

FROM THE JAPANESE.

"So young, he cannot know the way," Thus I heard a mother say At the close of a summer day; But he knew the road, it seems, Into the shadow land of dreams. And she wept above his clay. Since, though young, he knew the way. Gaze, where summer moths resort, Or small boats that leave the port, Sailing over the stormy brins, As, with this long sleeve of mine, Under the gloom of alien skies, I dry my weeping eyes. If I could be where the willow whirrs, In a lacquered skiff, with a paddle of pearls, Young no more, but old and gray, You may be sure I'd know the way. —R. H. Stoddard in Scribner's.

AN IDYL OF THE HT.

It is sunset at the HT ranch. Four or five cowboys sit gloomily about, outside the ranch house, awaiting supper. The Mexican cook has just begun his fragrant task, so a half hour must elapse before these Arabs are fed. Their ponies are turned into the wire pasture, their big Colorado saddles repose astride the low pale fence which surrounds the house, and it is evident that their riding is over for the day.

Why are they gloomy? Not a boy of them can tell. One is from Princeton, too. They have been partners and companions and "worked" the HT cattle together for months, and nothing ever came in misunderstanding or cloud. The ranch house is their home, and theirs has been the unity of brothers.

A week ago a pretty girl, the daughter of one of the owners, came to the ranch from the east. She was protected in this venture by an old and gnarled aunt, watchful as a ferret, sour as a lime. Not that the pretty girl needs watching; she is indeed in every move proprietary's climax. No soft or dulcet reason woos her to the west; she comes on no love errand. She is elegantly and profoundly tired of the east, that is all, and longs for western air and western sights. She has been at the HT ranch a week, and the boys have met her, every one. The meeting or meetings were marked by awkwardness as to the boys, utter indifference as to the pretty girl. She met them as she met the ponies, cows, horned toads and other animals, domestic and indigenous to eastern New Mexico. While every cowboy was blushing and indignant, she was purely and serenely guiltless of giving him a thought.

Before this pretty girl came the boys were friends, and the calm tenor of their relations with each other had never a ripple. She was not there a day before each drew himself insensibly from the others, and a vague hostility shone dimly in their eyes. It was the instinct of the fighting male animal aroused by the presence of the pretty girl. She, however, proceeded on her daily way, sweetly unconscious of the sentiments she had awakened.

Men are mere animals; women are, too, for that matter, but they are very different animals from men. The effort the race makes to be the other, better or different than beasts fails. It always fails; it will always fail. Civilization—culture—is the varicose veneer and famously thin. A year on the plains cracks this veneer—this shell—and leaves the animal exposed. This is by the expanding growth of all that is animal in a man; these attributes of the physical being fed and pampered by a plain existence.

The dark, vague, impalpable differences which cut off each of these creatures from his fellows and inspired him with an unreasoning and unmeasurable hate had grown with the brief weeks of their existence. A philosopher would look for trouble soon on the HT.

"What did you go and take my saddle for yesterday, Bill?" said Jack Moore to a boy by the name of Bill Watkins.

"Cause I allows I'll ride it some," says Watkins. "I thought it might like to carry a high grade cowpuncher once." "Well, don't take it no more," said Moore, moodily, ignoring the gay insolence in the reply. "Leastwise, don't come a-takin' of it an' sayin' nothin'. You can palaver Americano, can't you? When you aims to ride my saddle agin, ask for it; if you can't talk make signs, and if you can't make signs, shake a bush, but don't go Injunin' off no saddle of mine no more."

"Whatever do you allow is liable to happen if I take it agin tomorroy?" inquired Bill in high scorn.

Bill was of a more vivacious temper than the gloomy Moore.

"You takes it agin an' I mingles with you a whole lot, mighty prompt," replied Moore in a tone of obstinate injury.

These boys were brothers in affection before that pretty girl came, and either would have gone afoot all day to lend his saddle to the other. Going afoot, too, is the last thing, let me assure you, a cowboy will do.

"Well, don't you fail to mingle none," said Bill, with cheerful ferocity, "on account of its being me. I crossed the trail of the shorthorn like you, over on the Panhandle onct, an' puts him in the fire an' has plenty of fun with him."

"Stop the play now, right yere," said Tom Rawlins, the HT range boss, who was sitting close at hand. "You all spring trouble round yere an' I'll be in it. Whatever's the matter with all you people anyway? You're like a passel of sore 'head' dogs for more'n a week now. You're shorley too many for me to sabel, an' I c'lar gives you up."

The boys started some grumbling reply, but the cook called them to supper just then, and, one animalism becoming overshadowed by another, they forgot their rancor and vague animosities in thoughts of supplying their hunger. Toward the last of the repast Rawlins arose and going to another room began overlooking some entries in the ranch books.

The pretty girl did not eat at the ranch table. She had little banquets in her own room. Just then she was in her own room and began singing in a low tenor some tender little love song that seemed born of a sigh and a tear. The boys at supper heard her, and their resentment of each other's existence began again to flame in their breasts and burr

deeply in their eyes. None of these savages was in the least degree in love with the pretty girl either. They might have become so, all or any of them.

The singing went on in a cooling, soft way that did not bring you the words—only the music.

"What I says about my saddle a while back, I means," said Moore, finally, turning dark looks on Watkins.

"See yere," said Watkins, in an exasperated tone—he was as vicious as Moore—"if you're p'intin' out for a war jig with me, don't fool 'round none for reasons, but jest let 'er roll. Come a-runnin', an' don't bother none with ceremony."

"A man don't need to have no reasons for crawlin' you none," said Moore. "You're fair game, you are. Anyone's licensed to chase you 'round jest for fun an' exercise."

"You can gamble," said Watkins confidently, "any man as chases me 'round much will regard it as a thrillin' pastime. He won't get fat at it—none whatever." "As you all seem to feel that away," said Moore, "I'll step out and shoot with you right now."

"Well, I'll shore go you," said Watkins.

They arose and stepped out at the door. It was gathering dark, but it was light enough to shoot by.

The other cowboys followed in silence. Not one said a word in comment or interference. They were grave and serious, but passive. It is not good form to interfere with other people's duels in the southwest. The pretty girl was still singing, and the strains fell softly on the ears of the cowboys. Every one, whether onlooker or principal, felt inspired with a lurking, pleased anticipation of the blood to be soon set flowing. Nothing was said of distance. They separated to about forty paces and turned to face each other. Each wore his "Colt's 45," the loosely buckled belt letting it rest low down on the right hip. Each threw down his big hat and stood at apparent ease, with his thumbs caught in the pistol belt.

"Shall you give the word, or me?" said Moore.

"You give it," said Watkins. "It'll be a funny passage in American history if you get your artillery to the front any sooner than I do, then."

"Be you ready?" asked Jack.

"Shore."

"Then—go!"

"Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!" went both pistols together, and with a rapidity not to be counted. Moore got a crease in his left shoulder—a mere wound to the flesh—and Watkins fell with a bullet in his side. Rawlins, the range boss, came running out. He understood all at a look. Hastily examining Moore he discovered that his hurt was nothing serious. The others carried Watkins into the house.

"Take my pony, saddled at the fence, Jack," said Rawlins, "and pull your freight. This yere man's goin' to die."

"Which I shorely hopes he does," said Jack, bitterly. "I'll go, though; I ain't got no use for none of these yere he-shorthorns around the HT."

So he took Rawlins' pony, and when he stopped riding in the morning it was no marvel that the poor pony hung his head dejectedly, while his flanks steamed and quivered. He was almost 100 miles from his last corn, and cooled his nervous muzzle as he took his morning drink in the Rio Pecos, a stream far to the west of the HT.

"Some shooting scrape about their saddles, miss; that's all." So reported Rawlins to the pretty girl.

"Isn't it horrible!" shuddered the pretty girl, in reply.

The next morning the pretty girl and her gnarled and twisted aunt paid the injured Watkins a visit. This sight so affected the other three cowboys that they at once saddled and rode away to the northwest to work some cattle on the Ocate Mesa. They intended to be gone three months. They looked black and foidding as they galloped away.

"It's a pity Jack Moore ain't no better pistol shot," said one, as the picture of the pretty girl visiting the wounded Watkins arose in his mind.

"That's whatever," assented the others. The pretty girl was full of sympathy for the stricken Watkins. It occurred to her, too, that his profile was clear and handsome. He was certainly very pale, and this stirred the depths of her feminine nature. She and her aunt came to see the invalid every day. Once the pretty girl said she would bring him a book to read and while away the hours which seemed shod with lead.

"I can't read," said Watkins, in a tone of deepest shame. "I never learned. I should like to read, too, but there's no one to teach me. So that settles that," and the rascal expressed a deep sigh.

Watkins lied. It was he who was the Princeton man. He said afterward that this lie was the only real good work he ever did in his life.

So the pretty girl came every day and gave Watkins a reading lesson, while the gnarled aunt read a book and watched them through the open door.

"By the way," said Watkins one day, "where's Moore?"

"Why?" asked the range boss, to whom the question was put.

"You tell him," said Watkins, his eyes beginning to gather rage, "that when I get out I'll be lookin' for him with something besides a field glass."

"Oh, no!" said the pretty girl, rising and coming toward his couch. Her tone showed disturbance and fear at the thought.

As he gazed at her the look changed in his eyes. Hate for Moore gave place to something else.

"No," he said at last. "Tell him it's all right, Rawlins."

The pretty girl thought him very noble. Watkins was out in five weeks and could go about the ranch. One night Rawlins thought he heard a pony in the yard and arose to remedy the matter. As he stepped out a couple passed him in the moonlight. It was Watkins and the pretty girl. The catiff's arm was round her.—Dan Quin in Kansas City Times.

Herbert Bismarck in Paris.

Count Herbert Bismarck, after spending five weeks with different friends in England, has arrived in Paris. He has come chiefly in search of "distractions," which was also his object north of the channel. Whether the search has been so far successful is more than doubtful, as he is looking a sad and depressed man, wearing the appearance of one from whom the tide has flowed. An old friend with whom he had been conversing last evening was heard to remark after he went away that he was not up to date, and seemed hardly to take in what is going on in any part of Europe, or what has gone on since he dropped out of politics.

In this connection the person I quote observed: "How wonderfully soon a politician who is not great in himself, like Mr. Gladstone, loses touch with the political world when obliged to retire therefrom!" Prince Bismarck is said by his son to bear up well against the neglect into which he has fallen. He finds occupation in business enterprise. His brewery scheme interests him. The princess takes far more to heart their changed position. She is in poor health. Count von Hatzfeld, of the German embassy in London, is also in Paris, but his visit has no connection with that of Count Herbert Bismarck.—Cor. London News.

Mr. Depew in Demand.

There are few men in public life more scrupulous in keeping appointments than Chanancy M. Depew. That much courted gentleman, as a general thing, is unable to accept one-third of the invitations that he receives, but after he has accepted an invitation to attend a meeting, a banquet or a ball nothing but sickness will prevent his keeping the engagement. Occasionally he finds himself "booked" for two or three engagements on the same evening, and he manages to get around on time and make a pleasant impression at each place. A few nights ago he had two dinners and a private reception on his hands.

One dinner was at the Union League club and the other at Delmonico's. Mr. Depew made the principal speech at each. One evening he went to Yonkers and delivered an oration on the occasion of the opening of a new building. He came back to this city, and reached Delmonico's in time to take a prominent part in the Patriarchs' first ball of the season. Doubtless the fact that Mr. Depew never allows himself to fret about anything explains how he can fill two or three important engagements in an evening, and appear on each occasion fresh, calm and smiling.—New York Times.

Electrical Lectures.

It was recently suggested that electrical night schools be established in various cities for the benefit of those who desired to become familiar with electrical subjects, but who were fully occupied during the day. Columbia college is about to put into practice a modification of this idea, and its president, Dr. Seth Low, states that it proposes to have a course of evening lectures, illustrated by experiments on the practical applications of electricity. Dr. Low, while favoring the idea of night schools in electricity, under certain conditions, is of opinion that, in some cases where they are practicable, a course of evening lectures can be given with very great benefit.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Freight Car's Run with a Fair Wind.

During the fierce and biting wind which prevailed in this vicinity the other day, a freight car standing on a siding here was blown through a safety switch to the main track and thence down to near Lehighton, a distance of four miles. It passed Packerton at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Messages were sent over the wires to look out for the car, and it was stopped and side tracked in time to avoid an accident. The car passed Packerton before the message could be sent there to catch it in its flight, and its speed, without a locomotive attached, startled all who saw it.—Mauch Chunk Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Blume's Astonishing Conduct.

Mrs. Joseph Blume, of Allegheny City, has astonished her neighbors and her husband by giving birth in the past two years to seven children. Within the last few days Mrs. Blume has presented her husband with triplets, plump, healthy youngsters, two boys and a girl. Not quite a year ago the Blume family was blessed by the birth of twins, and in the preceding twelve months Mrs. Blume gave birth to her two first babies. The triplets and their prolific mother are doing well.—Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Died in a Coffin.

Barney Frickers, a well known character of Alliance, O., died the other day in a coffin. For twenty years it has been his custom to sleep every night in a coffin of his own manufacture, believing that he was about to die. He always robed himself in a shroud before retiring. The coffin is of oak, very strong and covered with allegorical subjects. Frickers was 75 years old.—Exchange.

Mowing on the Ice.

One of the queer sights at East Machias last month was a crew of men mowing on the meadow of Mr. Jacob Foster. Mr. E. P. Gardner had the work done and put into his stable eleven loads of well made hay. This meadow was not mowed last summer, and the solid foundation of ice gave the men a good chance to work.—Lewiston Journal.

Great Horse Shoeing.

A remarkable horse shoeing record is reported from the establishment of Leach & Lydston, in this city. Between Thursday morning and Saturday night two men, Messrs. Lydston and McGrath, shod 200 horses, all round.—Portsmouth Times.

Going Up.

Men who do not read the newspapers have begun their usual winter amusement of thawing dynamite cartridges by the cooking stove. Consequently stoves and building material are going up.—Springfield Union.

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