



loved the schoolm'am since he first set eyes on her, but his rough, unpolished ways would not let him show his love except in the wishfulness of his big eyes.

He came to Texas for his health. Also, for that same reason he went away. The way of it was this: When the Wretch—his name was Reginald Crowwaite, but we called him Wretch for short—left college somewhere in the dusky east, his family decided that hard study had wrought havoc with the poor fellow's health, and forthwith sent him to try sun-cure as only Texas furnishes it.

So the peaceful little community of Jimville, Tex., awoke one day to the consciousness of the fact that it harbored Reginald Crowwaite, Esq., gorgeous in store clothes and an English accent. Old man Bowman, who in some remote and inexplicable way was related to the Wretch, and at whose house the latter stayed, expressed himself about the newcomer in the general store one day.

"He's a queer critter," he said, "an' I ain't so pesky fond of him as I should be, he bein' kin' o' mine. I doan' rightly oberstand his ways, mebbe, bein' brung up different like, but I ain't er hankerin' after seein' er chile er mine that a-way."

And that was perhaps the feeling of all of us there in Jimville. We were plain folk, and Texas seemed very far to us. As for the things the Wretch bragged to us of sometimes in his condescending way—well, the east was welcome to them. Dante and Delsarte might be necessary adjuncts in that sheltered life "down east"—in Texas they were out of place. There was tragedy enough in our daily lives, and any cowboy will tell you that riding the range will give you more grace than all the asthetic professors in the world.

It was winter—by the calendar and northern weather—when the Wretch came to us. As the spring came on we thought surely the glamour of it would seize him also, for there is nothing more glorious than a Texas spring. When the juicy grasses begin to cover the pastures, growing almost visibly, with wild flowers of strange beauty and variety springing up, mushroom-like, on the face of the earth; when the mesquite trees shoot out their slender, knife-like leaves and the cedars take on new fragrance, new color; when the soft gentle breeze of the south breeze induces a feeling of absolute rest—the person who can be in Texas then and not feel something of the joy of living where spring is so glorious is not a person fit for decent society. But the Wretch never opened his mouth in praise of anything Texan.

I think the Wretch had but few friends in Jimville. His cigars and his whisky may have made him some friends among the sort of men who fawn on anyone so he but "stand treat."

His only amusement seemed to be riding. He generally rode to Marstown, the nearest post office, and his face wore an almost happy look when he came back from there. We supposed he was getting letters from home. His way of riding the trot was a thing that Jimville laughed at. He said he was "riding English." We said the pony's name was "Rube," and incidentally ventured that if he were to ride that way for days at a time his hide would be in shreds small enough to make saddle strips of.

Spring drifted away before the fierce summer sun, and he was still with us. And then the new schoolm'am came. The old one had been offered a school

Which I drinks to likewise, me thinkin' as he means our schoolmarm. "Yes," he goes on, "pretty soon I makes tracks for home an' gets married. See, she says July." An' with that he sighs a letter at me, which of course I reads. When I gits the how of it rounded up in my head I knocks the scoundrel down without argument. Then I rides for here. An' now—what's this ranch goin' to do?"

After this flow of eloquence Dick waited, lowering and expectant. We had weighed the matter already, while he was speaking. In the land where the Wretch came from, we thought, it might be quite a usual thing to be engaged to one girl and make love to another, but we wouldn't have it so in Jimville. And before the breath, exhausted by the ride and the rapid speech, was all into Dick again, the murmur arose, swelling like the fury of a cyclone, and growing ever more distinct, till the final "He's got to leave Texas" came from the crowd as a lightning flash shoots from a cloud-rift.

"Who'll tell him?" asked somebody. "I will," said Lariat Dick. Just then there was the sound of a rush of hoofs outside, of a horse being thrown back almost on to its haunches, a muttered oath—and then the Wretch stepped into the store, his eyes ablaze. The knock-down blow had driven the liquor fumes from him. But it had also infuriated him almost out of all reason.

"I want the man—" he began; then he paused, noting that he spoke to the gleaming barrel of a six-shooter. "Yes," said Lariat Dick, "I reckon you wants me, an' I ain't stampering none. You don't want me worse than we want you. I've bin cut out of the herd to sort o' hold an experience-meetin' with you. Now, what I asks of you, you answers to. Savy?" The Wretch made a quick motion to his hip. But in a moment a dozen more pistols were leveled at him. "No," went on Dick, "you can't buck none. Now answer! Air you engaged to be hitched to a girl back east?" "I am," came sullenly from between the clinched teeth. "Does our schoolmarm know it?" "No."

"Haven't you made love to her?" "That depends on what you cattle call making—"

"None o' that, now. Quick. Have you?" There was an ominous click in the stillness.

THE BELLS OF LOUISVILLE.

"And they made bells of pure gold."—Ex. 20:23 When I shet my eyes an' listen to the bells o' them bells...

—Edwin S. Hopkins, in Judge.



ALL husbands are "streaky." They will run along all right for a week or two as good as pie, and then all of a sudden and with no valid excuse they will break out in the most surprising manner.

When he returned at six he ascended the steps with a scuff! scuff! scuff! unlocked the front door, gave it a kick, and made his way into the back parlor to growl.

"Mrs. Bowser, do you pretend to run this house on a system?" "Why, what is wrong, dear?" she queried in reply.

"There's lots of things wrong! I had scarcely left the office when this overcoat button came off. I laid this coat off the fifth of last May, and you've had five months to secure that button."

"But I didn't know it was loose. Why didn't you tell me?" "Why haven't I told you ten thousand other things that ought to be done! There are wives who glance at their husband's clothing once or twice a year and discover what repairs are needed. I want a darnin' needle and a piece of string."

"But I'll sew the button on." "No; I'll do it myself. I don't want to take up your valuable time." And despite Mrs. Bowser's entreaties and protestations he threaded the needle with a piece of string and sat down and sewed on the button. He got it an inch out of line with the buttonhole, of course, and of course it wouldn't have staid five minutes in any event, but he had carried his point. When he had laid the coat aside he asked:

"Have we got a bradawl and a piece of waxed-end in the house?" "I don't think so. What do you want of them?" "To mend my suspender, of course. I hadn't got a hundred feet from the house this noon when it busted on me as usual. If there's another house in the United States run like this one I'd like to hear of it and go and sit down

on the doorstep for half an hour. Perhaps I can repair it with a piece of clothesline until I can get down-town again."

"What!" he shouted, in a voice which jumped the cat out of the room. "Are we going to the theater?" "Theater! Theater! Have you gone crazy?" Mrs. Bowser, look-a-there, and then talk theater to me!

"I was intending to go to the theater," he said, as he stood and pointed at the hole, "but I can't stay away this evening. I have got to stay home and darn my socks. That hole there has started a corn on my toe this very day."

"Mr. Bowser, those socks were brand new yesterday morning when you put them on!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser, with a good deal of energy. "O, of course! I probably cut that hole with the shears! I want a darnin' needle and some string or something. As long as I've got to take care of my clothes through the rest of my life, I might as well begin to-night."

Mrs. Bowser protested, but he threaded a darnin'-needle with a piece of red string and used up about eight feet of it in darnin' the hole. He appeared to be growing good-natured, and she ventured to ask:

"Aren't we to go to the theater to-night?" "If we get through in time we may." "Get through with what?" "Mrs. Bowser," he said, as he removed his coat and turned his back, "look at the back of my vest!" "I see it; but what's wrong?" "Wrong! Wrong! Is there a buckle there? Put on your glasses and tell me if you can find a buckle anywhere on the back of my vest."

"No, I don't see one, but this is the first time you have called my attention to it." "Exactly. What was the use? That buckle busted off three years ago last Thanksgiving day, and yet you haven't noticed it! Is there a spare buckle kicking around the cellar or hanging up in the garret? If not I suppose I can heat the stove poker and bend it up to answer."

"You only got that vest three months ago, Mr. Bowser, and the tailor never put a buckle on!" she exclaimed as she pulled at the strap. "And this coat, Mrs. Bowser," he went on, regardless of her protests; "feel in this pocket! There's a hole there large enough to let a cocoanut through! I've known it for years and

years, and I've been waiting to see if you would fix it. Have we got a piece of bed-cord and a half a yard of old Brussels carpet lying around?" "Why didn't you tell me about it?" "Tell you! Must a husband be eternally telling his wife about these things? What's a wife for? What are her duties? What should a fond, true wife delight in? Button off—hole in my sock—no buckle on my vest—hole in my pocket—two buttons loose on vest—button-holes all torn out of my shirt! Theater! Not this evening, Mrs. Bowser! You can go, but I haven't time. After dinner I've got to get the hammer, gas-pincers, saw, file, brace and drill, a package of rivets, screwdriver, gimlet and a lot of glue, and see if I can't repair some of the damages and get myself in shape to go to the office to-morrow. You can go, and you'll probably enjoy the play and have a good time, but I shall be unavoidably detained at home—unavoidably detained, Mrs. Bowser!" — M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

A Yankee on Westerners. The people of the west are darker than those of the east. It is easy to see that. They live more in the open air. They are browned by the sun and roughened by the winds of the prairies. This is as true of the women as of the men. West of the Mississippi you see very few fat men. Even middleweight men are rare. The rule is, tall, dark, dark-haired, brown or black beard, thin. What is it that makes so many men of the prairie west shoot up more than six feet in the air and yet keep their weight down to one hundred and sixty and one hundred and sixty-five pounds I could not discern. But any one who travels much in that region must have noticed the remarkable stature of the men as a whole. Of course the average of humanity in the west is more uncouth than in the east. In the hotels and in dining cars you see more men, and more women, too, eating with their knives or with napkins tucked under their chins. West of Chicago you will hear three times as many persons sucking soup out of their spoons as east of that point. But in kindness, true, sincere politeness, absence of affectation and piggrishness, the westerners beat us every time. If you go out from the east and think to take them up for hayseeds or pumpkins you will make a sad mistake.—Augusta (Me) Chronicle.

Beautiful Empress Eugenie, who ascended the throne when she was twenty-six, was singularly ignorant in some respects, and never acquired the art of spelling correctly. She was, however, a skillful artist in crayon, for which she had unmistakable talent. She was also an unusually accomplished horsewoman, and by her graceful riding attracted the admiration of Louis Napoleon.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY COMMUNICATION OF Lakeland Lodge, No. 190, A. F. and A. M., will be held Tuesday night. Several applications will be acted upon and considerable routine business will be transacted.

As A. Bening and Dr. B. D. Downey were going down the steps from the wigwam of the Red Men Friday night, they discovered two men in the street, one apparently holding the other up, who was suffering great pain. The wounded man said his name was Furrell, and that he had been thrown from a horse. He was carried into a secret resort of the Red Men and there his shoulder, which had been dislocated, was pulled into place. The Reds know how to care for the wounded.

AMONG THE LODGES.

Past Grand Bolton, of Lynchburg Lodge, No. 107, I. O. O. F., has been visiting all the lodges so far as practicable throughout the State with a view of raising funds for the proposed Odd Fellows' home. He is meeting with considerable success, and is confident the scheme will be carried out.

Pleasants Lodge, No. 63, A. F. and A. M., held a called communication Monday night, and conferred the degree of entered apprentice on one candidate.

Roanoke Castle, No. 1, A. O. K. of the M. C., installed officers on Friday night. J. M. Keister, who has been a member since the lodge was instituted, was installed sir knight commander. Dr. G. B. Vogel, deputy supreme commander, performed the official act.

Magic City Encampment, No. 33, I. O. O. F., installed its officers Tuesday night. Grand Marshall A. Bening, of the grand encampment of Virginia, performed the ceremony. No degree work was done, but several applications were acted upon and the encampment will have plenty to do next meeting night.

The past week has been full of installations. Every night this week from one to three lodges installed officers. This work being over the new officers will settle down to work and will probably make strong efforts to get ahead of their predecessors.

William E. Granger, past great sachem of the Red Men in Virginia, will visit Mountain Dale Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., Thursday night. He will visit Salem Lodge, No. 100, Tuesday night, and will probably follow up with other lodges during his trip.

The officers of Mountain Dale Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., were installed Thursday night in the presence of a large membership. A. Bening, grand warden of the grand lodge of Virginia, installed the officers in a very acceptable manner.

B. F. Childress, the new noble grand, of Mountain Dale Lodge No. 49, will make a good officer. He is cool, deliberate and cautious, and fair on all questions.

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