The Kimball Graphic.

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YOU.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth s treasures, too,
Or choose from heaven whatsoe'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor king in castle old or palace new.
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I,
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted I'd defy, nor fortune woo.
Having my wife, no jewel else I'd wear,
If she were you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How graced with every charm, how fond, how true;
E'en though perfection, she be naught to me
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart,
In everything you think or say or do,
Than all the joys that heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

THE HEIRESS.

Adele Fayton gave a vexed little toss of her head—a gesture intended to be awfully annihilating to Mr. Harry Browne, standing on the lower step of the piazza at the Seaside house.

"Very well; go, of course, Mr Browne, if you prefer; but really I think it is too bad of you."

"Of course it is," added pretty Miss Hunter, with the golden locks and baby blue eyes that were considered irresistable by the generality of the sterner sex. "Of course it is too bad, when you know that to a dozen ladies staying at the Seaside there are only such a few gentlemen. I know what the trouble is, though don't I. Mr. Browne? You are tired of us—the same over and over—and you are reserving your forces until the much-talked-of and anxiously expected beauty and heiress arrives upon the scene."

Harry tuned lazily around and smiled.

"I am afraid I shall have to incur a great risk in contradicting a lady," he said good-humoredly.

Haughty Adele Fayton flashed him a half-indignant, half-sarcastic glance from her black eyes and said:

"And when this heiress has arrived I dare say Mr. Browne will loose interest in his solitary boat rides and fishing excursions, while we forlorn maidens get through the day as well as we can for lonesomeness. Mr. Browne, you are selfish."

"Well, yes, rather, if always wanting the best of everything concerned is what you call selfish. But I will redeem my character by proving to you that which will doubtless set your hearts at rest. I don't believe in your wonderful coming beauty and heiress to begin with, and in the second place I would commit hacikari before I'd marry an heiress. Now, am I vindicated?"

He bowed and walked off, just a little to the discomfiture of the ladies on the piazza—went off to the beach where his boat and fishing tackle awaited him, with more of a disgusted impatient look on his face than was customary with him.

"What a lot of idiots a fellow comes across in the course of his life! Because a lot of pretty girls lose their heads when a wealthy beau comes along, they argue, with a woman's senseless persistency, that the men are as mercenary as themselves! Marry an heiress! not if she were as beautiful as—as Venus, and every word she dropped was transmitted into a koh-i-noor!"

Mr. Brown pushed off in his surf-boat, dashing and plunging through the breakers like a sailor born and bred. He rowed out a mile or two to another fishing boat containing a couple of barefooted boys, 8 and 10, with wide-brimmed hats, and bright tanned faces and brown eyes. A tall lad of 16, worried and anxious looking, who was evidently dismayed at the increasing swell of the sea and the freshening south wind, was of this company, and also a young girl, with lovely dark grey eyes, grave and thoughtful, yet bright and flashing, as she looked at Harry while he rowed ne rer and nearer in response to the hallo of the boys.

A decidedly nice-looking girl, hardly what one would call handsome, and yet the pure, fair complexion, ever so lightly sun-tanned, the scarlet mouth so tightly closed, the waving, deep gold-colored hair, thickly braided and hanging down to her waist, and the glorious gray eyes made a whole that Harry Brown quite thoroughly admired as he pulled alongside and spoke to her.

"You seem to be in some difficulty," he remarked touching his hat courteously.

She bowed.

"Joe is rather demoralized, I think. There is no danger, is there?" Harry glanced at Joe's scared face, and the restless antics of the boys in the tiny boat.

"If you had a man in charge who knew his business there would be no shadow of danger. As it is this young man has no excuse for venturing so far out."

"We were fishing," she said, in a pleasant, apologetic way, "and didn't realize how far we had gone. "Well," with a troubled look that was more anxious than fear, "we must do the best we can. Perhaps you can tell Joe what to do with the boat?"

Harry replied, "If you will allow me to exchange places with your pilot, I will row you ashore. I am Harry Browne, of ——, brokers,—— street, at present staying at the Seaside house."

"You are very kind Mr. Browne, and I will thankfully accept your offer. My name is May Harper."

She laughed as if the oddness of the mutual introduction amused her, and Harry made up his mind that she was the very nicest girl he had met in many a day.

"Well, then, Joe, jump in here and row yourself to the shore. You won't have any trouble to take yourself only, will you?"

The alacrity with which the lad changed from the Bella to the Tadie was sufficient answer, and neither Harry nor Miss Harper could help smiling as Joe put for the shore.

"I dare say he thought it was all right," May said, apologetically.

"Had no brsiness to think so, though. Shall I take you straight back, Miss Harper, or would you rather fish awhile longer?"

"If you please, I will go back. Aunt Jane will be worried about me."

She leaned against the side of the boat, trailing her hand in the water, while the children sat quiet as mice, watching Harry with awe and admiration, as he pulled long, steady strokes that sent them spinning along, while Harry thought: She is the most sensible girl I ever came across. Pretty, modest, dignified, pleasant, with no sham reserve about her, any more than too much freedom. And what a through lady she is! I know it as well as if I had met her a thousand times."

And May, setting opposite him, watching the water as it danced and sparkled, thought if ever there was a true gentleman in manner, speech and action, it was this handsome stranger who was rowing her to shore.

"Will you tell me opposite to which hotel. I am glad to row you?" he said as after a most delightful hour's conversation he rested on his oars and awaited her commands.

She laughed.

"Oh, no, not at any hotel. I am staying at one of the fishermen's cottages about two miles further down on your left."

Harry was delighted with the prospect of continuing with her.

"Yes, I know where you mean. The place we call Sandy beach."

"Yes, and you can't imagine how lovely it is there—old-fashioned, rather crowded quarters, to be sure, but with the faintest vestiege of anything like fun or style."

"And you actually are boarding there Miss Harper? Why didn't you come to one of the hotels—the Seaside for instance? It's a nice house, and pleasant company is there."

May smiled.

"Not I. I came to the seashore to enjoy myself and get away from fashion and dress and tiresome people."

And you have succeeded in enjoying yourself at Sandy beach?"

"Admirably, these four weeks. You are the first devotee of the world that I have seen since I came here."

Her dark eyes sparkled mischievously as she gave a glance across at him.

"Is that really so? I, hope, then, you will not condemn yourself to such isolation any longer at least for me. May I join in your solitary amusement, Miss Harper?"

A faint flush crept softly over her rare pale face as she said:

"I am not sure Will and Ben will agree to such an arrangement. They are my inseperable companions in my rambles," and she looked at the two little lads.

Harry gravely produced a handful of pennies, which he gave them.

"Now, young gentlemen, may I escor you and Miss Harper on a charming excursion I know of to-morrow?"

"I must make it conditional then," said May, laughing. "Promise me you won't tell any one there is anybody down at Sandy beach, will you? Occasionally fishing parties come to arrange with Uncle John and Aunt Jane Jackson—horrible, isn't it?—but I contrive that no one sees me, for I am determined not to be drawn into society this summer if I can help it. I don't want to see company."

"But you don't regard me as company?"

"No," she replied, "I don't regard you as company."

After that it was all up with Harry Browne, and he went back to the Seaside house acknowledging that he was in love at last, and with an unknown, obscure girl, who, doubtless for other reasons than her dislike for society, perhaps for pecuniary reasons, was staying at Sandy beach. He liked her all the better for it; he honored her good sense and fell head over ears in love.

The next three weeks were the most blessed ones he had ever spent in his life. He disgusted Adele Fayton, and her friends daily by his persistent neglect of them. He continued his solitary excursions—solitary till he came to Sandy beach, where May was always ready to accompany him, or entertain him, until one day he told her he loved her dearly, and that it was the one wish of his life to have her for his wife.

And May with her soft eyes shaded with the tenderness of love and trust unspeakable, looked in his handsome face and told him she had loved him from the moment he had rowed up beside her that summer day.

As he took her in his arms and imprinted a lover's kiss on her red lips and put his arm around her slim waist, his heart gave great throbs of thanksgiving for that blessing on him.

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The piazza of the Seaside house was a bewildering bright scene, with the gayly-dressed girls standing in earnest conversation as Harry Browne came up to the house.

Adele Fayton tossed her pretty dark head saucily.

"There! Didn't I say Mr. Browne would be on hand to greet the heiress? You men can't withstand such a golden temptation. Mr. Browne, she has arrived at last."

"She? Who?"

Adele laughed sarcastically.

"There isn't the least use in your pretending you don't know what I mean. You know I mean the heiress."

Harry smiled—a sort of pity coming over him as he remembered how much happier he was than the one who should be fortunate with this wonderful new comer.

Bertha Hunter went up to him in her gushing manner.

"I prophesy you will be very first to go wild over her. She is just what I imagine you will like. Great dark eyes and the goldenest hair; and so romantic; I wonder you never came across her in your solitary rambles. She has been staying down at the old Jackson cottage all summer; but then May Harper always had curious ideas. At all events she is here now, and I am dying to introduce you, Mr. Browne."

He stood confounded for a moment while he tried to realize it.

May, his darling, the heiress whom he had declared he would rather commit suicide than marry? May, in her cheap blue flannel suits, with no gloves or lace on her hands or face; she the great heiress whose movements and sayings were chronicled in the daily papers—whose dresses were copied by less favored mortals, whose presence was as welcome as the sunshine.

"And she is pretty, too," Adele Fayton said, a little venomously, as if it were quite a shame. "I saw her as she went to her room."

Harry glanced up composedly at the array of faces and said: "I am glad you think May is pretty. I think she is the loveliest girl living. So you did not know that I was engaged to her?"

There followed a lull in the merry chatter that eloquently expressed the dumbfounded astonishment at Harry's announcement.

The Plague of History.

The threatening cholera epidemic has called attention to the great plagues recorded in history, and a glance at some of the eve ts may reconcile us to a grateful feeling from the comparative freedom from pestilence in late years. The earliest plagues of which there are any account are those described in Exodus, occurred in Egypt 1491 B. C. In 534 B. C., there was a plague at Carthage so terrible that parents sacrificed their children to propitiate the gods. In 187 B. C., in the Greek islands, Egypt and Syria, people died at the rate of 2,000 a day. In Rome, A. D. 80, 10,000 persons died daily. Another plague at Rome, A. D., 256, took off 5,000 a day, In 430 Britain was scourged so that the living were hardly able to bury the dead. During the years 746-749 Constantinople lost 200,000 of its population. At Chichester, England, in 772, 34,000 people died, and in 954, Scotland lost 40,000 people. Ireland was sorely visited in 1172 and 1204, and again in 1348-9. At that time 200 were buried daily in London. In 1407 London lost 30,000 citizens. There was a fearful pestilence in Oxford in 1471. The dreadful "sweating sickness" occurred in London iu 1506 and again in 1517. In most of the towns half the people died, and Oxford was depopulated. In 1522 thousands were swept away in Limerick. The sweating sickness revisited England in 1528, and again in 1551. In 1603-04 30,578 people perished of plague in London. Constantinople again lost 200,000 people in 1611. In 1625 London lost 35,417 inhabitants. In 1632 Lyons lost 60,000. In 1656 400,000 people died at Naples in six months. In 1664 London's great plague took off 68,596 inhabitants. In 1720 60,000 people died at Marseilles. In 1773 80,000 inhabitants of Bossora, Persia, died of plague. In 1792 800,000 persons died of plague in Egypt. In Barbary 3,000 people died daily, and in 1779 247,000 people perished at Fez. Asiatic cholera first appeared in England at Sutherland, October 26, 1831, and in North America at Quebec, June 8, 1832, and in New York June 22, 1832. It revisited the United States in 1834, slightly in 1849, severely in 1855, and again lightly in 1866-57. In 1829-30 900,000 people died of cholera in Russia and Germany. In 1848-49 53,203 people died of it in England and Wales, and in 1854 these countries lost 20,097 and Naples 10,000 persons. In 1865 50,000 people died of cholera at Constantinople.—Inter-Ocean.

One of Sothern's Characteristic Jokers.

A story about "Lord Dundreary." As we all know, he was a great practical joker on or off the stage, here or in England. One night he arranged with his brilliant manager, Goodwin, while he was playing at the Globe Theater, Boston, that at a certain point in the performance Goodwin should interrupt him, pronounce him a humbug as a humorist and a stick as an actor, and that much brilliant repartee should flow therefrom, to the mystification of the audience and the amusement of Messrs. Sothern and Goodwin. Goodwin partook heartily of the spirit of the joke, and at the proper moment, dressed in full evening costume and somewhat disguised, he rose in one of the stage boxes, interrupted Sothern, called him a delusion and a snare, and wanted him to stop right there. Sothern, who enjoyed, it even more than Goodwin, talked back smartly, and a rattling controversy followed in which Sothern evidently had the sympathy of the audience. Imagine the latter's delight and Goodwin's astonishment when a policeman, who was not in Goodwin's half of the joke, marched in under secret orders from Sothern and removed the disorderly gentleman from the box, from the house and to the police station, amid the cheers of the crowd. Some time after midnight Sothern visited the station and had his now disgruntled accomplice liberated.—[Philadelphia Record.

A Twelve Pound Nugget.

There are two things, at least, that rough men ordinarily respect,—and those are a woman who is a woman, and a baby. In the early days of mining in California, a true woman ruled as a queen in a miners' camp, and if she was the mother of an infant, she reigned as an empress. A good story is told by the California Eye, which is worth repeating:

Nestled close by the saloon at Grand Forks, in the very heart of the peaks of the Sierras, was the home of Henry Miller, a brother of Joaquin Miller. He had a very sensible woman for a wife, who bore him a beautiful son.

When the child was three weeks old, Mr. Miller, in a waggish way, told the "boys" he had "struck it rich," and had at that very time a nugget at his house that weighed twelve pounds. If any of them doubted his word, they could call at the house any time and be convinced.

In a few minutes a delegation of miners filed out of the saloon and made a straight line for Miller's home.

They were very courteously received by Mrs. Miller who listened to the story of their errand, and with a twinkle in her eyes, concluded to keep up the joke. The speaker of the party began:

"They tell us, Mrs. Miller, that your husband has struck it rich."

"Indeed, he has," replied Mrs. Miller.

"Has he pre-empted his claim?"

"I think he certainly has."

"What price does he ask for his mine?"

"I really don't think he would take a cool million for it."

"Is the specimen very fine?"

"Indeed, it is more precious than diamonds to me."

"Let us see it will you?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Miller, as she advanced to the cradle and lifted out a handsome, twelve-pound boy, and exhibited it to the astonished gaze of the good-hearted but puzzled miners. They took the joke very good-naturedly, and laughed heartily, left the house without a very ceremonious leave-taking. Mackay, the millionaire, was one of the duped miners.

The Canadian Pacific railroad managers state that 2,000,000 bushels of wheat will be sent to tidewater this season from Manitoba.

A Passion Play is to be produced next summer at Emerald village near San Francisco.

THROUGH MICHIGAN WILDS.

Lights in the Wilderness—A Backwoodman's Home—A Cyclone of Fire.

The following extracts are from a letter of a voyager down the river Au Sable, to the New York Evening Post:

An area of ten counties in the northeastern corner of the southern peninsula of Michigan may—though on a much more ample scale—be likened to the Adirondack region of New York state. The tract includes a region of not less than 8,000 square miles, or nearly twice the area of Connecticut. Vast land tracts covered by scrawny oaks and underbrush are succeeded by hills crested with pine. Then came tangled forests of mixed growths or dense cedar swamps, almost impassable even to the foot of the hardened backwoodsman. One may travel for dozens of miles without seeing a house or other sign of human habitation, and whole counties in some instances contain only a few hundred settlers altogether and not a single village worth the name.

During a four day's water trip for a distance of 140 miles, the traces of man were scant and at far intervals. Three or four farm-houses, a tented party from Detroit with whom we passed a hospitable hour, and a small lumber camp were the only visible human signs. Every half mile or so brings to the sight of the floating voyager on the Au Sable an open space in the forest many acres in extent. There are thick, blackened tree-trunks on the ground, protruding in all directions from their shroud of green underbrush. A more impressive spectacle are the dead pine trees still standing in these open areas, black around the roots, but reaching, straight as a dart, for a hundred feet in air, These are the gaunt skeletons of what were once splendid living pines, now killed by the forest fires which periodically sweep through the Michigan wood lands during drought. Not far below the mouth of the Au Sable, and on the other side of Saginaw bay, is the region where the deadly fires two years ago devastated the wood lands so terribly, causing the loss of hundreds of lives and million of dollars' worth of property. A well-informed resident of Michigan, who lives but a few miles away from the scene of that horror, has described it to me, not as a burning forest in the ordinary sense, but a cyclone of flame, marked by characters of fire by many of the phenomena of wind tornadoes. In some way the forces generated a powerful volume of air, filled with gases in combustion, and penetrated with almost supernatural heat. It was a sort of earthly counterpart of those tornadoes of fiery gas which men of science tell us sweep over the incandescent envolope of the sun. Wherever it touched the ground this flaming destroyer consumed. Woods, fences, houses, cattle, and human beings were not merely burned but almost vaporized. Often the whirlwind left behind a marked track of ruin, with clearly delineated sides. One man would be taken; another a few feet away left. Half of a line of fence would be destroyed utterly, while the remaining half would not be even scorched. The whirlwind of heat, like a cyclone of wind, sometimes bounded from the earth only to descend again and lick up the house and forest. It leaped open fields and rivers in an instant, converting the surface waters into steam, and finally stopped its career of destruction, not because of lack of fuel, but because its strange fiery energy was in some occult way exhausted. As proving its peculiar cyclonic quality, there is a well-authenticated story of a farmer who had left his pantaloons in the middle of a ten-acre lot. In the pockets were five trade dollars, and when he returned after the swift passage of the flaming whirlwind he found only a lump of melted silver where he had left the coins. Looking upon the enormous masses of pine trees and vegetation which line the Au Sable, conceiving their inflammable condition during drought, and then glancing anew at the open burned spaces, with their huge charred tree trunks, one could easily imagine that the stories about the Michigan forest fires were neither fanciful nor exaggerated,

To the Eastern eye how rough in its outfit and how pathetic in its lack of comforts is the home of one of these pioneers. The one I have in mind stands close to the brink of the river, so near the waters that the rise of last spring swept up to the door sills. It is made of logs squared and fitted at the ends, with the long interstices between the timbers closed by wooden wedges and mud work. Two or three rugged outhouses similarly constructed give shelter to the farm cattle. The half-cleared tract of 160 acres, taken by the settler under the Homestead Act, is thickly scarred with blackened stumps, between which rise struggling patches of grass or grain. Nearer the dwelling is a scrubby garden covered with a weak growth of carrots, and the whole cleared tract is circled by the ghost-like array of those dead pines which all over Michigan record the sweep of the forest fires. The dismal environment of the settler's home has its counterpart in the rough walls, the unearpted floor, the squalid children chasing each other from corner to corner, the flock of frowsy chickens that enter and go out at will, and, most pathetic of all, the house-wife, worn with toil and child-bearing, who, with an infant at breast, pulls wearily through her dreary round of drudgery. In a closet fitted with dirty berths sleep the children. Go up now to the upper story next the roof where the grown people and visitors sleep. The garret, for it is nothing else, runs the whole length and breadth of the structure. In each corner is a rude bed fitted with sheets and coverlids on which seem to have gathered the dirt of ages. On one of these in the open room slept my comrade and myself. In another was the mistress of the manse, whose husband was away in one of the lumber towns; and in a third narrow couch slumbered two hired men. With one exception the nearest neighbor of this backwoods family was some ten miles away; all supplies had to come from the lake town of Au Sable, fifty or sixty miles distant, over sandy roads; and the only visitors were the rude lumbermen or an occasional sportsman from Saginaw or Detroit. Yet, amid all these shadows of poverty, hardship, and squalor, there were some rifts of light. Faint glimpses of culture or comfort were to be seen in the coarse prints on the walls, the sewing-machine, and some stray efforts at household decoration. The children, though untidy, were red-cheeked, and precocious in speech and observation far beyond their years; and the temper of the inmates of the rude dwelling reflected the most kindly and generous hospitality. When I found that this backwoods home had been wrested, only two years before, from an unbroken forest, I realized the real dignity and import of those humble frontier beginnings from which the greatness of a nation has sprung.

THE FIRST WOMAN IN CAMP.

A Warm Welcome in the Far West.

June 30 was a day of jollification at Carbonate, Col., being the advent of the first wagon, the first woman, and the first board from the mill. It would have been interesting to the reader to witness the electrifying effect on the men in camp when word was passed along the line that a woman was coming. Long before she was within a mile of the camp knots of men were were gathered here and there watching, looking in the direction from whence the wagon was to come. As she hove in sight, each one gathered around his camp, as when an alarm had been sounded in a prairie-dog town. When within a few yards of the outside habitation the woman alighted and accompanied by her husband proceeded to the county clerk's quarters. But the crowd which had gathered around the office for mail receded respectfully each side of the entrance. As she passed in, Colonel Ferguson sernely loomed up, and, sailing out among the boys, agitated a reception.

Seized by the inspiration, a hundred hats were removed from heads of noble structure and design—siluriated somewhat, perhaps—and a hundred horny palms passed over the unkempt locks to smooth them down; vests were pulled down, and a hundred pair of eyes ran down the respective owners' "digging clothes," proudly inspecting the inevitable "ball stitch" which rejoined the dismembered seam or held in place the patch of conspicuous dimensions. By a look of common consent the colonel was the man selected to make the reception speech. Uneasily pluming his moustache with carbonate-stained fingers, the colonel approached her, and, followed by the uncovered heads, he inadvertently yanked a frog from his throat and began:

"Respected madam," and a hundred heads nodded assent. Appealing again to his moustache for he needed inspiration the colonel resumed again: "Respected madam—the illuminating spectre of this most fascinating occasion—" And a hundred heads bobbed serenely again in ascent. Pluming again the source of inspiration, the halting colonel staggered on: "Foot prints of thine, which have first fallen on our carboniferous soil, we welcome thee. Mercury in her areial flight trails through the starry architraves of heaven, to trail over the siturian outcrops of Garfield country, which has become sacred to us from toil, vicissitudes, and privations. It is ours by right of discovery, and you are welcome. We are conversant with your sex and some of us have been victimized. We have learned to love and cherish in memory the tiny fingers which were rubbed over our biscuits in other days and we languish for the same. The delicacy of sewing on buttons (thimbleless) is our and ours toil-stained robes bear the traces of the silurian outcrop. For months we have been here surrounded by the beautiful crystalline pearls of heaven, which have banked about and around us, and our only solace has been the chirp of the camp bird and the weird wailings of the metamorphic blasts. We have long anticipated the daisy, struggling through the snowy depths to comfort us, as the day drew near when we laid by our snowshoes on the limestone ledges, but this occasion is most sublime, undreamed of, and unprecedented in the history of our new country. Thou hast come upon us like a perfume freighted breath of the gentle springtime, and thou art the shrine to which we bow and bring tribute, and, in behalf of these, my partners in the struggle, who stand before you with uncovered heads, some of them glistening, like a burnished disc in the silurian sunlight, heads which have been robbed of capillary traces from inevitable contract, I again say, welcome."—Denver News.

Anecdote of An Emperor to Be.

When, in 1866, Bavaria and South Germany joined Austria against Prussia, they suffered several disastrous defeats. In 1879, the German people stood together against France with an enthusiasm almost unprecedented. One supreme command only, that of the Prussian king, directed the eager masses of combatants, and his son was selected to lead the corps from South Germany, together with a due proportion of Prussians. From the first he was their favorite. With that affectionate disposition which distinguishes the South Germans, they called upon him "our Fritz." One soft summer evening, after the battles of Weisenburg and Worth, the Crown Prince was sauntering leisurely about, a short pipe between his fingers, and all alone, in the village where a halt had been ordered. Passing a closed barn, he fancied he heard something like stump-oratory inside, and quickly opened the door. As a matter of course, all present rose, Bavarians and others. "Oh, no," said Frederick William, "sit down; there will be room enough for me to do the same, I dare say. I am only sorry to have disturbed you. Pray, who was the speaker?" All eyes turned toward a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance, however, looked sorely puzzled when the commander-in-chief further asked: "And what were you talking about?" Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed: "Well, of course, we were talking about our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us, we should have made short work of those conf—— Prussians." The Prince roared with laughter, and continued chatting with the party till far into the night.

The new oil region at Macksburg, O., where the Decker well flowed 100 barrels in less than four days, is being flooded with speculators, one of whom has leased 900 acres of land.

Business failures are reported quite numerous at Winnipeg, as a result of the almost total collapse of the real estate boom which placed two-thirds of the people in a condition bordering on insanity about two years ago.

AMERICAN SNOBBERY.

How It is Illustrated at the Great Watering Place.

Letter to Springfield Republican.

Newport differs from most places of its kind in being a summer residence rather than a resort. Its transient visitors are not many and they are usually the guests, in a strict sense, of the cottagers. There is not, nor has there been for a long time, any inducement there for summerers to stay at hotels. In the first place, the accommodations are not desirable, and, secondly, hotel people, as they are called, are not favorably regarded by the cottagers, who, as a rule, look down upon them and treat them with conspicuous disdain.

In order to have any position, or to be socially accepted, one must have a cottage which, in local significance, means a spacious, handsome, very costly villa with grounds, horses, plate, pictures and whatever modern sumptuousness demands. Newport makes a deal of assumption in respect of family, high-breeding and the like; but what it most requires is wealth. Nobody can be a Newporter, in the social sense, without an ample fortune, and having that, unless there be very serious objections the way is easy. Newport is, judged by its pretense, a downright sham, and cannot be otherwise; for it pretends to be a community of the best kind of persons in the best kind of circumstances. The circumstances must be admitted; but the persons cannot be, without great discrimination and numberless exceptions. Some very fine, highly cultured, most estimable men and women may be found here, of course; but many of their associates are of a very different order, having neither birth nor intellect nor training nor delicacy nor tact to recommend them. But they have abundance of money, and have acquired such knowledge of customs, forms and external manners as passes for breeding in what styles itself "good society." Society, nowadays, is necessarily mixed all the world over, particularly so in a democracy like ours. It is, in any large sense, none the worse, but rather the better, for this mixture, since otherwise, it would be inane, monotonous, dull to stupidity. But this is not the idea, indeed it is the very reverse of the idea, of the summers here. They claim, at least inferentially, that they possess all the social virtues, and that anything and everything akin to meanness or vulgarity is foreign to their nature—a claim which obviously cannot be allowed. It would be easy to mention, if one were ill-natured, certain well-known men and women, prominent in social circles here, who are the antipodes of what they pretend to be. Their acquaintances—it would be untrue to say their friends—laugh at and criticise them privately; but they receive, and flatter them publicly, because they are rich, and because it would be both imprudent and inconvenient to offend them. Thus Newport society is an epitome and a reflex of society abroad and at home.

The season—meaning cottage or villa life—is as gay as money and elaborate preparation can make it. More villas are unoccupied this year then were last year, or the year previous, in consequence of their owners being abroad, and of other causes; but the absent ones are not missed in the endless round of formal festivity. Every day there are very expensive and very ambitious breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, dances, receptions, parties, indeed, of every variety; each person trying to outdo his neighbor, and, in his own opinion, succeeding. This is called gaiety, and is such, according to social definition though, to persons not professionally fashionable, it would be extremely tiresome, if not repulsive. It is tiresome, unquestionably, to those who participate in it; but they are glad to tire themselves in what they consider so good a cause, and are content to pass their years in this pompously empty manner. The chronicles of the day read very much alike. Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave an elegant luncheon yesterday to a dozen of her most intimate friends. Mrs. Paran Stevens will give a german at her elegant villa to-morrow evening. August Belmont drove a party of his friends in his drag to his beautiful farm in the adjoining township last Tuesday. William R. Travers has invited a party of his New York friends to dinner at the Casino next week. James R. Keene will give a magnificent fish breakfast next Wednesday to several English capitalists now in town. James Gordon Bennett will take a cruise in his yacht, which has just been refitted at enormous expense, toward the close of the present month. So it runs, day after day, week after week; the "season" closing as it began, leaving everybody fatigued and nobody benefited.

Old John and His Wife.

There is a silent lesson of true hearts, more forcible, than sermons, in this touching little scene reported in the Knoxville (Tenn.) Tribune:

In Sullivan county, near Bristol, live an old couple on a small poor farm where they raised two sturdy sons, both of whom fell in the war fighting for the cause that failed.

The old people have worked along for years, barely earning a living. They had a few fruit trees growing on different parts of the farm, that last year yielded an abundant crop.

The old people gathered the fruit and dried it, and the other day, in a little one-horse wagon, carried it to Bristol to sell.

The fruit was weighed, the merchant placed forty dollars' worth of goods in the little wagon and forty dollars in cash in the old man's hand.

As the old lady received the money from her husband, and put it away in the old-fashioned purse, she said, as something seemed to rise in her throat,—

"John, we are richer to-day than we have been since our boys went away to war."

The old man, without saying a word, threw his arms around his old wife and hugged her like a young lover, while they both cried like children.

The clerk who was standing near, crept quietly to the back part of the store and began dusting a pile of goods, that had no dust on them; and that night he asked his sweetheart to play "Will you love me when I'm old?"

The Baptist weekly says: "If a church wants to secure a new pastor it can scarcely take a surer course to drive off desirable men than by maligning the pastor who has left them."

Burdette's Baby.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

Time flies, and the boy is learning to talk so that other people can understand him.

"If you would let me have him for about one month," said a pleasant-voiced and pleasant-faced school-mistress who came down here from up the river last week. "I could break him of this careless habit of speaking."

Just because the boy had asked his stern dark-browed father:

"Poppuls, phurs is mines fiffin pole you peakin' mama um day?"

Which by interpretation is, as the pleasant-voiced school-mistress would have taught him to say:

"Father, where is my fishing-rod, of which you were speaking to my mother with reference to purchasing it for me at some time in the indefinable future?"

And her little serene highness shook her head and said no; he was losing his baby talk and learning to speak English too rapidly as it was. The pleasant face of the school teacher wrinkled up into an interrogation point.

"Schoolmistress," the jester said, "on all matters of education your shapely head is not hilly; it is as level as new-mown lawn, but you don't want to teach the baby grammar, and you don't want him to speak good English. You want him to be a baby, and you want to encourage him to indulge in baby talk. In the years to come, when the pudgy little hsts will dig great tears out of the blue eyes, because the boy can't remember in just what points there should and must be exact harmony between the verb and the subject, when he is confident that he will die before he can remember how many fellows besides "ad, ante, con, in or inter," are followed by the accusative; when he knows the world will stand still for just two hours after school it he can't recall that all terminations in something or other take the what you may call it after some kind of things; when he is so trusting and has so much confidence in Mr. Davis that he is not only willing but anxious to accept his statement that the sum of the three angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles, without going to the board to prove his truthfulness by demonstration; along in those days the memory of his baby talk will come to us like sweet music. He will have trouble enough with the English language and all the appurtenances thereunto appertaining, by and by."

"No," he responded in answer to a silent inquiry of the pleasant-faced schoolmistress, "he does not know his alphabet, thank heaven, and he shall not be bothered with it. Yes, he has alphabet blocks and knows all the letters on them and many preposterous stories about the pictures. Oh, yes, he can count; here him now, counting the pebbles he brought home from the beach, one, free, seven, free seven, ten, free, five, seven, free'; certainly he can count, by a system of his own, too, which is more than most people have."

"Don't make a prig of the baby, school-mistress. From the day on which they are six years old they must, under the school system of the state begin to study, and sit up straight, and behave properly, and speak correctly, and from that time until the grave hides them, they live and speak and act, verbally speaking, they be, and do, and suffer, under social and educational surveillance. And I claim that at least six years of the life of a man or woman should be free; free as the air; free to talk as the brook runs, with un-trammelled musical prattle and babble. Why, here a few week ago, came a melancholy looking child, about four years old, and in presence and hearing pointed to me, and said to his mother:

"Mamma, of whom is that gentleman speaking?"

"Poor little prig! My heart bled for him. That afternoon I took the boy down by the target, and taught him to say, "Mamma, what is dot man speakin' to you about?" and reconstructed his general grammer on the same easy basis and—look me in the eye—if that boy didn't tan up like a young Indian in two days, and he gained seven pounds in three weeks."

"You see," the jester concluded, in an apologetic tone, for he had done an unusual amount of preaching that day, "you see, we haven't a very broad experience in training children; we have only one chick to cluck over and scratch for, but we're bound he shan't go to school until he's through being a baby, and we know, schoolmistress, that he's the happiest boy that ever mangled grammar."

Strange Death By Lightning.

Mr. Robert Claiborne is a brother to Mrs. T. P. Leathers, wife of the captain of the Natchez. He is postmaster at Point Coupee, besides having the agency of the Pool line and other boats at that point. Last Tuesday evening, while the steamboat Blanks was lying at the landing, Mr. Claiborn started down the levee toward where she was tied, followed a short distance behind by two negro men, mounted on mules carrying the mail bags. When nearly to the boat he was seen to fall to the ground suddenly beneath a white blaze of light that hovered around him for an instant, and the two negro men at the same time were hurled off their mules to the ground. Those on the boat who witnessed the phenemenon rushed ashore, and almost at the same moment the two negro's recovered their feet and came up to where Mr. Claiborne had fallen. They found him a corpse, black as ink all over. An examination of the body disclosed the fact that the electric fluid had penetrated the body in two currents, penetrating his right and left breasts respectively, and making two apertures where they entered, like bullets would have made. The lightning traversed his body. A lot of silver coins in one of the pockets of his pantaloons was melted and fused together in an indistinguishable mass. The two negroes felt the force of the shock sufficiently to be thrown from the mules they were riding without being seriously injured thereby. The sun was shining in an unclouded sky at the time the thunderbolt came down. A phenomenon similar in its fatality and strangeness occurred some weeks ago by which two men were killed under a tree near Bay St. Louis, being struck dead by lightning while the sun was shining. Silver and gold coins in their pockets were melted and blackened as in the case of Mr. Claiborne."—Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald.

By a strange sarcasm of fate, a town on Long Island where the stenches from several factories are inexpressibly vile is called Blissville.