

Human Nature.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Two little children five years old, Marie the gentle, Charlie the bold; Sweet and bright and quaintly wise, Angels both, in their mother's eyes.

But you, if you follow my verse, shall see That they were as human as human can be, And had not yet learned the maturer art Of hiding the "self" of the finite heart.

One day they found in their romp and play Two little rabbits soft and gray— Soft and gray, and just of a size, As like each other as your two eyes.

All day long the children made love To the dear little pets—their treasure-trove; They kissed and hugged them until the night Brought to the cones a glad respite.

Too much fondling doesn't agree With rabbit nature, as we shall see, For ere the light of another day Had chased the shadows of night away.

One little pet had gone to the shades, Or, let us hope, to perennial glades Brighter and softer than any below— A heaven where good little rabbits go.

The living and dead lay side by side, And still alike as before one died; And it chanced that the children came singly To view The pets they had dreamed of all the night through.

First came Charlie, and, with sad surprise, Beheld the dead with streaming eyes; How'er, consolingly, he said: "Poor little Marie—her rabbit's dead!"

Later came Marie, and stood aghast; She kissed and caressed it, but at last Found voice to say, while her young heart bled: "I'm sorry for Charlie—his rabbit's dead!"

—Harper's Magazine for February.

A BEAR ADVENTURE.

An Incident of Rocky Mountain Life.

Dick Barron was one of the most daring among the pioneers, and he happened to be one of the most unfortunate. Together with other neighbors, Dick had removed from Central Colorado to the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. His home was in a wildly romantic and beautiful spot, and fortune appeared to smile upon him, so far as pecuniary matters were concerned; for his land yielded well in the summer and the mines gave a fair yield of "yellow dress" in the colder months.

But death came to the family of Dick. The first stroke fell upon his eldest boy, a lad of twelve years of age. The little fellow was fond of hunting, and, with his rifle, he would often venture to a considerable distance from his home, and sometimes was very successful in bringing down small game. But one day he was absent much beyond his usual time, and search discovered his mangled remains lying at the bottom of a ledge of rocks. He had evidently fallen from above and thus met a sudden and cruel death. The blow fell heavily upon Dick and his wife, but the man bore bravely up under his grief, while the woman gave way to melancholy.

Not long after a second child, a little girl of five years of age, sickened and died. It now appeared as if Mrs. Barron would go mad, and for a time her agony was terrible to behold. But this gradually subsided, and the mother began to sink rapidly, and in a short time after she followed her little one, leaving still another child, a daughter three years of age, to the care of the stricken father.

The grief of Dick was not of an explosive character, but it was deep and enduring. Still he had something yet to live for, and he went to work like a brave man to provide for his little Eva. Winter had set in, and Dick had come to the conclusion to make as much as possible in the mines before spring, and then sell his property and go to San Francisco, where he could secure the advantages of education for his little one.

For some time the neighbors of Dick, as well as himself, had been much annoyed by theft. Several lambs and sheep had been killed, and poultry in large quantities stolen. There was a difference of opinion with regard to these depredations. Some said they were committed by Indians, others by wolves, and others by bears. But as yet no snow had fallen, and as the ground was frozen very hard, no tracks could be seen.

One morning, however, the alarm was given. A light snow had fallen during the night, and tracks were discovered. A large grizzly bear was the thief and despoiler, and he must be hunted down at once. It was not supposed that they would be obliged to go far to find the animal, and so Dick seized his rifle and joined the party, leaving his child still in bed.

The tracks were fresh, and a dozen excited men were soon on the trail. In a short time they were on the monster; but each man passed, turning their eyes toward Dick and waiting for him to speak. The bear was standing near the cabin door of Barron, gazing at the child who was seated in the door-way, watching the movements of the animal with evident curiosity, but without exhibiting any signs of fear.

Dick felt his very heart sink within him as he saw this; but his weakness passed away in an instant, and without removing his eyes from the bear, he asked:

"Men, can you use your rifles with steady hands?"

"Yes," replied several.

"Then raise them and have them ready. Be sure your aim is good, and that every bullet would be buried in the body of the beast in case of firing. But hold your shot until I give the word."

Instantly every rifle was raised. Dick moved carefully around toward the back of the cabin. It was his intention to enter the window, seize the little one, draw her back, and closing the door, save her. But now the animal began to utter deep growls, and advance slowly

toward Eva. The father saw this and exclaimed:

"My darling, get up, go into the house, and close the door."

The child looked up, smiled, and then arose, attempting to do the bidding of the father; but the monster advanced with a fearful howl and as the door was closed against him, he struck it with one of his huge paws, shattering it into splinters.

"I feared this. Fire; but be careful and not injure my child!" cried the father.

He discharged his own piece, and at the same time a dozen other rifles rang out. The bear gave a most fearful howl, turned upon his enemies, glaring upon them with eyes of fire, and seemed just on the point of springing upon them. Suddenly, however, the beast appeared to change his mind. Turning quickly around the monster entered the cabin. A shriek was instantly heard, and the father rushed forward, knife in hand, to save his darling. But he was too late, for with a bound, the bear had dashed through the window, holding Eva in his teeth.

Off he ran with all speed toward the highest mountain peak, while the cries of the little one came back to the ears of the half-frantic father.

And now the monster began its ascent bearing its precious burden. Onward it went and upward, climbing forward, as rocks arose to obstruct his pathway. All this time it kept up its fearful howling and for a time the wails of the child were heard; but they became fainter, and fainter, until the sound could no longer be distinguished. At length it disappeared from view behind a jutting ledge.

When the intention of the animal was first made apparent, a kind of terror had upon every heart and a cry of gony burst from every lip. And well might they have shuddered; for they now knew full well that the ferocious animal was a she-bear, and that she was carrying the child to her eyrie den as food for her cubs.

For a time the father had stood with face blanched with despair, and with form trembling like the browned leaves which still clung to the trees around him. But that weakness was only momentary, for he became again the invincible father; and, with the speed of an antelope, he rushed for the cliffs, his eyes fixed upon the point where the bear had disappeared with his loved darling.

To any but the father, and to him under any other circumstances, the journey would not only have been a weary, but almost an impossible one. But the anxious parent paused not for an instant. Indeed, he seemed to gain new strength and courage at every step. Now a fearful rocky ledge would obstruct his way, but he would mount upward, making a ladder of the frail twigs which hung to their sides. Onward and upward until the giddy height upon which he stood was horrible to contemplate. But he did not look back. His child was further on.

And now the point was reached where the bear was last seen.

At this instant a strange sound fell upon the ears of the father. At first, it was only the cry of a child. Then, mingling with it, came the fierce growl of the she-bear, and following this, the yelping of cubs. Oh, what agony filled the father's bosom at that moment! Could it be possible that the ravenous beasts were already in the act of devouring his treasure?

Dick sank upon the solid rock, while the perspiration rolled in streams from his face and body. A blindness came over him, and he felt himself unable to move.

Then came a voice from below. It exclaimed, "Courage Dick. I'll be with you soon, and will yet save your child."

"Child! child! murmured Dick as he started up. "Yes, I must not give way to this weakness so long as my child yet lives; and I can hear its voice even now."

The poor father became strong again. He moved forward a few steps, and paced around a point of rock, from behind which came the sounds.

A terrible sight met his gaze!

A little girl was lying upon her back upon the rock. The monster was near her, holding her down with one of his huge paws, which rested upon her breast. The little one had ceased her strugglings evidently in despair, and now was sobbing as if its poor little heart was broken. The bear was bleeding profusely, and had evidently fallen from exhaustion. The bullets which had been sent into her body had given her, no doubt her mortal wound, but she was tenacious of life, and could accomplish much after that wound was received, but before her life was yielded. Like the parent who now sought his daughter, the first thought of the bear was of her young, and even in her dying agony she clung to the food she had brought them.

Only a few feet higher up were the cubs. They saw the mother, and they appeared to anticipate a great feast, for they were struggling to reach it while they lifted their young voices in chorus with that of their parent.

Dick knew that he must save his child soon, or it would be too late. Soon he resolved to creep as near as possible to the monster, and then spring upon her with his knife; for, in his haste and excitement, he had dropped his rifle.

Just as he was moving forward, the bear turned, and their eyes met. The dying beast uttered a terrific howl, and then looked down at her victim. Then she glanced at her own cubs, and again toward Dick. Her expression seemed to say: "You will have no mercy on my young; why should I have upon yours?"

It was a dreadful suspense for Dick. He was satisfied that the bear could live only a few moments. But what might not occur in those moments? A single blow with her huge paw and his darling would be torn into fragments. A movement upon his part might cause this blow to fall.

The hunter becomes so accustomed to the various animals with which he comes

in contact that he can almost read their very thoughts. Their actions can nearly always be interpreted correctly. So was it with Dick now. He saw the intentions of the bear, and knew that his own action must be prompt and powerful, or it would be too late.

He clutched his knife, and with his arm nerved with desperation, hope, and a fatherly love, he sprang directly at the throat of the monster, who received him with a tremendous howl and with mouth wide open.

Had the beast been uninjured the struggle would have been of short duration, for the odds between a man and a grizzly bear would be as great as that between a lion and a mouse. But the monster was now dying, and death was near. She retained all her courage and will, but not her strength.

Dick gave her several blows with his knife. She groaned almost as a human being would have done, and fell upon her side. But she recovered in an instant and striking Dick, she threw him to the earth. But the father had seized his beloved daughter, and throwing her a little apart, she was now out of danger.

Not so with himself.

He was now stretched flat upon his back, and both the paws of the beast were upon his breast, and he could feel the sharp claws entering his flesh. The two great glass eyes glared into his own, the terrible glow rang in his ears, the jaws were extended the long white teeth glistened, and the blood-red tongue was ready to lap up his blood. He struggled, but could not move. A moment more and all would be over for him forever, now the death-grip was fixed upon him.

And, to add to his agony, he had seen his child spring off and run toward the edge of the cliff. It would be dashed to pieces in falling, even as its brother had been.

But would this be a misfortune, since the father must die? Would it not be better for her to join her loved ones in another world than to remain in this cold one, alone?

Just at that instant, however, there came the report of a rifle. The bear relaxed her hold and fell heavily upon the body of Dick. He rolled the animal away and sprang to his feet. A friend had arrived in time, and not an instant too soon. He was holding Eva in his arms. She was not hurt.

The father could not help shedding tears over his rescued darling, for never before had she appeared half so dear to him. But he resolved not to expose her to any further danger of the kind, and so he took an almost immediate departure for the home he had selected in the Golden State.

The Marked Finger.

A jealous man, Sir Chester Bowden. Even when a boy, superficial people said he was imperious because he was a baronet at twelve years of age. Those who knew better, who had information concerning the old family of the Bowdens, had no need to be informed that the Bowdens were hard, proud, imperious and jealous, though just men. They never did a wrong, and yet never seemed to be in the right.

At the inquest it was said old Sir Chester accidentally shot himself. But the county families well knew he had taken his own life. Even many of the common people on the estate had little or no doubt upon this point. The reason? Three months before the crash his wife had fled from him. He made no effort to seek her out, and it was only his death and its manner which let people into the secret of his love for her. She had been pitied by her own servants through her ten years of married life. She was very meek and mild, always stood up when he entered the room, and to the end of all she called him Sir Chester. He always called her Lady Bowden. They never quarreled, and they were always dull. She never smiled. There was some talk of her having loved some young farmer before she married so well; but that was doubtless scandal. However, she died; Sir Chester died, shot, three months afterwards, and young Sir Chester was nine years of age. At Oxford he made but one friend and many enemies. Oxonians hate Oxonians who are not cheery and friendly amongst themselves.

Boleyn Hever began by pitying Chester Bowden, and ended by liking him. But they were never familiar. For instance, Hever always wore a piece of flesh-colored plaster between the first and second joints of the middle finger of the left hand. Chester never asked the meaning of the patch; and once when, while boating, the plaster was rubbed away, Chester never asked what was the meaning of the seven little tattooed stars he saw where the plaster had been. The explanation, however, was very simple. A rich old godfather, from whom the poorish Hevers had expectations, and being an old sailor, had elected thus to mark his godson. Boleyn Hever, being naturally a high class man, entertained a strong disgust for these marks—a disgust which reached morbidity, and he hid them with flesh-colored plaster. * * *

At twenty-three Sir Chester Bowden married one of the most dashing women of her year. He was as jealous as his father, and as proud; therefore he had no fear of Lady Bowden being ungrateful. She was poor.

Boleyn Hever, his neighbor, had not married, and was nursing his estate, which had been left him when very much encumbered.

At what precise moment Sir Chester became jealous of his one friend he himself never knew. He was too certain of his own sufferings. He hated company, but he was bound to give fetes, balls, &c. It was the evening before the first anniversary of his wedding, upon which occasion there was to be a ball. Sir Chester had noticed his wife anxious all day,

and his demon prompted him terribly. Why was she anxious?

After dinner she pleaded sickness, and went to her usual sitting-room, into which Sir Chester never intruded. An hour afterwards he sent a servant to her with some inquiry concerning the ball on the following day. The servant returned, saying that "my lady," was not in her room.

There was murder in Chester's heart the next moment. But he only took up a heavy riding-whip.

No not in her room! The first trace he found of her was a pencil-case glittering in the moonlight. He drew a line in his mind's eye from the house to it, and thence in the same direction.

"To the grape-gates," he muttered; "a straight line to his house." On he went. Suddenly, being on the top of a hillock, he saw Boleyn—there could be no question about the man—and with him a woman, hooded. They were going towards the great iron open-work gates, which, from their pattern, were commonly called the grape-gates. He uttered a horrible cry, which evidently the couple heard, for they hurried to the gates, to which there was no lodge, and one of which was open.

They must have seen Chester leaping towards them, for they ran. He was within twenty yards of the couple when they passed the great gates, which were swung to with a terrible noise. Again Sir Chester uttered a savage cry, for he knew he could not open them without the key, kept in his library, and that while he was scaling the wall they would escape. He ran to the gate, and then it must have been that he fainted. When he came to himself, he saw vaguely in the moonlight, and lying near him, a small, white object. He touched it and shuddered. Briefly, it was a human finger, tattooed with seven small, purple stars.

"It was Hever!" he muttered.

The finger had unquestionably been caught by the great iron gate, and nipped off like a twig by the immense weight of the iron acting on the edges of the gate. How long had they escaped? In his fall his watch-glass was broken, and the hands were stopped. He never knew how he got back to the house.

"If you please, my lady is now in her room. Here, help!" suddenly cried the servant. He fainted again.

He went to his library, and there he found the key of the grape-gates still swinging on its nail.

"How can she be back?" he thought. "I saw her take flight!"

She looked white when suddenly he entered her room—the first time he had done so during their married life.

"Have been from the castle, Lady Bowden?" he asked.

"No," she said, gravely.

By that time he knew that he had lain insensible during a whole hour near the gate.

"She must have returned," he said, "by the gate, and passed carelessly by my quiet body. She hates me. But why has she returned?"

Next day he called upon Hever. The reply sent down was that Mr. Hever was not well, but hoped to be at the ball in the evening. How he watched for Boleyn Hever's appearance. He came and of course gloved. No sign of the missing finger.

Sir Chester went up to him smilingly on the left, and grasped his left hand. The glove yielded. The middle finger of the glove had been stuffed with wool. They were standing a little apart. Still holding the maimed hand, he said:

"You have sinned with my wife. You fled from me last night; but Heaven avenged me, and cleft your marked finger from your wicked hand. Dare you smile?"

"Beware! I have always been your one friend, and last night was more your friend than ever."

"Hypocrite as well as monster!" he said.

"Do you know what I am going to do?"

"What?"

"Kill that woman here before her guests, and, like my father, make an end to myself."

"And as needlessly, madman. The woman you saw came with me to warn your wife, out of her own experience, to bear any cruelty you might heap upon her rather than take flight. The poor creature may or may not have been guilty, Chester; but she proved her love for you when she forced herself to see your wife and save her from such an occasion as her own has been for many years."

"Who—who was she?"

"Your mother. Ah!—is there a doctor here?"

Past earthly help, for Sir Chester Bowden had fallen forward—dead!

But his hands were entreatingly clasped.

Execution by the Guillotine.

A friend once described to us an execution which he witnessed in Paris, outside the walls of the city prison, and in the public street. It took place in the gray of dawn, and at the precise hour indicated in the sentence. A squad of soldiers filed out of the gates, and in a twinkling put together the machinery of the guillotine, some of them sprinkling sawdust on the pavement while it was being put up. Before this was fairly finished the gate swung open, and the criminal and executioner and the spiritual adviser marched out. Whatever religious exercises were essential had been attended to within the prison. The criminal, with his hands bound behind him and a cap drawn over his head, was led forth, his body bent forward over the carriage, which, as he pressed it, shot forward on noiseless wheels, and the knife fell with a glitter of its keen, polished edge; the head dropped into the basket awaiting it, the body was placed in a coffin the machinery taken down, the sawdust swept up, and the whole scene was over. Within ten minutes by the

watch of the witness every trace of the execution was over. The soldiers, the priest, the executioner had disappeared, and there was not even a drop of blood upon the pavement to indicate a tragedy had been there enacted.—Cairo Bulletin

A CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

A Pathetic Story of the Dying Visions of a Little Deaf Mute. St. Louis Journal.

The following story was told to a Journal reporter yesterday by a lady whose veracity is undoubted: Some four weeks ago Carrie Wilson, an interesting little girl, aged about ten years, after a protracted illness, died at the residence of her parents, No. 1021 North Fourth street. From the day she entered this care-laden world her troubles began, for she was born a deaf mute. Her parents were poor people, able only by the strictest economy to shift through from one year to another, and the little one, whose organs of both hearing and speech had been stricken by the Divine hand, was looked upon as something human, of course, but nothing more than a little bit of bodily ills, who would always in her helplessness have to be provided for. A few years ago her father died, and her mother found it doubly hard to support a large family of small children. About this time Mrs. Ann Bailey, a great-hearted Christian woman, residing at No. 2708 Chouteau avenue, became acquainted with Mrs. Wilson's circumstances, and having a tender spot in her heart for the little unfortunate, for she also had a deaf daughter, concluded to adopt little Carrie. Mrs. Wilson was not averse, and after a few weeks sojourn in Mrs. Bailey's family Carrie was sent to Fulton, Missouri, to be educated under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle. She spent two years there, acquiring knowledge with a degree of rapidity astonishing for one of her tender years, but her health always poor, failed entirely, and she was brought back to St. Louis to die.

Mrs. Wilson had in the meanwhile, married again, and being in better circumstances than when Mrs. Bailey adopted Carrie, requested that she should be once more placed under her care. The days went by, and the little innocent creature grew weaker and weaker, for consumption never relaxes its grasp from King or clod, Princess or peasant. One forenoon Mrs. Bailey and her daughter Mattie received a message stating that Carrie was dying, and that she asked for them continually, and half an hour later they were at the bedside where the large, speaking eyes were taking on a happier expression.

Through her feeble signs she communicated the wish to be left alone with her benefactor, and when her relatives had left the chamber she related the following story through her own peculiar language:

At eight o'clock that morning she was all alone in the little room, her mother having readjusted the pillows and gone into another part of the building to attend to her household duties, and on looking up she saw her dead father bending over her. She was not frightened for she seemed so kind and good, and his face was like the portrait she had so often looked at for hours at a time in Mrs. Bailey's drawing-room—the portrait of Christ at the well in Samaria.

"He seemed pleased and happy," her little fingers said, "and bending his head down by the side of my ear he whispered, and I heard just as plain as any person could hear, 'Carrie, my poor little afflicted lamb, you will soon have no more trouble, for I will take you to Jesus in exactly four hours.' Even as he said that, Mrs. Bailey, our clock in the other room that I can see when the door is open, and it was open then for mamma had left it that way if I wanted any thing I could tap on the head-board and she would hear it, indicated just eight. 'Only four hours more, Carrie,' he said, and I heard it so plain, too, and then, taking my face between his hands, that were so light and soft, and not a bit like they used to be when he was on earth before, he kissed me such a long kiss, and left me."

The little hands lay quite still for a minute or more, apparently tired out, said Mrs. Bailey, and then they signaled: "I began to feel easier then. This pain in here (pointing to her heart) left me all at once, and I thought I could get up and play like I used to before I got sick. Oh, I know papa will come, for he was so earnest, and he never told me but one story, and that was about Santa Claus, and it wasn't a very big story. Don't you think he will, Mrs. Bailey? Oh—"

The little hands ceased their rapid manipulations, said Mrs. Bailey, with a voice choking with emotion, the eyes left mine and turned upward quickly, with a half smile, the feeble hands were raised half above her head, she gave a faint flutter like that of a wounded bird, and then nestled down quite still. The tired, tortured spirit, that had never known one moment of unalloyed happiness on this earth, had gone out and on its way to the better land. I left the bedside, walked to the door, opened it, and lifted my eyes to the clock. The minute-hand was just passing over the hour-hand that told twelve o'clock.

A correspondent of Harper's Magazine sends to "The Drawer" a copy of an order received by a Broome county dentist, which says: "My mouth is five inches across, five-eight inches threw the jaw. Sum humony on the edge. Shaped like a boss-shew, toe forrad. If you want me to be more pertickler, I shall have to cum thar."

Two fashionable tints for summer costumes will be mastic, a sort of whitey brown, and a pale, greenish gray. The trimming will be ruffles, embroidered in red, black and yellow, or red, black and blue.