

A TALE OF IDAHO.

THERE lived at Atlanta, Idaho, a few years ago, a plain, unassuming man, named Billy Lovelace. He was not very tall, but of rather an attractive appearance; dark hair, dark complexion, and beautiful gray eyes. His countenance showed honesty and mildness, and yet it was not difficult to observe that he was a man of determination and firmness of character.

Ella Dixon struck his fancy, and their acquaintance was not of long duration, when their evening strolls along the banks of the Boise were quite frequent. Ella was rather small of stature, neat in dress, light blonde, easy and intelligent in conversation, and the light hair hung in waves down her waist. She was not what some might call beautiful, but made handsome by gentle manners and easy grace. It would be futile to attempt to give the conversations of the two lovers, as they oft repeated vows of constancy, and painted mind pictures of the future in store for them. Little did they think, or realize, that the pure, sparkling waters of the mountain stream, while darting from rock to rock, were passing slowly, but surely, down to mingle with those less pure, to become more and more contaminated, until, at last, would be submerged by the impurities of the mighty deep; that the beautiful sunsets would fade away to give room for night. There were no thoughts of the deceiving appearances of nature, as they gazed at the shadows of the towering cliffs of granite, growing longer and longer, as if reaching out for them in their silent gloom. None of these things

disturbed their oft repeated whispers of love. That the beautiful flowers and laurel, sending their incense invisibly through the pure air, over the mountains and plateaus, were only to remain for a short time, and then to return to earth, there to remain till the breath of life brought them into existence the next spring, was not fully realized. Their minds were only occupied with visions of beauty, happiness, and bright anticipations of the future.

It was after one of their pleasant evening walks, that Billy kissed his affianced "good-night and pleasant dreams," at the gate of the parsonage, and started on his return to the cozy little cottage where he expected to realize the pleasures of a home. While passing a saloon—one of those mountain grog shops—he was aroused from the sweet thoughts chasing each other through his meditative mind, by loud and boisterous talking of a few drinking men inside. Following a natural instinct of the human mind, he approached near to the door and listened. Such expressions as these fell upon his ear: "Close the other eye!" "Hit 'im again!" "Golly, but don't he squirm?" "Guess he'll learn a trick or two!" etc. Amidst the loud talking, Billy could hear a voice pleading to the men to desist. He could stand it no longer. His honest heart was always beating for justice, and his arm ready to defend the right. Rushing in, he realized the situation at a glance. Three or four men were beating an old wood-chopper unmercifully; and he was not slow in bringing his heavy mahoga-