# Current Titerature.

A HANDPUL OF BARTE

Here is a problem, a wonder for all to ree; Look at this marvelous thing I hold in my hand!

This is a majic surprising, a mystery
Strange as a miracle, harder to understan

What is it? only a handful of earth, to you A dry, rough powder you trample beneat! Dark and lifeless, but think for a moment

how much
It hides and holds what is beautiful, bitte

Think of the glory of color ! The red of th Green of the myriad leaves and the fields of

Yellow as bright as the sun where the daffodil blows.
Purple where violets nod as the breeze

Chink of the manifold form of the oak and the vine, Nut. and fruit and cluster, and ears of corn; the anchored water lilv, a thing divine, Unfolding its dazzling snow to the kiss of

Think of the delicate perfumes lorne on the gale,
Of the golden willow catkin's odor of spring.
If the breath of the rich narcissus, waxen-pale.
Of the sweet pea's flight of flowers, of the nettle's sting.

Strange that this lifeless thing gives vine, flower, tree, Color and shape and character, fragrance

That the timber that builds the house, the Out of this powder its strength and its toughness drew!

That the coces among the palms should suck its milk From this dry dust, while dates from the

Summon their sweet, rich fouit; that our shining silk The mulberry leaves should yield to the worm's toil.

How should the poppy steal sleep from the very source
That grants to the grape vine juice that can
madden or cheer?
How does the weed find for its fabric coarse

Where the lilies proud their blessoms pure

Who shall compars or fathom God's thought we can but praise, for we may not under-

stand; But there's no more beautiful riddle the whole world round Than is hid in this heap of dust I hold in ny hand. -Youth's Companion.

### The Cow Widow of Colorado.

JOAQUIN MILLER In New York St Rare Colorado! Youder she rests, her head of gold pillowed on the Rocky Mountains, her breast a shield of silver, her feet in the brown grass, the boundless plains for a play ground. She is set on a hill before all the world. The air is very clear, that you may see her well. She is naked as one new born; naked, but no

Thrown together in the barroom of the only hotel, the miners of Leadville gathered about their great leader, and looked up to him on this evening as to an Alexander.

The cow widow had returned from Paris, She would come down from her rooms to see the boys. They knew it well, for had not the local papers said that she had returned, dressed fresh from the hands of Worth? The great, broad-shouldered, tall, and alto

gether magnificent Colonel Bill Williams, the leader of all Leadville, loved the cow widow. And, indeed, who of us all did not love her? With her cattle on a thousand hills, h

bellowing herds of sleek brown steers, her lowing spotted cows by every roadside, in every gulch and canyon, branded with a cross on the flank—and this is why we came to call the course, need a doctor."

The tall, pale young man shrugged his achieves the course of the this wealthiest and best of all the brave good women of Colorado the cow widow.

Perish the man who would speak of her with disrespect or dream that aught but complimer t is meant by this sketch. I, who have plimer t is meant by this sketch. I, who have eaten her bread and drank milk many a time as I rode up the Rocky Mountains at her ranch, am the last man, now that she had returned again from P ris and assumed the reins of social leadership for the fair of our land, to of social leadership for the fair of our land, to do aught but honor her. And should this ribs with his thumb.

Sketch be translated and published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, as others of my sketches have been, I must beg Monsieur to translate it with all consideration and respect than dwith a force that almost extinguished the distinguished stranger.

The with his thumb.

"Yes, and you take my advice, Stim Dick, effort he kept down the rebellion in his stomach.

"I set out to-night for a long, lively moon-light ride to my ranch. Colonel Bill Williams hard with a force that almost extinguished the goes with me. It is one unbroken gradient the distinguished stranger.

The with his thumb.

"I set out to-night for a long, lively moon-light ride to my ranch. Colonel Bill Williams hard with a force that almost extinguished the long of the widder;" and here goes with me. It is one unbroken gradient the distinguished stranger. do aught but honor her. And should this ribs with his thumb blame that we all loved her well and woord her ardently.

How jealous Colonel Bill Williams was of her! He devoutly hoped and he honestly believed that his suit would be successful. And, indeed, each man of us there hoped, in case he did not get her himself, that the Colonel would come in on the home stretch the winner of the race. In fact, it was really necessary that some like good fortune should overtake him soon. He had mines, it is true. He had a thousand mines, rich mines, extensive mines, marvelously rich mines, according to his own account of them; but somehow he was in debt head and ears, and could not sell even

a richest mine for a change of raiment. What Colorado miner cannot testify to the

What Colorado miner cannot testify to the absolute and most deplorable poverty of a gent eman who has nothing in the world but nine of solid gold and silver?

The noble Colonel had a partner in all his enterprises, a little, pinched, squraky, half-starved Doctor, who had a pair of greasy pill bags on his arm and enormous spectacles over his nose. The nervous and anxious little Doctor wer perhaps the only one of us there who was not wooing the widow on his o-n account. But this gave him a double force to account. But this gave him a double force to work for his partner. These two men, outside of wooing the widow, had each a purpose in life. The Color el's other sole aim in life was to sell somebody a naine—make him swallow his recounts of its marvelous growth. The Doctor's purpose was to hake men swallow his medicine.

strange or well-arranged gentleman who chanced to approach the presence of the coveted cow widow.

On this memorable night, as we waited for

her to descend to where we were all gathere to receive her in what served as har room parlor and hall, the moon hung high and bright, and horses were champing their bits at the rack outside as if somebody was con-

Suddenly the door opened and there timid-ly entered the most perfectly well-dressed young man that had ever as yet set foot in

But as the cow widow was expected descend from the stairs, no one was looking in the direction of the door, and the tall, well-

the direction of the door, and the tall, welldressed but pale and anxious young man
stood there timidly soliloquizing:

'Go West and grow up with the country.
I've come West, and, instead of growing up,
if I don't get a job or strike something soon
I'll starve; grow down with the country. But
I won't be bad. No! Why, before I'd lie
like a Colorado miner I'd die. In New York I had no money, but I had pride, the real old Livingston pride; landed in Colorado last Livingston pride; landed in Colorado last week, and have been hungry ever since. Pride, yes. I have pride! I'll sick down to rags and revolvers, a nickname and a slouch hat. No! I, Richard Percival Livingston, of the city of New York, was born a gentleman, bred a gentleman, and I believe a gentleman can be a gentleman in Colorado as well as in New York. No! I'll hold my own in Colorado.

The Doctor looked over his shoulder, and winking to the boys, merely said :

The Colonel at the first glimpee was furiously jealous, but, concealing his displeasure,

"So it is. I'll sell him a mine !" Then aproaching, he continued to the stranger: Want to buy a mine, stranger?" The pale, ficattating, handsome young man

modestly answered:
"Yes, I — I—that is supposing the transaction be one of commercial amity in deference to—to financial embarrassments, sr."

"Hey ?" ean if you will sell me the mine or

"Time! Boys, he wants time. Time!
Why we've got time enough for the whole
universe in Colorado! Bout the only t ing
we have got, eh, boys? No, sir; we want the
per per sauce right cowr, and don't you fail to

"Well, no harm done, I hope. You offer to sell a mine. I offer my terms. You decline. No harm, sir!'

No harm, sir!"
"Not a bit, stranger, and there's my hand.
I'm Colonel Bill Williams, the stranger's
friend," and here he raised a hand to the side
of his mouth, and said aside: "If I can sell or his mouth, and said aside: "If I can sell him a mine. This is Mr. Ginger, the friend of the Indian Agent, the Hon. Mr. Snagley. This is Dr. Bags, my pard, and the friend of the cow widder, the richest woman in Colorado. He'll doctor you, or get you a job to herd aheep. He's got a powerful influence with the widder."

The tall, timid stranger stood full an inch The tall, timid stranger stood full an inch taller as he walked inside and said to himself: "The richest women in Colorado! And a widow. Widows will marry. Now, here is a wealthy widow. This wealthy widow must and will marry. She will choose among those who surround her. Well, as between these men and myself," and here he looked at his clothes, "the chances are for you, Mr. Richard Percival Livingston. For, whatever happens, I'll be a gentleman. No ragged clothes, no revolver, no slouch hat, no nickname for no revolver, no slouch hat, no nickname for Richard Percival Livingston." Getting con-fidential, he turned to the Doctor and said:

Yes, I should like to know the widow. "You shall, you shall."
The Colonel looked dark for a second, and

The Colonel looked dark for a second, and shouted as he slapped him on the shoulder: "You shall! What's your rame?"

The deep disgust of the tall young man at this familiarity was only half concealed as he answered: "My name is Richard Percival Livingston, of New York City."

The house nearly exploded with suppressed laughter, and the Colonel again brought his broad hand down on the man's shoulder, and shouted:

"All right, Dick; you shall know her. All right, Sim Dick," and again he slapped the breath out of him. While the tall, pale and thoroughly disgusted young man was pulling his stemach at sight of the rich and beautiful himself together the thin, hatchet-faced little widow, and each man against the wall assqueaked in his ear as he dangled the pill bags on his arms :

"You look square, young man. Nothing triangular or three-cornered! You'll do. Slim Dick. But if you didn't come to Golorado to buy a mine, you came to Colorado for your health, didn't you?"

Yes I -I -yes. I came to Colorado for

ing shoulders and muttered aside to himself:
"Why, what does he mean? But I see I've got to humor him in order to get acquainted with the widow." Then, turning to the Doctor, he said: "Well, yes. Doctor, of course, and if I need medical advice I —"

Doctor poked him familiarily in the

Doctor. The tongue came timidly forth. "
as I expected. High living! Coated! as I expected. High living! Coated! Liv-in too high. Been catin too much. That's the way with you young bloods. Kill your-selves catin when you first come here." And without another word the hatchet-faced little That's his other bags, fr m which he takes a small paper of powders and hands it to Livingston, saying: "Now you take this at once."

The tall, pale gentleman started back and trembled where he stood: "Rut—but you— you may be mistaken in the case and, and—" "Mistaken in the case? I mistaken? You insult me, sir Take it! Take it at once!

Well, if it is perfectly harmless, I suppos

"Well, if it is perfectly harmless, I suppose it will do no harm;" and the tall, pale gentleman shut his eyes and meekly swallowed it. "Good!" ejaculated the little Doctor. "Now a little somethin to work it off, and I will have you sound as a rock. Ah! this high livin is a very dangerous thing. Ging-r, hand me out my biggest saddle bags." He takes the bags, put on another pair of glasses, and unbuckles and takes out a bottle.

The Colonel and the Doctor conferred for a moment as the former unbuckled the en-rmous saddle bags and set down the bottle, and then the former came gayly forward, and, again

saddle bags and set down the bottle, and then the former came gayly forward, and, again slapping the shoulder, cried: "Yes, Dick, you must see that widder ride. Why, she's a comet! Twenty miles at a dash and don't turn a hair. Her ranch's twenty miles up the mountain. Be n to Paris! Ah, she's no slouch! Dresses! Well, she's the only red copper bottom that ever I seed in Celorado, and here he leans and speaks clove and con-And who of us was at that early day? Perhaps it was this want of the wedding garment that made him so madly jealous of every Dick."

Location that ever I seed in Colorsdo, and — here he leans and speaks close and conditionally—"if I den't get her I'd as soon — n'd have her as any man I know, Slim Dick." The tall, pale gentleman was nearly knocked out of his boots this time, and as he turned away he muttered: "Ah! these vulgar fellows, with their nick-

JAMOTER - ZUBLIK

names and rude familiarity. But I won't have it. I'm going to hold my own in Col-"I say, Dick, can you ride!" gayly cried the

Colonel, following him up.

"Ride? Yes. All gentlemen can ride."

"Bully! Now I sort of suspect she'll ask
you to go up to her ranch. She's powerful
kind. And since she's been to Paris she kind o' takes a shire to clothes, ye know. And now if she does ask you to go you go. And if

kind. And since she's been to Paris she kind o' takes a shize to clothes, ye know. And now if she does ask you to go you go. And if you do go for to take that twenty-mile ride you keep up with her."

"I say, Ginger, you got a tablespoon?" calls the Doctor to the red-headed man at the bar.

"No, but I've got a soup ladle som where."

"Good! It will take about four doses. He's been livin' so high." And here the Doctor takes and examines the enormous ladle and pours out something from the bottle, saying to himself: "Jest the thing I wanted."

"Yes, sir," continued the Colonel, gayly, "she shook a fellow here last year, a banker at that, because he couldn't keep up with her. If she asks you for to go with her just you go, and you keep up with her if it kills every hoss she's got on the ranch."

Again hope blossoms in the heart of the tall, pale gentleman, and while he disdains to respond to the vulgar Colonel, he says chertily to himself: "I'll go with her, I will woo her, win her." Then, feeling better, he turned to the Colonel and reached his hand, saying: "I thank you, sir; I thank you with all my heart. You are a little rough, but you seem a frank, good fellow, and I hope we will be friends. I am a stranger, and don't quite fit in in Colorado yet. And, to tell you the truth, I don't intend to fit in altogether. No, sir; I don't like nicknames, and I don't intend to have one. I am going to hold my own in

sir; I don't like nicknames, and I don't intend to have one. I am going to hold my own in The Doctor had put the cork in the big bot the and put the big bottle in the saddlebags, and, with his glasses low down on his nose, was now coming slowly forward from behind with a big ladle fail to the brim.

"Now, Mr. Slim Dick, if you'll jest take this ere oil to work off—"
"Oil! Oil! Good heavens! But I, I'm not

oing to take that. I—I—"

"Oh, but you are going to take it, Slim Dick!
You see, your tongue's coated; too high livin';
I had to give you that ere powder to cut off
that coatin'. Of course I had to give you somethin' pretty strong. For you've bern a-livin' awful high. You know you have. So you see, I put in a good deal of ass-seenic! This has got for to work it off."

"But I protest! I won't take it!" And the

tall, pale gentleman starts for the door.

The Doctor's left hand is clutched in the tail of his broadcloth coat, and he turns him round and squeaks in his ear: "Well, now, look here, Dick, you will take it! Don't you attempt for to leave with that ease senic in you. I've got my perfessional repertation to keep up. I don't want no corpse on my hands. I've got my repertation to look after. Take

"Oil, oil! Oh, if there is anything I hate!
No, never!" The Doctor peeks with his
sharp nose to the grinning row of miners that
lean against the wall, and two come forward
and clutch his shoulders from behind.

"I—I—I ought to murder you," gasps and gags the stranger. "Keep it down, keep it down," kindly insists the Doctor. The Colonel comes forward, and sgain alapping the shoulders, shouts out gayly: "You said you were roing to hold your own in Colorado. Do it, Slim Dick. Do it or bust! Hellol here's the widder now." he widder now.

Extravagantly dressed and followed by a Chinese maid in native costume, the gorgeous widow descends the narrrow stairs. The queer little maid is leaded down with enormous fans in each hand and bundles under her arms, which she is constantly dropping, and which the widow is constantly picking up, while the helpless little heathen closes her eyes and rocks to and fro on her wooden shoes, with her little feet set wide apart.

The tall pale man suppresses a rebellion in his stemach at sight of the rich and beautiful sumes his most imposing attitude as Colone Bill Williams delivers the address of wel-

"Welcome back from Paris! Welcome back to the sublime and auriferous regions of Colorado. Wellome to this, the club rooms of the honest miners, of which I am the hon Gentlemen, this is the rose of the and the lily of the valley. She shall never die, nor wither, nor grow flat, or stale, or un-profitable or \_\_\_\_\_\_But the shours of welome drown the eloquent address as the at last from my mine of immense wealth.

miners erowd around.

"But I say, widder," squosks the Doctor, as he leads forward Livingston, who has crossed his hands low down. "I want to present my dear young friend, Mr. Livingston: erva patient of mine, come to Colorado for his health. Patient of mine, widder; a gentleman and a patient of mine.

The widow answered merrily :
"Mr. Livingston, I am glad to see you; glad to know you; hope you're well." And here the gorgeous widow shock his feeble hand so heartly that it was with the utmost

spirited widow; "not a tree, not a stone, not a spirited widow; "not a tree, not a stone, not a stump; all as level as this floor, and in this full yellow harvest moon as light at d as lovely as Paradise." She pauses, approaches, lays a hand on his arm and says: "You will go?"

"She is beartiful," whispers the ravished youth to humself; "and my fortune is made. Oh, thank you, madam! Thank you with all my heart." He grasps her hand, he gags a little, but recovers with effort and cries, fondly: "With all my heart."

"With all my heart. I love the saddle."

"Then you shall have a bold and spirited herse;" and again laying a hand on his arm, and looking in his face, she says, close and fendly: "And it I don't find you at my side, heart was here. All heaves and to day. fendly: "And it I don't find you at my side, always, to the end of the dash, even to my gates, good-by. But if you are there! If you are at my side to the end—Ha 'ha! ha!" And her low sweet laugh was more than mortal could r sist. "Madam, I thank you for this opportunity to show now devoted I can be to you. At your side always! Madam, I will be at your side to the last leap over the plains of Colorado, even to your gates." Then, while the jealous Colonel glared with rage, he leaned his pale face forward and whispered : "And, madam, I would that I could res ain forever

at your side, even down to the gates of death."
"We will know each other better by the time we reach my ranch, through twenty niles of meonlight," numurs the widow, while the Colonel glares and confers hastily

aside with his partner.

Then the little Doctor comes up and pulls at the electe of his p tient, who m whispering sweet compliments to the widow. "My fortune is made in Celorado after all,"

says the tell, pale gentleman to himself.
"How he loves me at first sight," murmurs

Doctor tugs at the sleeve of the hated rival. "All ready!" roars a rough voice through the half opened door, through which three splendid and restless horses are seen champing

the half-opened door, through which three splendid and restless horses are seen champing their bits and stamping fretfully as the man at the door holds stoutly to the reins.

A moment more and the three are mounted, the horses' heads are turned to the Rocky Mountains, and they bound away like the wind. The air is sweet and strong, full of life, like wine. The moon has sown the road with silver. Not a word for the first five miles. Oh, the g'ory of a ride like that! Speech at such a time is profanity.

At last, after nearly ten miles, the horses began to slacken pace from exhaustion. Col. Bill had just set the rowels of his great Spanish spurs in the broad cinch in order to push his horse, and his fortunes too, with the widow, when a low, deep rumbling sound was heard directly ahead, and the Colonel stood up in his stirrups. The plain was black before—a moving, billowy, bellowing mass that was rolling directly upon the doomed riders. He alone saw and understood the terrible doom that was theirs. To the right? To the left? Fly before this billowy as of huffelo? You had as well attempt to right? To the left? Fly before this billowy sea of buffalo? You had as well attempt to flank or fly before the Atlantic. He laid his flank or fly before the Atlantic He laid his hand on the widow's rein, checked her horse, and pointed to the peril shead. There was st a pang of bitterness, then a sense of at first a pang of bitterness, then a sense of grandeur as he reined Livingston's horse at her side. As the living sea rolled down to engulf them he bade them stand c ose and still together. Then drawing a pistol he spurred on in front, and, springing to the ground, waited there to die for her he loved. He did not have to wait long. The earth He did not have to wait long. The earth trembled. A meaning sound came with the surging mass. He could hear them breathe. An unpracticed man would have said he could see their black eves shire. upon him. But that which glistened in the vast tranquil moon was the bright, crooked little horns of the hairy monsters; their eyes were closed utterly; else they had been blinded by the dust. The horses stood trembling, paralyzed with target at the auful little horns of the hairy monsters; their eyes were closed utterly; else they had been blinded by the dust. The horses stood trembling, paralyzed with terror at the awful sight and sense of death. The man dropped to his knee and brought his heavy pistol to rest on his right arm as he felt their breath in his face. A flash! another! and another! and then horse, man, monster, the three rolled in the dust together, an indistinguishable mass. But the herd divided as against a rock and rolled away to right and left, not even touching the two that still sat their trembling horses.

The officers and soldiers in chase came up soon after, and compelling the widow and he companion to dash shead at once to the ranch lest a calamity might overtake them, drew the bleeding and broken and senseless man from out the dust, where he lay wedged in between the two dead animals. They bore

between the two dead animals. They bore him to the military camp on the plain below. How things whirl around in Colorado? It is a windy land. Livingston, too, became a great miner of Colorado. He borrowed two six-shooters, and ascending to the summit of a mountain, located a mine. Before he had been three months in Colorado he was heard boasting in a bar room that he had discovered that mine by seeing the solid silver flashing in that mine by seeing the solid silver flashing in the mornigsun, or knocking its silver helmet against the morning star, as he tended the cow widow's cattle ten thousand feet below! It was late in the summer before poor, brave old Colorel Bill came forth crawling and draging on his crutch

Hir squeaking little partner had been all the tine at his side, and every morning at his bedside a great heap of flowers and Colorado roses was to be found. But no woman's face had beamed in upon him as he lay there in the gloomy harracts save only that of Madra. had beamed in upon him as he lay there in the gloomy barracks save only that of Madge, the half Indian girl, a strange, wild creature belonging to neither race, and shuttle-cocked to and fro between them, now a nurse, now a

guide, but always a friend to the suffering.

The broken-up old Colonel had never spoken of the widow. Thought ot her?

What else had he to think of? "Pard, where do you get 'em?"
"Get what?"

"Them roses that's been a comin' all sum-"Get 'em? I don't get 'em. Got somethin' better than posies to tend to; got my doctorin' to do; guess it's Madge."

"Ab, guess it is," sighed Colonel Bill as he shuffled his crutches together and again fell to thinking how Livingston was having it all his own way with the cow widow.

thinking how Livingston was having it all his own way with the cow widow. Suddenly one morning the whole country around came pouring into the pos. The In-dians, it was reported, had broken out, and

aettlers and mines were fleeing for their Livingston was among the first to fly from

tered the stockade puffing and blowing, balled down with his pistols, overshadowed by an immense slouch hat, without band or crown, and the raggedest man in the mires. "Driven ored President Widow, you are welcome! tered the stockade puffing and blowing, loaded war !" he said to himself.

At last from my mine of immense wealth. Everybody rushing into the stockade to escape the Indians. Why, hello Madge! Glad to see you! Going back to the reservation, I hear. I hope you'll try and fit in to the reservation. That's best, you see. No use a bucking against it. Ah, if my Jerdsha in New York could see me now! I am rich now, Mades. I try to conceal it so that I might. Madge. I try to conceal it, so that I might not be robbed. But I am rich—immensely rich!" and he spread his hands over his

"Why, Mr. Livings on!" cried the merry widow, entering the stockade as Madge left it. "I thought you were up in the mountain at work in your great mine

"Widow, you may well say great mine For great mine it is. And I am rich, veryvery very rich."
O, I'm so glad of it. You will be so happy now. I congratulate you with all my heart. With youth and health and wealth, how car

you help but be happy?"
"Happy? No I will never be happy again, never, never be happy again, unless unless

"Why, Mr. Livingstone, unless what?"
"Ah, madam, while toiling away up there in my great mine, there in my mountain of wealth, that flashes its silver sheen in the hining moon, that knocks its helmet against

the morning star—"
"Ah, Mr. Livingston."
"Yes, madam, while toiling up there my heart was here. At last I could endure it no longer, and to-day I dropped my pick while prying eff a brick of silver, and came to thow myself at your feet. I offer you all that wealth. All! The whole mountain! I don't want it. want it.

"Oh! Mr. Lavings'on."
"Be mine!" And holding his patches, he fell upon his knees. "This is my first love."
(Then he mouned a ide: "What a liar I've got
to be in Colorado! If Jerusha could see me "This is my first, my last, my only love. Be mine !"

Merrily the little woman laughed as the

Merrily the little woman laughed as the ragged man arose from before her and a boy entered with a message.

"From her! From the one woman I love; and I ought to have received it weeks ago!" And Livingston read eag rly:

DEAR KICHARD: Come back at once. Father is in Europe, and mother is willing. Money no object. Come. Yours, JERUSHA.

"Struck it at last in Colorado! Stop, boy! There must be an naswer. Get any paper. There must be an naswer. Got any paper, boy? Well, lend ne your pencil, then." And tearing off a paper cuff, he wrote very

me deep in my silver mine, "The Jerushs." Am running a cross tunnel to tap the silve level, where we hope to find the silver in liquid state flowing through all its dips and spurs and angles. At present we are in solid silver, and find it hard to work. My dear, dear, Jerusha, how constant I have been to dear. Jerusha, how constant I have been to you heaven and the shining stars of Colorado

"Take that, boy. Take it and fly! Stop must add a poetscript." And again h wrote :

My DEAR, DEAR JERUSHA: Telegraph me \$500 to the City Bank of Denver. This solid silver is so hard to cut off that I may be de-layed an hour or two, and I would not spare "Go! Pay at the other end. I follow with the next soldiers for Denver."

The Doctor came forth from the barracks pol'shing his spees on a corner of his coat-tail, and cordially welcomed the widow. "But Colonel Bill; how is he?"

"Better, better. All the time better. But roken up. Why he's got more joints in his oroken up. legs than a lobster."
"And does he—tell me—dres he ever speak

"Speak of you? Why, when we first brought him in here—well, he didn't speak of anything else. But he was out of his head then; didn't know what he was about, you "But now? Don't he speak of me now?"
"Not now, widder. You see, when he go

up on his crutch's and got a good look at himself and seed how he was smashed up-well, after that he didn't never speak of you any more."
"Didn't speak of me any more after he

"Never any more."
"He ought to know that I want him toto know—that I am grateful, grateful.
That I—I—I want him to come to the ranch

and look after my cows."

The Doctor stopped polishing the glasses with the corner of his coat and gave a long, low whistle tq himself. Then he turned straight about, went into the barracks and straight about, went into the barracks and brought out his partner on his crutches, muttering to himself as they came: "Now, old pard, don't put it that way. If she loves you—if she loves you—why, why, she loves you, smashed up or no smashed up."
"But I—I'm all gone to pieces, and in this little time my head's got as white as the soow up youder."
"Well, what of that?"
"What of that?" Why. I won't blight her

"What of that? Why, I won't blight her what of that? Why, I won't blight her sunny life with the few cally days that I've got left. No, I won't tell her I love her."
"And why won't you tell her you love her?"

Because I do love her !' "You saved my life!" cried the widow

"Widder, there's a mistake. I don't like to lie to you or let you believe a lie. You know you was blinded by the dust and couldu't

quite see."
"Yes, but I saw enough to know that it
was you who saved my life."
"Widder, I—it was not I that saved you.
You was blinded and couldn't see. It was not "No; it was the soldiers. Hs, ha! It was that handsome officer. widder. But, widder.

it's good in you; but there's some mistake. I

I was sick a long time, widder. I lay on my
back there bandaged like a mummy a long time "And I from my ranch sent every day to ask how you were. And every day with my own hand I gathered flowers for your bedside and sent them ten miles to you every

"Oh, I thought it was Madge. Well, Madge, she came and sat by my bedside, any-

"And it was good in her." "Yes, that was it. It was good in her. And I-liked her for it."
"You-you liked her for it? Why, yes, of ourse you did."
"Yes. I—I loved to have her, and

learned to love her, and—I love her now."
"You love her now? You love her now Why, then. I wish you well. I hope she will Why, then. I wish you."
ove you as—as I love you."
The strong man's frame trembled with a
great emotion. There was a gleam of delight
great emotion.

n his eyes not seen there since the night of the dreadful ride. He let go his crutches, and the great hands rested on the little woman's shoulders as he said softly:

"Widder, not that. I don't ask you to love me."

love me. A man who truly loves a don't never ask to be loved. He only heaven, and of her, permission to love He only asks of "And I give you permission," answered the brave little lady; and the grizzled old miner knew his fortune and his happiness vere secure.

### A New Kind of Lard. . The South is to have a new industry, which

s nothing more nor less than the manufac ture of cotton seed oil. The Southern Cultivator thus sings the praises of this new product of King Cotton : Refined cotton seed oil is everything that can be desired as a substitute for lard or other animal fats for culinary operation. For frying fish, for shortening bread, cake and crusts, for making gravies, and so on, it is even superior to lard, imparting no unpleasant flavor or odor whatever; in a word, bringing no unsatisfactory results, dietary or otherwise; but on the other hand, making lighter and better bread, cakes and crusts than could be made with lard, and proving decidedly more digestible, to say nothing of being considerably cheaper. A paund of cotton seed oil, costing the consumer not more than twelve cents under the most unfavorable circumstances, will go fully as far in a culinary way, as a pound and a half of lard. When a pan of steak has been fried with it, the oil not absorbed by the steak may be poured back into the can and used again at another time, being just as clean and pure as before it was put over the fire. There is something about it which prevents a union with animal impurities. As a consequence of all this it is coming rapidly into use, and the sooner it gets fully into use the better for the people, undoubtedly. A popular Southern writer, treating on the same subject, says When it has gone into general use, which is only a question of time, there will no longer exist an excuse for writing as an epitaph over the grave of departed Southern vigor, 'Died

game-of the frying-pan." And the strange sto y of cotton seed, th coming wonder, cannot be permitted to stop even here. The chemist has recently discov ered a means of converting cotton seed oil into a substitute for butter; an article far supe rior to the best eleomargarine ever made, and cheaper. It fills all the offices of butter, both for culinary and table use, and is coming rupid y into general favor, as it seems to give the widow, as she turns to hide her blushes. repully:

And still the Colonel glares, and the hitle My Dean Jenusna: Yours finds we pouse to await the next step.

### Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. OCEAN DIVISION.

reen San Francisco and Portlet Leaving San Francisco at 104 .

Columbia.	Oregon.	State of California.	of the Pacific
Oct	Sep20 October18 October30	Septs	Sept Sept Sept Sept Sept Sept Sept Sept
		2:00 o'clock, 1	lidnight.
Oct	Sept 2: Oct 2:	Sept	Sept

#### RIVER AND RAIL DIVISIONS.

July 1st, 1882. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thur Fri. Sat. alles and Upper MA G MA G MA G MA C Astoria and Lower Columbia... 6 AM 6 AM 5 \* N 6 AM 6 A M 6 A M
Dayton... 7 AM .... 7 AM .... 7 A M
Salem .... 6 AM .... 6 AM .... 6 AM .... 6 AM ....

Through Tickets sold ty all points in the United Pullman Palace Care running between Bo Valla Walla, and Dayton. Ticket agent O. R. & N. Co.

R, inperintendent of Traffic, C. H. PRESCOTT,

## RAILROADLANDS

Liberal Terms, Low Prices, Long Time.

Low Interest. OREGON AND CALIFORNIA RAILROAD COMPANY. OREGON AND CALIFORNIA RAILROAD COMPANY,

OFFER THEIR LANDS FOR SALE UPON THE
following liberal terms: One-tenth of the price
in cash; interest on the balance at the rate of seven pur
cent one year after sale, and each following rear onetenth of the principal and interest on the balance at the
rate of seven per cent per annum. Both principal
interest payable in U. S. Currency.

A discount of ten per cent will be allowed for cash
Letters should be addressed to

# ald be addressed to PAUL SCHULZE, Land Agent, O. & C. R. R., Portland, Oregen THE NEW SILE NTNO. 8.

No Shuttle to Thread! Makes the Lock Stitch! Embroiders, Darns, Mends, Letters, makes Insertion.

Sews on Buttons with out any attachment. g and most durable Machines in the World. f these will Outwear any two Shuttle

Machines, and a child can manage it. EVERY ONE WHO TRIES IT IS DELIGHTED. Husban is who wish to save doctor's bills and their wives' health, buy it The best of all kinds of Needles and Oils Always on hand MACHINES REPAIRED AND WORK WARRANTED

Wheeler & Wilson Manuf'g Co., 88 Morrison St., Portland. E. C. NEWELL, Manager. Orders for the country filled premptly.

#### GUTHRIE. M. Dallas, Folk County, Or.



... PURE BLOOD French, Spanish and American Merinos, also Cotswolds.

All bred strictly pure and separate. From the best imported flocks on the coast. A portion of them are from the famous French flock of J. D. Patterson, of New York, and R. Blace of California, and imported from Europe by James Roberts. (My Spanish are descendants from Rains and Ewes Imported from New York, Vermont, California and France; from the flocks of Hammond, Rockwell, Saxe & Son., and equal to an in the world.)

All inquiries answered by Letter. Call on D. M. GUTHRIE,

TELESCOPES Microscopes, Opera Glasses, moneter, and Companies. R. & J. BECK, Manufacturing Opticians, Philadelphia, Pass Send for Huntratated Proced Catalogue.

#### FANCY GOODS. MRS. L. ARNOLD.

As JUST OPENED A LOT OF FANCY GOODS of all kinds at 31 Third Street, between Washington and Alder, Portland. She makes a specialty of Ladies and Childrens underwear which she will make to order on short notice. Any one from the country sending may be sure of fair treatment. Infants ward robes made, priors according to quality and quantity At these times it is much cheaper to buy cotton wear than to have it made at home, unless there is plenty of help.

H. CARPENTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.

(Late of Salem.)

Office up stairs, N. W. Corner of 2d and Morrison St.
PORTLAND, OREGON

Will practice in Portland and surrounding country.

Celebrated Horse Shoeing

SHOP. JOHN MCARDLE, . . . . PROPRIETOR.

All Ho: s = Entrusted to my care will be kindly treated. NTERFERING AND OVER-REACHING STOPPED or money refunded. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CORNS Pain or hore BUNIONS

HOFFLIN'S LIEBIG'S COEN CURE
As directed. It dries instantly, soils nothing, and takes
Sr. Cura off every time. Try it. Price 25c; by mail,
you. The granulare pain up in yellow wrappers and manufactured only by Jos. R. BUFFLIN, Whelceale &
Retail Pracegols, Managaging Managagin