

A LEAP YEAR VISION.

Can I forget that winter night
 In eighteen eighty-four,
 When Nellie, charming little sprite,
 Came tapping at the door.
 "Good evening, miss," I blushing said,
 For in my heart I knew—
 And knowing hung my pretty head—
 That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell
 Adown upon her knees,
 And cried, "You know I love you well,
 So be my husband, please."
 And then she swore she'd ever be
 A tender wife and true—
 Ah! what delight it was to me
 That Nellie came to woo.

She'd lace my shoes, and darn my hose,
 And mend my shirts, she said,
 And grease my comely Russian nose
 Each night on going to bed.
 She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,
 And split the kindling, too,
 Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul
 When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check,
 To her advances rash,
 She twined her arms about my neck,
 And toyed with my moustache.
 And then she pleaded for a kiss,
 While I, what could I do
 But coyly yield me to that bliss
 When Nelly came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear
 A gorgeous diamond ring,
 And I shall wed my lover fair
 Some time in gentle spring.
 I face my doom without a sigh—
 And so, forsooth, would you,
 If you but loved as fond as I,
 And Nellie came to woo.

—[Eugene Field.]

WILD ASTERS.

It was a very charming little shopping-bag, and Sadie had wanted such an one for a long time. When she discovered it on her dressing table her birthday morning, it pleased her more than all her other presents combined, though some were far more valuable.

Later in the day she said to her mother:

"Now, mother, you know—and if you don't, I do—that the very first time I carry this bag I'll leave it somewhere, as sure as sin."

"Yes; but, Sadie, you're old enough to be more careful."

"Very true, mother, but then I'm not; and I never shall be, I very much fear."

"Perhaps if you lose this it will be a lesson you will remember."

"But I don't intend to lose it, even if I do leave it; for I mean to have my full address engraved on this silver plate, instead of simply initials."

She had it engraved that afternoon, and displaying it in triumph, said:

"There, mother! see that! Now he who runs may read: Sadie M. Farnham, Pleasantville, Maine."

"Yes, perhaps somebody will read it whom you won't wish to," responded the mother sagely.

"O, I shall keep that side toward me when I carry it."

The last of September she went to visit her most intimate friend, Laura McQuisten, lately married, and living in Ohio. Laura's former home had been in Sadie's own village; and knowing Laura's fondness for the Wild Purple Aster which bordered all their roadsides, nesting beside the Golden-rod, she gathered a large bunch of them to carry to her friend with but one gorgeous spray of Golden-rod in their midst.

Her brother Harry found a pleasant seat for her in the car, and handing her the bag and flowers, he said:

"There! these are almost equal to a big box, little box, handbox and bundle."

"Now, Harry! you know father says I'm a finished traveler. I never burden myself or any one else with luggage."

"You'll get sick enough of those flowers before you get there; they'll be all withered, any way."

"No, they won't; for I shall put fresh water on the cotton every little while."

"Here are your tickets. Take care of yourself, and don't get into any scrapes. Good-bye, little sis; remember me to Laura."

The car was empty save for a few passengers behind Sadie, whose faces she could not see. She loved dearly to study faces, herself unobserved, and began to wish the car would fill up. It did with a rush at the next station, every seat soon being full. Just as she was wondering who would occupy the seat with her, a rather elderly lady, with a slightly troubled expression, entered the car and looked anxiously up and down the rows of seats. She approached Sadie somewhat timidly, but Sadie lifted the flowers from the seat beside her and said brightly, "You can sit here if you like, madam." The lady—that she was a lady was written all over her, though evidently unused to traveling alone—thanked her with a very relieved face and sat down beside her. The lady's eyes fell at once to the flowers and lingered there. Sadie, who was watching her new traveling companion, saw from the half-sad, half-tender smile which curved her lips, and the abstracted, dreamy look on her face, that she was far away from her present surroundings and busy with memories which the Asters and Golden-rod had stirred. As she looked up with a half sigh, Sadie said: "You love flowers?"

"O very much! Wild ones particularly. I used to trim my sun-hat with them, and up by the old school-house on the hill my girlhood's friend and I had plot of them wall round with stones. I haven't seen them in years before, my home having been in the far west."

"I am taking these to a friend whose favorite flowers they use to be; but you must please accept half of them."

The lady thanked her but declined the gift saying she could not rob her of them.

"You will not rob her, for I can send her a box full," separating the flowers as she spoke.

The lady's lips quivered, and her eyes grew moist as she gratefully accepted them. She told Sadie that she was on her way back to her home in

the west, having made a hurried trip to the East to see her son, who had been quite ill, but was now convalescent. Her immediate presence was required at home and she was obliged to return alone, the friend with whom she had come not returning for some weeks.

"I am so unused to traveling alone that I am quite timid," she said with a deprecating look and smile.

Sadie did all in her power to make her comfortable as far as their ways lay together, and enjoyed her companionship, since she was very intelligent and cultured, as further conversation revealed. When they reached Caldwell they parted with real regret; Sadie wished the lady, whose name she did not know, a safe and pleasant journey.

Laura was delighted with the flowers, which had kept wonderfully fresh, more than delighted to see her friend, and in the happy busy days which followed, all remembrance of the lady with whom she had shared the flowers gradually faded from Sadie's mind.

One day there came a letter from home in Harry's hand writing which contained the following paragraph:

"The other day the expressman brought a box addressed to you. Mother was dying with curiosity to know what was in it. Of course I had none, being a man, but at her solicitation I opened the box. It contained a beautiful panel painted in oils, of Wild Asters, with a spray of Golden-rod. Underneath lay a card, on one side of which was inscribed: 'Geo. L. Cranstoun, Boston, Mass.' On the other: 'Will Miss Farnham please accept as a slight token of gratitude for kindness shown my mother while traveling?'"

"I wrote to Charley Livingstone, inquiring in a casual way if he knew him. When he replied he spoke very enthusiastically of him, and asked where I had met him. So father wrote to young C. acknowledging receipt of box, with thanks for contents."

"Now, I should like to know, altho', as you know, I've no curiosity, what you've been up to. Wasn't my last charge to you a solemn warning to you not to get into scrapes?"

Laura declared it was most romantic, quite like a story; and when Sadie left for home she knew her departure was hastened by a desire to see that panel.

Sadie had no adventure during her homeward journey, having a seat to herself most of the way. The remainder of it was occupied by an old gentleman who took snuff and had the catarrh, saying "um! um!" in the most emphatic manner (after each application of his handkerchief).

The panel was almost the first thing shown Sadie on her arrival.

"And how did you happen to give your name and address to an entire stranger?" chorused the family.

"Why, I didn't."

"How did she know it, then?"

"Just then Harry's eye happened to fall on the pretty bag with its silver plate. In a voice brimming with mischief he read: 'Miss Sadie M. Farnham, Pleasantville, Me.," and added: "I suppose you labeled yourself with that all the way, didn't you, Sadie, like a package sent by express?"

"The idea! I kept the plate out of sight all the way; but I left it on the seat once when I went out to get some lunch."

"It's wonderful to me," said Harry, "that you didn't leave it somewhere altogether, that being your usual custom."

Autumn passed away, and early winter. With Christmas came another package by express to Sadie in care of her father. The box when opened was found to contain a beautiful lace pin, the design a spray of Asters, from Mrs. Cranstoun. Later came a very charming letter from the lady, begging Sadie's acceptance of the gift.

All the young readers are saying, "Why doesn't she hurry up and tell where Mr. Cranstoun came to see Sadie, made love, and was accepted?"

My dear girls, I leave you to imagine that part, and I will simply tell you that Mr. C. came up with Charlie Livingstone at New Year, and when the Asters bloomed again there was a quiet wedding in which Sadie Farnham and George Cranstoun were central figures. And the bride wore Asters instead of orange blossoms—how odd!

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

The United States is to have another Catholic cardinal, probably Archbishop Gibbons.

Haskell House!

Caldwell, Idaho.

Haskell & Smith, Proprietors.

The Haskell House is the best hotel in Caldwell. It is pleasantly situated on Front avenue in the upper portion of town. We have a first-class cook, hence we have first-class meals served at all times. Charges reasonable. Come all and give us a call.

FAHY BROS.,

PROPRIETORS OF

The Leading Saloon

In Caldwell. Finest Brand of Goods in the Territory.

Front Avenue--See the Sign.

CALDWELL.

The new Oregon Short Line town of Caldwell is advantageously located on the south bank of Boise River, at an altitude of 2,600 feet above the sea, a little more than 400 miles northwest of Salt Lake by rail, 150 miles northwest of Shoshone, 30 miles west of Boise City, and about 100 miles southeast of Baker City, Oregon. Silver City is due south 55 miles; the principal settlement of Payette Valley about Emmetsville and Falls Store are from 15 to 20 miles north; Idaho City and the "Boise Basin" country, so famous for its rich mines, is from 45 to 60 miles northeast; the great Malheur and Owyhee farming regions are from 25 to 35 miles west, and the widely-known Weiser Region, with Weiser City for its centre, is 30 miles northwest. In other words, Caldwell is in the heart of the vast agricultural region formed by the junction of Boise, Payette, Weiser, Owyhee and Malheur Valleys with Snake River Valley, the junction of all these important rivers being within a radius of 50 miles.

Boise Valley, 70 miles long; Payette Valley, 100 miles long; Weiser Valley, 100 miles long; Malheur and Owyhee Valleys from 50 to 75 miles long each, and dozens of smaller valleys, all within a day's drive, abound in evidences of successful agriculture, and invite the newcomer to settlement. In these valleys tributary to Caldwell there are not less than 7,000 inhabitants.

Along the Boise, 40 to 75 miles east, and along the Payette from 50 to 75 miles north, are some of the heaviest forests east of Puget Sound. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of pines equal to the best in Michigan, which can readily be floated down the river and worked up at Caldwell.

Within a day's drive, and naturally tributary to Caldwell, are the great gold and silver mining regions of Silver City, Snake River, Quartzburg, Placerville, Idaho City, etc., which have made Idaho famous. These various mining regions, vast in extent and richness, will always furnish a splendid market for farmers in the country tributary to Caldwell, and will furnish us much business of various kinds.

Climate mild as Southern Illinois or Salt Lake Valley, ripening peaches, melons, corn, tobacco, etc. Water good and inexhaustible for domestic uses, power or irrigation. Superb wagon roads to all points as noted on accompanying map. Building-stone abundant and good. Market for produce first-class at the railway and in mining camps. The Oregon Short Line Company has secured very extensive grounds at Caldwell, and will doubtless do much to make it the best point between Salt Lake and Portland.

Our three-month-old town has some 600 inhabitants, 40 business houses, and about 150 structures in all. Our cash sales aggregate about \$200,000 per month. In the past sixty days our town received 200 car-loads of lumber, 150 wagons, 500 car-loads of coal, and several hundred car-loads of merchandise. We have shipped 2,000 sacks of flour, 100,000 pounds of wool, 75,000 pounds of hides, 120,000 pounds of Boise Valley fruits and 200,000 pounds of vegetables. Cash receipts at Caldwell depot are about \$40,000 per month. We have a telephone exchange and are building a branch telephone line up Boise Valley to Boise City. We have four hotels, five general merchandise stores, heavy stocks of hardware and agricultural implements, two drug stores, jewelers, news-stand, lumber yard, blacksmith shops, livery stable, the usual quota of saloons, good free school, town hall, public park, etc., with life, nerve and improvements generally of eastern towns twenty years old and containing ten times our population. Arrangements have been made for starting a strong banking house, building waterworks and some very handsome residences. Town lots range in price from \$40 to \$300, and are a very tempting investment. Those sold have doubled in value in some cases in sixty days.

