ngainst wind and rain whates not the drops from his hird flicks not the wet from her. alion than I toss free alled gold of my bright hair's time the winds on their heel-wings And all the tempest is friends with me.

A Mood.

one can seach me to wound or obsers Baund of weeping and sound of song— either must trouble must I can bear But the wind's loud laugh, and the sibilant,

Lulled rugh of the rain through the sapless

Breeds. O raro, doar days, ye are here again! I will woo ye as maidens are woodd of n ith oaths forgotten and broken creeds!

shall not lack for the sun's flerce shining-With the sold of my hair will I make ye giad; r your blows, red forcets give no ropining-mort ye, comfort ye, days of cloud, mfort ye, comfort ye, days of cloud, max of shadow, of wrath, of binst-I who love ye am come at last. augh to welcome me, cry aloud!

For wild am I as thy winds and rains-Tree to come and to go as they: Lore's moon swars not the tides of my veins: There is no voke that can bid me atay. Out not away on the trenched, brown lea! Dit to the great, glad heart of the year! Nothing to grieve for, nothing to rear; Fetteriess, invises, a maiden free! -Amelie Rives, in Harper's Magazine.

VERY PRECIOUS.

"I did not give it to him! He stole

"Oh, of course; you do not call it giving, but I do. You were standing by, I suppose, when he took it? Your eyes were cast down and you put your most becoming pout on? And now that Tom Crichton, with his ten thousand a year, falls in love with you and wants to marry you, you are afraid that poor Geoff Hamilton will show him your photograph and talk about your silly letters and make mis-chief. You incorrigible little firt. It would serve you right to be treated as you have treated others. How many men have you made fools of, I wonen have you made fools of, I won- sity. Then she turned the packet over and found an inscription that settled

The speaker spoke sarcastically; her hearer was beginning to cry. The girls were sisters, says a story teller in the London World, both young, both "Poor Geoff! Poor, dear fellow!

pretty and charming; but Letty, the younger, was a lovely, brainless little lirt. The elder, Rosalind, had plenty of brains, but scarcely experience "But precious or not, I must rob him enough to enable her to use them ju-of them. We cannot lose Tom. I diciously. She was a brilliant creat-nre to look at—warm-hearted and im-pulsive to a fault. There is nothing out of this. I must write the tiniest she would not do or dare for one she loved, and she dearly loved her be-dear Geoff." She closed the drawer witching little sister, and rejoiced put the packet in her pocket, and with all her heart when the genial, wrote hastily on a half sheet of paper with all her heart when "Tom good-looking young "squire," Tom "L's sister has taken what will." no right to keep against her will." She had just addressed the envelope stairs;

hood to take possession of an unex-pected inheritance, fell in love at first when she heard steps on the stairs; ght with Letty and proposed to her in another moment the door was opened and a handsome young man after a week's acquaintance.

But Tom was a quick-tempered, came in. "How awkward!" thought Rosalind. "But I must keep up the character of Townsend's sister. Who in the world ready spoken his mind to Miss Letty her love of flirtation. She promised to mend her ways, but it is he?" was more than she could do to keep The

The new-comer stood still and stared her promise when temptation came in alluring guise. Mireford was a garrison town, and one of the gallant Dashshire regiment, Geoffrey Hamilton by name, had

quickly succumbed to the fascination until to-morrow. Did not the landlady of the younger of the two daughters of tell you I was here?" "She-she-she did!" the young man the widowed Mrs. Maitland, who

lived in a pretty cottage on the Lon- gasped. "What a donkey he is!" the out half a mile or so from

cor on the inside. A civil-looking inn opened it. "Are—are the gentlemen at home?" the visitor asked. "I mean—is Mr. Townsend at home? I am his sister, and he expects me, I think."

"Oh, walk in ma'an, if you please, Mr. Townsend told me you were not coming until to-morrow. He is out

st now, but your room is quit The visitor muttered something bout the station as she went into the all. "Please show me into the sitting oom," she said; "I can wait for my rother there. No, thank you; no tea fine

Is this the room?' "Yes, ma'am. The gentlemen has this between them. Mr. Hamilton is coming back unexpected this evening. He was telegraphed for, as there is some talk of the regiment leaving at ones."

"What is that noise?" the visitor

asked. "Rain, ma'am. It's a thunder show

er, I think. It always makes that noise on the roof of the verander. It's well you was under cover, ma'am." Rosalind gave a sigh of relief as the door at last closed behind the landlady. "Now, if by a stroke of good fortune I can commit my felony and get away before my brother comes in what an extraordinary thing that he

should be expecting his sister. I suppose (glancing at a cabinet photo-graph on the chimneypiece) that is the man himself. Why, he must be 40 at it out of the mother's album. He did! least! Now, I wonder where Mr. he did! he did!" The speaker's voice Geoff keeps his treasures. In a drawer, rose with each repetition and her cheeks got redder and redder. "I must know better than you, Rosie." of course; but which drawer? I do not half like rummaging among the poor man's possessions, but he brought ist know better than you, Rosie." poor man's possessions, but he brought "Oh, of course; you do not call it it on himself.

Townsend was in the drawing-room. He wanted to see Miss Maitland for a few minutes on business. He had a In his boat he laughed when the billows fought message and a little packet to de-And tant lines sang in the rushing gale. "Tell Mr. Townsend I am coming A thousand times though the surf's white biss directly," said Rosalind. ing She hath flown as light as the s-a-birds fly: How fareth it that such craft is missing On a summer say?

"Oh, Rosle, do you mind?" eried Letty, as the maid went out. "He has sent my picture, I suppose, and he wants his black woman back. Tell What of the boat, and the boat's brave maste Sail they in sunshine or scud in rain? O ahimmering sea, thou dost pledge disaster in fulthless anchor and broken chain. him we think her frightful. Are you sure you do not mind seeing him?" "Not in the least," said Rosalind. I

liver.

de a fool of myself and p

man's drawer for nothing!" alind. "Oh, it I had but knowu."-

"Never mind, dear," said Latty; "I am sure I don't. But I wish I knew what he sees to admire in that black

woman. Just pack her up and send

A tap at the door interrupted them

It was a maid to announce that Mr.

O sighing sea, doth no late releating Thrill and throb through thy cruel tide, When thy flotsam waketh to low lamentin White-haired mother and rosy bride? saw his likeness in their sitting-room, and he is plain and elderly. Give me those things and trust to my ingenuity to get myself out of the scrape. They cannot say much when they know it was another girl's photograph I car-ried off." In the checkered web that the Fates sit weav-Ing. There is pold for love, there is gray for loss; And age hath heart-break and youth hath

And just as she was-in her muddy little boots and with the wind-blown These two who sit on the sands together. And hear in the surf-beat a funeral knell, They know what comes in the summ untidy hair-she went down stairs; and it still is and it ever will remain a mystery what those two said to one But Geoff got back his precious packet and Letty got her photograph. She gave it to Tom forthwith and he His arm was steel, as his heart was gold: But the white squall came like a wraith of

was delighted. She is now Mrs. Crichton. Hamilton was finally captured by a pretty young widow. I do not know what became of "Loule," but Rosalind mar-ried Gerard Townsend and he still "No, indeed," said Thalia, giving her lace parasol a significant twiri; "you don't eatch me marrying a poor

thinks she is the prettiest woman in the world.

mark where villages have once been."

CUPID AS AN EDITOR.

Business Being Dull, He Resorts to the

Here, according to the Memphis

"On the market! A blue-eyed

Avalanche, are some advertisements

that appeared in a matrimonial paper

blonde of nineteen and 135 pounds,

who will be a sweet girl graduate in

June, and whose father makes 100 bales of cotton, would like to be pre-

pared for some fun as soon as school

lavs are over. You need not write

unless you are handsome, for I will not

marry an ugly man. Now, boys, if you write and send stamp and your picture and this 'ad,' you will either get it back or a nice letter from a

pretty southern girl. Come, come,

"A farmer who does not use tobacco,

come, the summer now is here.

papa don't care.

Use of Printer's Ink.

- Chicago Tribune.

in that town:

AFRICAN BARBARITY. They Kill Men Just for the Fun

made-over gowns for me. I'd rather die an old maid any day." 'That is putting it very strongly," said her Cousin Dorothy, who was "I had the pleasure of witnessing quietly hemming the edge of a surah sash for Thalia. 'Once I heard you negro execution once." said E. J. Glave at the Sherman House recently. say that if you were not married at 30 Mr. Glave has just returned from Alaska, where he has been exploring the interior, but for the six years prior you would take a dose of laudanum." Thalia laughed, and tossed her pretty head till her ostrich plumes danced to that he was in the Congo country disdainfully. She thought there was no danger of her being driven to a with Stanley. "I had the pleasure of seeing this execution and of knowing violent death. that I wasn't strong enough to stop "I tell you what, Thalia," said Maud

I was allowed to witness it only on the Dare, looking up from her chocolates and her novel. 'you ought to make a dead set at that Gordon man. They condition that I and my companion should be unarmed. But for that I should have shot the chief and the exesay he is awfully rich-\$500,000, at cutioner. Afterwards I did have least-and he owns that pretty yacht forces enough to prevent it, and for down the inlet, too." "The Myosotis?" said Thalia. two years there weren't any wanton

killings. The missionaries have the place now and the slaughter is going growing animation. "Why, I didn't know that. Who told you?" "Oh, I don't know," Maud replied, errily on. Soft words won't stop it It takes something more than that to put the fear of God into those blacks. But I am drifting away from my story. Some old women of inducnce had died

And salled into slience void and vast.

They read the riddle the sea winds tell.

'He was prince of the wind, he was king of the

And his race was run as a tale that is told." -M. C. W., in Harper's Bazar.

THE YACHTING TRIP.

man. No o tmeal, old shoes, and

carelessly. "You know dear, since I am engaged myself I don't pay much attention to these new men." "Who is that Mr. Campbell?" Thalia

and accordingly, to celebrate the oc-casion, a slave had to be sacrificed. He was lashed fast in a kind of a seat "What Mr. Campbell? The one who

was so sweet on Dorothy? Oh, they and a pliant stem about fifteen feet say he is a bank clerk somewhere. He long stuck into the ground near him. is a friend of Mr. Gordon's, you know. The top of it was bent over and tied I believe Gordon pays all his bills." fast to his head, so that his neck was

"I don't believe it!" said Dorothy, as taut as a fiddle-string. That was the first time I had seen them use one of their soft iron knives, and I expectwith sudden arimation. "He is not that kind of a man at all. I don't know him very well, but I am sure he ed to see the poor fellow's neck hagis too manly a fellow to -- to -- " gled into rags, but I heard only a click when it struck the bones of the spinal Thalia burst out laughing and

Dorothy paused. column, and the man's head shot away Dorothy, my dear," she said in like a pebble in a sling. A fountain of blood spurted from his neck, and the

patronizing way, "don't go and fall in love with a bank clerk, now-please don't! I should think you'd had enough of poverty in all these years body worked and twitched exactly as a chicken does when its head is cut off. The head when picked up was chatterthat you have had to teach and sew ing its jaws and rolling its eyes.

was Campbell. They never went ad The Missing Boat."

> the surville lines Thalia was absorbed in her new ad-

mirer. "Your cousin seems quite kindly dis-posed to my friend Gordie," said Camp-bell, one day, down on the rocks. "I rather think it will be a go-don't you?" "Very likely," Dorothy said, stitch-ing away at the embroidery she had bronght with her. "Put that sewing away, won't you?" Campbell persisted impatiently. "You are always at it." Not all. A boatman who led at dawning. When the fleet with the flood tide went far and fust, Has gone beyond night, or the noon, or He was prince of the wind, he was lord of the Nor wave por tempest could make him

are always at it." "I have to do it," Dorothy said, quietly. "I am paid to do it." "Well," said Campbell, pulling it out of her hands. "Til pay you to put

It away. Do stop! I want you to listen to me, Dorothy." He had caught her hands and held them so she could not pick up her work

again. "Listen to me!" he persisted. "I love you. If you will only marry me, you shall never be forced to do anything you don't like. Speak to me, Dorothy. You can care for me a little -just a little, can't you? Ob, Dorothy, if you knew how much I love you, you

sands. Physically the people are fine and healthy specimens of Africans, and as a rule they are free from dis-ense. Gov. Moloney of Lagos says the would not turn away from me. And the crown is crushed by a thorny cross. Dorothy lifted her shy face and smiled at him. houses are built upon piles or straight branches of hard wood three to six "You-you won't give me a chance to blush," she said, with a forced laugh, by which she tried to hide her excite-

inches in diameter. They are driven into the bottom of the lake. The upment. "No!" he said, drawing her toward per ends are secured by cross pieces, on which are laid a bamboo flooring him. "Dorothy, speak quickly is it joy or woe that is in store for me?" two-thirds or one-half of which is cov-

aim. "Dotoman store for me?" "You may change your mind," she said with a touch of roguery, "after we said with a touch of roguery, "after we

Campbell caught her in his arms. "Dorothy." he said, joyously, "tell me in plain English that you love me a the platform, and is covered with grass or bamboo leaves, and raised to its position. The remaining portion of flooring is used as a veranda. In little.

"Not a little," she whispered-"a the construction no nails are used. very great deal." These natives are fishermen and also The bow of the Myosotis was grating

a pastoral people. It is a curious fact that they keep cattle in pens adjoining their houses built on piles over the water like their dwellings. Someon the sand. "Don't!" Dorothy cried. "There are Thalia and Mr. Gordon." Campbell scowled at the intruders. times during the dry season the shal-

"Don't speak," he said, in a low lowness of the water admits of the cat-"They haven't seen us." tle being allowed to wander on terra Thalia went up the beach, leauing lovingly on Gordon's arm. When Dorothy came in, rather late are compelled to eke out their exist to many less fortunate animals which

are compelled to eke out their existto luncheon, she was lying up in her ence in these pens surrounded by water until such time as they are room, crying hysterically. What on earth is the matter with tethered and transported by canoe to

Thalia?" cried Dorothy, who had tried to get into her cousin's room and had failed. the butcher. The present natives are still indread of the Dahomians, but even if this fear

Mand Dare was eating olives and drinking coffee in the morning-room. "Oh." she said, in a disgusted tone, no longer existed it is probable that the habit which they and their fathers before them have long followed would "Thalia has made a fool of herself!

She and Mr. Gordon went over to the residences. It is not known how many village this morning, and they were lake dwellers there are, but it is sup-married there." lake dwellers there are at least 10,000 of them

"Well," said Dorothy, with a curl of the lip, "wasn't that what Thalia wanted?"

"Well, you see," said Maud, slowly, "She has married the wrong man. It appears that people have got Mr. Gor-don's affairs rather mixed up. It ap-pears that he is only a bank clerk. He isn't rich at all, and—and the Myosotis belongs to Mr. Campbell."

Oh!" was all Dorothy had to say.

abusing her cousin fearfully. "You knew it all along!" she cried, passionately. "That is why you were so sweet on Mr. Campbell! I SLEEPING WITH A BABY

trouble

like

don't see how any one could be so deceitful.' Dorothy went to her lover in great

"Why didn't you tell me?" she said, The free from care and ease taking

pitifully. "I didn't think it made any differold bachelor who, in his momentary lapse of wisdom, contemplates ence to you, darling, whether I was mony, should at the same time reflect on the remote but contingent possibili-"That is true." she admitted. "It ty of his having to some time sleep didn't. But Thalia is so angry." "Never mind Thalia." said Campwith a baby, should he marry. Years of experience of martyrdom make me bell. "Dorothy, we will be married right away, and we will take our wedfeel it to be my duty to set forth the misery arising from a contingency of ding trip in the Myosotis. No; don't this kind. refuse me, love. Why should we wait? The ba The babe, if he happens to be a lusty little fellow of 8 or 9 months. will de-You don't want a trousseau for a yachting trip; besides, you can buy it afterward just as well as before, and if you will consent, dearest, you shall covered. He indicates his wishes in ave my checkbook as long as you this direction by keeping his little pink heels going all night, a good part of the Dorothy hesitated, and was lost. Two time on your back.

SLEEPING WITH A BABT

MACPIES IN NEVADA. housands of lincks who Rear Their Huts A Garrulous Specimen That Gossips W Railroad Passengers-Bold Thieves.

LAKE DWELLERS IN AFFICA.

tage of this fact to secure protection

the towns have each a population of

from 200 or 300 souls to as many thou-

for themselves.

The magpie is a bird of peenliar in-terest wherever he may be found, says the Virginia City Enterprise, and par-ticularly so in the state of Nevada, where he ranks as a specialty. Ilke the "Washoe canary." His stout, sharp beak—like a miner's pick—his un-reasonable long stiff tail, and his live-ly, squawky, chattering voice would make him a marked specialty any-where. As a rattling conversationalist he rivals the parrot, the raven, or the crow, and he is easily domesticated, making a very comical and amusing pet. ago took this means of trying to escape from the terrible raids of the King of Dahomey. Many hundreds of people were actually driven by the powerful King into the water. It happens that the Dahomians are very superstitions about traveling in caroes or crossing streams, and the fugitives took advan-

Down at Mound House--junction of the C. & C. with the V. & T. railroad

-is another lively young magpie. He belongs to Dave Pittman, conductor on the C. & C., and makes himself at home On any good map one may see the Denham waters" near Kotonou. This is the home of these lake dwellers. the C. & C., and makes innsen at home in and around the depot. He es-pecially enjoys flying into the open door or window of some temporarily stopping passenger car and having a garrulous chat with the passengers. The other morning, for instance, when the local passenger train stopped there, as usual, "Barney" flew in through the rear door, perched himself on the back of one of the seats, and astonished the U. S. Army have adopted Seal of ladies and gents present with the volu-bility of his linguistic powers. He vol-unteered more information than any-body had heard or he knew himself, waiting for no introduction to those

who didn't know him. Everybody liked him and listened to him like an "Seal of North Carolina" costs you no oracle. One familiar gentleman addressed him: "I say, Barney." "What?"

"Are you there, Barney?" "Ah, there-pretty good! Ah, there -ha, ha, ha! dammit, get out! dry up

-tats!" "Where are you going, Barney? Are you a deadhead on this train?"

That's what. Hurrahl ha, ha, you bet! rats, rats!" "What's the news in politics, Ba ney? Who's getting in?"

"Barney, Barney, ha, ha, whoo, whoo! dammit, rats!" "But who is going to

ongressman "John Mackay, John Mackay! ha,

ha, John Mackay!" "But which party is going to win, reoublicans or democrats "Rats! rats! rats! ha, ha! dammit-

Just here Jerry Bray, the con-ductor, stepped in from the baggage-

"Get out o' here, you long-tailed rascal, whoosh!" and with a wild, de-risive squawk Barney flitted out of the back door, flying back toward Mound lead them to prefer these aquatic House. "Oh, what a pity now," some of the ladies exclaimed; "he'll be lost." "Never you fear for him, ladies," re-

while these tribes make war on one sponded Jerry; "he's all right. Have to run him out of this every day. Never allow him to deadhead any further than the Eureka dump." The train-

men, freight-handlers, and everybody about Mound House station knows Barney and handle him familiarly, yet have to be on their guard lest he should take a sly notion to nip a small chunk out of their finger or back of their hand with his sharp, stout beak. Three or four days ago, at the board-ing-house near the station, he was hav-A Man Who Has Lived Through the Ex-

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SAN FRANCISCO.

FAY'S WATER-PROOF MANILLA : ROOFING. Siding, Ceiling, Sheat

ing-house near the station, he was hav-ing a little concert with a pet canary, when, out of pure rollicking fun, he gave his musical little friend a jovial poke with his bill under the left ear. Directly after Barney stood over him watching his death struggles, with his head cocked contemplatively over one side, muttering "Dammit, rats, rats, rats." Barney was arrested and caged, but for the two days that he languighed

J. F WYMAN, General Agent for Pacific Coas 304 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISC

of dwelling in huts sustained on piles in lakes or rivers is very largely She did not dare tell of her own en-ragement. Thalia went home that aftermoon abusing her cousin fearfully.

Mireford. It was in vain that Rosa- merciless Rosalind, quite at her ease, lind warned the heedless young co- although she had just been robbing a well able to take care of himself. He "I would be so very kind. It is awkwas not very deeply wounded; but as soon as Crichton appeared upon the coming in." She gave him a little scene he made up his mind to punish smile to indicate that he was one of Miss Letty, if possible, for her tricks by pretending to be broken-nearted and desperately jealous. He was, however, sufficiently in love

the time I come back he will be to be able to put a fair amount of seress into his reproaches, and when "Oh, you will come back, will you? he flatly refused to give up the photo-graph Letty had given him and one But it's raining cats and dogs! You'll be drenched.

"Oh, dear, no! I have a watertwo absurd little notes she had writproof," and Rosalind took up her cloak. "Thank you," as the young man rushed forward and put it round ten to him and a glove he had purloined, the silly girl was thoroughly frightened and firmly persuaded that "Tom" would hear all about it and her shoulders. "And you will go and find-Gerard for me," she said, turn-ing to him with the sweetest smile. reak off his engagement. Had Rosalind but known how slightly Hamil-ton's heart was touched she would have quickly laughed Letty out of her There was the slightest possible hesitation before she said the name. He fright; but when the girl solemnly as-sured her that Geoff was so much in noticed nothing but the beauty of her yes. "Thank you very much!" She was gone before he recovered himself, and when Geoff Hamilton love and so angry and jealous that she knew he meant to have his revenge came into the sitting-room at No. 15 a few minutes later he found his friend the sensible elder sister forgot that she was not living in a melodramatic Townsend hanging out of a window. age, and, moreover, she quite over-looked the fact that Hamilton, being a "Hallo, Gee!" he said, "what's up! You look dazed. Seen a ghost?" gentleman, it was not likely that he

ould act as if he were a cad. So, on the whole, things were look-"No; but the prettiest girl in the world. She was here. She said she ng very serious when, for the fiftieth time at least, Rosalind tried to make was my sister. She asked me to go and look for-myself, while she went to the station for her luggage.' her sister confess whether she had "Then she'll be back?" given Geoff the photograph, or wheth-er he had taken it from Mrs. Mait-"Not she! She turned the other

way. land's album. She had her own opinliquor or gamble desires correspond-"Then who in the world is she, and lon on the subject, so it was really ence with pretty ladies of neat form, what brought her here?" waste of time to cross-question the

good disposition, good housekeepers, good singers and religiously inclined. Presbyterians preferred. "I suspect you know all about that, naughty little girl, who was auxious to you rascal! She's one of your army of eep peace between the old love and martyrs, I take it." the new

"Rubbish! I am the martyr. What's "I think you are very unkind, this?" He had picked up Rosalind's note from the writing table. "G. Hamilton, Esq.' Now for the heart of the mystery." He opened the note and read it. Then he threw himself into a chair with a more day Rosie," she said at last; "and if you do not believe me, how can I expect Tom to do it?

"I do not expect Tom to do it! You talk as if believing in you were a gym-nastic feat. I know what I should do into a chair with a very red face. Then he laughed. Then I am afraid in Tom's place if another man told me he had a photograph of the girl I meant to marry, and gloves and he swore. Meanwhile Rosalind, with her heart

thumping half with fright and half shings with triumph, was speeding home-ward. She flew to Letty's room and "He has only one glove and no things!" interrupted Letty, whimper-

"What!" cried unabashed Letty.

"No," answered Rosalind, calmly;

"Oh, you dear delightful darling!

sorry he will be. But what fun.

No sooner said than done. A cab-

"Did he give them up? He is a darl-

"I stole them."

found that young person on her bed "Don't exaggerate; and I gave reading a novel. Tom two photographs-onesitting and one standing-and he has heaps and "There!" Rosie cried, throwing down the packet, "never say again that I am

heaps of letters " "I hope the spelling is all right." "I hope so. He is not much of a not your best friend. There are your letters and your photograph, and all

speller himself." the keepsakes you gave that poor, dear man from time to time; and you ought

"He spelt 'adored' with two d's the to be ashamed of yourself!" other day-'My addored one.' It looked so funny.

"Mr. Hamilton is away just now, is he not?" Rosalind asked presently. "Yes. He went to his sister's wed-

I wish it was to his own.' He does not live in the barracks, I

How sweet of you! Poor boy, how think? "No; he has rooms in Diamond Cres-What is this written outside? 'L.'s cent, No. 15, and Gerard Townsend

likeness and letters. Very precious.' Poor, dear Geoff, how fond he is of lives with him." "He is the woman-hating person who is reading for something and never goes out? * * * And now I sigh.

"Addored' Tom? I am going out and see if you have them all right?" "Had you not better open the thing SUPPR said practical Rosie. "Here, cut the for a walk."

knot. "And won't you advise me how to get back my photograph? I wish I had not given it to him." inet photograph fell out, then a piece

"O, so you did give it!" "I am afraid I did," sighed Letty. "But he begged so hard and said he had never cared enough for any girl of deep crimson ribbon, a few faded flowers, and two or three notes. "This is such a good likeness Tom had better have it," said Letty, as she

took up the picture, which had fallen to ask for her likeness before." face downward on the bed, "Look, "Poor fellow! But he must give it Rosie! Now go and write your letter."

up. Now go and write your And Rosalind ran out of the room. Rosie looked, and, behold, it was a ikeness of a tall, handsome girl, who About an hour later a young lady bore not the slightest resembance to with a mackintosh on her arm knocked nandsome little Letty. Beneath was at the door of 15 Diamond Crescent. written in a firm and dashing woman's

She had evidently been walking fast, for her cheeks were glowing and her hand the one word "Louie." The sisters looked at one another eyes were bright. "Tals is awfal," she said to herself, with blank faces. A glance at the

I the one word "Louie." It is spring work was especially slack. The shop associations pre-black faces. A glance at the revealed the same dashing hand.

Sons of Italy.

the development of the manufacture of

immigrants who become members of the craft. About 7,000 shoemakers are

of labor has made work unsteady. It

is largely piece-work, but the nominal

"It's awful, the amount of killing and struggle along. For pily's sake that goes on in Africa. A tribe will rich or poor." "I shall marry a man whom I can

make up a party and go out to make love, no matter what his circum-stances are," said Dorothy, firmly, captives in an adjoining village. They wait until after night and then fire up-"Be still, both of you!" Maud interon the village until its defenders are rupted, changing her pose, comes Mr. Gordon now." "Here killed. They take the rest of the folk and make slaves of them. Some are

Dorothy gathered up-her work hastily killed for the mere fun of killing them, some are slaughtered to be eaten, some and went into the house.

for sacrifice, and others die from cruch treatment. About five out of every six captives taken die by violence. As a consequence interior Africa is being consequence interior Africa is being so horribly dull! You have just come in time to cheer us up." Dorothy tossed her work into the but may note the charred stumps which

sunligh

stopped.

basket under the window, seized her the owner and his bride. hat, and went out the back door.

"Thalia will drive me frantic." she Dare, and went on eating chocolates. said, as she dashed across the meadows -Saturday Night. down to the strand. "Oh, if I were

only rich enough to refuse her patronage and rid myself of this humiliating

servitude. Thalia treats me like her maid, and I must bear it." "Why, Miss Floyd." some one claimed, at this moment. "I was just

going to hunt you up. The Myosotis is up at the landing. Won't you take a little sail with me?" Dorothy stopped in confusion. Some one with a tine brown face and rather

stubborn dark hair that grew straight up from a high smooth forehead was smiling at her in the bright morning "Oh, Mr. Campbell!" she began, and

"You are out of sorts, aren't you?" he said, easily. "Well, so am I. It will do us good to have a sail this morning. I feel as though I wanted to get away from everybody-every-body except you." he added, softly. "Is Mr. Gordon going, and Thalia aud-and all the rest?" Dorothy said,

dubiously. Well, gents, why not try on a little "No, indeed!" he said, with emphabrunette of eighteen sparkling sum-mers? Would like to correspond with Will you go?" sis. "I want you, and nobody else.

a number of young gentlemen and re-Dorothy assented gladly. It was just what she wanted. She wondered ceive some nice letters. Now, boys, please put in your best licks and write how Mr. Campbell took the liberty of and find out all about me. Every one that writes and sends a stamp will running off with the Myosotis-but it was too delightful to puzzle over, and truly receive a prompt reply. The first will receive a photo of myself. she gave herself up to the pleasure of it.

My object is matrimony. Write soon; "Now, I want you to tell me something," said Campbell, as they went "Look here, boys! Here is your skimming over the water together. chance. I am a jolly little postmis-"Where is it that I have seen you betress, having a very good education; height five feet and weight 107 pounds; fore we met here at Miss Doane's? I feel as though I had known you for I have a fair complexion, light blue eyes and light hair. I wish to correvears.

"I don't know. I used to teach, you spond with several young gentlemen know. I was governess at Mrs. Lawof good character and some means, beton's before I came to Miss Doane's-

tween the ages of eighteen and twenty-Mrs. Clarence Lawton, you know." "My sister's!" he cried. "I knew I had seen you somewhere. Miss Floyd, "Here, boys, I am your hollyhock! Am twenty years old, weight 118 pounds, dark hair and eyes, form per-I hope you are going to be a friend of

rect, good-looking as most of girls and "Do you believe in friendship?" she am in for fun. Will answer all letters containing stamp. "Here you are, boys! A little Mich-

asked, idly. And the Myosotis scudded along, quite unmindful of them both. The hours drifted by as lightly as igan beauty, raven black hair, pearly

teeth, rosy, kissable two lips, Venusthe foam on the waves that swelled like tigure and the temper of an angel under the yacht's snowy keel. when I have my own way, "Where on earth have you been?" further particulars apply at head-quarters. Write one, write all."

said Thalia, sharply when Dorothy came in after luncheon-time. "Sailing with Mr. Campbell," was

One of the most notable features in

the quiet reply. "In the Myosotis? Humph! I think he has a great deal to do to run away shoes is said to be the number of Italian | with Mr. Gordon's yacht. He wanted to take us fishing this morning. too. 1 declare, some people have the cheek of employed, and a 25 per cent increase an elephant!"

during the year has made the proportion of Italian shoemakers nearly onehalf of the whole number. This influx

price and hours of labor have remained the same. Ten hours is a day's work. The average return for a week has been \$15; girls receive \$4 and \$5 a

"It will be ready for you." Thalia flounced out of the room. "I wish I hadn't promised to go to-morrow," though Dorothy, with a sigh. But on the morrow her regrets had

He will also insist ou lying "cross-wise," endwise," "cat a cornered," "bias" or in any other position but that which will give you a few inches of room in the bed and a few minute's days later the Myosotis put to sea with Well, upon my word!" said Maud

He will howl steadily and cheerfully

You are no sooner asleep than one

But when the roystering little chap

theeks close to your own, and one of

finally 'snuggles up" to you and goes to sleep with one of his velvety little

his warm, soft arms around your neck,

you find your heart growing very soft

and tender toward him, and you would

or lay down your life for the love of

A Neat Story From London.

w this remark.

him.-Detroit Free Press.

Dutch Courtship.

in the morning at which witching hour In certain parts of Holland, when a you will go blundering around in the young man thinks he has found his dark for a drink of water. affinity, it is customary for him to ask for a match to light his cigar at the from 2 to 3 o'clock and will kick you door of the beloved one's house. This little subterfuge is intended to arouse furiously between the shoulder blades with every howl. It will not be of any the parents of the girl to the fact that something is in the wind.

use for you to pat him tenderly and sing out. "There, there." He is right If the second call with a similar object is made soon after, no doubt is left of the young man's intentions, and you shall know it. It is of no use to say coaxingly. the parents proceed to investigate the young man's character and antece-dents with a view of ascertaining his "What does papa's baby want?" Papa's baby doesn't want anything but to howl, and he is gratifying that amiable desire to the utmost. It is of no use to add to your judgment day list of eligibility as a member of the family. When he calls a third time, always for a match to light his eigar, they are preenormities by swearing. And if your pared to give him an answer. wife has been calmly passive through

If his suit is regarded with favor he it all she will develop an amazing de-gree of spirit if you dare lay the weight is politely requested to step inside for the first time and is served with a light. If he is not accepted he is refused a of your finger in anger on that "poor, dear, innocent, darling sweetness." He will squirm all night as though he light and the door is shut in his face without further ceremony. But, havwere first cousin to an angle worm. ing prepared for this contingency. the He will journey around all over the neast suitor will in all probability bed, both under and on top of the light his weed with a match from his coverings.

own box and walk away musing on the transitory nature of all earthly things. When the accepted suitor is invited to enter the house he, as a of his moist little heels is planted firmly in your nose or in your mouth, and, later on, with childhood's scorn of matter of course, informs the parents decency and decorum, he will sit astride which of their daughters has captivated his fancy. When this is settled the young man

with rage when gently made to sitelsesteps forward and they join hands. where. Should he fall out of bed and yell While the engagement is by no means loud enough to be heard all over your a settled fact, even at this important ward your wife will say that she firmly stage, yet it is stated as a truth that when, on the occasion of the young man's third visit, his inamorata has believes that you pushed him out and that you are not fit to be a father, anyhow. An animated dialogue of a pureoffered him a second cigar, which he ly personal and private nature will folsmoked in their house, the engagement has never been canceled.

Ireland Merry, Though Poor.

Ireland has comparatively few owns-her cities seem to be finished.

Real estate isn't worth half price. You can buy property in Irish cities for a song. The decline of the city is due to the prior decline of the country. There is nothing doing in the country; the farm is fallow.

"There is so much heaviness in the air that I am homesick. Jehu, please spin your Irish yarns and let some sunshine through these leaden skies,"

"Well," says Jehn, "I was at Blarney last week with an English tourist who began a-chaffing me, and at last I got a little overdone. "Tell me the biggest lie you ever told,' said the Marching me, and and the mother firmly though politely refused her sanction, whereupon the small and hasty cleric flew into a rage and wrate back a somewhat yieldent

the Heuglishman to me. 'You're a and wrote back a somewhat violent the Henginsman to me. Toures gentleman says II" —and he didn't say no more."—Lewiston Journal. African Pipes. and altogether unbecoming letter, end-ing with: "Probably, had my coat been red instead of black, you would think well of me." To which the

"I am very sorry," said Dorothy,

And you haven't put the fringe on my sash yet. You know I want it to-night, too." "It will be ready for you." They is for mean of the same curious specimens of Park has made careful drawingeon der a mission of the same curious speciment of the same curious speciments of the sam

week. This spring work was especial-

but for the two days that he languished in the bastile he never spoke a word or even squawked.

The magpic is a mischievously de-structive fowl, perhaps more so in some localities than others. Harry I Bab-cock, the well-known mercantile traveler, tells the following which would be hard to believe coming from most anybody else. Glagage's old most anybody else. Glagage's old station on the Tuscarora road, eight or nine miles from Elko, has been de-serted for some time, and the mappies have taken possession of it. They tore the shingles off the roof to get inside, and picked the lock of the door. Then they carried off bedding, blankets, and whatever odds and ends of provisions and things they could find. They even got away with the cooking utensils and toreas are done down and and the geven state of the solution of the top of the solution of the solution they carried off bedding, blankets, and whatever odds and ends of provisions and things they could find. They even got away with the cooking utensils and the solution of the soluti got away with the cooking utensils and store-covers, and one day the passing stage-driver saw about forty of them sleep. His infantile needs will begin to manifest themselves about 1 o'clock

doing their best to pack off the stove, but it was too much for them. They squawked terribly over their failure, but had to give it up.

How Tin Soldiers Are Made.

M. Leon Duplessis, the Vice-Consul of France at Nuremberg, has contrib-uted to the Bulletin Consulaire a very sing out. "There, there." He is right there and knows it and intends that facture of the toy soldiers in lead for which the artisans of Nuremberg and

Calvert's Carbolic. For sale by T. W. Jack son & Co., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., San Fran

Furth have long been famous. The first thing is to make sketches of the intended figures. Great pains are be-stowed on them. The best artists do not hesitate when asked to supply models for these toy soldiers, and in making their sketches they have to bear in mind certain fixed rules, while when they make colored sketches they have to avoid deep tints and select gaudy colors, which children so much prefer. They must also possess a full knowledge of the military costumes of the period to which the soldier they represent belonged.

At Nuremberg and at Furth slate moulds are used for the plain figures, while brass moulds are employed for those in relief. The slate for the former is bought at Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and the tin, which is purchased in England, is melted and poured into them through a small orifice. The metal soon hardens when it has been your neck and grow green and purple poured in, and the workman then removes the figures, cutting off any excrescences which may have been caused by the molten metal running

over into the interstices. The soldiers then have to be painted, and this is always done by women, who work at home, each woman being given a certain number of figures at the beginning of the week. The system generally adopted is to place a dozen tigures or so upon a piece of wood slit up the centre so as to hold them in a fixed position. When one side of the figure

is dry she turns it round and paints the other. Her wages are very poor. single handed wage war against a host or lay down your life for the love of women, is that of packing the soldiers, which are placed in boxes of 30, 60, 120 or 240 pleces (weighing one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half or one pound) for the infantry, and of 12, 24, 48 or 96

A little curate lately proposed for the hand of the pretty daugater of a widow famous in society for the bril-liancy of her wit. The match would pieces (of the same weights) for the cavalry .- Boston Evening Transcript. A Case of Tree Resurrection.

About 1875 a large tree of the elu species, growing on the farm of Mr. Smyth, rector of Little Houghton, England, was blown down, upturning an immense quantity of dirt in its fall. This large ball of earth had almost entirely washed from the roots on the upper side, when in 1881, workmen were set to work removing the old forest monster. When they had sawn off several of the large limbs on the undermost side, to their great astonishment, not to say downright terror, the tree rose of its own accord and went But on the morrow her regrets had vanished. The Myosotis lay at anchor at the landing for weeks. One day it was Gordon who went sailing; the next it

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