CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

GOV. AMES, of Massachusetts, lost thirty-two pounds during his recent illness.

THE rebels of Morocco killed Prince Muley and 200 cavalrymen who had been sent by the emperor to treat with them.

ABOUT 75,000 southern watermelons are sold in New York every day. Most of them come from Georgia and Florida.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD has written only one poem during the past year. His self-control is much to be commended.

JAY GOULD bought a ticket on a horse at the Saratoga race-course a few days ago. It is superfluous to add that he won.

IT is stated that nursery stock of all kinds, as well as vegetable and flower seeds, are much cheaper in this country than in England.

GEORGE BULL, the bookmaker, made $15,000 at the Saratoga race-course last Tuesday. It was evident that Bull had the the correct steer.

THE Chinese Minister at Washington has developed a great fondness for watching professional baseball. He never yells at the umpire.

THERE is a coachman at Saratoga who is attracting a good deal of attention by his wonderful resemblance to the picture of the first Duke of Wellington.

IN many parts of Great Britain it is customary to remove hives of bees from farms to the mountains in the month of August, so as to give the bees an opportunity to collect honey from flowers that blossom late in the season.

MORE CLYDESDALE horses have been exported from Scotland this year than during any previous season. About an equal number were sent to the United States and Canada. A large number was sent to South America and to Australia.

THERE are many indications that Devon cattle will soon be in fashion again and within a very short time. In most parts of Australia they are preferred to animals of any breed. In being driven long distances to market they lose less in weight than Herefords and Short-Horns.

THE Mikado of Japan has almost finished his new palace, which has taken six years for its construction. There are 400 rooms in the building, and the dining-hall will seat 127 guests. The furniture of the state department came from Germany. Not the least interesting object in the palace is an American piano.

THE Paris *Gaulois* announces the engagement at Paris of Mrs. Joseph Riggs, of Washington, to the Prince Ruspoli, whose brother was married a few years to Miss Curtis, sister of the divorced wife of the Marquis of Talleyrand Perigord. The Ruspolis are one of the most ancient families of the Roman aristocracy.

THERE is nothing more highly relished by hogs than charcoal. They will help themselves to it, and it will prevent disorders of the bowels. The best mode of giving it is when it is fresh, and if placed in the fire and heated occasionally it will be more serviceable. It corrects the acidity of the stomach, and as it is cheap a supply should be kept constantly in each pen.

WHILE the collie dog is a very useful animal when taught to drive sheep and cattle, yet he should never be allowed to chase them or frighten them in any manner. Cows naturally have an aversion to dogs of all kinds, and when they experience fear the effect is such as to injure the milk. Cows should be brought from the pasture leisurely and in no manner worried or excited.

NEARLY all the farm teaming, plowing, etc., on the Cumberland plateau is done by oxen, which have been raised and are principally maintained on the range. There are many good animals — smart steppers — among them and the prices are rated from $40 to $80 per yoke. Occasionally an extra pair from 4 to 6 years old are worth $100 and weigh 1,200 to 1,400 pounds each.

AN ex-member of the New Jersey Horticultural society trained a plum tree against the side of his house and inclosed it in mosquito netting, and was rewarded for his pains by twenty-two quarts of plums. It might be well to rig up a hammock between two stout plum trees for the amusement of the children, connecting adjacent trees by wire, so that if two are shaken, all are shaken to the confusion of the gentle curculio.

REPORTS from breeders who have given the mutton breeds a trial show that it is not unusual to produce wethers that will weigh two hundred pounds when 1 year old, the lambs can be easily made to weigh sixty pounds when 3 months old. There is a fair crop of wool secured, but it is more profitable to produce mutton. The mutton of well-bred sheep not only gives a profit by reason of the extra weight attained, but a higher price is also received owing to better quality as compared with the ordinary common sheep.

THE military career of Col. John S. Mason, who has been placed on the retired list after forty-one years of service is suggestive. He was graduated at West Point, served in the Mexican war as lieutenant of artillery and at the outbreak of the civil war was a captain in the regular army. In the volunteer service he attained the rank of brigadier-general, and for meritorious services was made brevet brigadier-general in the regular army. But at the close of the war his actual rank was only that of major in the regular army. It was not until 1883 that he became a colonel. Forty-five years ago he entered West Point. His rewards for faithfully serving his country in two wars were not great.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY BAGS.

Why strangers are Not Allowed to Inspect Them ----Disappointment Would Result.

"You must excuse me, madam. I am sorry to disoblige you. But it is an imperative order that no one shall enter the vaults. You would not be permitted to go around alone, and we can spare no one to act as an escort."

This was the firm but polite reply of the U. S. Sub-Treasury to a lady from the country who had applied for permission to inspect the gold and silver in the vaults. She had, in company with a gentleman, asked Capt. Thomas Sampson, the special detective in charge of the Pine street door, for the same privilege. He had while giving her no encouragement, referred the two strangers to the cashier. A look of disappointment passed over the lady's face as the answer was received.

"You would be surprised," said the cashier to a reporter for the Mail and express as the two turned away and passed out of the building by the Wall street door, "How many persons ask to be allowed the privilege of rambling through the vaults. They are invariably strangers to the city. We have to refuse them, as it would interfere with business, besides which the tour would only result in disappointment, as they would really be able to see nothing."

"But have you not hundreds of millions of dollars in coin in this building? Surely that would be worth seeing."

"It is true we have large amounts of money here, but strangers would not be able to see it, even if accorded the privilege of going around wherever they pleased. They might hear the jingle of the gold and silver in the coin division, on the right and left hand of the Pine street entrance, as the specie is being weighed out and handled at the rate of $100,000 a day; but this can be done without a permit. They would not, however, be able, in consequence of the screens, to see a single piece of gold, silver, nickel or copper., unless transacting business therein. On certain days, when the government is paying off its employes in this city, pensioners drawing their pensions, or bondholders are collecting interest, they might see a long line of persons waiting to reach the paying tellers window. They would see little money except in the hands of the persons receiving it, although hundreds of thousands of dollars might be paid out. The cashier's window possesses little interest to strangers, as there is no money to be seen there. The receiving teller's branch on the opposite of the rotunda is not attractive to sight-seekers, for although from $500,000 to $1,000,000 are handled daily in United States notes, the screen hides the valuable pieces of paper from the view of outsiders."

"But you have large quantities of United States notes of different denominations in this building?"

"Yes, but they are packed away in safes. If the doors were opened a stranger would only see the ends of a few bundles of paper. This would certainly dissapoint a sightseeker, notwithstanding the fact that over forty-five millions of dollars may thus be stored away. Now, there is the bond clerk's bureau, in the Wall street corner, opposite the Assistant Treasurer's room. A stranger could see very little there, although transactions in millions might be going on. And in the Assistant Treasurer's room there is no display of wealth, despite the fact that he has under his care about $200,000,000 of treasure in one shape or the other. But no permit is necessary to see all I have alluded to, except the safe where the notes are kept."

"But what about the gold?"

"That is kept in two safes built into the masonry. Even if these doors were opened a stranger would only see a couple of whitened rooms with a lot of iron boxes. The gold is enclosed in bags, tied and sealed, and locked up in the boxes, which are also sealed. We could tell them without opening the safe doors that in each safe are about $58,000,000 in gold coin, for they could see no evidence of the coin, even if they went into the vault, beyond the presence of the iron boxes. Certainly there could be little satisfaction in that to a sight-seeker, besides taking up the time of the government employes."

"But the silver coin is to bulky to be packed away in boxes. That would be a sight worth seeing?"

"Not half as much as the one that can be seen every day by the passing strangers when silver coin is being sent away in bags from the Pine street entrance. Then a number of bags containing $1,000 each will be wheeled along on a hand truck to the entrance, thence lifted to some vehicle and carted away. The silver coin is deposited in a vault fifty-eight feet long by twenty-six feet broad and twelve feet high. It is put up in bags, which are piled one upon another like grain in a barn. So far as an outside observer is concerned the bags might contain oats or corn for any opportunity he could have to tell the difference. They are kept out of reach by massive iron bars. A stranger might be in formed that there are in the bags $31,000,000 in silver dollars and $10,000,000 or more in subsidiary silver coin. But he could be told this just as well upstairs. The visits to the vaults would not give any one ocular or sensible confirmation of the statement, as he could neither see nor touch the coin. So it would only be a waste of the visitor's time as well as that of the government officials."

She Owns 700 Horses.

Miss Kitty C. Wilkins, who has won the title of "The Equine Queen of Idaho," is at the Paxton. When a Herald reporter called upon the young lady last night he expected to find an orthodox cowgirl, "with sword and pistol by her side." Instead of this, however, he was confronted by a most gracious young lady, who bore every evidence of having been educated in some modern seminary. And so she was. At the convent of San Jose, Cal., Miss Wilkins received a thorough education. She is a handsome girl, whose face mirrors every indication of her ability to get along in this world by the aid of her own ideas. The young lady is Western born and bred. She is tall, with a high forehead and regular features, which betoken character, and may possibly be termed a blonde.

"I have been referred to as the cattle queen," said Miss Wilkins, "but this is incorrect. The Wilkins Company of Idaho own both horses and cattle and this is how the mistake originated, but my own specialty is horses. I now own between 700 and 800 of my own. They are Percherons, Morgans, Normans, Hambletonians, and so on. I have no native Oregon or Spanish horses at all. Besides these I now have, if you will excuse my speaking in the first person singular, I have sold a great many hundreds. I could not begin to tell how many.

"Do I like living away in Idaho? Oh? so much! I am perfectly fascinated with it. I go out to round up in the Spring and Fall, and enjoy myself ever so much. It is a fascinating business and grows upon you.

"It was real romantic, the way I got my start. The way of it was this: Over twenty years ago my parents had removed to Oregon and were returning to San Francisco, when our friends gathered round to give us mementoes of various sorts. When they got to me they said: 'Well, now, she's only a little thing (I was but two years old then), we'll just give her some money to be invested for her.' Two of them gave me a 20-dollar gold piece each. Shortly after returning here, my father concluded to go to Idaho and engage in the stock business. He went to Oregon and bought a lot of horses. When he went to pay over the money he bethought him of my $40, and seeing a fine little filly yet left, offered the $40 for her. The owner valued her at $80, but, seeing that my father was taking the others he finally concluded to let this one go, even if it was for less than she was worth. From the increase all my bands have come. Of course, I could tell you of many ups and downs, for it was not always smooth sailing back in those early days, as I grew up from childhood but I need not enlarge upon this. At length I came to San Jose to school, put in three or four years, and in addition travelled considerably in America, seeing all the cities and many of the great natural curiosities.

"But when I got back to Idaho I was so lonesome I didn't know what to do. I used to say to my mother then, the only man I cared anything about," the handsome girl said with a smile, "was the man in the moon."

"I got over being so lonesome, though, in a little time, and now I am already homesick to get back. As I said, the stock business is very fascinating, and horses are very profitable, much more so than cattle.

A three or four year old steer, for instance, is worth but $20, while a horse of the same age is worth $85 or $100, anyhow. Another thing horses are much more easily raised and do not require half the care. They paw away the snow and get at the grass much better than cattle. Last year the average loss of cattle in Idaho was sixty per cent. Some owners lost all they had.

Although our home and many of our corrals and buildings are on the Bruneau River, fifty miles southeast of Boise city and twenty-two south of Mountain House, the station on the Oregon short line, our range is seventy-five miles away. It is what is known as the '71 range,' and it is there that many cattle and horse owners gather twice a year to sort over and brand. I go out there every year and look on and see how the stock is coming in. I ride a great deal, but I don't take part in the roundup. As many as forty men are oftentimes out rounding up and cutting out stock there during the season, and things are very likely.

"I shoot a good deal, that is, I am a good shot, but I don't often go hunting, although there is lots of fine game."

The cause of Miss Wilkins's visit to Omaha is that she has two carloads of Hambletonian horses, which she has brought to this market to dispose of. The energetic little lady will experience slight difficulty in disposing of her stock to good advantage. She has a national reputation as a girl who has labored earnetly to advance her own interests, and her energy and herself the wild and woolly West is exceedingly proud.—Omaha Herald.

A Gypsy's Magic Power.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

During ten days past a band of gypsies have been camped in the wood near here. They left a few days ago. This morning a well-to-do and intelligent farmer called at a detective's office and made the following statement:

"I live about seven miles south of Manchester. My wife has been in bad health for some time. Recently she came to Manchester. About one mile beyond Manchester there was a gypsy's camp. My wife had a talk with one of the gypsies. This gypsy informed her that they could restore her to her health, and requested her to come next day and bring me, her husband with her. On Saturday my wife and myself visited their camp. I was in feeble health myself. I was informed by one of the gypsies, if I would put two dollars in her hand for good luck, she would for the additional sum of ten dollars restore us both to perfect health. I had with me at that time thirty-two dollars. I accepted her offer. I put two dollars in her hand. She then said I must put the ten dollar note on my hand and blow my breath on it and place it on her hand. "Now,' said she, 'take the next ten-dollar note from the roll and place it on your hand, blow your breath and place it on my hand,' and thus I continued until I had placed the thirty two dollars, all I had, on her hand. 'Now,' said she, 'you take your hands and told them up. I don't want to touch them. If I do it will destroy the magic power.'

"Having folded as directed, she took the money thus folded and placed it in her bosom and said: 'Now you and your wife come here next Saturday, and you will each be restored to perfect health, and I will then return you this money, except the $2 which you laid in my hands for good luck, and the $10 which I charge you for the cure. I shall have to keep all the money, otherwise the magic power will leave me.'"

The farmer told further that when he returned to see the gypsy, the camp had been taken up, and he wanted to know how to get his money back.

"O, mother," cried a North Side youngster who had been visiting an elder brother in school, "I learned lots to-day."

"What was one thing you learned?" asked the fond parent.

"I learned that in the 'rithmetic, class," was the reply, "that the square of the base and perpendicular of a right-handled triangle is equal to the sum of the hippotamus.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

Various Expressions of the Tender Passion.

If in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, along about this season, that of the novelist seems to pattern after dog-dayweather, or else the old lady's grog, which had to be "hot, strong, sweet and plenty of it." And as so universal a tendency is proof positive that the public likes fairly that sort of thing, we have been at the pains to delve through cubic yards of recent fiction and bring up specimen nuggets for its delectation.

First in right of age and "thrill" comes this from "The Maiden Widow," by Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, the which the publisher's note assures us is the most popular work of its phenomenally popular writer, and from it we get this bit of the old two-ply, copper-bottomed love-making, all on the surface and unvexed with subtleties that spell-bound readers in the days when we were young

"Haley," said Clarence, softly and sadly, "dear Haley, why have you denied yourselt to me for almost a week past? Tell me, my love."

She did not answer.

"Tell me, dear Haley."

She continued silent.

"Why, Haley! why! tell me why you have avoided me so constantly?" he continued to plead, trying to draw her nearer to him.

"Well, then, if you must know, it is because I couldn't bear to see you—there," exclaimed Haley in desperation.

A look of profoundest pain shot across the boy's face.

"How have I offended you, Haley?" he inquired, dropping on one knee at her feet, taking her hand and looking beseechingly in her face.

"By the way you went on that night—frightening me out of my wits and into all sorts of absurdities," exclaimed Halcyone, snatching her hand from his clasp.

"Is that the reason you have been so changed within the last few days as your guardian says you have been—is that the reason, Halcyone?"

"Well, yes, it is, there," she cried, jerking herself away from him.

"Well, I am answered. Heaven bless you Halcyone. Good-by," he exclaimed, rising from his knees and turning to go out. But there was such white despair in his fair young face that in the midst of her anger Halcyone was struck with pity and terror. Like lightning she darted after him, laid her hand upon his arm and exclaimed:

"Don't go, Clary, dear. I didn't mean all I said—indeed I didn't."

He turned and fixed his mournful blue eyes full upon her saying:

"Halcyone, it is too true that I cannot live without your love and the hope of your hand. But if you cannot love me, Halcyone, if my hope is your fear, why then I would die Halcyone, I would rather die than make you unhappy."

"But I should be very unhappy if you were to die, Clary. Indeed I should, dear, for I do love you; I do indeed." She earnestly insisted holding on to him all the time lest he should escape and do himself a mischief.

But his countenance cleared in an instant.

"You do love me, Haley?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then what makes you so changeable?"

"I am not changeable, only I am a capricious little wretch, I suppose."

"I would knock any man down who said so. You are an angel, Halcyone—since you realy do love me—tell me when you will make me happy," he eagerly entreated."

As this specimen brick is not from the main love story at all, but from one flung in for good measure, as it were, it will at once be seen here's richness indeed. As gray-haired, if not so venerable, is this bit from "Beyond Compare," by Charles Gibbon, a high-pressure romance all the way from Chicago.

When Elwin entered the room where Berta was waiting, there was little need of the explanation which was given by-and-by. The outstretched hands, the bright welcome in the eyes, and the flush of joy which gave color to the pale cheeks were enough to satisfy the most exacting lover, even without the tender exclamation:

"Elwin! you have come—you are safe. Dad said you would come. I am thankful,"

Then, when his arms was round her, and he had kissed the joyful tears away, she added, "I am happy."

Elwin could not speak for a little while, and then it was only to mutter in a voice which was made almost fierce by his efforts to control it into steadiness:

"My darling—forgive me. How blind I must have been to doubt in spite of all the proofs before me—in spite of your own words."

But when he learned by what means those words were forced from her, what she had suffered, and what efforts she had made to enable him to understand the cause she was pursuing—efforts which were constantly frustrated by Brasnet, he set his teeth hard.

"I am glad he is beyond my reach," he said.

She put her hand upon his mouth.

"Hush! he has been punished in the moment when he thought himself triumphant over us all."

Any experienced novel reader will know that is from way over in the back, and that so far as we are permitted to see them in print, they lived happy ever after. Nor will he—or more properly she—need to be told that this intense presentiment of the woeful wooing of lovers wedded to somebody else is quite English, you know—being, in fact, from "Philip Earnscliffe; or, the Morals of Mayfair," that which all good Americans know to be in rather a bad way.

They had now reached the river, whose liquid masses floated by in their black stillness beneath them, and Marguerite shuddered as the chilly air from the water struck up on her heated cheek. She shrank to Philip's side, and his blood became fire as he felt her slight form clinging, as it were, to him for protection. He thought of the world's cold breath, already raised to wither Marguerite's good fame, and—strange sophistry!—felt that his honor constituted him, her protector.

"Philip, you could not urge me thus, if it were wrong. You are so much better and wiser than I—Philip! will it really make you happier if I once more tell you the secret of my existence—the secret that will make my whole life a blank evermore? Then hear me—I love you still as I did at Kelsaint!"

Her voice sank to the lowest whisper, but Earnscliffe heard it still. He seized both her cold hands suddenly within his own—

"Marguerite!"—(his voice, too, was low and altered in its sound from what she had ever known it before)—"let this moment, then, decide our destiny: You say that you love me still—that that love will make your whole life a blank without me—be mine, then, I know the sacrifice I ask of you—the sacrifice of a good name, of position, of all that women hold dear, and that against this, my passionate love, my utter devotion, are all that I have to offer. Come with me to another country, where in our love all the disappointments of the past shall be forgotten, and we will live for each other alone;" and his arm was thrown round her trembling form.

But Marguerite even yet shrank back. "Let me go!" she whispered, very faintly. "Let me return to my home—to my husband; I will not bring dishonor upon him!"

"As you will, madam!" He released his hold instantly. "I was wrong in supposing that for my love you could so readily give up your fair fame. You speak of his honor, and forget that I, too, should forfeit every ambition, every prospect in life, and deem their loss as nothing if I possessed you. Oh, Marguerite!" his voice sinking again into its deepest, most passionate tenderness, "forgive me! I know not what I say. I cannot loose you! Oh, Marguerite, Marguerite! remember all the years that we have loved each other—that you were mine, in heart at least, before your husband ever knew you—that years ago you promised me never to love another."

"Philip I have kept my word."

"Then redeem it now—now when all my happiness depends on your decision."

"Philip—ah, may God help me!—I can have no will but yours."

He folded her to his breast; he knew that she was his. But even at that moment he could hear the unnatural throbbing of her heart, and and mark that the face upturned to his was one of agony. The hell of a fallen angel had already begun. with the first breath of guilt a dark shadow had fallen over Marguerite's love.

"Mine, mine!" whispered Earnscliffe, tenderly. "Death only shall part us now."

"Death!' she repeated with a shudder; "yes, you are right to speak of death—"

"When years of radiant life are spread before us? In Italy, in the sweet south, my Marguerite, we shall at length be happy together—happy as we should have been long ago, if fate had not divided us."

"Aye, fate!" she answered, dreamily; "there was an evil fate in my mother's destiny and in mine. Both married where they could not love; she died young, as I shall."

"My own love, do not speak of dying. In my new-born joy do not cause me the torture of thinking that I could ever lose you."

"Philip, I am yours—wrong, lost though I may be—I am yours. I shall never part from you now. My love is interwoven with my very life, and can only end with it. But it will not be for very long. Something tells me, even at this moment, that I shall die. When the summer comes again, and you are breathing another warm night such as this, you will be alone; but you will still think fondly of me, still hold my remembrance dearer than all other, and in that thought is almost happiness sufficient."

She looked up at him with one of those ineffably sweet smiles that I never saw on any countenance but hers, and laid her head upon his arm. The gesture was so natural, so innocent, so like Marguerite, so unlike guilt, that Earnscliffe's conscience recoiled even yet from her betrayal. "My life's devotion must atone to her for all she loses, was his inward resolution while he bent over the pale, upturned face.

As though any human devotion could make atonement for sin to a nature like hers.

This is the way young women shoot "Society Rapids"—at least if we may believe "one in the swim," who poses as author—and we wish to remark that to our poor mind the ear-marks of rapidity crop out over the whole performance, which purposes further to be "A story of real life at Washington, Saratoga and Bar Harbor."

Eveline, though dancing all the time felt no great interest in any one there, and at 12 o'clock she darted from the room, unobserved by Miss Lawrence, wrapped herself quickly in her cloak and started to cross the hall, when Victor Von Vroom, seeing her unattended, offered to escort her. She assented and he went with her to the carriage.

Then it was that the demon prompted her with, "Now for a trial." She smilingly leaned toward him and said:

"Is this the end of your gallantry? Am I to go home alone?"

This unexpected inquiry touched the conceit of the man, and, without hesitation, he replied:

"I will detain you but a second while I get my coat."

He hurried into the house, returning enveloped in a sable-lined ulster. Taking his place at her side, off rolled the carriage with its two occupants.

"I do not know what you will think of me," began Eveline apologetically in a deprecating tone.

At that moment she felt a hand stealing over her cloak and clasping hers as he replied:

"I only think you are charming!"

Her first impulse was to free her hand; then, remembering the new role, it was left locked in his.

"You are rather bold, though!" she said.

"I? I have done nothing wrong!"

"Why, look, you are still holding my hand!"

"I wish I could hold more!"

Eveline felt, outside of her velvet wrap, a strong arm encircling and trying ho draw her nearer. Not prepared for this demonstration she drew back, and then began a tilt of indignation, which was ended by their arrival at the house of Mrs. Eurlburt.

Here is the continuation—what happened at Von Vroom's first call.

The next day Eveline sat balancing her crimson mule on the tip of her foot and balancing in her mind whether she should remain by her cozey fireside or go out on a round of visits when Von Vroom's card was brought to her. She was totally unprepared for such promptitude, but concluded to see him, as he might have come to apologize.

When Eveline entered the room, Victor Von Vroom rose eagerly from the sofa and taking her hand, which he retained, said, looking down into her face: "I came to inquire if you took cold last night."

"Cold!" she exclaimed, with a laugh, "Why, I thought it rather warm."

Still holding her hand, he drew Eveline toward the sofa, but instead of complying, she dropped into the first arm chair. Von Vroom released the hand and drew up a tabouret directly in front of her.

"Our sensations have different barometers, for to me it was cold."

Determined not to subscribe to his allusion, she replied inpassively:

"And all that sable could not protect you from chill?"

Von Vroom leaned forward, took up her hand, and, fixing his eyes on her, said:

"Do you know that you froze me, that you did not give me the slighest pressure from one of these dainty fingers?"

"For what result?" she asked.

"It would have warmed me just a trifle. Ah, cruel Miss Mason!"

There was no response from Eveline. Von Vroom glanced rapidly into her face, as if to instruct himself how far he might go, or to read there some play of emotion, or answering look of encouragement. But there was only a placid, calm gaze from those innocent orbs that a little baffled him.

Then casting down his eyes, they fell on the pretty hand, which she had previously withdrawn, now lying in relief against the dark dress, and taking it up, he asked:

"How many rings do you sport on one hand?" and began counting, "One—two—three—four."

"How is it possible that can interest you, Mr. Von Vroom!" said Eveline, making an effort for its liberty.

"It does for they must have a history. This solitaire diamond came from mamma; the sapphire and diamond from your aunt; and on this finger, the circlet is an heirloom; and this little garde ring above is your gift to yourself for its security."

"Only one have you guessed correctly, Mr. Ædipus!" said Eveline, with a laugh, at which he carried the hand to his lips and said kissing it:

"One for each ring!"

Eveline now tried to disengage it from his clasp, when he said:

"Oh, if I am to lose it, I must not omit a farewell to the rings!" and he thereupon re-enacted the same farce. This rather amused her.

"Why is it I have never known you before," said Von Vroom, "both living in the same town?" and he began playing with the lace on her sleeve.

"You were in pursuit of tulips and other gaudy flowers, and not looking for lillies of the valley, curled up in their leaves."

"Au contraire, I have seen this lily many times, and admired it from a distance. But I do not know of any gaudy tulip that had particularly attracted me."

After reading all this it is perhaps worth while to know that Van Vroom is not, in the end the one chosen of all the many called, and to moralize faintly on the changing times and manners, since the rule of well-bred womanhood was noli me tangere. The former times may have been no whit better—or even, it may well be a trifle worse than these—but there can be no question that they were more dignified and decorous, and had somewhat of Turveydrop's deportment even in matters of the heart. But love at Washington, Bar Harbor, or almost anywhere else must pall and faint before affairs of "Napoleon Smith," whose author is more mysterious than Donnelly's cipher or relation of the Mills bill to the building of the pyramids. For it is Parisian-of-the-commune, all raw-head and bloody-bones, and smells o' gunpowder, with a flavor of La Dame aux Camellias.

"In that last sortie a piece of an exploding shell wounded Napoleon Smith for the third time in exactly the same spot! All my work was away, and Napoleon Smith is again without memory, education or intelligence. He will live, but for years he must be educated like a child. He will be brought up to the intelligence of manhood with great care, in ten years. A nurse is with him who cared for him when he was here before. Now, if any one here loves him well enough to lead him back to manhood by tender care, here is your chance. Do you wish to see him?" Aimee stood with her hands over her face, and tears streaming through her fingers. Sturgis was pale as he listened to the strange story. Hippolyte Boh was horror-stricken. I will confess that an uncanny feeling came over me as I heard that such a fate had again overtaken Napoleon Smith. I shuddered as I listened. When we all signified our desire to visit the patient, Dr. Mortlake led the way upstairs.

"Do not be any more afraid of disturbing him than you would be of talking before a baby a year old. He has about that amount of intelligence now," said the doctor, before we entered the room.

How well I knew what I was to see. The same brawny form. The same smiling face. and—yes, the same loving look at the black-eyed nurse, who stood beside his chair. And she—somehow she was different. Her fierce eyes were subdued. A look of resignation was on her face and an ivory cross hung on her breast, suspended by a ribbon. Then she tried to move away, but her patient reached out his hand and drew her back.

Aimee approached near to the chair, extending her hands.

"Napoleon, do you know me?" she said.

A childish smile was all the recognition she received. With a sob she drew back.

"En avant!" shouted Hippolyte Boh to his old comrade. Smith lifted his hands and smiled as innocently as a baby. "It was too much for the lieutenant, and he wept.

"As I understand it," said the doctor, "this man has no relatives. If he has formed any attachment to any person which would give them a claim upon him. I wish to know it. Nothing but a supreme love can make the care of this man a pleasure as well as a duty. Does any one here know of such a friend or lover?"

Ah! how well Aimee now understood the words of Le Noir. She staggered back, and curiously enough, Sturgis caught her and held her hand.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried, "I cannot—I cannot! It was the man, the hero, I worshiped."

I saw the tremendous drama enacting before my eyes and said:

"Let no one here make a mistake. This man, Napoleon Smith, is richer than an Indian prince. If money can eke out the dregs of love, he has money enough to hire all the nurses in Paris. Remember that," said fiercely.

"Monsieur the secretary must know," said Hippolyte, extending his hands in desprecation, "that it would be impossible for Aimee in her new position as head of a great house to sacrifice all for the brave captain. Is it not so, friends? She must appear in society, you see. Ah! it is sad," and he drew back.

Sturgis stood silent, watching the terrible play of emotions as a lover of sport watches the mad contest in the ring.

"It was for this I called you here," said the doctor, in his calm, methodical voice. "You see the patient, you see the task and the complications of love, interest and pride. This man was a lover who would creep up the gleaming face of the abyss to win a look from a maiden's eye. He thought no more of facing death in quest of his love than he would to breathe the zephyrs of his American hills. He was a king in battle but a slave in love. Now he is smitten down, and lies a noble ruin. Is there no gentle hand to train the ivy of affection over his blighted life? Warriors were wont to be solaced in death or in wounds by the ministrations of love at some gentle hand. This man was a Baynard, a gentle knight to us all, and now shall we cast him out to the charity of strangers?"

Aimee was crouched down against the wall, moaning: "I cannot, I cannot!"

The doctor went on in his merciless address. "Then, I ask, is there no one who loves the vase for its fragrance after it is crushed? Is there no one who can see in the statute defaced and stained the outlines of a beauty once fashioned by the Master's hand? What! do we hate the mother when her golden locks are gray? Do we spurn the father when his eyes are sunken and blind? Does the mother cast away the crooked and deformed child when it yearns for her bosom? Is there no one who still loves the ruin of this brave man?"

Then the dark-eyed nurse, with catlike tread, came and stood before the chair of Napoleon Smith and said, in a ringing tone and with extended hand:

"See, messieurs, I was beneath him and a thing of shame. They called me Le Noir. I saw him strong and pure as a young god, and my heart went out to him. I tried to buy his love. He spurned me away. His pure, brave young life made me ashamed, and I plunged into mad crime to bury in forgetfulness my love. I followed him afar, and as I watched my star, it fell to earth. Its light was quenched, and I dared to approach it. Talk you of money? When no friend stood near I would have coined my blood in drops and doled it out to buy him painless breaths: and then when my treasury was exhausted, would have given my soul to win an answering smile. But again he went away, and, spurning me, left my heart bitter. Again I tried to drown my love in crime and mad revelry, and then she, the pure maiden yonder, taught me to pray to her God and I had rest. I would suffer in silence and seek in penitence to find my peace. Again my star fell, and again I drew near. God had heard my prayers—but hark! I ask something. I ask yonder maiden to make her choice. Let her say now that she will love and care for this man, and I will go away and bury myself in convent wall and find peace in secret prayer; but oh! if she will give me this poor shadow of a noble life, and let us go away and be wanderers in the world—if she will lead him and delve in the ground with the hardest toilers, to win his bread, to be his hand, his eye, his brain, his all, it is all I ask—but let her choose, and forever hold to that choice."

"You hear?" said the doctor coldly. "Will you make your choice, mademoiselle?"

"It was the man I loved, not this wreck," cried Aimee, in a piteous tone.

"Do you, then, reject all the love of past, and leave this man to his present fate and his present love?" asked the doctor.

"I do I must! I could not give him such a love as hers." and she shuddered.

"It is sensible, too, Aimee, my angel," said Hippolyte. "He is not not now an eligible party. Oh, no, indeed!"

"Of course Magdalene gets her reward, and this is how it comes about seven years later.

"How long did you say?"

It is coming now. The curse, the curse the rejection, the bitter upbraiding, and the search for the doll-faced girl; but she will turn to God and prayer. The voice is low and resigned now as she answers:

"Seven years."

"He gets up slowly. He looks upon her, then he drops upon his knees and creeps to her. He takes that strong right hand and kisses it and sobs.

"I am a soldier. I will relieve the guard. You may come off duty and rest. Now, my love, this hand of mine shall lead you over the rough places of life. My eyes shall watch while yours close in sleep. Oh, my love, my angel! I have been dreaming for seven long years, but in my dreams an angel-face bent above me and an angel kissed my brow. I have had a troubled sleep, but in my feverish sleep a cool hand pressed my head back upon my pillow. I kiss that hand. I have been buried in a tomb, but an angle sung at its door and rolled away the stone of death. Will my life be long enough to prove to you that this is the real life and the real love? When you doubt, lay your head upon this bosom and see if every heart-throb is not yours and yours alone. I offer you a love as deep and true as your own. Do you believe me, my darling, my angel?"

"It is too much. God is very, very good to me. Will you kneel and pray with me, my captain, my brave, once more?" she said; and they knelt down together.

This should have been felicity enough—but when the author tops it off with a letter from France, saying that the false Aimee is huge. red-faced and commonplacely happy, we feel that he has led up to such a climax as may fitly end this compilation, where we forbear further quotation, though the array of untouched newest new books fully bears out King Solomon's statement, that to the making them there is no end.

Caller; "I see that the house next door is closed, Mrs. Hobson. Have your neighbors gone to the country?" Mrs. Hobson: "Oh, I havn't the faintest idea. I never give a thought to my neighbors; but I imagine so. An express wagon called there and took away four trunks, two packing-boxes, seven satchels, and a baby carriage, and it was the shabbiest lot of luggage I ever saw!"

The Good In Country Life.

From the New York Mirror.

A lady writer is sojourning in a rural way near Millersburg, Ky. She likes country life, and this is the way she talks about it: "It is a great novelty to me to get out into the open country away from the din of travel. It is a most refreshing change of life to be out of the odors of dressing-rooms and roaming at will through the sweet-clover fields and beautiful woods, out of the atmosphere of scandal, envy, city struggles, and the falseness of society. The poetical meekness of the cows, the involuntary comedy of the pigs, the nobleness and faithful services of the horses, the beauty of all nature in this glorious month of June, make one rejoice in the country and wish there were on such things as towns. The brooks and trees are not audiences; the flocks of lambs are not managers; driving pigs and cows is not rehearsing; walking the sun up in a five-mile 5 o,clock jaunt every day is not an engagement; counting pink-white fresh eggs is not a statement; feeding downy little yellow chickens with a handful less of meal is not 'reducing salaries for the summer;' the dumb brutes who graze upon your pastures are not husbands, if some husbands are brutes; and setting your dogs on your neighor's cattle for wandering uselessly on the highway is a far better occupation than fashionable attacks upon your neighbors' character as it drifts out into the high and by ways of society and the world. A country life may be somewhat petty, but it is pure. A primitive life, instead of those scandal-hatching seaside months of June, July, and August, would benefit many I know of, and would give a good country cut, sun browned, pure-aired, fresh-milk-and buttered sort of inpetus to business in September. Meantime, I will devote myself to the churn and the good things I love in the country."

Bit By an Alligator.

Valdosta, Ga., Times.

Mr. Marion Permenter, of Echols county, writes as follows:

"I have happened to an accident which I wish you to publish. I have been waiting to get able to sit up to write, but I am not able to do it yet, and I write this laying on my back.

"On July 21st I went with a crowd of men to sein the Suwanoochee creek, one mile below the Maddox ford. We went into a deep dark hole of water. Some were swimming and some were wading. One of the party sunk, and when he rose he said that an alligator had struck him on the leg. But we never paid any attention to him, for I had been seining for thirty years and never knew what it was to fear an aligator. When we came out there were so many logs in the hole we decided to clean it out so that we could sein it better. We then went right in, and I was in water up to my mouth when the 'gator clamped my ankle like a steel trap, sinking five teeth to the bone of my leg. One of the holes caused by the teeth was as large as a large man's thumb. He struck me one time and then turned me loose. I walked about ten feet, and was so badly hurt I fell. I was never as badly hurt in my life.

"I never saw the 'gator, but his track is twelve inches long. I guess he has been there ever since Suwanoochee was made, for they don't die until something kills them, but if I live to get well I will live a near neighbor to him or I will kill him."

Mr. Permenter is a responsible man, and those who know him well will believe his story, although it is a very unusual thing for an alligator to attack a man. In this case we suppose the brute was hemmed, or it thought so, and any animal will fight when retreat is cut off.

Eat and Drink When You Feel Like It.

Herald of Health.

Temperance is superior to regularty, and there is nothing regular in nature; everything is governed by circumstances and environment. The animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms are irregular; they may run by the season but not by the minute or hour. Eat the right thing at the right time, follow the dictates of your appetite, and eat and drink with moderation. This is the kind of regularity I observe. I never have taken any note of the hour or minute for taking meals or doing anything else—circumstances control me. The plain truth is that few persons ever find out how to eat and drink until age overtakes them and it becomes too late to reform.

A Selec t Party.

I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterward, and a hack to take them home in; and I will forfeit a thousand dollars to the home for imbeciles if twenty-five dollars does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them.—Julian Hawthorne, in Belford's Magazine.

Sticking to His Text.

A young man of eight summers has been heard from who must have a future before him. To have a watch was the height of his ambition. He had teased and begged every member of the family to give him one until his persistence become monotonous. Finally the father told him watches were expensive, and that he was too young to have one any way, and must not mention the subject again. The next Sunday morning at prayers each member of the family recited a verse of Scripture. It was young America's turn finally, and with the soberness of a judge hesaid: "What I say unto one I say unto all.—watch."

Broken Glass for a Razor.

Hairdresser.

The Andaman Islanders shave almost the entire surface of the scalp, as thoroughly as the imperfect implements at their command will allow them. Formerly they used chips of broken flint for this purpose, but since the arrival of Europeans upon their islands they can indulge in the luxury of a shave with a broken bottle glass. It is said that a wife takes peculiar pleasure in