Arizona Weekly Enterprise.

VOLUME II. FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882. NUMBER 16.

PROFESSIONAL.

JAMES O. HOWARD. MARCUS P. HAYNE.

HOWARD & HAYNE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, CORNER Sixth and Fremont streets, Tombstone, A. T.

A. H. PARKER,

MINING ENGINEER AND U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL Surveyor. Office in San Francisco Jewelry Store, No. 439 Allen street, south side, between Fourth and Fifth streets, Tombstone, A. T.

JOHN M. MILLER. J. H. LUCAS.

LUCAS & MILLER,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, OFFICE, rooms 5 and 7 Gird building, corner of Fremont and Fourth, Tombstone, A. T.

LEW H. DAVIS. GEO. H. WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS & DAVIS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. GIRD'S NEW BUILDING, corner of Fourth and Fremont sts., Tombstone, A. T.

WELLS SPICER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, 213 FIFTH street, Tombstone, Cochise Co., A. T. Also Notary Public; U. S. Commissioner of Deeds for California.

J. G. PARKE,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND U. S. MINERAL SURVEYOR Surveying done in all its branches. Office, 526 Fremont street, Tombstone, Arizona.

G. T. HENDERSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE, 60 FREMONT street, Tombstone, Arizona.

A. O. WALLACE,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. FOURTH STREET, three doors below Fremont, Tombstone, A. T.

JOHN M. MURPHY

ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOM 28, BROWN'S HOTEL Tombstone, Arizona.

L. F. BLACKBURN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF AND AND COLLECTOR. OFFICE with A. T. Jones, office Huachuca Lumber Co., Fourth street, below Fremont. All official business promptly attended to. Collections a specialty.

J. F. HUTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE ON FIFTH STREET, between Fremont and Allen, Tombstone, Arizona.

G. E. GOODFELLOW, M. D.

OFFICE IN VICKERS' BUILDING, FREMONT street, Tombstone, A. T.

P. T. COLBY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. WILL PRACTICE IN ALL the courts of the Territory. Office in Gird's building, rooms 11 and 12, corner of Fourth and Fremont streets, Tombstone, A. T.

CHESD HAYMOND, Sacramento City. A. M. WALKER, Tombstone.

WALKER & HAYMOND,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN to all business intrusted to them. Collections made a specialty. A. M. Walker Commissioner of deeds for the State of Nevada.

A. J. FELTER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, NOTARY PUBLIC AND Real Estate Agent. Office on Fremont street, between Fourth and Fifth, Tombstone, A. T.

DR. R. H. MATTHEWS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA. Office with W. Street, Fourth street, near Allen.

S. O'MELVENY. O. O. TRANTUM.

O'MELVENY & TRANTUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. ROOMS 3 AND 4 GIRD'S building, corner Fourth and Fremont streets, Tombstone, A. T.

S. M. ASHENFELTER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLIFTON, A. T. PROMPT attention given to any business entrusted to my care.

MILTON B. CLAPP,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS. Office at Safford, Hudson & Co.'s Bank, Tombstone, A. T.

Thomas Wallace,

MINING STOCKS, REAL ESTATE AGENT AND Conveyancer. Allen street, Tombstone.

Rodman M. Price, Jr.,

CIVIL ENGINEER AND U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL Surveyor. Office Voisard building, Allen street, Tombstone, A. T.

Jas. G. Howard,

(Late of Los Angeles.)

ATTORNEY AT LAW. AT PRESENT AT THE office of J. W. Stump. Tombstone, A. T.

W. A. Harwood,

NOTARY PUBLIC, CORNER FOURTH AND FREMONT streets, Tombstone, A. T.

T. J. Drum,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. OFFICE IN VICKER'S building, 431 Fremont street, Tombstone, A. T.

E. P. Voisard,

ASSAYER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, ALLEN STREET, Tombstone, A. T.

Charles Ackley.

CIVIL ENGINEER AND DEPUTY U. S. MINERAL Surveyor, Tombstone, A. T. Office on Fremont street, between Sixth and Seventh.

J. V. Vickers,

REAL ESTATE AGENT, AUCTIONEER, CONVEYANCER and Mining Operator. Fremont street, near Fifth, Tombstone, A. T.

A. G. Lowery,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, FREMONT STREET, BETWEEN Fourth and Fifth, Tombstone, A. T. Will practice in all courts. Agent for mining property. Conveyancing and collecting promptly attended to. References given

F. M. SMITH. W. EARL. G. W. SPAULDING.

Earl, Smith & Spaulding,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. OFFICE in Drake's block on Pennington street, Tucson, Arizona Territory.

John Roman,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Webb Street,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 113 FOURTH STREET, TOMBSTONE, Arizona.

J. W. Stump,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, ROOMS 2 and 4, Epitaph Building, Fremont street, Tombstone, A. T. Will practice in all the courts of the Territory, and attend to business before the Department at Washington, D. C. Special attention given to U. S. patent and pension business.

Dr. Gillingham,

DR. GILLINGHAM (LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY) IS now associated, in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, with Dr. Gildersleeve. Office, Epitaph building, Tombstone, A. T.

Dr. F. Heller,

SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN. OFFICE ON FIFTH street, below Allen, Tombstone, A. T.

GREAT CLOSING OUT SALE.

—OF—

ASSIGNED STOCK

—OF—

Buckalew & Ochoa,

FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT

COST for CASH!

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

General Merchandise, Dry Goods.

GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

HARDWARE,

COKE,

—ALSO—

Wagons, Teams and Other Property.

F. A. STEVENS, Assignee.

DEWERSE, Jr., San Francisco. G. H. MOORE, Of Jesse Moore & Co., Louisville, Ky. H. B. HUNT, San Francisco.

MOORE, HUNT & CO.,

417 and 419 Market Street, bet. First and Fremont Sts. San Francisco, Cal.

JESSE MOORE & COMPANY'S KENTUCKY

WHISKIES

Moore, Hunt & Co., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

JESSE MOORE & CO'S

AA brand, bbls and hf bbls per gal	$ 4 00
B brand, bbls and hf bbls per gal	3 50
C brand, bbls and hf bbls per gal	3 00
No. 1 brand, bbls and hf bbls per gal	2 50
Rye, bbls and hf bbls per gal	$3 50 to 4 50
Deduction of 25 cts per gal on lots of 5 bbls	
AA brand in cases, 1 doz to case, 5 to gal	11 00
AA brand, 3 cases, 1 doz to case, 5 to gal	10 50
AA brand 10 cases, 1 doz to case, 5 to gal	10 00
AA brand, pint flasks, 2 doz to case	13 00
AA brand, 3 cases, pint flasks, 2 doz to case	12 50
C brand, 5 doz, 5 to gal	8 50
C brand, 3 cases, 5 to gal	8 25
C brand, 10 cases, 5 to gal	8 00

30-4m

J. W. DANT'S

In bond in Kentucky, Spring 1880	.....
In bond in Kentucky, Spring 1881	.....

MOORE, HUNT & CO.'S

Crown brand, 1 case, 5 to gal	$8 00
Crown brand, 3 cases, 5 to gal	7 50
Crown brand, 10 cases, 5 to gal	7 00
Crown brand, pints 2 doz to case	8 50
Crown brand, pints, 2 doz to case, 3 cases	8 25
Crown brand, pints, 2 doz to case, 10 cases	8 00
Anchor Champagne, pints, 2 doz	8 50
Anchor Champagne, quarts, 1 doz	7 50

FLORENCE BREWERY

I WISH TO ANNOUNCE TO ALL my customers and patrons that I am still at my old Stand in this place. I manufacture the

Finest Beer

IN THE TERRITORY,

WHICH I OFFER FOR SALE BY THE

KEG,

Gallon, Bottle,

OR GLASS.

Bottled Beer

Specialty

A FINER ARTICLE NOT FOUND IN THE TERITORY.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

BEER FORWARDED TO

SILVER KING,

MINERAL HILL,

AND OTHER

MINING CAMPS.

Also keep in my Saloon, connected with my Brewery

Choice Wines, Liquors, and Cigars

I ALSO KEEP A

A Pigeon Hole and Bagatell Table

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF MY CUSTOMERS.

GIVE ME A CALL.

PETER WILL, Proprietor.

NOTICE

To Mining Men!

FOR SALE

—AT—

Casa Grande Station

ONE FIRST-CLASS

New Hoisting Engine

ALL COMPLETE.

It has never been used, and I offer it

Very Low,

In order to make an immediate sale. Address,

H. B. MONTGOMERY, Assignee, Florence, A. T.

Or, T. TOMLINSON, Casa Grande, A. T.

This great strengthening remedy and nerve tonic is the legitimate result of over 20 years' of practical experience, and cures with unfailing certainty nervous and physical debility, seminal weakness, spermatorrhœa, emissions, impotency, exhausted vitality, premature incline and loss of manhood, from whatever cause produced. It enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, brain, muscles, digestion, reproductive organs, and physical and mental faculties. It stops any unnatural debilitating drain upon the system, preventing involuntary losses, debilitating dreams, seminal losses with the urine, etc., so destructive to mind and body. It is a sure eliminator of all kidney and bladder complaints. It contains no injurious ingredients. To those suffering from the evil effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses, a speedy, thorough and permanent cure is guaranteed. Price, $2.50 per bottle, or five bottles in case, with full directions and advice. $10. Sent secure from observation to any address upon receipt of price, or C. O. D. To be had only of

Dr. C. D. Salfield, 216 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. Consultations strictly confidential, by letter, or at office, FREE. For the convenience of patients and in order to insure perfect secrecy, I have adopted a private address under which all packages are forwarded.

Trial Bottle Free.

NOTICE.—I will send a trial bottle of the Rejuvenator—sufficient to show its merit—free of charge, to any one afflicted, applying by letter, stating his symptoms and age. Communications strictly confidential.

ANTISELL 10,000 Pianos 1,000 Organs. PIANOS ORGANS

Have built four of Manufactories. From $215 to $2,000. Cash, Rent or Instalments. Catalogues Free. ANTISELL, 560 Market Street, San Francisco.

FARMER JOHN.

BY ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To fret or to bother me—
We'd but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!

"The pigs get out, and the cows get in,
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and in the corn—
Why, they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of temper quite,
And well nigh out of my head.
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week
A helpless and an idle man—
Was he therefore mild and meek?

Nay; what with the pain, and what with the fret
Of sitting with nothing to do—
And the farm-work botched by a shiftless hand,
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and fumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"'Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And a busier man than he,
A happier man, or a pleasanter man,
You never would wish to see.

The pigs got out, and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence, and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was jolly fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well—
"'Twill last him his whole life through.
He frets but seldom, and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I tell you what," says Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle—for idle hands
Are the Devil's chosen tools."

ENGAGED TO BOTH;

OR,

How the Tangle Was Straightened.

Dick Powers dropped his letter with a groan. It fell by the side of its long, slim envelope on the table. The envelope bore upon its back the faint impression of a dove holding in its bill a floating ribbon, upon the ends of which was written, in a quaint, but fine little hand, the direction, "To Mr. Richard Powers."

Again the young man groaned, throwing his arms on the table and hiding his distressed face in his sleeve.

The other occupant of the room sat with his heels on the window-sill and his chair tilted back at a fearful angle. He smoked, raised his eyebrows, looked at his miserable companion, and went on smoking.

The letter, half folding upon its precise and lady-like creases, lay face upward, and the lines betrayed the same quaintly girlish handwriting, all the down strokes primly shaded, each capital fancily twirled. "Dear Richard," it began, Quakerishly, and it said, tearfully, "I haven't heard from you for so long." There was a touch of tenderness in every sentence, and a something that told how simple the writer must have been. Somehow it all gave rise to a picture of a sun-bonnet and a calico dress, a pair of timidly affectionate eyes, and a pinked chin with a dimple in it. On the next page the letter went on plaintively: "Grandpa isn't very well since he had that sickness last winter, and when he coughs so it shakes him all over. And oh! Richard, I'm afraid he is never going to be well again. Wouldn't it be dreadful to have him die and me alone without you?" Then followed a wealth of confidence in the words: "But, if grandpa should die, I should come straight to you, and oh, how happy we would be then, wouldn't we?" Wandering on in this loving strain till the end of the third page, the letter closed with: "Affectionately, your own Marthy."

By-and-by the young man in the tilted chair, eying his friend meditatively, said:

"Your letter don't seem to make you happy, somehow, Dick."

"Oh, Al! if you could only know what a villain I am!" was the rejoinder in a muffled tone from the folds of his sleeve.

At this one eyebrow went up and one came down. "Well, it's very likely." He looked lazily through the window at a group of loungers before the hotel opposite, and then continued indifferently: "What's it all about, anyhow?"

"Just read that!" was the reply, as Dick passed "affectionately your own Marthy's" letter toward him.

Fisher read the letter through carefully. "I should say this was a very sweet little girl," he remarked, musingly.

"So she is, so she is!" said Dick, straightening up. "She's just the sweetest and most confiding little thing in the world, is Martha. That's what hurt me so. She hasn't a doubt that I'm as true blue, because she's truth all the way through herself. And I'm worse than a brute, I am, Al."

"If the state of affairs which now dawns upon me dimly is as it seems, I rather think you are, myself."

"Confound it! You're so hanged cool it riles me," said Dick, blushing. "Just imagine yourself in my place for an instant. Six years ago, when I was 19, I first fell in love, and I've been doing it ever since with decent intervals between. Little Marthy was 15, a little wild rose, Vermont girl, just as shy, and as sweet and unsophisticated as that letter, and all her other letters seem to say she is, yet I feel like a boy of 19 in love with her again, to talk about it to you. Like the great calf that I was, with a dollar in my pocket, and no prospects ahead of me, I up and told her how I felt one day in the spring, when the grass was so green and the birds were singing so loud—I had to tell something to somebody. She looked up at me for a moment with such a smile full of tears coming into her eyes, and such a milk-and-rose blush glowing upon her cheeks, and I just took her right up in my arms then and kissed her as I'd been longing to do ever since I first met her, six weeks before. Ever since that she has considered herself engaged to me."

"A precocious youngster you were at 19, I must say, and a ripe acquaintance it must have been that rooted, blossomed and fruited in six weeks."

"Well, make fun as you please," answered Dick, gloomily; "you have the whole story, anyhow, and you can't think worse of me than I do of myself."

"No, Dick, I haven't by any means all the story yet. As you're 25, I suppose this little girl, now 21, has been for six years hoping and trusting in you. Very likely she's never permitted herself another lover. Why, it's pathetic! Every year she has thought, maybe, you would come back; she has never had a suspicion of you; she has dreamed about you and prayed for you. It's a burning shame! And look at you, violently attached to every pretty girl you see, riding with them, two at a time, dancing with them, making love to them and dressing like a dandy when you ought to be in the Green mountains, wearing butternut and carrying Marthy's milk-pail."

Dick groaned in anguish of spirit. "And I've always told her I couldn't afford to come after her quite yet. Give it to me, you can't hit too hard; but, oh! do help me out of this scrape."

"Help you out? Well, I should think you'd be glad to be in it. Just to think of that little Vermont blossom, tasting like cream and maple sugar, I'll warrant, if blossoms ever do taste; just think of her dropping down any minute among all the furbelows, the frizzes, the paints and the powders of the ladies in our set!"

"Oh, Lord! Al, don't harrow up a fellow so. I don't believe you imagine yet how deep I'm in for it. There's Kate Richardson, now, when you talk about flowers; she's a tiger lily; she's a red cactus; she's a tea rose; she's magnificent; she's gorgeous; she's radiant. Ah, Al Fisher, can't you see how I love her?"

"And she?"—the question was like a flame springing from a bed of coals.

"Well, I just thought I never was so in love in my life. I wasn't sure about her; but one night a month ago I was carried away. I forgot all about Marthy, and I asked her to marry me. By George! she said she would, and I should have been too happy altogether if, after my first transport, little Marthy hadn't occurred to me again. Now I'm engaged to both of them, don't you see, and it's a deuce of a mess. I wouldn't give up Kate if I could, and I don't see how I could give up Marthy if I would."

A silence fell between the two then, in which the falling of a cigar ash might have echoed, and the twilight, stealing down, came like a veil over silence.

* * * * * * *

It was fully six months later when Kate Richardson walked into a sleeping-car at Omaha, followed by baggage and a porter. Her step was so quick and confident, her accoutrements were so appropriate, and the porter followed her with so deferential an air, that the passengers, making themselves comfortable on either side the aisle, looked after her with great respect for her style. "Very common sort of people; shan't make the acquaintance of any of them," Miss Richardson thought as she observed them in a glance without seeming to. She paused near the middle of the car.

"Put my things here," she said to the porter. "I have the whole section, and you may pile them all on the front seat."

She sat down upon the back seat, and spread her skirts comfortably, took out her silk handkerchief and wiped her lips, sighed as enduring a penance, smoothed the collar of her ulster, and thought what a bore crossing the continent was. The prominent setting of a ring visible under her glove made one forefinger noticeable; and it might have been tenderness or not, but she placed her elbow on the arm of the seat and rested her lips upon it.

In the meantime the car was rapidly filling. There was much talk between passengers and porter, and from her square of window she could see piles of trunks being carted forward. By and by the cars gave a little shake and quiver, as if rousing; then a jerk, a dizzy, gliding motion, and then Miss Richardson became conscious that some one spoke to her. It was a voice that was apology itself as it said: "Oh, if you please, ma'am, it's a mistake, and I've made so many mistakes;" and it was almost a cry for help. It had color in its cheeks and its lips, a little, little mouth, and a shy light in its hazel eyes. It carried a portmanteau, and the porter towered over all with a patronizing air.

Miss Richardson was disturbed. "But, porter," said she. "I had engaged the whole of this section. I don't want any one in with me; I shall have no place for my things."

The hazel eyes were turned piteously upon her, but the voice was tinged with a bit of dignity, albeit touched with tears, as it answered: "Never mind; perhaps there's another half section unoccupied."

"They ain't no other, 'thout it's a gentleman's in the lower berth, if you don't mind that, miss," said the porter.

The distressed face was a picture.

"Oh, very well," Miss Richardson interposed, in a bored tone; "I suppose I shall be able to manage, and I dare say we shall be comfortable enough."

The portmanteau was placed as snug neighbor to the stylish traps in the front seat, and the little woman made herself quite small in the corner furthest from her grand companion, never so much as attempting to stealing once from the window monopolized by Miss Richardson's elbow. But presently she leaned toward Miss Richardson and touched her shoulder softly. "I'm very much obliged to you," said she, gratefully, "and I'm sure I shan't incommode you any more than I can help."

Miss Richardson made her a gracious reply, and became interested in her book.

At length she yawned, and closed it. The afternoon was passing. The scene was rich in billowy green and stretching plain, and across the green level the day was mellowing away to its close, the sunlight falling upon it like winnowing grain. Miss Richardson felt the timid and confiding little touch again upon her arm, and turned to meet with her handsome eyes the wistful, appealing ones looking toward her.

"Would you let me go into the dining-room to dinner with you?" asked the flute voice with a tremble of apprehension in it.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Richardson, smiling, "I'd jest as lief you would as not."

"Oh! thank you so much," was the reply, after a breath of relief. "I should never have courage to go in and eat alone. The waiters are in such a hurry, and I don't know where to sit, and I never can find my own car when I'm ready to come back."

So it was that Miss Richardson came to have a charge, and, somehow, so much clinging timidity opposed to her own independence seemed a sort of bond. Before the second day was out she had given her dainty and pretty companion a petting tap or two, short and contented laughter rippled up between them, confidential undertones of talk passed from one to the other, and finally Miss Richardson leaned forward sad said:

"I haven't any idea what your name is. I think it ought to be Posy, though."

And then the small woman laughed as she answered: "it isn't, though, it's Marthy—Marthy Fairchild."

And then the magnificent gorgeous, radiant Kate replied, just as she would have caressed a bird: "Ah! and I shall call you Marthy, then—shall I not?"

Not one dim thought of warning had she, not a single swift feeling of recoil, not an idea that she was hugging to her heart a rival—she who held sway among men with waltz, and tete-a-tete, and repartee.

But under the feet of those who tread volcanoes the ground will sometimes break; one cannot forever safely walk the edge of the precipice; thin ice will part.

They were sitting side by side, as usual, one evening; the window framed a calm, mild star. Sitting so silently, how strange if they had known each was saying over and over the same name. The star was shining kindly—shining and twinkling like an eye mildly shrewd, and then it gave place to another and another, till the night sky seemed shaken full with a lustered dust. Presently Miss Richardson began to hum a little, in her soft contralto, and Marthy's bird-like soprano took it up like a carol, under a breath. The men under the dull lamp in the further end of the car held their fingers on their cards for a moment, and the fretful baby ceased its crying. Two women hushed gossiping, and stared, and, under pretense of a flare, the passing porter turned down the flame in a lamp while he stopped to listen.

"Marthy," said Miss Richardson, very gently, "where did you learn that? It's such an old-fashioned, sentimental thing. I shouldn't wonder if it had been a love-song in 1776."

"Oh, yes; I shouldn't wonder if it had. I learned it way back in Vermont—oh, how far away that seems now! I used to sing it with Richard—but that seems only yesterday, though it has been years and years. I've never told you about Richard, have I? His name is Powers, and it is he that I'm coming to California to meet. A long, long time ago, when I was such a little girl I scarcely remember it, some kind of sickness broke out, and mother and father took it and died. I can just see mother lying with a white flower in her hand as they closed the coffin lid, and then in a day or two some woman said she wondered what was to be done with me. Somehow or other I got to grandpa's in among the hills, and the cows that gave me a living. Grandpa was just my mother to me over again, and there I stayed and was so happy with him. I have always been a little girl, and I never shall be anything else. When I am an old woman it seems as though I shall still be a little girl. How it all came about I never could imagine, but it was just as the flowers came up in the spring, and as the fruit gets ripe in the fall. Grandpa said one morning he should have a young man come to help me with the milking, and before night I knew Richard; and, somehow, I thought I must have been ripening ready to know him, for my heart was all open to him from the first. He came up to me when it was twilight, and said he, 'Good evening, Marthy,' and then I seemed to fall into a flutter, and to feel that he seemed to know it. Oh! I never can tell you how Richard seemed to me. Every night, after that, as I went along the meadow path he came and said, 'Good evening, Marthy'—just so; and I took to listening so hard for his coming that my heart hurt me, and beat in my lips and cheeks, and all the time grandpa never knew. One day the sky was so blue and the air was so sweet I was certain that something was going to happen, and whether it was the birds singing or my heart beating out a rhythm I do not know, but in a moment I seemed to be standing among the flowers, for Richard had taken me in his arms.

"Oh, life had just begun to me then, and not one day since, not even the day grandpa died, has been all sorrow; though dark days there have been, too, for in a few weeks more my Richard went away, so that by and by he could marry his 'bud of a girl'—that's what he always called me! Oh, how tender and true he is! What a grand place his heart is to live in! What a little queen he has crowned me! His letters have been so loving and so sweet that one never came without carrying me through the space of heaven; and they were such sorry little ones I could write in answer. So many noble women must have loved him. But he has loved his little Marthy all the time. Ah, Miss Richardson," and her earnest, reverent tone deepened in its half whisper, "can you imagine anything at all about what I tell you?"

"No," replied Miss Richardson, bitterly, "for there is no romance, not one grain of it, in my life. The romance I had was spoiled just a short time ago. Keep your faith in your Richard, Marthy, but I have none left for man. You must go on now and let me know the rest."

"I would rather die than lose my faith in Richard," said Marthy, tremulously. "There is such a little more to tell," she went on then; "all the time his letters told me he could not afford to come; he was waiting in hopes, and, oh, if the time was to him as to me, then to both it was a dreary, dreary waiting. And grandpa began to fret; he wanted to see me married before he died. But one day, a month ago, he died, and left me alone with the cows. Then, to show Richard how much I yet loved him, and how little I cared whether he was rich or whether he was poor, I wrote him a glad letter, that I was coming to him at last. And, oh, I am coming to him soon, soon. When I reach the end of my journey, there he will be to take me home—his home. I can almost see him now, so glad to find me again."

She was moving restlessly about like the wind, and her hands were winding their fingers about each other, her eyes shining, and her chin with its cleft pointing into a ray of the moon.

"I think I know your Richard," said Miss Richardson, by-and-by. "He is a tall, handsome man with blonde eyes and hair, and a pleasant, bright way with him. You know I live in Sacramento, too."

In a few minutes the porter came along again, and Miss Richardson gave orders to have only the lower berth made, "for we will sleep together to-night, Marthy," she said, quietly.

So all the night long she lay awake, with her arms around little Marthy. All the night long, thinking and thinking, she lay with the sweet breath of the trusting child woman falling on her left hand—the hand was now shorn of its sparkling ring.

"I loved him, too," she cried to herself, suddenly, and then her arm tightened upon the child-heart beating under it, and the throb ran through her like an appeal for mercy. The cars tramped into and through the night, and by-and-by the morning came, as fair and fresh as though Kate Richardson had not made a sacrifice the night before.

When the train pulled into the depot at Sacramento, Miss Richardson espied Dick Powers waiting, and by his side was Al Fisher. He was haggard and in distress; he was thin, and had grown five years older than when she had left him two months before. He saw her, too, and ran along by the window grasping the hand she held out to him.

"Oh, Kate! Kate!" he pleaded, imploringly.

She went to the door to meet him, and drew him along the aisle. "Dick, here is Marthy," said she.

He looked at the wild rose blooming so sweetly for him, and, as he saw the hazel eyes brimming up with drops, the falling corners of the shy mouth quivering, the old, sweet beauty grew upon him again, and a hungry smile dawned in his eyes.

"Oh, Marthy! little Marthy!" he murmured.

"At last, dear Richard, at last!" she cried, and he gathered her in his arms.

Al Fisher took Miss Richardson home, and she was gravely polite and smiling all the way. But it was two years before she allowed him to draw the last drop of bitterness out of her heart; and, even then, she gave the last kiss before her marriage to Baby Marthy.

Powers never would think of calling her any name beside Kate Richardson.—*Belgravia Magazine.*

Practical Application of Knowledge.

Pupils in our common schools are sadly deficient in the power of practical application. This must be evident to every teacher and parent who has ever tested the matter by asking practical questions. The pupil who, with the book before him, can readily "get the answers" to the difficult problems in profit and loss is wholly at a loss to determine the profit his father receives on cloth bought for 20 cents and sold for 25 cents per yard. He learns in school that Columbus and Springfield are in the same latitude, and is not sure at home that Columbus is not between Springfield and the North pole. He learns that every proper noun should commence with a capital, and then directs his first love letter to miss jennie smith. He can say with accuracy that there are 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds in a year, but has no idea of how many times the sun will rise and set between two Christmasses. He can give correctly the principal parts of see and go, and immediately after be guilty of saying, "I seen him, but now he has went away."

Is this fault, this studying to no practical purpose, due to our system of education? If it is, it is high time that our leaders in educational matters point out the fault and suggest the remedy. Is it because teachers fall into mechanical, monotonous ruts of teaching, and perform their work in a manner so school-like and so little business-like that it never occurs to the pupil that what he learns from his books has any connection with or application to the things that occur in everyday life? Here we think is the trouble, and in this we should reform. Let each teacher make his work more and more practical; let him strive to lift his pupils from their unthinking, unpractical methods of study; let him give them matter for thought upon the simple, common things around them; let him endeavor to create an interest in their minds upon the subjects discussed by the older people of the community, and soon we shall have a race of children in our schools who will know more at the age of 12 of what is practical and useful than our children now know when they leave the common schools.—*Lansing Republican.*

The Stage-Driver's Death-Ride.

About forty-five years ago Boston experienced an unusually-severe winter. It was so cold that one January morning, as two rural members of the Legislature were warming their purple hands at the cheerful open fireplace of the old City Tavern, one of them remarked to the other:

"Purty cold weather, Cap'n."

"Yes," replied the addressed party; "I heard a man in the Plymouth stage say last night that the thermometer down there was below zero."

On that night the stage from Newburyport arrived at its headquarters, the Eastern Stage House, No. 84 Ann street, under circumstances peculiar and extraordinary. The frost-laden wind howled around the ancient tavern with such effect that landlord, guests and stable hands kept as far as possible from in doors. While thus making themselves comfortable, the Newburyport came quite prompt to its usual time, and through the archway into the yard in galiant style, but the driver seemed in no hurry to dismount. He was spoken to, but made no answer. Upon investigation he was found to be frozen stiff and dead; his icy hands still clutched the reins, which during the latter portion of the terrible ride had been powerless to guide the sagacious animals. They, with instinctive sagacity, had sought their accustomed shelter in the stable of the old stage tavern.

Worry.

If you find yourself disposed to give way to that mind-weakening, happiness-destroying disease of worry, try to recuperate your nervous system. Go to bed and sleep your imaginary troubles away. If you cannot sleep, it is a sign that your blood is sluggish; your nervous system is used up; your muscular system has had little or no employment. Then do something to tire the muscles and start the blood. Do not fall into the delusive snare of "gentle exercise;" that is admissible only for invalids. Whatsoever you do, do it with all your might. Take a tramp on the hills; saw wood; ride horseback; give fifteen minutes to an Indian club or a pair of not-too-heavy dumb-bells; run; jump; anything to exert your body and stop the exertion of your mind, to set your muscles into exercise and give your nerves a rest. Get into a glow and a perspiration, and make yourself feel thoroughly, healthily tired. Then take a bath, get on clean clothes, eat a light meal with a good appetite, and go to bed; and, ten chances to one, you will go to sleep and wake in the morning cheerful and hopeful, prepared to laugh at your former melancholy.

A Talented Family.

The M. Spilikins family is one of the most fashionable in Galveston. The old man, however, is not as nice as he ought to be, but the rest of the family are highly accomplished. Somebody was speaking of them the other day, and he remarked how they all played on some instrument.

"What does the old lady play?" asked a bystander.

"She plays on the piano."

"And the youngest daughter?"

"She plays on the harp."

"And the next daughter?"

"She is very proficient on the guitar."

"And the boy?"

"He plays on the fiddle."

"Well, does the old man play?"

"You bet he does. He plays the slowest game of draw-poker on Galveston island."—*Galveston News.*