

The Artist's Secret.

The artist's work was done, the sweet, proud face. The queenly head, the form of luscious grace...

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

"Why, you miserable young beggar!" roared old Brantwhite, "do you think I mean to throw away my daughter on a fellow who couldn't make enough in a year to keep her in shoes?"

Paul, who had never looked into Judith's blue eyes from this point of view, took his hat, bowed, and walked away in silence.

The old man sighed, because they had heard and seen whisperings and glances in the old piazza of which Jacob Brantwhite had never dreamed.

She could never marry against her father's will. That night the Strathmore had a merry-making. Both went—Paul, as usual, and Judith, under her assumed coldness, with throbbing and expectant heart.

She knew that he was sullen, for he had not even spoken to her; but he had some cause, and it was not bold in her to seek him out, since she promised one day to marry him—aye, and would; and her heart beat high and fast.

Paul rose quickly and led out Bessie Strathmore. Judith drew her breath after an instant, and then turned, with a gay laugh, to one of the young men near her.

"Mr. Conway, have you forgotten you were to dance with me?" Paul heard the laugh, but not the words, and looked searchingly into her face as she came and stood opposite him.

She smiled laughingly, and when he took her hand, suffered it to be cold and lifeless in his grasp.

Farquhar Conway was hardly the most brilliant of partners; but it had been a shock, Judith, in her present mood, would have hung onto the flag of flirtation.

She blushed, she listened admiringly, she taught the clumsy lout how to hold her fan and handkerchief, all the time hating herself for her meanness, and yet exulting in the consciousness that Paul's fierce eyes were burning into her face.

To the most miserable dance succeeded a more miserable evening. Paul, raging at heart, and anxious not to be outdone in folly, drew all eyes upon himself and Bessie Strathmore. Judith was frantically gay, and stopped at nothing.

One moment in all that wretched time they were alone. Perhaps pitying angles drew them there. Judith's heart beat fast, and she trembled from head to foot. Paul's dark face softened a little, for he could not be near her without something of the old tenderness.

"Have you been kind to-night?" he asked under his breath. "Have you?" "Have you? I half believe my father was right, after all," returned she, with true girlish inconsistency, anxious to hide the joy she felt even to be reproached.

He dropped her hand as if it had been a viper. "May I ask you what you mean, Miss Brantwhite?" His tone and action aroused Judith's pride in an instant.

"You are easily consoled, sir; that is all. After all, Bessie Strathmore has almost as many acres as I." A dark flush leaped up in Paul's face and he staggered back as if from a sudden blow.

Still she waited. There never came a knock or a quick step up the walk, but it brought a flush to her cheek. She never peered in the little post-office without an unacknowledged hope warm at heart.

She was tired of her own anxious thoughts. There was something contagious, too, in Elsie's gaiety and hope, and so she went.

It was sunset when she reached the place. A fine house, just old enough to avoid that painful look of newness common to modern country houses, and standing in full view of the river, to which sloped banks, shaded by maple, elms, and willows.

"They were all out in the grounds," the servant told Judith. And, hearing merry singing, she stole around the corner of the house, to surprise them. Elsie, looking up, spied her, and gave a gleeful shout.

It was Paul. The shock was too awful; and Judith, who had never known a day's illness, and scoffed at the mention of nerves, fell senseless at his feet. If she had died then and there, blessed and happy had it been for her! But the efforts of the unscrupulous Elsie soon brought her back to life, while a warning look from Paul checked the words that were on her lips.

Heat and fatigue were hinted at; her joyous cousin was too much occupied with her own happiness to think long about the matter, and Judith did her best to shine in the virtuous hypocrisy which she had learned to assume, which women are so fond of.

Sitting apart in the shadow, his wife thought him uninterested and sleepy. Judith knew his eyes were fixed on her—that he was watching every move, and noticing every inflection of voice. She was sick with impatience to speak with him.

She blushed, and shrank away in the very silence and solitude of her own room, when she thought of what his eyes had said to her. When she looked into her own heart she cried out, and struck her hands together, and seeing what she had already taken from her trunk, began to thrust it back again in desperate haste.

"Well, Judith,"—and oh, what depths of tenderness in his voice—"you are not afraid of me?" "No, not afraid of me?" "Why are you going, then? For you are going; I know that. These preparations mean."

"Because I am not stone nor steel. I should go mad." "Then you did love me?" "If it will give you any pleasure to know, yes."

The light that had terrified her before faded up in Paul's eyes. "You need not shrink from me. You have nothing to fear. Only stay, Judith, if you love Elsie, stay. It has been so long since I have heard near you, looked into your eyes, heard you speak. Deprive me not of it too suddenly. Let me contemplate and get familiar with my sorrow, or I shall die in my despair."

"Oh, Paul!" she burst forth, "why did you stay away all this weary time, and why did you let me come here?" "Why did you answer me as you did, the last night we were together, Judith? As for your coming, I knew nothing of it. I never dreamed that Elsie and Judith was my Judith."

"Poor Elsie!" "You pity her? Stay, then. If you go now she will learn all. Stay, and I promise not to offend by word or look."

So Judith stayed—from pity for Elsie, rather than from love. Cruel words that held the poison to her own lips day by day.

At first the guileless Elsie saw nothing of the tiny cloud arising, that was one day to darken her whole horizon.

She fancied that, somehow, Paul and Judith didn't agree, and, anxious that she should know and appreciate one another, was continuing leaving them alone together, fancying that her presence was a restraint.

By one of those convenient sophistries which poor humanity calls in when right and reason have deserted it, Paul argued that because his wife was pure and trusting, there was a destiny managing his affairs over which he had no control.

Presently he ceased to argue at all. He took matters out of destiny's hands and refused to listen to conscience. It was all the worse that he dared not speak out the thoughts of his heart. He was all the more eager to be by her—his eyes more constantly sought her face. She seemed to move in an atmosphere of his waiting and watchfulness.

to forgive you. Paul is not a brute, and you want to take him from me. I wish I had died before I had learned to believe it."

"No, Elsie," returned her cousin gently; "there you wrong me. I have not been blameless; but I have not been heartless and wicked as you think. Dear Elsie, long ago I was to have been Paul's wife. When I came here, and found your husband was, I was going away. Now I will go, and your happiness will come back to you. You are fairer and sweeter and better than I, and Paul will love you better than he has ever done me. Only don't tell him that I am going, Elsie."

So, in tears and silence, all was made ready, and, when Paul was absent, Judith hurriedly kissed the pale Elsie and drove away.

Amidst all the bitterness of departure, she found one ray of comfort—the sense of freedom from bondage. Her husband was dead, and she was free. She had seen the fate fast approaching, and, magnetized by Paul's strong will, had been powerless to escape.

As she said this to herself, she mechanically drew away her dress from the vacant seat where a gentleman had placed himself beside her. He bent forward and looked in her face. It was Paul.

"You see you can't escape me, Judith," he said, under his breath; "you might have known that I would have followed you to the Antipodes. Further disguise is useless. Fate has united us again, and Fate itself shall not separate us."

Let us not condemn them, but pray, rather: "Lead us not into temptation."

One of Gov. Curtin's Boys. Gov. Curtin, who is quite a conspicuous figure at Washington, both in congress and in social circles, writes a correspondent, created a sensation at the theater one evening. He had been anxious to see Henry Irving, and told Mrs. Curtin and their daughter, Mrs. Wilson, to go, and he would meet them there.

They did not engage a seat for him. No, no, he would not sit there. "All right," he said as they parted. The house stayed in session on the river and harbor bill until it was quite late, and by the time the governor reached the theater there was standing room only, and very little of that.

He wedged himself in among the aisles and sat in front of some men who were perched upon a window-sill. One of them touched him upon the shoulder and told him to stand aside. Just then a big, double-fisted fellow, who was standing close by, pointed his finger up at the three window-sill ornaments and said, "That's you, you know you're showing."

That getting louder: "In one of the boys; I served under you, governor; nobody shall shove you around where I am; git down off that window-sill, he shouted; 'git down quick,' and as they said, 'he came out, and he said, 'knock them down, governor; still I knock them down' and the fellow fairly danced with excitement. By this time the door-keepers had reached the parties, when Curtin's protector shouted: 'Git the old governor a seat,' and pulling out a roll of bills, 'git him a seat,' he commanded the voice of silence the actors on the stage. 'Git him a seat; here's the money for it.' There was one private box not yet occupied, and the managers were glad to rush Curtin into it to end the scene that was not on the bills. 'One of the boys,' he called himself, then took his station in the private box, and for the rest of the evening gazed intently into the private box at the old war governor, who, during the melee, was unable to avoid the attention he was receiving. It created more amusement and applause than any scene in the play.

A Trade in Curlew's Wings. The cowboys here, writes a Midland, Tex., correspondent, in the good weather are doing a little business on their own account by killing wolves with strychnine for their hides. The hides they send to Chicago, getting a fair return for them. A New York woman, who came out here to keep a hotel, and her husband, has started up an interest in curlew's wings, which are fashionable ornaments for ladies' hats, and the cowboys are killing curlews now by the score: The curlew is abundant on the staked plains, and their wings, which are brownish-green, with splashes of dark brown on the tips, are very good backgrounds in millinery. The curlew nests in the prairies by scraping up some dry grass under a tuft of gramma grass. They drop four eggs into the nest, and it is as rare as to discover a four-toed bird in a nest where the four small ends are done for civilization. The curlew's wings bring 10 cents a pair here.

Killed by a Queer Projectile. On Monday afternoon, while Mr. John Wendell of Hallowell, was at the mills, his wife was in the park at work on the sewing machine, while her child Willie was seated near the window, directly in front of her, looking at one of the large children's picture books. Mrs. Wendell was sewing busily on the machine, a large and heavy one, when suddenly the needle and thread came flying again taken her seat when she noticed her child's head leaning upon the book. Going over to him she was horrified to observe a tiny stream of blood trickling down from his bright golden hair. Little Willie was dead. The fatal needle, broken, had been hurled through the air and had pierced the child's brain. The parents are almost heartbroken, and many an eye in Hallowell has shed a silent and unaccompanied tear in memory of their lost darling. —Chico (Cal.) Chronicle.

An Essay on Cider. The apple is the king of all fruits. A choice apple of high quality, when exactly properly ripened, has no superior among the things that grow on trees, and what the kitchen has done for civilization baking does for the apple. It is refined in the oven and brought out still higher than the richest of its uncooked fellows. But, while the raw apple is fine and the cooked apple is finer, there is a feeling that both are inferior to cider itself. There are two hours past the usual time when she saw them coming slowly across the fields. Judith, coming in alone, remarked her looks with surprise, and stooped to kiss her. But Elsie drew back.

"No, Cousin Judith, don't! I can't say my heart is any more, because I think of you always, and I sometimes feel as if you were so cruel that I can't

A Japanese Girl's Toilet.

When a Japanese girl gets up in the morning, she washes her face, but does not have to dress her hair. That is attended to but once a week. The hair-dresser comes to her house and arranges her jet-black locks in the fashion for little girls of her age. So she has no trouble about her hair, and after her bath the servant assists her to powder her neck with a small white brush. She puts a little red paint on her lower lip, and a little gilding in the middle. When she removes her sleeping-dress, she has on only a short skirt, which is simply square piece of cloth, crape, or silk, tied around the waist. No other under-clothing is worn.

In making her toilet for the day, she first puts on a garment made usually of some coarse material, not very long, and reaching only to the waist, but with long sleeves. On the neck of this garment is sewed a deep fold of scarlet or some bright-colored crape or silk. A long, straight skirt of blue or red crape, silk, or wool is tied around the waist and over all three of these garments is worn the kimono, or dress. This is of some fine material, made of coarse spun silk or thick crape. For festivals and holidays the dresses are of very fine material and very handsome. The outer dress is simply a wrapper reaching to the feet, with very long and wide sleeves hanging nearly to the ground, and used as pockets only to the waist, and with a place in which to put the great toe (just as mittens have a place for the thumb), she goes out to say "Ohayo," or good-morning, to her father and mother. —M. C. Griffith, in St. Nicholas for March.

Profits of Literature. Some idea of the profits of literature may be gained from the fact that an author generally receives from the publisher but 10 per cent on the retail price of the copies of the work actually sold. As most books do not sell more than 1,000 copies, the author gets, provided the work is not commonly supposed. Mr. Stowe received, it is said, owing to various untoward circumstances, only some \$20,000 or \$25,000 for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has, probably, had a larger sale than any work ever published. The "Innocents Abroad" earned for its author only about \$20,000, although he has been credited with three that sum. So popular a series of books as "American Men of Letters" and "American Statesmen" will not have an average sale of more than 3,000 to 3,500 copies. At \$1.25 per copy the authors would not get more than \$437, and yet five or six months must be required to acquire the volumes properly. This is a much smaller compensation than the most ordinary clerk or salesman would receive. Indeed, it is not equal to the wages of a common mechanic. Consequently, only those who are in independent circumstances, and who can support themselves by other means, can afford to devote to literature. Authorship ought to bring a good deal of honor, since the emolument is so starvingly slender. —New York Post.

The Boiling Lake of Dominica. A glance into the infernal caldron that lies before us informs us that we are standing here at the mouth of a still active volcano. The basin of the lake lies in the midst of a deep, steeply descending cleft, the crater, to which one stream comes from the north. One of the streams brings cold chalybeate water, and runs by the basin to unite with its warm effluent; the other, bringing warm water, empties into the boiling lake. On the south of the crater gaps an opening in the wall which constitutes the outlet of the lake. It is of the shape of an inverted T, and is from the great gorges of the 1881, in which the valley-forest was destroyed. Previous to this time the area of the lake was about three times as great as it is now, when its diameter is only about forty-five paces. In the center of the basin is a geyser issuing from a point of the mountain, which, when we observed it, spouted to a height of some fifteen or twenty feet. Other geysers have given it a height of from sixty to a hundred feet. In the interior of the mud-heap of the geyser we remarked, whenever the wind blew the steam away, a kind of tuffaceous structure, of which we were able to learn any thing more exactly. Great masses of sulphurous gas escape over the whole surface of the basin from the black, muddy fluid, and keep up a loud roaring and humming, which only heightens the dismal aspect of the whole place. —Dr. Fr. Jobow, in Popular Science Monthly for March.

El Mahdi as a Bonancer. In view of the fact that all of General Wolsley's advanced commands are on the run back to Korti, the following poem, published some time ago, would seem to have been written in the spirit of prophecy as well as of poetry: I, I am the boss of the sandy Soudan, And hardly think a more competent man Could be found between Tennessee and Japan To bounce the bold British invader.

I'm a twelve-fingered, bow-legged son of a gun, I'm a sonnet from way-back—a child of the sun. I'm a dandy, a la-lah, a darrin', a bun'. I'm a red-headed ripper and rader. My followers number two millions or more, And every man of 'em equal to four. They're not much for style but they're dangerous. They're bad men from Keshir-el-Wadir. El Gordon I've captured, I'm happy to state; El Stewart has met his well-merited fate; I'll butcher El Wolsley if he'll only wait, And Queen Vic will think lack has betrayed her.

So strike, shirtless sons of the shimmering sand, And understand, that my prophet (that's me, understand), Diemebol for the insolent infidel band! Virect the infernal order!

"Worth," says a fashion item, "is making his wraps in such a way that they give a slender effect to the figure." This is well. They have long given a slender effect to the pocket-book. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

GLEANINGS.

On his head and ears his cap of seal. He pulls it good and strong. He pulls it good and strong. Man wants but little sleep. Nor wants that little long.

Machines for moistening postage stamps are being manufactured. Natural gas in Pittsburgh sells for 12¢ per 1,000 feet, possible explosions thrown in.

Henry Irving says much of the mortality of this country is due to buck-wheat cakes. A pamphlet has been lately published in London advocating the fining of people who have more than three children.

It has been proposed at Harvard University to advise with the students as to rules of order. Possibly it would be better to advise with their parents. It takes the new member of a Legislature about two weeks to understand that not ten members in the house know him from the fourth assistant superintendent of ventilation. —Topeka Lance.

Another true source of the Mississippi River has been discovered. Probably the voyager of the future, who shall set out in quest of the North Pole, may be led there by the Father of Waters. It is now suggested that the sewerage which flows into the rivers, lakes or sea does not represent just so much wasted fertilizing material, but that it is more profitably utilized as increasing the production of fish.

The one-man power, lodged in the hands of an unscrupulous manipulator like Gould, and controlling the great system of transportation, is a standing menace to the industrial life of the country. —Nashville American.

Woman suffrage has become a political issue in England and Scotland. Women have already municipal suffrage there and it is only a question of a very short time till they vote just as men do. —Ida A. Harper in Terre Haute Mail.

It is doubtful," says the Graphic, "if there are fifty men in the United States who speak their own language correctly." It is quite probable that every one of these fifty or less is teaching a foreign language in a university.

There has never been a government in any age of the world till now, in which organized incendiaries and assassins were allowed to plan publicly and declare with impunity schemes for the wholesale destruction of property and life. —Indianapolis News.

Colored men will do well to give heed to the wise counsels of Fred Douglas. If they want to be considered the equals of white men, they must make themselves such by their own personal endeavors, and not depend upon legislative acts. —St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

The average abuses and the average injustice, through the usual prevalence of might over right, and the impunity with which the government element is compared with the governed, run pretty much in the same proportion in the east as they do in the west. —Hobart Pasha's paper on Turkey.

The Almighty has done much for us, giving us a prolific soil, rich minerals, a temperate climate, and every advantage to our very doors except population to develop them. It is our duty to endeavor to do so. These two essentials we need and we need them badly. —Mobile Register.

The Chinese are the importers of much evil, and are the initial promoters of one of the most vicious habits ever instituted. But the Chinese question will never be settled in the United States as long as this country receives with apparent welcome all the paper refuse of other nations. —Minneapolis Tribune.

A prominent theatrical manager of London holds that no person, save a surpassing genius or a low comedian, has a right in the dramatic profession unless possessed of physical beauty. It ought not to have required a very protracted mental effort to arrive at this sapient conclusion. It will be generally admitted that a person who cannot act should at least be good to look upon.

A new grammar has just been published in England which has some new features, among them a Sound Alphabet. The author gives the following example of its use, which will be of interest to the students of phonetics in this country: Sweet substantial luvliest vianje or the plaining: Where health and plenty chide the laboring swain: When smiling spring its earliest vernal shade: And parting summer lingering blooms de-lade: Drove luvli vines of innocent and ease: Sets off my youth, who never e'er good please. How often have I lottored over the grene: How humbled hapless Inderlie eche sense!

The Brooklyn Express reports that a theatrical manager says: "I don't know whether you know it or not, but nearly every prominent star, and many of the most successful theatres, are not run by the men whose names are printed as managers, half so much as by some quiet individual who holds the position of the power behind the throne, and who is not generally known to the public as the head of the firm." So it is with nearly all commercial and political enterprises. The world does not know the men who are really moving it.

A Washington dispatch says: "A new wrinkle in telephones has been discovered and is endorsed by Professor Bell, by which messages transmitted by telephone are taken down automatically upon paper in the same way that the telegraph prints the Morse alphabet upon paper. This telephone improvement is being kept a close secret, only two or three having been given any knowledge of it, while Professor Bell is working to perfect it in order to obtain a patent upon it. Those who have a knowledge of what it is expected to do declare that it is the greatest development of the telephone since it was originally patented."

A letter from Hartford City, Ind., says: "Viola McDermott, one of the people who has told the most vivid stories of her travels in the revival here, said to me: 'I know as well as anything when the trance is coming on, for I have been in one four times. The darkness begins at the edges of the room and comes toward me from all sides, growing closer and closer. I get it then, and then my sight is gone. I can't talk. I am in both worlds; in this, because I can hear everything that is said around, and in the other, because there are habitations, as you call them, which rise up on each side, glorious and magnificent. The light is not white, but radiant and bright. I go there in two ways,—one, with nothing on my mind, and all is happiness; the other, when I have a sinner to save and am appealing for him. That is hard work, and I suffer. My coming back is just the same as my going. I am always very tired afterward.'" Everybody is now asking "What's a

McClellan as an Organizer.

Gen. McClellan was indefatigable in reorganizing the army routed at Bull Run, writes Ben: Parley Poore to the Boston Budget, and he used every day to ride or walk through the camps about Washington in citizen's dress, looking out for abuses, and he looked like a soldier. One day as he was strolling through the rear of a regimental encampment, he saw a pall of some dark-looking mixture standing by a fire, and asked what it was. "It's coffee," said the soldier who was officiating as cook. "To me," replied McClellan, "it looks more like soup."

"Oh," said the soldier, "it is not fit to drink, but we have to put up with it, and our other food is not a bit better." "Well, whose fault is it?" he asked. "Oh, our quartermaster is drunk most of the time, and when he is not he is studying how to cheat." McClellan passed on, and he had the evidence of the dirty and slovenly manner in which the quartermaster conducted the operations in his tent, he accented him with the remark that the men were complaining of bad treatment from him. The quartermaster flew into a passion, and swore it was none of his business, and he had better not come sneaking around trying to make mischief. McClellan answered him, telling him he had better be cautious how he talked. Quartermaster replied: "Who are you, that you assume so much apparent authority?" "I am George B. McClellan, and you can pack up your traps and leave." The quartermaster was struck dumb, and McClellan turned and left him. That evening the quartermaster left to the tune of the "Rogue's March," played by some of the boys who had got wind of it.

Gen. McClellan made a laudable endeavor to secure Sunday as a day of rest for the vast body of troops encamped around the federal metropolis. The chaplains were accorded the sovereignty of the day after the usual Sunday morning inspection, and the men were not given any leave of absence, so that but few of them were to be seen on the streets of Washington. Those streets were the most desolate of any village. There were no horse railroads, and the rickety omnibuses did not run. A few scattered army-guards loitered through the streets, bearing their loads of bread and provisions to some suburban camp. A few private carriages bore their owners a mile or so to take their tea. Now and then a coach was seen, driven slowly by a tall paragon of propriety in white gloves and ruffled shirt, with an ebony hat and complexion, while within were seated, in softly-cushioned luxury, Mr. and Mrs. Moneybags, wearing no expression save one of mild resignation to the plums of fortune. No newsmen smoked with their shrill, discordant cries the stillness of the summer air. No jangling bells from rattling wagons announced to all the neighborhood the sudden arrival of somebody's morning milk. No street-cars bowed merrily by their wheels, and filled with happy, social faces, which would have made even aristocratic Mr. Moneybags, in his solitary coach, turn pale with envy. Save the light footfall of pedestrians and the creaking noise of the public pumps, as their long iron handles were piled incessantly by those in quest of water, there was heard in all the streets of Washington.

The Treadmill Cold Bath Fields. But now we come to the strangest of all the sights in this great prison—the gallery where the great treadmill continually revolves with a dull, resounding clatter, and where the prisoners, on either side are rows of grey-coated prisoners, the strangest collection of human scoundrels, as, clinging to a wooden bar above them, they skip from step to step of the slowly turning wheel, and are never an inch further advanced for all their weary toiling. A minutes' sight of human degradation—as painful to witness, perhaps, as to endure—with a ludicrous touch about it, too, that adds to the degradation. Not all the prisoners are at work, however, a third of them are resting—for each man's daily task is divided into quarter hours, of which a minutes' rest is spent on the wheel and five minutes sitting down. A prisoner with a can gone round and supplies those who are resting with water. And this is the real hard labor of the prison—an ordeal that all must go through who are thus sentenced. A month on the treadmill is a punishment as severe as any that is pronounced upon any man who is sentenced. A month on the treadmill is a punishment as severe as any that is pronounced upon any man who is sentenced. A month on the treadmill is a punishment as severe as any that is pronounced upon any man who is sentenced.

The Gordon Type of Heroism. Gordon's English heart or English faith did not narrow over on the Nile. His manhood was of the universal type. Place him in China, in Abyssinia, in the Soudan, or among English roughs, this slight, delicate, and almost effeminate-looking man became a king in whom men trusted. He is the most striking example of the universalism of the hero character in the world, and his biography. He had some force in him that was intelligible to everything that had in it the passions and perceptions of a man. The world will wait long for another such career, and longer yet, perhaps, for another such example of simplicity in character and in action. England has had heroes who loved duty better than life, but never one before who, while he loved life little and never cared for it at all as an end, crowded its days and nights, in unspitting rigor, with the service which makes it most worth living.

Falling to Hit at Three Paces. In the Baltic provinces a system of dueling prevails which is not a bit different from the one which is in vogue in the United States. The pistols are placed only three paces apart; the pistols are held with the muzzle pointing upward, and are brought down and discharged at a given signal. It may appear almost impossible for two men to miss each other at so short a distance, but this is not the case. Each of the opponents is so desperately anxious to gain the least fraction of a second on his adversary that, on the signal being given, the weapons are often brought down with so hurried and violent a jerk that the bullets burr through the air, and are discharged at a duel fought last year at Riga between an officer and a student in that town, three shots were exchanged without any result, while at the fourth discharge the student had the great toe of his right foot cut clean off by his opponent's bullet.

A Greeley lady has in her possession a ring which was taken from the finger of a Cheyenne Indian, and which was killed at Fort Robinson. The name of "Alice Cheney" is engraved in the ring, and she is anxious to find the owner or friends of the former owner of the ring. —Greeley (Col.) Tribune.