amusing and very definite and needless allusions to infinite power was made by a New Hampshire delegate at a missionary convention some years ago.

All Alike. Night Clerk—Sorry, but every room in the house is full. Drummer (irritably)—I want to see the proprietor.

A Stitch in Time. Lulu—You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him. Baba—Why, he doesn't drink. Lulu—No; but he may be tempted to do so later.—Tit-Bits.

Once Was Enough. First Boarder—Were you here last summer? Second Boarder (crossly)—No; think I'd be here now if I had been here last summer?—Puck.

Revised Wisdom. "All things come round to those who wait." Don't bank on proverbs old and gray: All things come round as sure as fate: To those who meet them just half way.—Chicago News.

Naming the Baby.

"Yes, suh," said Col. Stillwell, gleefully. "I am a propud subject for congratulation, suh. I have a daughter three days old."

Real Innocence. Oh, rare indeed, the faith of him—His first, fresh, childish trust not gone—Who goes to meet a woman at The train she says she's coming on.—Chicago Journal.

HE COULDN'T GET OVER IT.



"My goodness, what's the matter in there?" "Don't be frightened. It's only my husband trying to put a 15 collar on a 15 1/2 shirt."—N. Y. Journal.

A Much Used Article. "Is this 18 karat gold?" she inquired ingenuously, as the seaside young man gave her the engagement ring. "No," he replied frankly. "It's only 14 karat."

Uncommon Experience. A—I had a great surprise last evening. B—How was that? A—My wife introduced me to a man from Newtown who never was one of her old admirers.—Boston Traveler.

IT MAY PROVE QUITE A RECORD.



Generous Man.

"There are two hammocks here," she said as she sat down in one of them. "Well, there's no use of our being selfish," he replied, as he sat down in the same hammock. "Let some one else have the other."—Chicago Post.

Signs of Identification. Jacques is at the morgue looking for a lost friend. "Is there any sign by which you could identify him?" "Yes—he was deaf.—Le Monde Comique.

The Difference. Clara—I don't know how you manage to break off your engagements, and still keep them as friends. I can't. Maude—But I always make it a point to return all their presents.—Brooklyn Life.

A Definition of Nothing. "Can you give me a definition of nothing?" inquired a No. 17 school-teacher. "Yes, mum. It's a bung-hole without a barrel round it," shouted little Ted Saunders, whose father is a cooper.—Tit-Bits.

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The Usual Experience.

Mr. Younghusband—I suppose you remember the pony and phaeton I bought of you when my wife and I set up housekeeping. Well, I sold the pony some time ago to pay doctors' bills, and now I'd like to sell the phaeton.

Original Sin. "Well, Elsie," said Mrs. Moral Snuasion to her three-year-old daughter, "did you ever tell God you were sorry for being naughty?" "Ess, I did, and He said, 'Great Scott, Elsie, zat's all right. Zere's lots of 'em woser zan you are.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Eternal. Mrs. Newed—I wish I knew what to give Charlie on his birthday. Ten Eycke—Why not give him a new silk umbrella? Mrs. Newed—Oh, I wish to give him something more lasting than that.

He Would Appreciate It. Her Mother—If you marry him you need never expect me to come to see you. Daughter—Will you put that into writing? "What for?" "I want to give it to Fred as a wedding present."—N. Y. Journal.

Heard by the Sea. "It is a mysterious fact," soliloquized Miss Cornflower, crossing one pretty foot over the other as she sat on the sand, "that the salt waves do make men so dreadfully fresh."—Washington Times.

Just Grounds for Suspicion. Gentleman (in railway train)—How did this accident happen? Guard—Some one pulled the bell and stopped the train and the boat ran into it. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead.

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