

Garret Owen's Little Countess

By LILLIAN BELL

Copyright, 1904, by Lillian Bell

WHEN consciousness first returned to Owen he knew that his arm was broken. He lay still for a moment on the short grass, staring up into the sky and wondering why the boys had left him on the field. Then with a start he remembered that it was not football, but a wicked blow from behind which had felled him, and that it was not the field at New Haven, but a lonely roadside in Russian Lithuania which followed his aching head.

The sun was just rising, so he knew that he must have dropped like a log and lain there half the night. It was doubly quiet. Something aside from the aching of his whole body that he tried to be lullied by, so that when he tried to move he fell back with a groan of pain, with the sweat gathering in beads upon his forehead and around his mouth.

He had plenty of time to recall the circumstances which placed him there. He remembered quite distinctly that Prince Korolenko had warned him that trouble might ensue. He had expected, in fact, that he would be expected. In fact, that was chiefly why the young American had undertaken the survey.

Owen was a civil engineer of some renown, and at a dinner of the ambassadors in St. Petersburg he had sat next the Russian, the boundary of whose estates in Lithuania, or Russian Poland, were hotly disputed by the Countess Szyzkiewicz and her sons, whose estates abounded in Prince Korolenko's. This dispute had been held in abeyance for years, but now, as the prince wished to sell, the quarrel which heretofore had been largely kept up by the peasants on the two estates must be settled by law. The prince, always courteous, had formally suggested arbitration to his Polish neighbor and had requested her to select an engineer who would be biased by neither Polish nor Russian sympathies. To this the elegant old countess had replied with equal courtesy that she would suggest an American, of whose engineering skill she had heard some marvelous accounts, but owing to the fact that she was a widow and had withdrawn from public affairs she left the selection of the American to Prince Korolenko, who mingled with the world and in whose integrity she had full confidence.

Greatly pleased by this courtesy, the prince had asked Owen if he cared to undertake it, explaining that he had nothing to fear from the country, but that the blind partisanship of the peasants, especially when augmented by vodka, was apt to result in a broken head.

"Well, if not a broken head, a broken everything else," thought Owen. "The sun was perhaps two hours high when the stillness was broken by a sharp jingling of bells and the clatter of galloping hoofs and the roll of wheels."

"A troika!" exclaimed Owen, trying to raise himself. The start was too much for him, and he fell back. Then a thought came to him, and with his untrained hand he pulled out his handkerchief and held it up. The morning breeze fluttered the pale flag of truce, and it caught the eye of the driver, who shouted to the occupant of the troika. Owen could see that the young girl in the troika was standing up and waving on the way horses by her cries. The conclusion pulled up his horses beside where Owen lay, and the young girl sprang out and knelt down by his side, saying in English, but with the slightest possible accent:

"Oh, oh, how sorry we are! We have just heard of it, and mamma is hard at work in the little pavilion which ordinarily she despises so, preparing for your reception. It is your arm surely and perhaps yes, the collar bone also, and oh, what a horrid gash on your head! Tell me if I hurt you too much, but bear it if you can."

As she talked the girl was examining his hurts with the skill of a trained nurse, but without her professional calmness, for from her manner of responsibility Owen felt sure that this young Countess Szyzkiewicz, whose presence had attacked him the night before. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes were dark with remorse and pity.

Without waiting for any answer from Owen she worked on the touch of her soft fingers inexpressibly soothing to the wounds she bandaged with deft skill. Suddenly she sprang up, a glitter of silver trifles hanging from her belt, and making a jingle as if of bells. She ran to the horses' heads, and the conclusion in response to a few words in Polish, placed Owen in the troika, where he sat but faintly from the pain.

The young girl sprang into the troika, and after a moment of hesitation seated herself and caught the half-fainting man in her strong young arms just as he swayed forward. Thus half lying in his restive horses until they were covered with flecks of foam from their fretting, the troika reached the small pavilion where the old countess and a troop of servants met them, and Owen felt himself lifted out and borne up some stairs, and one of the men stumbled, and he heard a sharp reproof in a woman's voice, and then he remembered no more.

Owen lost count of the days after that. It was an easy thing to do, for as his fever grew less and his clouded brain grew clear again the peace and beauty of his surroundings and the fierce unrest of his heart gave him so many things to think about that his recovery was slow.

The pavilion was a hospital arranged out of her private income by the little Countess Elena. From its open windows the green and blue waves of the Baltic, with their lips of foam, might be seen lapping against the sandy beach.

Every day the Countess Szyzkiewicz paid a visit to the invalid, while the young girl Elena spent most of her time in the pavilion, but coming seldom into Owen's room. He could hear the soft jingling of her silver chate-laine as she moved about the house, and he strained his ears to hear it during hours when they fancied he slept.

Although consumed with the desire to question his hostess and to explain the affair, they would not allow him to talk. He was obliged to listen to the remorseful comments of the countess and to permit her attentions in silence. If he attempted to answer her she left the room. The little countess, too, sometimes sat by his bedside upon the condition that he would not speak, and the joy of looking upon her perturbed face was so great that Owen would have remained dumb forever for the pleasure of feasting upon her loveliness.

She wore her hair parted on the side, like a boy's, and drawn back smoothly from her face. Her teeth were small and white, and when they gleamed from between her scarlet lips her smile was brilliant. Her forehead was as pure and white as a nun's, and her gray eyes, with little irregular spots of black in them, held a clearness which would have been disconcerting had not an occasional flash of spirit troubled their tranquillity and hinted of a high spirit and perhaps the wild ambitions of her warrior ancestors held in leash by a will of fine steel.

There was more than a hint of boyishness in the little countess. Her speech was free and frank and gay, her manner as guileless of coquetry as a lad's, and from the tips of her riding boots, which she always wore in her visits to her hospital, to her little boyish mannerisms, Owen detected the difference between her and other young Polish women he had met.

This individuality captivated him. The force of adventure which flashed in her eyes found an answering chord in his own breast. He imagined her fettered by family and tradition. Into what might she not develop if he could free her?

One day she came in hurriedly, and looking around furtively, she said: "Can you speak German?"

"Yes."

"Well, my brother, who is under the suspicion of the Russian police, is here from his estate near Vilna, and he wishes to see you. Unfortunately he does not speak English, so you must use German, but be careful to stop instantly if Dr. Polinski enters, as I have my suspicions that it was he who betrayed my brother to the Russians. You know, I am danged for creating this hospital and my little school, for we Poles are not allowed by Russian law either to teach or dispense charity in the Polish tongue, nor, more bitterly, to sing our national hymn in public nor to buy land, nor to be elected to office. My brother was elected mayor of Vilna three years ago, but he was not allowed to accept, and they put a Russian Jew, who had once been his overseer, in that office."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Owen, with flashing eyes, "that the very doctor who attends me and who is in your employ is a spy?"

"We do not know, because he has only recently come among us. We only suspect. His father was a Pole, his mother a Russian. It is easy for him to permit either sympathy to sway him. Ah, these mixed marriages!"

"The young girl sighed, and as Owen maintained a sympathetic silence she continued: "My mother's favorite sister, the beauty of her family, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in Warsaw, married a Russian, Prince Vladimir Ermoiloff, who is now a councillor and a member of the czar's household. My aunt was also a dame d'honneur and is a very close friend to the czar's czarina. She has given her children Russian names, and we doubt if they have even been permitted to learn the Polish language. This has so grieved my mother that all communication between them ceased long ago, and all my aunt's gifts have been returned to her. Sometimes I regret this, for my aunt Elena is so very powerful that she might have done our unhappy nation much good if we could have continued our influence over her."

"How fortunate," said Owen. "Yet with all that intensity of feeling between your nation and Russia you do not blame me for deciding that the most fertile part of your estate belongs to Prince Korolenko."

"The young girl drew herself up and struck at her skirt with her riding whip. "You are a just and an honest man," she said proudly. "You could not lie, and we never questioned your decision. I admire honesty above every other quality in a man, so that I shall never recover from the shame of your being half killed by our stupid peasants for your honest decision."

"I will please," began Owen, but the Countess Elena went on: "Besides, it is Prince Korolenko who should feel aggrieved, and not the Szyzkiewiczes, for this land has been his for hundreds of years, and for all these years my fathers have reaped the benefit of its fertility, while his were deprived of their righteous inheritance."

"I never knew such a sense of justice in a woman before," said Owen slowly.

To his surprise the young girl colored hotly, and her lips parted in a glad smile at his tone.

"Truly," she cried, "will I bear comparison with your American friends, who have so much freedom to do as they like and are not thwarted in their best desires by terror of an un-just law?"

"You will bear comparison with any one in the world!" cried the young man with sudden passion.

"No, no," she cried hurriedly. Her glance wavered beneath his, and she spoke rapidly to recover herself. "My brother is waiting. He is in disguise. He looks like my oldest brother, except that he wears no beard, so he is wearing a false beard to appear like Alexis. Even I was deceived. He will remain but a moment, as he only wishes to express his regret at your—"

"I will not have it!" cried Owen. "I will not be apologized to by all your generous family! As if I were not amply recompensed for a few bruises by the bliss of knowing you. Why do you never sit here, as your mother does?"

"I am always busy elsewhere! Well, I will sit here, but we must not talk."

Elena seated herself and began to croon a Polish song under her breath. From that she wandered into a French lullaby, and suddenly, as if scarcely knowing what she sang, she began something so familiar that Owen turned to hear in surprise.

"Do you know what you are singing?" he asked.

Elena stopped, ran over the last few bars and then colored.

"That?" she said in confusion. "Oh, yes. That was the tune you were all ways humming in your delirium. You sang it so much it has run in my head ever since."

"Yes, but do you know the name of it?" persisted the young man.

"No. What is it?"

"It's 'Garryowen!' It's what the fellows at college always signaled me by, and it comes so near being my own name I've had to live by that song."

"It sounds Scotch, but I never heard it until you sang it. It—it's a beautiful song, I think," she added shyly.

Owen flushed with pleasure.

"Hush! Here is my brother. Remember you are to call him Alexis, but he is really Josef."

A tall man appeared in the doorway and stopped, looking in.

"Come, my dear brother, and meet our guest, Herr Garret Owen," said Elena in German. And then as the tall man approached she gave him an anxious glance and hurried away.

"My poor friend!" cried the count, speaking in German. "Can you ever forgive us?"

"My fever always increases under apologies," said Owen, smiling. "If you proceed on that line your sister will have her patient's recovery put back by a month."

"The count lifted his head and thung out a laugh which taxed the capacity of his great chest.

"Besides," added Owen, "do you think me so unappreciative that I would not willingly have a broken bone or two for the pleasure of knowing your sister and—and your mother?" he added hastily as he saw the count's keen eyes bent suddenly upon him.

"My sister!" repeated the count, still with his penetrating gaze upon Owen's pale, high lined face.

Owen turned cold for fear he had been precipitate in mentioning the young girl's name, but he was so eager to know if any traditions or family prejudice would prevent his marriage with her, provided he could win her love, that he plunged ahead.

"Count Alexis," he said, "was I too abrupt in speaking of your sister?"

"Do you love her?" cried the count eagerly.

"With all my soul," answered Owen fervently. "I would dare anything for her sake. I love me! Suggest something different."

"And dangerous?" demanded Josef.

"And dangerous?" cried Owen, with flashing eye.

"Good! I trust you! I suspected a love affair from my sister's manner, but my mother suspects nothing. Elena has dashed her hopes too often."

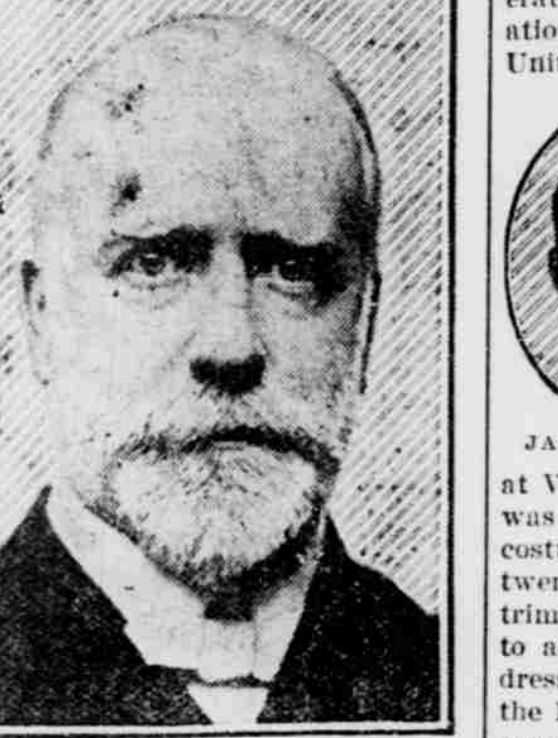
"Dashed her hopes?" repeated Owen.

"Does your mother desire her daughter's marriage?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Torrey and Alexander, Evangelists

FROM time to time in history the world has been moved by intellectual, moral and religious impulses that seemed to touch all classes of people in many different countries. The preaching of Peter the Hermit started the crusades; Wycliff, Luther and Calvin led in movements of several centuries ago for the revival of learning, religion and morals, while in times less remote the world has seen



REV. DR. EDWIN A. TORREY.

great religious awakenings led by such men as John Wesley, Whitefield and Jonathan Edwards. The revival movements in which Dwight L. Moody was so powerful a figure are within the memory of this generation. At the present time there are manifestations in different parts of the world of special interest in the religious life.

In England a systematic campaign was planned out before the beginning of the present evangelistic work in the great British metropolis. The nonconformist clergy of London and many of the clergy of the Church of England united in furthering the movement. The center of interest at present is Albert hall, which holds 10,000 persons and in which the meetings, under the direction of the evangelists Torrey and Alexander, are in progress. The campaign in London is under the direction of the London Evangelistic council, the preparations for the Albert hall meetings a door to door canvass within a radius of three miles was instituted, a quarter of a million invitation tickets were left at the houses within the district, and a choir of 3,000, under Mr. Alexander's direction, was organized, so that there might be at each meeting 1,000 trained musicians to lead the singing. One hundred thousand hymn books, prayer forms for chorists and 20,000 leaflets, giving daily subjects, were distributed.

Reuben A. Torrey and Charles M. Alexander are both Americans, though their chief evangelistic work has been done in Australia, Great Britain and

AN OFFENDED BISHOP.

The Way a Fond Mother's Joke on Her Son Went Astray.

"Bishop Maxwell, is it not?" inquired Mrs. Spaulding cordially as her guest came down to breakfast, suit case in hand. "I feel that I know you through my son, and I was so glad when he announced to me that he was with you on your way through the city. But what does this luggage mean? You're going to stay a day or so?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Spaulding," returned the bishop. "I must go right on today."

"Oh, that makes it doubly unfortunate that I had to be away last evening. I hope you found my message of explanation. The friend I was called upon to visit was very ill, and I felt sure you would understand, but the fact that Mr. Spaulding was out of town, too, made me regret going especially. I do hope my maid took care of you comfortably and that you rested well. I thought you must have been weary when I came in at 10 and found you had retired."

The bishop replied politely, but there was an odd constraint in his manner which lasted until he had bowed himself out of the house after breakfast.

"What can be the matter?" puzzled Mrs. Spaulding as she watched the distinguished gentleman strolling down the street. "Dick was so anxious he should like us!"

Then a sickening thought struck her, and she started up the stairs.

It had been Mrs. Spaulding's custom during the boyhood of her only son to correct his failings by posting about the house little placards which gently pleaded with him on the error of his ways. A week or two earlier, when Dick was coming home for a college vacation, she had unthoughtfully some of these old signs and just for a joke had pinned them up in his room, like old times. They had been taken down later, but she remembered now that, after being summoned to the sick friend the morning before, she had left her new—and not brilliant—maid to Dick's door and had said: "I want this room swept and arranged for Bishop Maxwell exactly as we did it for Mr. Dick last week. Do you understand?"

With wings on her feet Mrs. Spaulding flew to the room the bishop had occupied, but at the threshold she paused and gasped.

On one of the pillows was a startling notice to this effect: "Please put your bed airing in the morning!" Over the mirror, "Please don't spatter the glass!" On the window curtain, "Please don't throw your shoes on the floor noisily!" Everywhere, on pictures and walls, "Please don't leave your coat on a chair. Hang it up!" "Please don't leave your toothbrush in the bathroom." "Please turn off the hot water faucet!"

There were at least fifteen of these placards, the "Please" underlined three or four times in each, but horror of horrors—the largest of all was this, on the inside of the door: "If you take a bath please wash out the tub. It's disgraceful not to!" Youth's Companion.

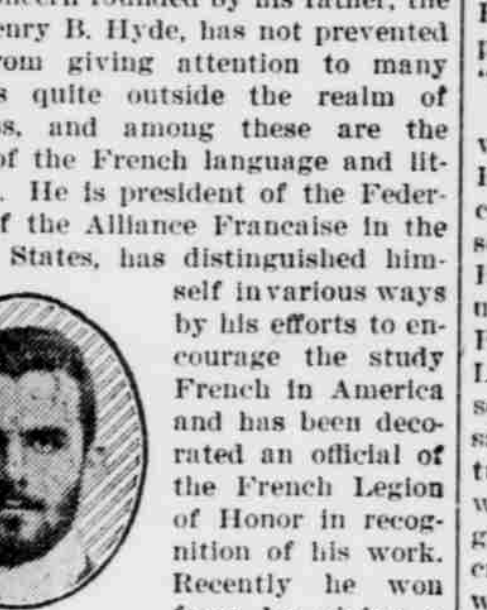
Poor, but candid. "Are you looking for work?"

"No," answered the poor but candid man; "I'm looking for money, but I'm willing to work, because I can't get it otherwise."—Exchange.

When a man wears his plecty as an ornament you can depend on its being paste.—Chicago Tribune.

People Who Are In the Public Eye

IT is whispered that James Hazen Hyde, whose connection with the Equitable Life Assurance society has caused a controversy in that corporation, aspires to be ambassador of the United States to France some day. His prominence in the life insurance concern founded by his father, the late Henry B. Hyde, has not prevented him from giving attention to many matters quite outside the realm of business, and among these are the study of the French language and literature. He is president of the Federation of the Alliance Francaise in the United States, has distinguished himself in various ways by his efforts to encourage the study of French in America and has been decorated an official of the French Legion of Honor in recognition of his work. Recently he won fame by giving a ball in his honor in the time of Louis XIV.



JAMES H. HYDE.

Mr. Hyde is twenty-nine years of age and has a trim, well knit figure which shows off to advantage as he is a very careful dresser. He wears his hair pointed in the French style, and it is said his dress cannot be matched anywhere outside of Paris. He is much interested in coaching and is reputed one of the best whips in America. The freedom with which he spends his money on this diversion may be judged by the fact that on his splendid country place at Islip, on Long Island, are stables in which the cases for harnesses and saddles are of carved mahogany. Mr. Hyde and his mother and sister own 510 of the 1,000 shares of the Equitable and practically control the corporation, which has assets of \$413,000,000. The capital stock of the company is only \$100,000.

The police commissioner of New York, William McAdoo, recently ordered a shift of men in important positions in the department, and among those transferred was Inspector George W. McCuskey, who is said by his friends to know more about crooks than any other man in the country.

In the time of Inspector Bymes he and another clever detective named "Tus" were known as "Bymes' twins." When "Big Chief" Devery was in command of the New York police force he did not get along very well with McCuskey. He called him "Chesty George," in allusion to his fondness for being well dressed and putting on a smooth front.

It was because of his dressing so well and carrying himself with the air of a Wall street banker that McCuskey was frequently detailed for special service at society functions in New York and Washington.

He has at different times been in charge of the New York detective bureau. Some years ago, when he was succeeded in that position by a fellow officer, his friends on the force revived that once popular song of Maggie Cline, "Trow Him Down, McCuskey."

He was transferred recently from the detective bureau to the borough of the Bronx. Shortly before the transfer occurred a detective named Flay appeared before Magistrate Crane.

"By the way, officer," said the magistrate, "who is at the head of the detective bureau?"

"Inspector McCuskey," Flay replied.

"Well," rejoined the magistrate, "if you ever heard of his detecting anything, I haven't."

"I think he is the greatest detective chief New York ever had," Flay declared.

"Then give my respects to the 'great' detective chief New York ever had," said the court, "and tell him for me that he can clean out every thief in this city in twenty-four hours if he wants to."

Intermarriages between royal families in Europe sometimes bring about peculiar relationships. Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, who is to visit New York soon in command of the second cruiser squadron of the British navy, is related closely to several crowned heads. He is a nephew of the king of England and a grandson of the late Queen Victoria. He married his cousin, Princess Victoria, who was a daughter of Queen Victoria's daughter Alice. He is a nephew of the late empress of Russia and a brother-in-law of the czar, a brother-in-law of Prussia and a native of Austria.

where he was born in 1850. He wears both a German name and title. He became naturalized as a British subject when he entered the navy. Prince Louis recently became a rear admiral and is head of the intelligence department of the navy. The second cruiser squadron is reputed the fastest in the world, and the Prince of Wales is in supreme command of it. It will be inspected by King Edward before starting on its cruise to American waters. The flagship of Prince Louis is the Drake.

William Jennings Bryan, while making a stumping tour in 1904, found he would be compelled to wait half an hour or more for his train, says the New York Herald. Taking a seat in the waiting room, he drew forth a cigar and lit it. Just then a porter entered and, pointing to a sign, said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you see that smoking is not allowed here."

"Well," replied Mr. Bryan, "I suppose that rule is not always strictly enforced?"

"Oh, no, sir; neither is the one along

side of it," said the man, with a grin. The orator glanced at it and read: "Employees of this railway are not permitted to accept tips."

An exciting scene occurred in the house of representatives when Congressman William R. Hearst of New York charged Congressman John A. Sullivan of Massachusetts with being a homicide. A newspaper owned by Representative Hearst had attacked Mr. Sullivan, and the latter replied in a speech in the house, which bristled with sharp and cutting remarks. Mr. Hearst retorted by denouncing his opponent as one who had assisted in "kicking a man to death in a saloon."

Mr. Sullivan, like another John Sullivan of greater fame, is a Bostonian. He was born at the Hull in 1808, educated in the public schools, the Boston High school, Boston University and the Boston University Law school, has served in the Massachusetts legislature and in 1902 was elected to congress as a Democrat. Last fall he was re-elected. It was when he was a boy of seventeen that the incident occurred to which Mr. Hearst referred. Sullivan's father kept a small hotel, to which a bar was attached. A former prize fighter, who was intoxicated, tried early one Sunday morning to enter the bar. On being refused admittance a scuffle with the elder Sullivan ensued. Young Sullivan went to his father's aid, and the pugilist was driven off. Several days afterward he died. A grand jury brought in an indictment for manslaughter against both father and son, and the former was sent to the penitentiary. The son was released on account of his youth and the circumstances in which he took part in the fight. After the father had been in prison for a year and a half it was alleged that the pugilist did not die from injuries received at the hands of the Sullivans. The imprisoned man was thereupon pardoned. Representative Sullivan says he did nothing he would not do over again under the same circumstances.

Representative John Jacob Esch of Wisconsin has had the honor of giving his name, in connection with Mr. Townsend of Michigan, to the most important measure passed in congress during the present session, the Esch-Townsend bill for regulating railroad freight rates. He is a member of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce, which was charged with drafting a bill on this subject for presentation to the full house. The bills drawn by Messrs. Esch and Townsend were thought to carry out best the recommendations of the president's message, and they were in consequence combined in the measure reported by the majority of the committee.

Mr. Esch is from a state where the subject of regulating railroad rates has been an issue for some years. He was born in Monroe county, Wis., in 1861 of German parents. Sparta, Wis., has been his residence since boyhood. He graduated from the high school at that place and also from the state university at Madison. He engaged for three years in teaching, taking up meanwhile the study of law, and graduated from the law department of the state university in 1882. He was city treasurer of Sparta in 1885, has been active in the national guard of the state and was formerly acting judge advocate general, with the rank of colonel. This is his third term in the house of representatives.

Representative Badger of Ohio, a Democrat, who was defeated for reelection, although running 5,000 ahead of his ticket, met one of his German constituents on the morning after the election of last November.

"Well, Mr. Badger," said the German, "you run 5,000 ahead of your ticket, but was overcome by the landscape."

When Senator Beveridge of Indiana was making his closing speech on the statehood bill he said: "Some of the senators have been trying to prove that things exactly similar are different. They remind me of the young woman who was called on to defend her sex against the charge that no woman on earth can keep a secret."

"We can too," she exclaimed. "It isn't the woman that gives away the secret. It is the people she tells it to that let it out."

How a man who is horse likes to use his voice!

A person with a forgiving disposition has to put up with a lot.

The average woman is fond of saying that her ambition exceeds her strength.

A merchant is never so busy involving that he isn't willing to wait on a good customer.

After a man gets converted his neighbors speculate every time they see him as to how soon he will pay what he owes them.

A family with an artistic temperament isn't nearly as much of an addition to the neighborhood as one owning a staphylococcus.

How easily gossip starts! Ever think how little pleasure you get out of a "story" you start and how much trouble you may be making others?—Athenian Globe.

Great Inducements. Gyer—Fitzens, the clothier, is advertising a silk umbrella with each twenty-dollar overcoat he sells. Mrs. Gyer—That's nothing. Bloom, the florist, is giving away the earth with each plant he sells.—Chicago News.

When to Find Them. Blimkins—No, sir, I tell you most friends are uncertain. I want friends who will be friends in need. Hodges—Take a fool's advice, old man, and look for them before you need them.—Brooklyn Life.

Gems In Verse

Fall Crick Views on Earthquakes. I kin hump my back and take the rain. And I don't kin how she pours; I kin keep kind of 'em in a thunder-storm.

No matter how loud she roars; I kin much scared of the lightning, Ner I hab't such awful shakes. Afoard of cyclones—but I don't want none.

O yer dad burned old earthquakes! As long as my legs keeps stiddy, And long as my head keeps plumb And the bulfin' stays in the front lot I still kin whistle some!

But about the time the old clock Flaps off in the mantelshelf And the bureau scoots for the kitchen I'm a-goin' to scot myself!

Flange take, ef you keep me stabled While any earthquakes is around I'm fit like the stock-I'll teller. And break fer the open ground! And I 'low you'd be as nervous And in 'st about my fide. When your whole farm eludes from under you, And only the mortgage sticks!

Now, care hab't a-goin' to kill you Ef you don't drive 'cross the track; Crediters never 'll jerk you up. Ef you go and pay 'em back. You can stand all moral and mundane storms.

Ef you'll 'nly list beleave, But a earthquake-well, ef it wanted you.

'Tud hush you out o' yer grave! —James Whitcomb Riley in "His Par's Romance."

My Colorado Bedroom. My Colorado bedroom has no limit to its wall; It is built in the heavens, and the heavy dew that fall Sprinkle floor and lawn and carpet, paint the color in the rose.

That blooms around my bedroom and blossoms in the snows. My Colorado bedroom is as broad as it is long; It was built by the Creator with foundation deep and strong; God Almighty laid the corners, spread the carpet on the floor.

That changes with the seasons change with everything outdoor. My Colorado bedroom has no lock upon its door. No curtains on its windows and no chairs upon its floor.

The smoke goes through the ceiling, and, as I rest from care, I'll never find a sweeter place when I get 'over there."

My Colorado bedroom is out in the open. There's no mortgage on its freehold and no landlord anywhere; The snow blows through the attic, but the sun shines in the door. Sifted down through angles' fingers and spread out upon the floor.

My Colorado bedroom is very dear to me. With the silent stars above it shining like an astral sea. And when this life is over and the peary gates I see, Ma! I rest within its bosom—it is heaven enough for me. —Denver Post.

A RATTLER'S BITE.

How, Under Some Conditions, It May Not Kill the Victim.

It may seem absurd to claim that there are cases where the bite of a rattlesnake is not fatal, yet such have happened, and to understand these it is necessary only to understand the manner in which this reptile strikes.

The spectacle of a rattlesnake at bay is one a beholder never forgets. The great, long body coiled in a tense spiral, the very embodiment of wickedness. Puffed in air, the white bellied fore body is bent into a horizontal S, rigid as an iron bar. Raised from the middle of the spiral is the tail, quivering like a twanged banjo string and emitting a rattle like steam escaping from the pet cock of a radiator or like the sound of a moving machine in a distant hayfield. Awe inspiring, the dread, flat, triangular head, eyes gleaming black