

He uttered one fearful oath, and shrank trembling like a coward that he was before the girl's gleaming eyes, as she held her light aloft.

"I know what you have been doing, and what it is for. Now, go to work and make it safe again."

"I'll be damned if I do," growled Jake.

The only answer was the click of a revolver that the little firm hand held steadily enough. She knew how to use it; Jake was well aware of that. More than once he had seen her bring down her game, with a skill that many an old hunter might envy.

"If this fails, I have something else at my belt. Do as I tell you, or I will kill you as I would a wild beast that threatened me."

"She'd do it, the little Spanish devil."

"I'm tempted to do it now"—click. "Oh, how quickly I could send you down there where you meant to send him. I can hardly keep from doing it, I hate you so; but I'd scorn to have such dirty blood on my hands. Now, go to work."

Stung through and through with her contempt, cowed and unnerved by the threats that he knew were not idle ones, Jake set about the work, and it was soon completed.

"Now go home!" she said sternly.

There was no choice but to obey, and, still under cover of the girl's revolver, he went before her like a sulky convict driven to his cell.

"I'll release you in the morning," she said, as she drove him into a snug out-building, and, fastening the door securely, left him to his meditations.

The rain had ceased. Up through the green canyons floated the mists of the morning. Tinged with rosy light, they sailed away through the blue ether. Up rose the sun, shining grandly on the mountains, and through those floods of gold came the Doctor, and Bat, caroling his gay song, proud as a troubadour home from the war, going to kneel at his lady's feet.

"By golly, we're save dat baby," he cried, springing through the open door. "And how is Jake? A bet he's ben most sick of lonesome widout me. Eh, where is he, dat Ja-k-e?" he shouted.

But Jake did not appear.

"And then, Marie, my little one," he murmured in his own language, that she had learned in childhood, "hast thou no smile for me? Those beautiful eyes, have they nothing to say to me this morning? They were so eloquent last night, my heart was aching with joy. Look at me Marie—but thou art pale. Wert thou troubled for me, my little love?"

Swiftly the color rose to cheek and brow, slowly the long lashes were uplifted, and from dewy eyes and parted, rosy lips smiled the glad welcome home. Jake, just then appearing at the door, saw it all, and with a stifled groan of jealous passion and defeat, he turned and fled, half blind with rage, he knew not where—to get away from that maddening sight, that was all his thought—away to the caves of the mountains where he could crouch like a wounded wolf and howl out his despair.

Crash! down through the treacherous bridge of poles and bark! Down, down the shuddering depths he whirled, and the stream, scolding to bear such a burden, hurled him aside upon the jagged rocks, where the long ferns trailed their broken plumes and the ivy wound its poisonous bands.

"They'll never find me," he thought, "but it's right—it's just. It's what I was goin' to do to him, curse—no, I can't die cursin'," and, with bleeding, untaught lips, he tried to pray. "O Lord, I don't know how!" he whispered faintly. "But didn't he say forgive? What was it mother used to make me say? 'If I should die—my soul to take—Jesus—sake.'"

His head drooped lower, his lips were still. The water swept across his breast, the long ferns, waving, brushed his bleeding hands, and through the laurel branches the sunshine fell upon his ghastly face.

"Jake, my poor feller, look—hope you heyes—you ain't dead, don't it! Sapre, wake up,

mon go," cried Bat in an agony of terror and compassion, as with trembling hands he dashed the water in his face and rubbed his hands, and from Jake's pocket flask poured whisky down his throat. At last Jake slowly unclosed his eyes and feebly moved his lips.

"Dat's right, by golly, swear if you want to, but keep your heyes open; dat'll scare de debble when dey're shut. Now, how you tink I'll got you hout of dis? Here, embrace me, mon cher; put you harms ron ma neck, comme ca—ho done! You are more heavy dan a blackoak log, but keep to me—now, hup we go. Dere," laying his burden safely on the bank, "you better bath yourself in de stable next time, young feller."

But Jake had fainted again, and Bat ran to the house for help.

"Yes, I meant to kill you, Bat, as true as you live," said Jake, in his first penitence. "I'm sorry now, for you're a brick, and you deserve the girl; but I couldn't stay round, and see her smilin' like that on no man, not if he'd saved my life a hundred times; I might be tempted agin; it's in my nater, Bat. I'm a mean cuss, that's a fact; but as soon as I'm on my pins agin, I'll git."

And he did. And Maria and Bat were married one day when Father Sheridan came to celebrate mass in the little mountain chapel. The pines and the waterfalls played the wedding march; and if the trees could not quite banish the mourning from their voices—there is a little that is sad in everything; but the happy lovers heard only sounds of joy.

The Doctor was there to kiss the bride, Baby Fraser, cooing and crowing and waving her dimpled hands, and Mike and Kitty, all tearful and smiling and eloquent with Irish words of blessing and endearment.

But to this day, Bat cannot comprehend Jake's malice, and says with puzzled look, "I'll never tought he'll done dat proppus."—*Julia H. S. Bugeia in February Californian.*

#### THE VALUE OF WHAT IS LEFT.

There always is something left. The tornado passes, and it is said only desolation remains. But it is not true. There are fragments left; there are foundations left; there are walls left; the solid earth remains; there are living people left; there remain all the conditions out of which the wrecked village may be rebuilt and re-peopled. Reverses strip us of capital, of estate, of home. We say, "there is nothing left." But it is not true; there is always something. We have some clothing, we have some bread; we have some friends; we have some health and strength and individual capacity; we have indestructible resources within us; there are some opportunities left; there are infinite possibilities left. Above is the immutable heaven, beneath the stable globe; the divine providence is not missing, the divine love is not diminished. Out of the ruins of every autumn are made ready the sproutings of very spring. The winter lies cold and black between; and from December to March, "The winter alone is king," we say, but it is not true. There is no king but God; there is no sovereignty but His; there is no power that does not serve Him, absolutely and utterly. He it is who divides the year into its four various parts, and sets these parts together mosaic-wise, to make perfect beauty. He it is who rejoices not less in all the beauties of the black and bleak and freezing weather, than in the beauties of the spring and summer and autumn weather, which are easier to us. If we were but strong enough, we could stand up beside Him, and rejoice in all that rejoices Him. Winter is fearful only to those whom it can pinch and cripple and crush. He who can defy its rigors hears only music in all its blasts, sees only beauty in all its snows; toys with its terrors as a mother tigress with her cubs, and fears not because there is no reason to fear.

A BRIDAL couple from Washoe valley at breakfast conversed as follows: He: "Shall I skin your pertater, honey?" She: "No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."

#### SENSIBLE SOCIALS.

It is to be regretted that people are not more social; that the long winter evenings are not improved more generally in our country villages by getting acquainted with our neighbors, by exchanging thoughts with them, and each adding something to the common store. One great objection to the more frequent exchange of hospitalities is the amount of labor it adds to the burdens of the housekeeper—the tired woman who would really be refreshed and brightened by intercourse with other minds; who would be lifted out of the tiresome routine of her every-day work into an almost ideal region. But if with poor help, or possibly without any, she must be perplexed by the thought of elaborate entertainment; she cannot enter with any zest or enjoyment into the visit, and so the chief good to be derived from it is at once done away with. It is not right that so much should be thought necessary as is almost invariably offered to guests that a tea should not be considered complete without a variety of meats, half a dozen kinds of cake, and other things accordingly. An experiment tried in one of the large villages in this State is worthy of being repeated elsewhere. A number of ladies and gentlemen deliberated upon this subject, and at length resolved to see what could be done. There were about 12 in all, and they agreed to meet once in two weeks at each other's houses during the winter. They were to come to tea and spend the evening in reading, music or conversation, just as each hostess should decree; a simple supper was to be served. The bill of fare agreed upon was white or brown bread, tea or coffee (not both), one kind of cold meat, one kind of cake, cheese or pickles, and some canned fruit; each lady pledging herself not to offer anything more. The result was a series of aesthetic teas, which were a delight to those who participated in them, and proved clearly the possibility of being hospitable without great weariness of flesh.—*Exchange.*

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.—It is often loosely said by men that women never invent anything. But women can be, and are, inventors, as is shown by the report of the Patent office for the past year, when more than 70 patents were granted to women, an increase of 10 over the previous year. Most of the patents are for household articles, with which they are most familiar, and in which improvements would be suggested by daily use. The feminine mind is, as a rule, quicker than the masculine mind; it takes hints, and sees defects which would escape the average man's attention, particularly in all domestic utensils. The beginning of everything is an idea; but they who have ideas are often incapable of giving them material form. Women frequently carry the germs of patents in their heads, and cause some rude machine containing the germ to be constructed which serves their purpose. If they were men, they would, in all likelihood, have applied for patents, and in a proportion of cases, have obtained them. But women seldom think of getting any profit out of her ideas or from her ordinary labor; her whole and only aim being to lessen the trouble and friction of her work. In many of the farm-houses of the country, especially in those of New England, divers improvements have been made in culinary and other utensils through the suggestions of women—suggestions that should have been patented. If women would fix their minds to inventions, it is entirely probable that they would distinguish themselves in that line far more than they have ever done hitherto.—*N. Y. Times.*

A GARCON and a Provencal bragged to each other of the fertility of their respective countries. "At Bordeaux," said one, "if you happen to drop a match in a field, the next year you will have there a pine forest." "At Marseilles," cried the other, "if you drop a suspender buckle, eight days after, you will have there a pair of ready made trousers."