SWEETHEART NELL.

"Sweetheart Nell, I want to whisper
Something tender in your ear;
Something I, and not the roses
Or the listening robins hear."
"Never mind the rose or robin;
If you've something nice to tell,
Take a girl's advice and tell it,"
Answered laughing sweetheart Nell.

"Listen, then; I love you darling,
More than any words can say;
If I'd make you understand it
I must find some other way.
Love must find a better language
Than mere spoken words can tell
All its passions, all its longing."
"Find it, then," laughed sweetheart Nell.

"I have often thought that kisses
Were the language of the heart,
When a lover to his maiden
Would his tend'rest thoughts impart.
I could make you know in kisses,
What in words I cannot tell."
"Then if I were you I'd do it."
Laughed bewitching sweetheart Nell.

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

A ponderous step sounded in the narrow hallway and a succession of thundering knocks made my door rattle on its hinges. I recognized that heavy step, so like the tread of an enraged elephant, and wondered what under heaven had brought Maj. Philpot to my humble lodgings. Before I could answer the raps, the door was burst violently open, disclosing the collossal figure of the choleric major, who, evidently in a towering rage, stalked across the floor, and seated himself in the only safe chair the place afforded. I am far from being a rich man, you understand.

"Hope I see you well," I began, politely, scarcely knowing just how to take him, for his uncertain temper was a subject for comment by all who knew or had ever heard of him.

"Hope you do, sir; yes sir," roared he, bringing his cane down on the floor with a bang. "You're old George Green, ain't you?"

"I am George Green, at your service, sir," said I, smothering my indignation at his brusque manner, "and, as to my age——"

"To the d——l with your age, man!" interrupted the major with a grunt. "Who the dence cares how old you are? Keep that as a choice morsel for tea-drinking women. I came to see you to-day because I have heard about you, and am told you are the very man I want to do business with."

"You do me proud!" said I, as the major paused for want of breath. "Shall be happy to serve you in my small way, if——"

"Lord save us!" ejaculated the major, growing alarmingly red in the face in his efforts to make himself heard the full length of the block. "Why on earth don't you keep still and let me speak. Only one man may talk when I'm around, and I'm that man! D'ye hear that?"

"Anybody can hear you that chooses to listen, if he isn't as deaf as a door-post!"

The major is a rich man and I am not, but there the difference in favor of the major ends; and perhaps nobody ever had talked to him like this before. Any way he calmed down a trifle.

"I'm told you are a detective," he growled, in a deep bass that had all the effect of pent-up thunder in my little room."

"I am."

"I flattered myself that if, as they say it is, "brevity is the soul of wit," my reply must absolutely have had a paralyzing effect on the doughty major. But nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he actually seemed to be pleased I had said so little.

"I'll tell you what it is, Green," he broke out presently, in a stentorian tone, "I'm in a dreadful fix, and I want your help. Understand?"

"Perfectly."

"There's my daughter. You've heard of my daughter, haven't you?"

"Often."

"And she's got no end of beaux and such like fol-de-rols. They all swear by the crook of her little finger that she's the one object of the world worth having."

"To be sure."

"And what with the fifty thousand dollars that her grandmother left her—fifty thousand gold dollars! think of it!—I don't feel inclined to dispute the point. By ardent young men, ladies with fifty thousand dollar bank accounts are objects to be desired, and my Arabella seems to be no exception. But, sir," and the irate father brought his migthy fist down with a resounding whack on his ponderous leg that threatened to split the broadcloth, and rising to his full height, he fairly bellowed, "if my daughter Arabella's judgment is blinded by the little god called Cupid, Arabella's dad, sir, is up and coming, and feels himself able to cope with a thousand fortune-hunting lovers; let them come singly or in pairs—or in battalions, even!"

"I've no doubt about that," as the major paused to gather in a little wind and glared wickedly from the corner of his one eye; "and, if I understand it, you want my assistance in outwitting the rascals."

"That's the very thing!" roared he, in a tone that made the windows rattle. "That's just it, exactly! You've hit the nail slap on the head! Is this way: My Arabella has actually lost her senses, and gone head over heels in love with young Pillkins—know him?"

"Intimately."

"Poorer than a church mouse, prouder than Lucifer, and a demned Democrat in politics! By the Lord Harry! Arabella needn't think for a minute that she can foist young Pillkins on her old dad as his son-in-law. No, sirree. I hate his poverty. I hate his pride. I hate his demnition politics. I hate his very name—Pillkins—pah!"

Pillkins was a lawyer, and once upon a time had been a rival of my own. He was proud; he was poor; and, moreover, he was my sworn enemy. If I could spoil his prospects of marriage with the major's heiress. I determined to do so. Here was my revenge, and revenge is sweet. That is, those who have had an oppertunity to know say it is, and I believe them.

"Pillkins knows what I think of his trying to marry my daughter. I've told him. Not only have I told him in plain words that he is a fortune-huuter, but I enforced it by kicking him off the front piazza no longer ago than this morning," went on the major.

"And what did he say to that?"

"Say," roared Philpot, prancing angrily about the room. "Good Lord! He just got up, bowed politely, lifted his hat, if you'll believe me! the impudent dog! and, says he, 'Since you adopt heroic treatment, my deah major I feel obliged to follow your example and prosecute this courtship in a heroic mannah. I'll have your daughter, or I'll die trying to win her. Remember that. But he's mistaken; no Pillkins will ever wed a Philpot—perish the thought. I overheard them planning an elopement, and I intercepted a note from him not two hours ago, in which he gave her the details, and set the time, even to the hour. It is to take place to-night. We give a grand party, you know, and she is to slip away after supper, when the carriages are drawn up in line before the pavement and the guests are taking their departure. She is to put on a long dark wrap, and carry a tuberose in her hand, by which he is to recognize her. There is to be a carriage handy. She is to enter it, and the driver is to go to the—devil. But, unknown to Mr. Pillkins, Arabella's old dad is to put in his appearance just at this opportune time and stop the performance, and Arabella herself is to be yanked up-stairs and sent to bed."

"And what am I to do?"

"You are to come to the ball as a guest. I will introduce you to my daughter, and you must shadow her during the whole evening. She must not be allowed to evade us. I would go home now and lock her up and have an end to it all but for the party. It would never do for her to be absent when our guests arrive. I've spent a small fortune on this party, and I want it to be a success, and I am determined not to give up the entertainment, nor to allow Pillkins to run away with Arabella."

"I'll be there early," said I, eagerly.

"Do. I'll give you a hundred dollars to help me outwit the rascally Pillkins. He's entirely too smart in his own estimation. And if he thinks he will ever 'feather his nest'—figuratively speaking, of course—with Arabella's $50,000, why, then, he'll do it through old Philpot's mistake—that's all."

"You can depend upon me, and I never expect to earn a hundred dollars more easily than I will to-night, my dear major. Let me see: tuberoses—dark wraps—waiting carriages at about 3 o'clock in the morning. I give you my word Maj. Philpot, that if Pillkins gets at Arabella to-night you may use my head for a football."

"Good. I'll expect you early," and with that he tore himself away.

* * * * * *

I hired an elaborate evening suit and took my way to the Philpot mansion. The major lived in elegant style in a big stone-house on Schuyler avenue. He had given me a card, which I sent up by a servant. Instantly the major came into the study where the servant had conducted me to wait a moment.

"Gad!" says he, "you look like a dandy."

"I am a dandy," says I, for to-night, any way. How goes it?"

"Lovely. Arabella suspects nothing. She is rather more affectionate than common, but, in view of her intended flight, perhaps not more so than is natural."

A heavy velvet curtain that concealed a doorway trembled slightly and caught my attention for a moment. What if somebody should overhear us; but no that was impossible. I stepped toward the curtain, but at that moment the beautiful Arabella herself appeared in the farther recess.

"My daughter, this is Mr. Sidesinger, of Columbus. Miss Philpot, Mr. Sidesinger," says the major, introducing us.

The major and I had agreed that I should be known that evening as a Mr. Sidesinger from Ohio—a particular friend of his whom he had not met with in a long time.

As an old friend of her father's I hope Miss Philpot will reserve me a few of the dances on her tablet," says I to the young lady.

"As many as you like," she said affably, and I marked as many as I dared.

She was called away just then by a lot of fresh arrivals; but I managed soon to make my way through the crowd into the ball room. I knew she would not attempt to leave the house before supper, so there was nothing to worry myself about. You know it is not often that a poor detective gets a chance to mingle with the fashionable swells as an equal, and I wanted to make the best of it.

Whenever I thought of Pillkins—and it was often enough to keep me in good humor—I could not help but laugh in my sleeve at the trick we were going to play on him. To earn a hundred dollars and be revenged on your enemy at the same time is enough to make any body cheerful, and Miss Philpot had no occasion to complain of inattention on my part, when in course of the evening I claimed her for a partner. I danced her and I iced her and I walked her four thousand miles, I firmly believe, around the big conservatory. I frequently caught the major's eye, but he smiled the broadest kind of approval, and long before supper-time I had earned the undying hatred of a score of young fellows who envied me my good luck in putting the rest of her admirers in the shade—so to speak. As the hour grew later, I noticed Miss Philpot began to cast furtive glances toward the little study. The major, busy with his guests, still took time to send me two lines by a servant, bidding me to be on my guard. I determined not to take my eyes off his wayward daughter, and though it was impossible to be constantly at her side, still I hovered near enough to see every motion on her part. What puzzled me most was the fact that, contrary to our expectation, she made no motion to leave the parlors. It was long past 2 o'clock. The dancers had tired themselves out and were now scattered here and there in the dressing rooms, or stood wrapped and ready to make their adieux. The time had come, if at all, when the elopement would be attempted. I gradually approached Miss Philpot, but a crowd of people were around her.

"Carriage for the Misses Fenton," "carriage for Col. Bellairs," "carriage for Mr. Parkinson and ladies," cried a number of voices at once, and a stream of people drifted down the broad steps. Miss Philpot languidly advanced into the hall. I followed closely. She was without the prescribed dark wrap and the tuberosies. She seemed not to have the slightest idea of running away with Mr. Philkins. Was it all a mistake of the major's excited fancy after all? I could not help but think so. Still, I waited. Miss Philpot lifted her head and glanced casually in my direction. The stream of people melted away from before her. As I pushed my way through the crowd that surged into the broad hall, she stepped near the wide open door. A roll of carpeting had been laid down the steps and across the pavement. I worked my way toward her, determined to keep her within reaching distance. At that moment a barouche dashed up, and halted suddenly opposite Miss Philpot.

"Carriage for Catherwood," cried the driver. The door opened, as if by magic—a tall form sprang out.

Miss Philpot glided forward. At that instant I recognized Mr. Pilkins.

"No, you don't," said I, clutching at Miss Philpot's flowing robe, as she flew toward him. The filmy dress gave way in my hand; the carriage door closed upon her white figure and the driver put whip to the horses. A hack stood next in line.

"Fifty dollars to you if you follow and overtake that carriage," I yelled to the driver and jumped into the vehicle.

We tore down the street like mad, leaving Maj. Philpot standing at his deserted home filling the night air with imprecations. The flight and the pursuit had taken place in much less time than it takes me to tell it now. It had been almost instantaneous in its quickness, and I did not like to be balked at this stage in the game. Where now was revenge, and where, too, were my hundred dollars? Come what would, I determind at all hazards to overtake the runaway.

"Lay on the whip," I cried to my driver.

"The horses are in a dead run," he answered back. "We ain't more than a half a block behind Mr. Pilkins."

"Then you recognized Pilkins?"

"Oh, yes."

"Keep 'em in sight, and if they stop at any place, increase your speed and catch up with them."

We raced down Broad street, turned the corner of Fourth, and headed for the river.

"Where can that infernal fellow be going?" I thought, watching anxiously the carriage as it dashed over the road in advance of us. We chased them for nearly an hour, when I perceived that we were gaining perceptibly. The driver of the barouche noticed it, and pulled up suddenly in the middle of the road

"I'd like to know what in the dence you fellows are racing me for at this time of the night," cried he.

"I want Miss Philpot," I retorted, jumping down and opening the door of the barouche.

The driver laughed sardonically.

"You won't find her here."

The night was nearly as light as day. The moon shining so brightly that one might almost have read print without glasses, precluded the idea of her having escaped from the carriage without my knowledge.

"Miss Philpot," says I, putting my head inside the carriage, "you must return to your father."

The carriage was empty; Miss Philpot was not there—nor yet Mr. Pilkins, either.

I was confounded.

"What hocus-pocus work is this?" I cried, angrily. "She was here, for I saw her enter this very vehicle an hour ago."

The driver laughed again; a quizzing, hateful laugh that made me long to knock him down.

"Oh, yes, to be sure she was here. She just got in at one side of this here coach, and she immediately jumped out at the other side, as pre arrangement. And that there Pillkins had a big waterproof that he slipped over her white ball-dress and slipped her into a gig as was waitin' for 'em at the corner. And they're man an wife by this time, in spite of all the detectives in Illinoy. Pillkins give me twenty dollars to race off here and lead you a wild-goose chase, and I'm durned if it hasn't been the best joke in the business to see you smart Alecks fooled so neatly. Hooror for Pillkins."

It was enough to make any man swear, and I swore curses not only loud but deep.

Both the drivers laughed.

"I'll take my fifty dollars, Mr. Green," said the fellow I had employed; "and if it's all the same, I'll take it now."

In a dejected and surly mood I returned home.

It was a week afterward that Maj. Philpot thundered down my little hallway, and, thundering at my door once more, thundered himself into my small room, and filled up my best chair with his rotund figure.

"It a demned fine little game they played us, eh, Green, isn't it?" said he, blandly, as he pulled out his big pocket-book and unrolled some bills. "By George! You know my Arabella had Pillkins hidden behind the curtains in the library that night of the party, and they overheard every blamed word we said, and laid their plans to outwit us," and he roared with laughter.

I was amazed.

"But you don't mean to say, do you, major, that you've taken that scamp into your friendship after such a trick as he served you?"

The major only laughed the louder.

"All's fair in love and war, Green, and here's your money. I ain't giving it to you, you know, because you succeeded in keeping my Arabella from eloping, but just for the reason you failed to do so. Pillkins is a brick—a perfect brick—do you hear that?" And the major slapped his legs with immense satisfaction.

"He's poor, I know, but he's sharper than lightning, and as to his politics, while I don't vote as he does, yet they do say that the Democrats are going to run him for the Legislature this fall; and if he pulls in at the head of the race—and I'll bet my bottom dollar he will—why Arabella's dad, sir, will stand in with him to the last cent of his pile."

"What about Arabella herself?" says I, completely dumbfounded at the turn of affairs.

"By gad, sir! Arabella is actually worth fifty thousand dollars more, in my opinion, than before she eloped with Pillkins. Sharp girl is Arabella—just like her old dad, sir, for all the world. Bless you! they came home next morning bold as lions, and my Arabella plumped herself right down on my left leg, and, handing me her marriage certificate, says, as smilingly as you please: "We're married in spite of your Mr. Green, papa; and here we are, and what are going to do about it?"

"And what will you do about it?" says I.

"By the Lord Harry!" roars the Major, "there was only one thing I could do—and that was to forgive em; and I did it right on the spot."

So that was the kind of revenge I was getting on Pillkins. Married to the girl of his choice in spite of me, and taken into favor by her father in the bargain, his punishment was entirely too vague to be a pleasure to me.

"It's all over town," went on Major Philpot, "how they got ahead of us, and here's your money, Green. I'm going to give you fifty dollars extra, so you can set 'em up' to the boys, for there'll be no end of the chaffing you'll get in the next ten days. There's your money, Green, and much obliged to you."

And Pillkins?

"Well, Pillkins actually did go to the Legislature, and is quoted as one of the big guns in his party. He literally rolls in clover, and lives on the fat of the land, and to this day is referred to with pride by Maj. Philpot as "my son-in-law."

And as for me, before I ever attempt again to "head off a runaway couple, may somebody come along and kindly kick me higher than Gilderoy's celebrated kite.

THE SCRAPBOOK CURE.

How Boys Who Read Dime Novels Can be Cured of Their Bad Taste.

Boston Herald.

A trustee of the Providence public library has undertaken to cure the small boy of his interest in the dime novel, and can be said to have succeeded. He has met the antecedent with its consequent. He has gathered into a scrapbook the adventures of the boys who read dime novels, and has made it his business in a quiet way to ask the boys one by one who are interested in these stories to spend an hour or two in reading, not the imaginative story, but the way in which the small boy has attempted to realize how boys ought to live and what they ought to be allowed to do. It is said that the dime novel boy usually reads the scrapbook, which is rapidly increasing in size as the fresh exploits of the dime novel adventurers are added to it, about two hours. He then lays it down in disgust, and nothing can induce him to return to these stories again. He asks the person in charge of the reading-room for a better class of books.

This cure of a disease with its own poison has been so effective in Providence that the trustee in question is thinking of taking out a patent for the process lest other libraries and the heads of families and the guardian of the small boy generally may appropriate his invention without due credit. The scrap book alluded to is called the Dime Novel Illustrated, and it is suggested to this gentleman before he goes much furthur that he should put his scrap book to press, secure his copyright at home and abroad, and stand up for honors as the only man in the world who has so far succeeded in outwitting the average American boy by giving him a sufficient antidote to the evil which, in the form of devilish literature, he is anxious to take into his mind and heart, to make him abandon these stories in disgust.

He is the first among moderns to give point to the old saying, "Look on this picture and then on that," and it is the other picture that is powerful enough to wind up the dime novel business. These are the days of realism in literature, and this man going further than Mr. Howells or Mr. James or even M. Zola, has substituted the pastepot and scissors for the imagination, gathering his horrors and tragedies from actual life, in the firm belief that if truth is not stronger than fiction, it has a wonderful power at the right moment over an awakened mind.

Increase of Cancer.

From the Popular Science Monthly.

If the data of the registrar general's reports are correct, cancer is steadily increasing in England, and the rate of increase is augmenting. Thus, during the ten years 1850-59 the increase in the number of deaths from this disease was 2,000, showing an average increase of about 200; from 1860 to 1869 the number of deaths was 80,049, and the average annual increase 248; and from 1870 to 1879, 111,301 deaths occured, with an annual increase of 320. Dr. Charles Moore attempted to show, in a book published in 1865, that cancer thrives with good living, and that its increase was an accompaniment of the improved economical condition and vitality of the British people. It abounds where the conditions are ordinarily most favorable to health and more among the rich than among the poor. According to a French observer, about ten per cent. of the wealthy classes and 7 per cent. of the poorer classes are afflicted with cancer. The disease, according to Dr. Crisp, also prevails among animals, more frequently among flesh-eaters than among herb-eaters, and among domesticated than among wild animals. It is not zymotic or infectious, or conveyed in any way, nor is it transmissible, though the predisposition to it may be inherited; but it begins de nova in each individual whom it attacks. The only efficient remedy for it is the surgical one, and that should be applied at the earlier stages of the disease, while the affection is still local.

Building Fashion.

New York Letter.

There are all kinds of tastes and notions among men of wealth, and the money which one man will put into books another will put into a house and make it different from anything else, in order to be original. Here, for instance, is a man who is building a house which will be as completely fireproof as a down-town bank. The floors are iron and brick, and what is more remarkable, the ceilings are only ten feet high. He has (as he says) got enough of long flights of stairs and prefers comfort to appearance. I may add that a number of rich men are building houses with ceilings just as low. It is a reaction from that ridiculous notion of height which has made New York stairways so ruinous to woman's health. From twelve to sixteen feet has been the prevailing custom, but the injurious effect resulting from this extreme height justify a change which may yet become popular even among the gentry.

Reminiscence of Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln was a wonderful man in ways of which the public have never heard. Joshua Bell of Kentucky had a rich experience with him. Bell was sent at the head of a delegation from the Kentucky Legislature to represent certain facts to Lincoln and secure some desired action from the Executive. The committee was admitted to the White House, where Bell, who was an able man and strong speaker, made a powerful representation of his case. At its close Lincoln got up and came among the Kentuckians. He began to talk with one and the other about old Kentucky friends. Then he linked arms with Bell and walked back and forth with him for an hour, chatting and talking and especially telling funny stories. Finally other visitors pressed for his attention, and the Kentuckians withdrew and started for home. They got as far as Cincinnati before it occurred to Bell that they had not secured a single expression from Lincoln concerning the object of their visit.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

From the Youth's Companion.

In the autumn of 1882 the writer, in company with an officer of the army, was riding along a trail which led through one of the detached mountain ranges that border the White Mountains, or San Carlos Indian Reservation.

Having reached an open part of the trail, the horses were walking along at a brisk pace when, upon turning an abrupt angle, which opened upon an extended and magnificent scene, both horses shied, stopped short, and with heads high in air and nostrils distended, evinced unmistakable signs of fear.

The officer, who was an experienced frontiersman, apprehending the cause, quickly exclaimed: "Be on your guard, there are Indians hereabouts; the horses smell them."

Realizing that it would be as safe, perhaps, for us to remain where we were as it would be to turn back, we began reconnoitring, our horses, meantime, manifesting great uneasiness.

Catching the drift of the wind and looking carefully and anxiously in that direction, we soon discovered the cause of the alarm—an Apache buck and two squaws seated upon a broken crag several hundred yards above us, each as silent and motionless as the rock upon which they were reclining.

The Indians seemed to be friendly, and in response to a signal from the officer clambered down the mountain to where we stood, when it was found that they were a nut gathering party.

They informed us by means of signs and a few broken expressions which the officer understood that they had discovered us at a point several miles distant, and had selected a convenient position from which they could watch our movements unobserved. But for the sagacity of our horses they doubtless would have remained unseen by us. Our horses, the officer informed me, were veteran Indian fighters, having participated in several campaigns against the Apaches, and could "scent" an Indian at a great distance when the usually keen sense of hearing failed to detect the presence of an enemy.

A party of miners, not far from the City of Tucson, have a team of horses named "Dick" and "Jim." Dick is the older, and probably on that account presumes to direct the course of his younger companion.

During the night the horses graze in the vicinity of the cabin occupied by the miners, and as day begins to break they approach quite close to the house, where they linger until the men make their appearance.

Should the services of the horses be required the men are particular to go forth with a nosebag, at the sight of which the animals suffer themselves to be caught; but if instead of a nosebag a bridle or rope should be taken, old Dick is sure to kick up his heels and run away.

Not content to go alone, he will drive Jim away, also, biting him if he does not move promptly, and thus, for a considerable time, will mischievously avoid his owners. After a while, as if satisfied with their frolic, the horses will return to the cabin of their own accord, allow themselves to be saddled or hitched to the wagon, and throughout the day will work faithfully.

But the most remarkable trait of these horses is their habit of eating anything and everything which comes from the table. One evening, not long ago, while on a visit to the camp, I observed one of the men who cleared off the supper table put the unconsumed portions of the meal—consisting of bread, potatoes, fried bacon, gravy and baked beans—into the horses' nose bags and afterwards add a quantity of potato parings, rinds of smoked bacon and other "raw materials."

Not seeing any dog or chickens about, I inquired what he intended to do with the hotch-potch, and was surprised at his reply: "Feed it to the horses."

Seeing that he was in earnest. I went with him and was still more surprised to see both horses devour the "cold victuals" with as much apparent relish and satisfaction as though the feast consisted of barley or oats.

The miners informed me that the horses were very fond of soup, and would even eat chow-chow pickles, which caused them to sneeze and make exceedingly amusing wry faces.

Both of these horses are great favorites, particularly the older one, whose funny tricks have established him in the light of a privileged character, and the high respect in which he is held by his owners is shown by the fact that they have named one of their best mines "The Old Dick."

One day last autumn a miner, whose home is in an adjoining county, and who lives alone in a small cabin situated in the foothills several miles from his nearest neighbor, reached home about dusk from an extended prospecting tour almost worn out and sick. He removed the saddle and bridle from his horse and turned him loose to graze, and entering his cabin he threw himself down upon his cot and soon fell into a restless slumber, from which he awoke late in the night with a raging fever.

Almost delirious, he knew not what to do, being alone and without medicines. It might happen that some neighbor would pass by in the morning, but there was no certainty that any person would call for days or possibly weeks.

A realization of his helpless condition aggravated his disease, and the poor man grew worse. Morning came and he was unable to leave his bed. His horse, his one faithful friend and companion, could be heard near by, evidently waiting for his coming.

All day long the animal remained within hearing distance, and during the long, tedious hours of the second night could be heard moving about with restless tread, as though conscious that some misfortune had befallen his master.

Daylight appeared at last, and the sick man made an effort to speak. The horse, hearing the welcome voice, went to the door of the cabin, and pushing it open, thrust his head into the sick man's presence, and at the same time giving a low whinny, as much as to say, "What is the matter?" to which kindly inquiry there was no response save a moan of distress.

For a moment or two the horse stared strangely about, seemingly bewildered, then quickly withdrew, and in a few moments galloped rapidly away. As the sound of the horse's feet died away the sick man felt as though his only friend and means of relief were now lost to him, and he shuddered at the thought that he might fall into that never waking sleep before any person could know that he was ill.

The nearest neighbor of the sick man was a ranchman, whose home was located on the river about six miles distant. Once in a while this neighbor rode over to the miner's camp, for a short visit, but these trips were made at irregular intervals, and there was no certainty when he would be there again.

The ranchman on the river had finished his breakfast and was just coming out of his house, when his attention was attracted to a riderless horse coming down the mountain rode at a tremendous gallop.

The horse did not slacken his speed until he reached the corral or enclosure near the house. He was flecked with foam and short of breath, showing that he had come from a distance and at unusual speed.

The ranchman, knowing the horse, spoke to him gently, which the animal acknowledged by a loud whinny, at the same time running restlessy up and down the road by the corral. The ranchman approached the horse, which, however, would not suffer itself to be captured, but galloped off toward its home, stopping at a short distance and looking back with evident anxiety.

The ranchman returned to the corral when the horse again galloped down the road, and moved uneasily about, as if determined to attract attention, whinnying and occasionally giving a loudsnort as though frightened.

Another attempt to capture the horse, which usually was a very gentle creature, succeeded no better than the first, the animal avoiding the man in a manner hitherto unknown. The horse ran up the road again and called to the man to follow—called to him by every dumb sign, almost as plainly as though he were possessed of the power of speech.

These unusual proceedings so impressed the ranchman that he felt that something was wrong, owner of the horse was called—had met with some mishap? Maybe he had been murdered in his lonely cabin by "rustlers" or had accidentally fallen into the shaft of his mine without the means of escape.

The strange conduct of the horse indicated that something unusual had happened, and that was enough to prompt the ranchman to speedy action. Calling one of his assistants the men quickly saddled two of the best horses on the place, and securing their revolvers to guard against danger, and providing some medicines and stimulants to use in case of emergency, they rode rapidly away in the direction of Galena George's cabin.

George's horse observing this movement manifested great pleasure and started on a gallop towards his home. The horsemen followed at a lively pace, but the free horse kept well to the front, now and then looking back, as if to be sure that the chase had not been abandoned.

On they sped, and in about forty minutes from the time of starting the men reached the cabin of their friend, which appeared to be deserted.

The men dismounted, and entering the cabin found George upon his couch, wasted in form and apparently dead, and at the door stood the faithful horse, which, having tried to save his master, was patiently waiting for some sign that he yet lived. The sad sight was so touching as to force tears to the eyes of the men who had been guided by the noble brute to the rescue.

A hasty examination disclosed the fact that life was not extinct, and while one of the men set about preparations for the relief of the sick man, the other remounted his horse and galloped away for a physician, the nearest of whom lived some twenty miles away.

Before sundown of that day the doctor reached the miner's cabin and found the sick man conscious, through the skillful ministrations of his kind neighbor. Within a fortnight he was able to walk about. When told of the remarkable conduct of his horse the man wept like a child. He said he had always known that his horse was unusually intelligent and affectionate, but he could scarcely believe the story of his wonderful sagacity.

George is in good health again, and the care and attention which he bestows upon his horse are like the care of a devoted mother for a favored son. Not long since a gentleman having learned of the incident related above expressed a desire to purchase the horse, but George informed him that no money could tempt him to part with the animal; that it was his intention to keep him as long as he lived upon the very best that the land could produce, and when he died to bury him decently and erect over his grave a monument with the inscription, "To my best friend."

Royalty and Music.

The following about royalty and music is from the London Court Journal:

The emperor of Russia is a first-class cornet player. He once accompanied Nilsson in one of her songs, and not long ago, when singing before him, she sang the same air, much to the gratification of the emperor. The queen of Belgium is a devoted musician.

The emperor of Brazil maintains an Italian opera out of his own purse, and he has one of the most complete operatic companies in the world.

The emperor of Austria also spends over a million of francs a year on the Vienna opera house. Rossini used once to compose a trifling melody every year for the king of Portugal. Everybody knows what a passion the late King Louis of Bavaria had for music.

King Oscar of Sweden has a magnificent basso voice, and sings like an artist. Here are one or two interesting facts respecting the taste for music in the present sovereigns of Europe.

The emperor of Germany, for instance, adores music, and never misses an opportunity to hear Patti or any other celebrity. He always goes behind the scenes after a performance to thank the artiste.

Her majesty is also a great amateur of music, and sings very beautiful. She was a pupil of Lablache, and he used to say that if she was not queen of Great Britian she might be a pueen of song. The late prince consort's passion for music is well known. He made Mendelssohn known in England and protected him.

The prince of Wales is also a good musician, and the princess of Wales is one of Halle's best pupils. The duke of Edinburgh, as we all know, could earn his living with the violin, if necessary.

Echoes of the Tennessee Campaign.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"The late Tennessee Gubernatorial campaign was a family affair throughout and a roaring farce withal," said a southern senator recently. "The democrats nominated Bob Taylor. Then the republicans determined to match that with another, and from the same family, and therefore, they pitched on Alf Taylor as their nominee. Alf and Bob stumped and fiddled the state together. When they got into the mountain counties of East Tennessee. Alf felt that he had the bulge on Bob there, for those counties are nearly all strongly Republican, and he sailed in to just lay Robert out on the cooling board. In order to capture the mountaineers the more effectually, he resorted to the native lingo, and the way he thus waded into the affections of his hill-top auditors was just surprising. Nothing daunted, Robert followed suit, and essayed to go one more than Alf had put up. To do that he announced in all his East Tennessee speeches that if any of you durned galoots find a big-bellied jud out thar in the dog-kennel, with a corncob stopper in it, jist wade in and take yer everlasting fill of the true sperrit of Jacksonian Democracy.' This captured the crowd. The speakers' stand became a silent waste within five minutes, and everybody took to the dog kennel.

"Now, Alf is known to be a very sly young man, while Bob is of a more frank and open nature. Alf had kept his eye on brother Bob, and when he saw him breaking for the kennel and taller weeds and bushes he knew that some sort of a game to win the hearts of the mountaineers was afoot. So he slipped around on Robert's flank and was rewarded by first seeing him take a thundering big swig out of a corpulent jug, and then tuck it deftly away among the reeds. He at once slipped away and hired a darkey who lived near to run home and bring him a bucket of buttermilk and an empty jug about as big as Bob's. He first emptied the contents of Bob's into his own jug, and then filled Bob's plumb full of buttermilk. After taking a hearty swig, he, too, slipped away, carrying Bob's whiskey with him. The first man who found Bob's jug, after his generous invitation, was a big, six foot, raw and gaunt mountaineer. He pulled out the cob with a 'whoop,' turned the jug almost bottom up, and let about a pint of the acidulous contents tumble down his throat. His look was one of calm peacefulness while elevating the jug, which was soon followed by an expression of intense surprise and huge disgust, followed by an aspect of flaming and red-hot indignation. He dropped the jug as if it was red hot, jumped about five feet into the air, and yelled out: 'Dod burn his onery hide! Jest let me clap my tater diggers onto him!' and off he started for the stand. The next one to sample Bob's whiskey fainted, and soon the excitement spread all through the crowd.

"Soon Bob arose to make the closing speech, but was received with yells and execrations, in which 'Buttermilk!' 'The fraud!' and 'Hooray for Alf Taylor!' took the leading parts. Bob looked things unutterable at Alf, who met his gaze with a face mantled over with an expression of happy innocence. Then Bob tried to pacify his former friends, but it was no go. A few of the old iron-clad confederates still stuck to him, but the other half voted straight out for Alf, and 'don't care a dod-ding who knows it,' as one of them expressed it. And now the democracy of East Tennessee are divided into two warring factons known as 'Buttermilkers and Anti-Buttermilkers.'"

An Engineer's Story.

"Ever had any bother with my engine?" said Ed. Murry, an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad. "No, I can't say I ever did; but I've heard old Jake Finley, who used to run the express between Philadelphia and New York, tell a queer story of trouble he got into once. He was considered a good engineer, and was undoubtedly a thoroughly capable man. It was one winter a good many years ago he was running his usual evening express. He reached Trenton safely and stopped there twenty minutes for refreshments. The rest was over, the passengers all seated, the line signaled 'clear,' the bell rang, and old Jake took off the brake and turned the steam on. The engine gave a sort of a feeble kick, and the big driving-wheels revolved half a dozen times, but didn't grip the rails, and the train didn't move. Jake thought the train was too heavy, so he backed it a little to gain an impetus. Then he put on the steam full again to go forward; but the old engine just kicked again, and the drivingwheels went round again, but the train never moved. Jake got mad at last and got off the cab to look for the trouble. He shouted to the fireman to turn on steam. His order was obeyed, and without the slightest trouble the engine glided out of the station as if it were on a soaped board. Jake was so worried that it preyed on his mind, and about six months after he resigned his position. I haven't the least idea what was the matter, but I guess Jake had forgotten something he ought to have done, and the fireman being just told to let her go, went through the proper business. Jake thought the engine was bewitched, and died in that belief."

"A Mighty Complicated Question."

A correspondent of the Boston Traveler interviewed President Cleveland the other day on the prohibition question. The president spoke freely enough on the subject, but if the interviewer got the information he wanted, he must have been easily satisfied. Said the president: "I have been thinking over this movement for a long time. There is scarcely a day when something does not turn up to remind me of the curse of rum. Men are disgraced, sent to prison, and mount the scaffold, simply because they are not able to control their appetites. This is one side of it. Now look upon the other. There is no pleasanter spectacle than to see hundreds of Germans, with their wives and children, in a beer garden, listening to the music and enjoying themselves as good and law-abiding citizens. I drink beer and light wines myself, and I think I feel all the better for their use to others, because I believe that every man should be a law unto himself in this matter. It's a mighty complicated question, however."

Defective Page