

## THE WEATHER GRUMBLER.

The discontented man  
He makes the angels weep,  
And they are in Jane,  
Jane is too dear.  
He weaves a constant web,  
Of querulous complaints,  
He says the winds of Feb.  
Always make him faint,  
He says the world is hard to bear,  
That's what would make an Arch-  
Bishop curse and swear.  
That April winds have ten-  
Dencies to colds and coughs,  
And fits and fits and infi-  
nities, the fits of fits.  
The fits of fits of fits.  
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He calls a fearful fit,  
On them he'll oft ex-  
-plore and groan.  
The "perfect" days of June  
Are the days of June.  
He says no one but him  
Atmosphere over praises.  
He says that he abom-  
-inates and hates July,  
And August makes him com-  
-pletely resigned to die.  
He says the fog of Sep-  
-tember is the month of death.  
He'd rather suffer hap-  
-piness or want of breath.  
After the equinox,  
-Tidal storms have spent its force  
The beauty of the moon.  
-And then the cold November.  
Her comes with icy breath,  
And blustering Decem-  
-ber makes him long for death.  
He whimpers like a baby.  
-And then the fit of fits.  
With him the angel Gab-  
-riel would get as mad as sin.

## RUTH WALDRON.

By J. H. SPENCER.

The events recorded in this story occurred in Virginia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the "Old Dominion" was still a wilderness and the abode of wild beasts and savages.

It was a calm and beautiful night in October. In the center of an Indian village, full thirty miles from the settlement of Jamestown, was a young man bound securely to a tree. He could not have seen over twenty summers; but even that time had been sufficient to develop in his frame and features the strong stamp of manhood. He was over six feet in height, with broad shoulders, muscular and well-formed limbs, showing an abundance of physical strength and nerve, and an easy carriage. His face was considerably darkened from much exposure to the rays of the sun and the beatings of the storm; his eyes were of a dark gray color, and his abundant, curly, dark-brown hair and beard was as fine and glossy as silk.

The young man was habited in a hunter's garb, consisting of a light-blue shirt of stout linen stuff, which was secured about the waist by a leather belt. A pair of deer-skin leggings, laced at the sides, a pair of moccasins, and a light fur cap completed his attire. As we find him now he is leaning against the tree to which he is securely bound by stout deerskin thongs, while his eyes are bent upon the ground at his feet. Such is a picture of Reuben Hayes, who was captured at sunset by a party of savages, and to-morrow he is to die a horrible death by torture.

The bright harvest moon was nearing the zenith, and the village was wreathed in slumber, when the sound of a footstep approaching him caused him to look up. A young and beautiful girl, arrayed in the Indian costume, and carrying a bundle in her hand, stood before him.

"Hist!" said she, in English. "I have come to you."

"Ah, do you speak English?" he whispered, in the same language.

"Yes," she replied, as she proceeded to cut the thongs that bound him. "It is my native tongue."

"But how came you here?" he asked.

"I was captured by the Indians six years ago, when I was 10 years old, and have lived here ever since," replied the girl. "But we are wasting time. If you will disguise yourself with these Indian garments I have brought you, you can easily pass the sentinels."

"But you do not wish to remain here?" said Reuben. "You will come with me?"

"It would only endanger us both if I should attempt to leave the village with you to-night," said the girl. "I would be recognized by the sentinels, of whom there are extra force to-night. If you would help me, be at the little spring near the river at midnight, a week hence. I can easily steal away from the old aqua, who is my keeper, then, and meet you."

"I will be there," said Reuben, as he donned the disguise the girl had brought him. "But before I go I must know the name of her who has saved me."

"Reuben is my true name," said the girl; "but among the Indians I am known as The Whiteday. In two more months I am to become the squaw of Ensenore, the chief of this village. I prefer death to such a fate! Oh, sir, you will save me? But it is time you were gone."

"I will save you. Reuben Hayes was never known to break his word," replied he; and a moment later he had safely passed the sentinels and was making his way through the forest, in the direction of the Jameson's colony.

The story of the fair captive had strongly excited his sympathy, and her sweet face had made a deep impression upon his imagination, and he longed with an impatience he could hardly control, to be again by her side. He was also fearful lest harm should befall her during his absence.

After her meeting with Reuben Hayes Ruth worked with a lighter heart and renewed strength, helping the squaws bring in the scanty harvest from the field. Another week would change her surroundings entirely. She could hardly wait. Could it be possible that she was so soon to leave the scene of her trying life of captivity behind her? But what if he should not return? Her story may have interested him at the time, even aroused his sympathies; but afterwards it was but natural he should, on returning to his friends, forget all about her and her misery. What did she know of him? They had met but once; still her belief in him was strong, though wavering at the same time. Had he not promised to save her? and surely he was a man who would keep his promise, if any man was.

Upon the seventh evening after her meeting with Reuben Hayes quiet reigned at the Indian village, where all had retired except Ruth. She sat meditating upon recent events, her bosom stirred with the hope of speedy deliverance, and fear lest untoward circumstances should prevent Reuben from executing the plan for her rescue. After a time her attention was attracted by peculiar sounds breaking upon the stillness of the night. These, at first, faint and distant, gradually grew nearer and louder, till, trembling, she recognized the yell of the savages, who were returning through the forest rejoicing over the atrocities they had committed. She aroused the women to prepare for the wanderers, who, bounding like deer through the forest, soon burst into the village and threw themselves upon the ground, calling upon the women for food and drink. In order to help the squaws provide for their impatient lords Ruth offered to carry out some provisions. As she appeared the warriors greeted her with a shout, calling her Ensenore's pretty squaw. She did not reply, but moved about silently among them, her thoughts revolving around the account of an attack upon a Jesuit's house, where, having mur-

dered the inmates, they had possessed themselves of all of value in the house. Excitingly told their tale of horror, their painted faces and blood-stained garments looking ghastly in the firelight. One man threw an ornament, torn from the person of a white woman, to his squaw who had brought his supper; and another, with a fiendish laugh, tossed a scalp to Ruth, calling out in jeering tones, "Here, little pale-face, take that for a remembrance of your race."

With loathing she crept back to her wigwam, and, stopping her ears, tried to keep out the sound of their diabolical cries. Such scenes as these always recalled to her memory the time when her father and mother were cruelly murdered, their dwelling burned, and she was borne away, a helpless captive, by the hideous savages.

Toward midnight the noise ceased, as the Indians, weary with carousing, one after another, fell asleep; and Ruth slipped out into the forest to keep her appointment with Reuben Hayes. She found him awaiting her at the spring; by noon the next day they had reached the settlement of Jamestown, where Ruth found a home with Reuben's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter.

Three months have passed; the autumn has gone, and snow lies white upon the ground, and we find Ruth seated alone before the fire, in her new home. Mr. and Mrs. Potter have gone to call on one of their neighbors. The door opens suddenly, and Ruth found a home with Reuben's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Potter.

Among the newest models are bonnets small and large, hats almost of tulle and straw bonnets, hats almost as small as capotes, and others with very decided brims. Almost every color is represented, and some combinations of several hues. In the matter of strings there is no rule at all, and whereas some bonnets are made high with perky top-knots of flowers or feathers, others are low, with decorations jutting forward over the brim and fore-head.

As Ruth arises to greet him, he approaches her and takes her hand in his.

"Ruth," he says, "I have loved you ever since you released me from my captivity with the Indians, three months ago; but have waited to give you time to know me, before telling you. I love you with all the strength of my soul. Ruth, can you be my own—my wife?"

Her disengaged hand seeks his. Her eyes shine clear and deep as she murmurs:

"I can be your own, your wife, for I love you. I have loved you ever since I saw you brought to the Indian village, a helpless captive."

And a few months after this, there is a wedding at the Jamestown settlement, and with Reuben Hayes and Ruth Waldron are made husband and wife.

CALIFORNIA'S FUTURE.

As for the future of California, I don't believe the most sanguine man has yet dared picture its splendor. Bear in mind, I still insist that all this Los Angeles country is too absurdly high-priced so far as land is concerned; for you can get homes in Arizona or in Southern California at about one-half the figure, but in the course of time every foot of ground from the Sierras to the sea will be held as high as is the land in and about Los Angeles and San Diego. This is to be the Palestine, the land of milk and honey, the holy land. As surely as the sun rises the people will drift and crowd and back up against this great sea, where they can go no further, till California is as full as ever was populous Palestine when her armies were numbered by hundreds of thousands. For all the fruits, all the fine things to eat, to wear, or to look upon that Jerusalem or Damascus knew, are in Los Angeles and San Diego.

Oranges in Jerusalem? No. The orange is a contribution from China, much as the ignorant "hoodlums" may be surprised or displeased to hear it. The orange was first brought by Portuguese merchants from China and planted in Portugal. It spread from there to Spain and Italy, where it is still known by the name of Portugal.

You rarely hear an orange called by any other name than Portugal either in Spain or Italy, and even among ourselves there is a newer importation of this family from China called the Mandarin. Joaquin Miller.

A REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA AND GROUP.

In a report to the French Academy of Medicine, Dr. Dietholl stated that the vapor of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrinous tissues which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria. He described the process of treatment as follows:

Take a tablespoonful each of turpentine and liquid tar; put them into a pan or cup, and set fire to the mixture, taking care to have a larger pan under it as a safeguard against the spread of the flames. A dense, resinous smoke arises, making the room dark. The patient immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattle stop; the patient falls into a slumber and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure.

The fibrous membrane soon becomes detached, and the patient coughs up mucus, which, when caught in a glass, may be seen to dissolve in the smoke. In the course of three days the patient entirely recovers. This remedy has proved successful in many instances, and householders everywhere should bear it in mind. A prominent gentleman in Charleston, who applied the treatment to his child, after the sufferer was given over as incurable by his family physician, suggests that before burning the ingredients named, all such articles as would be likely to be injured by the thick smoke should be removed or covered up closely.

## FEMININE ATTIRE.

Some Very Recent Decrees from the Ruling Goddess of Fashion.

PRETTY NOVELTIES IN DRESS.

Handsome Outfits for Lovely Woman During the Present and Coming Months.

Hats and Bonnets.

Variety is the great feature of the season, both in hats and bonnets. Every milliner, great or small, is trying to stamp her productions with a certain personality, and only the general outlines of fashion are adhered to. The shapes differ very widely one from another; all kinds of materials are used of, and the decorations are as varied as it is possible to make them.

Among the newest models are bonnets small and large, hats almost of tulle and straw bonnets, hats almost as small as capotes, and others with very decided brims. Almost every color is represented, and some combinations of several hues. In the matter of strings there is no rule at all, and whereas some bonnets are made high with perky top-knots of flowers or feathers, others are low, with decorations jutting forward over the brim and fore-head.

The now combs for the hair are exceedingly pretty; they stand quite upright, or are put in something like the ornaments the Japanese ladies wear. There are tortoise-shell ones for day wear, twisted so that they just finish the shape of the head as it should be at this particular date; and beautiful ones of colored stones for evening wear. But I do not know yet where they can be got in London.—*London World*.

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