

LOVE AND THE ECHO.

"Love me, love me," still he cried,
"Ever love, forever!"
Cupid, laughing, turned aside;
Echo from the hill replied,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, for I love but thee,
Ever, love, forever."
Heart to heart for thee and me,"
Echo sighed, "It may not be,
Never, never, never."

"Love me now in life and death,
Ever, love, forever."
Sadly, in an under breath,
Sobbing Echo answered,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, I shall surely prove,
Ever, love, forever."
"Till a fairer face shall move!"
Mocking Echo answers, "Love!"
Never, never, never."

—Clara B. St. George, in Inter Ocean.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, several miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. The mud baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam, through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt sleeves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing mud baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silty mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my finger into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water bath, and beyond that is a dressing room. These divisions are separated by half partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself for the ordeal in the adjoining dressing room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gunny sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature, come constantly boiling and bubbling through the ground, and the baths can be made seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, fire baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to follow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when, balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm, at his closed eyes and heavy immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration.

"Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation.

"Ten o'clock," I said. "Want to get out?" I'll call the attendant."

"Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon. I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and for the next fifteen minutes I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery coverlet of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it had come, and to help him out of the tepid, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and be put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long, lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't want a mudbath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go. "Not to-day," I replied. "Tomorrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in the quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon, reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, professing to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem afflicted. I was told he was a "49er"; that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his business was real estate. He was said to be very clever

in working off acreages of cactus bed, sage brush and hillside upon new comers. His ungainly, honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boomopolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay-tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed and numbers of men who had lost all their money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result crime, particularly robbery, was rampant.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a livery team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the horses were tired, and also that the exercise of climbing the grade would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and, just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about to be carried the mail for the hotel, and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first, and, as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient, voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head. Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed he would have fought—as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off and his long coat tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it, except to give up his money and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the canon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms toward heaven and watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury.

The remarks of the passengers on the stage which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured. "Guess it was all a fake," "I didn't hear any shots," "More scared than hurt," "These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat glum, indignant and silent until they reached the house.

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court plaster on his wounded wrists. "If I only had a gun that fellow would never have got out of there alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home, these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you."

"Possibly," said the deacon; "but I would have fired as long as I could have croaked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich."

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked. "I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both of his, and wrung it until it ached.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him you will see the prettiest sight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and took it with me, also \$10 in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boomopolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passersby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room, on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins. Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game."

As many more, including ourselves, were interested onlookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing. I was enjoying the character of a detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game. There was something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon, when I heard a quiet but distinct voice, at the end of the room, say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, with a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the youngsters quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door. The gamblers rose as one man. "Now then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about. "March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop."

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door and someone inadvertently lowered his arms a trifle. "We're not through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another—another and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over a form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager wolf light in his eye; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone."

The deacon's eye softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply. "Oh—it's all right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came into—the game—on a bluff, but you've called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any?"

"Bend down here," said the man. The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon. "I'll do it, so help me, God!"

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs, enjoying a sunbath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a profligate," said the deacon, in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success there are millions who make a failure."

I knew that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure. "Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, "or he might have succeeded better here."

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"Who did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing."—Argonaut.

Eating up the Birds.

To the Italian everything is edible; it is a nation without a palate. It steeps a hare in fennel and eats salt with melons. The craze for devouring birds of all kinds is a species of fury from the Alps to Etna; they crunch the delicate bodies between their jaws with disgusting relish and a lark represents to them a succulent morsel for the spit or pastry. The trade in larks all over the world is enormous and execrable, and is as large in England as in Italy. It should at once be made penal by heavy fines on the trappers, the vendors, and the eaters, or, ere long, no more will the lark be heard on earth. It is admitted by all who know anything on the subject that agriculture would be impossible without the aid of birds, as the larvae and developed insects of all kinds would make a desert of the entire area of cultivated land.

This is well known. Yet, all over the world the destruction of birds rages unchecked and no attempt is made to protect them, to interdict their public sale and to enable them to nest and rear their young in peace. A scientific writer has said that destruction of the individual is unimportant. (He was speaking of the destruction of the great auk.) As matters go now, unless some stringent measures are taken the birds of Europe will, in the next century, be as extinct as is now the dromedary. The ornithophil societies of France and Switzerland have more than once written that unless the birds be protected in Italy they must perish all over Europe, since so great a variety of races wing their way to the south in winter and there are ruthlessly murdered.

Bacteria in Clothes.

Carlisle gave the philosophy of clothes; now Dr. Seitz, of Munich, gives us their bacteriology. On examining a worsted stocking he found 956 thriving colonies, while on a cotton sock there were 712. Both these articles had been worn, but no information is vouchsafed as to the personal habits of the wearer. Thirty-three colonies were found on a glove, twenty on a piece of cloth; none of these articles had been worn. On a piece of cloth from a garment which had been worn a week there were twenty-three colonies. Of the micro-organisms found on articles of clothing relatively few were capable of causing disease. The pathogenic species were almost without exception staphylococci.

In one case, however, Dr. Seitz found the typhoid bacillus in articles of clothing from twenty-one to twenty-seven days, and the staphylococcus pyogenes albus nineteen days after they had been worn. The anthrax bacillus found in clothes was still virulent after a year. The microbes of erysipelas, on the other hand, could not be found after eighteen hours, nor the cholera vibrio after three days. Dr. Seitz studied with special care the question whether in tuberculous subjects who sweated profusely the bacillus was conveyed by the perspiration to a piece of linen worn for some time next the skin of the chest. The inoculation of two guinea pigs, however, gave negative results.

Woman's Rights in Russia.

In Russia, if a man marries an heiress he gets no chance to own money. There is no marriage settlement; she controls her property throughout her life. This financial independence of the wife has produced greatly to happy marriages. It is believed that among the well to do people in Russia there are more happy marriages than in most other countries.

TO LEARN TO SWIM.

An Instructor Gives Some Excellent Advice to Beginners.

Captain Allen, swimming instructor at the New York public baths, says: It is a very difficult matter to learn to swim correctly without a master. It is possible to take some lessons of a competent instructor. If but a few they will suffice for self-practice. Hundreds of my pupils have learned to swim a mile at the end of their first season. Comparatively few self-taught swimmers can do as much after swimming half a lifetime. To teach rapidly and correctly there is but one true method. The pupil is first given what is called a "dry lesson" before going into the water. In this he is taught to make the movements of arms and legs according to count. As soon as these points are thoroughly comprehended he is allowed to go into the water suspended by a belt attached to a rope in such fashion that he occupies a horizontal position, breast downward, and with the shoulders just covered by the water. In this position he is practiced thoroughly in executing the arm and leg movements separately and in combination. Many pupils master the stroke in one lesson. As soon as proficient an inflated rubber air belt is tied about the chest, supporting the pupil while he is perfected in the stroke. The quantity of air is decreased at each lesson, until the pupil has gained the confidence to make an effort without support. In this way any one, however timid, may learn the art rapidly and correctly.

To the person who is anxious to learn to swim, but cannot afford the luxury of a master, a few hints may be of service. Beware of deep water or places where the bottom is uneven, or currents swift and treacherous. Choose a quiet spot, where you can wade out gradually until the water reaches the armpits. Remember that but a slight movement is necessary to keep the body afloat—if the hands are kept under the surface of the water. The arm movement is made as follows: Palms of hands together, arms extended straight in front of breast, fingers closely touching. Using the thumbs as pivots, turn the hands over into a horizontal position nearly. Without bending the arms move the hands forward to first position. Be careful to bring the legs swiftly together. This is the most important factor in the whole stroke, for it is this sudden displacement of the water that gives two-thirds of the impetus. Use the arms very quietly and depend upon the leg motion. Now with the water reaching to the armpits, place the hands together under the surface of the water and stooping until the chin touches the surface, push gently from the bottom with the feet, and make stroke quietly, but with decision, as described above.

Any one can purchase a preserver, and by following above directions in a few days learn the "breast stroke," the A. B. C. of swimming. That stroke once mastered, all others are comparatively easy. Few swimmers breathe properly. This is most important. Learn to inhale by the nostrils, and exhale through the parted lips, and at every stroke.

It is an exploded theory that drowning persons go down three times and then expire. I have seen a drowning man go down a half dozen times, and still "bob up serenely." It all depends upon the manner in which he struggles, and whether he succeeds in getting a supply of air each time that he rises to the surface.

SURE TO GET MARRIED.

Is Every Girl Who Sits at This Treasury Desk?

There is in the mail division of the Treasury Department a very popular desk, to which is attached the peculiar merit that the occupant is by that occupancy placed on the sure road to matrimony. No sooner is the position made vacant than there is a scramble among the remaining clerks for the lucky place, the fortunate candidate feeling sure that it will only be a short time before she is advanced to the honeymoon grade.

Within the past ten years the desk has been occupied by seven lady clerks, following each other in quick succession as embryo brides, and the records during that time indicate that they have come from all parts of the country only to finally meet their destiny while occupying the faithful desk.

Miss Birdie Walker, of Tennessee, started the pace by marrying a resident of the District, after a few months' service. She was succeeded by her sister, from the same State, who readily followed her example and left the enviable position open to a newcomer. She arrived on schedule time from Virginia in the person of Miss Easby Smith, who shed the glory of a famous Virginian name over the transatlantic desk for a short time, and then was led to the altar by a journalist of Washington. Next came from Delaware a relative of Senator Gray—Miss Sue Gray—who was followed in an incredibly short time by a delegate from Massachusetts—Miss Mercine Dickey.

Miss Dickey attracted much attention during her stay in the department through her remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Cleveland, and later married Mr. Simon Flynn, who at that time was connected with the Washington branch of the Baltimore Sun, and now manages a paper in Spokane, Wash.

Pennsylvania also furnishes a rep-

resentative in Miss Ella Newton, a granddaughter of the first Commissioner of Agriculture. Her marriage to a well known resident of this city is a recent event. The last graduate for this sought-for post is another Southern girl, and was formerly Miss Ida Lindsay of Alabama, but on Easter Monday she became the wife of Dr. Henry D. Fry, of Washington, and the place is temporarily unoccupied.

This happy illustration of rotation in office, as exemplified by the feminine contingent of wage-earners, is the only one on record where nobody "kicks," for each woman thinks she is advancing her interests either by filling the position or leaving it, as the case may be.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

A Falling off in the Amount of Mis-directed Mail.

Very few persons have any clear or definite knowledge of the extent of the operations of the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department. It is known in a general way that misdirected letters are transmitted to the Post Office Department in Washington and there are opened and, if possible, redirected either to the sender or the addressee. The number of letters and papers sent to the Dead Letter Office in a year is 6,500,000. Of these 5,500,000 are what are called ordinary unclaimed letters, 165,000 foreign letters misdirected by people in the United States to persons abroad, and about 80,000 letters written to fictitious addresses, while 500,000 letters in a year are mailed by people in other countries to incorrect addresses in the United States.

According to the Post Office report more than 30,000 letters sent to the Dead Letter Office contained money to the gross amount of \$50,000; 80,000 other letters contained drafts, notes, deeds, and checks to an amount of more than \$1,500,000. A majority of the money and the evidences of indebtedness were returned to the owners, but last year \$300,000 in checks and notes and \$10,000 in cash remained unclaimed and undistributed. The number of parcels sent to the Dead Letter Office is not large. More than 35,000 finding their way to the Dead Letter Office yearly contain photographs. A very large proportion of the matter which reaches the office does so not because of any defects in the postoffice system, but because of want of care on the part of the patrons of the mails. It would not be possible to state the proportion in figures, because the technical distinctions of "held for postage," "misdirected," etc., include letters which, while properly prepaid and dispatched according to the addresses, still fall of successful delivery by reason of hasty and careless directions, confusion arising from offices of the same or similar names in different States and other causes. It is a peculiar fact that while many persons are extremely careful of their penmanship in inditing letters to persons who are familiar with their writing, they are singularly negligent in addressing the envelope which is to be read by persons unfamiliar with the writing, yet upon whose ability to read it is dependent the safe delivery of the letter.

The increase of the business of the Dead Letter Office, which continued each year until about three years ago, has recently ceased, and there is a diminution in the volume of mis-directed mail matter. This improvement is accounted for in part by the improved management of the Post-office department, but to a greater extent by the general diffusion of education among writers.

Eloped on a Steer.

A story has been received at Sergeant, Ky., of a peculiar mountain elopement and wedding under trying circumstances, followed by the forcible separation of the lovers. Saturday morning a couple from Tusculum, Dickinson County, Va., appeared at Coeburn, a station on the Clinch Valley division of the Norfolk and Western Railroad, having come from their homes, a distance of thirty-two miles, that night on a steer. They were Miss Louella Regal, a peachy cheeked girl of 16, and Burton Preston, aged 18, son of a wealthy farmer. They said they came there to get married, but, having no money, and, considering the girl's age, it was impossible to procure a marriage license.

Sympathy for the young couple's woes brought a determination on the part of many spectators, and some suggested that they give them enough money to take them to Bristol, Tenn., where it would be no trouble to get married. The sum was at once raised, and when the train pulled up at Coeburn the young people left for Bristol, embraced in each other's arms.

After being married the couple started across the country on foot, a distance of 73 miles, to their home. On arriving at Tacoma, in Wise County, they were suddenly surrounded by three masked men and the girl's father. The young girl was taken from her boy husband after a fight, and young Preston disappeared in the mountains near Tacoma, and is now a fugitive.

New Gold Fields.

North America is likely to find a powerful rival in South Africa in the item of gold production. According to the most reliable figures the product in 1893 was about twenty-eight and a half millions, while in 1894 it was nearly thirty-nine millions of dollars. Experts, who have studied the gold fields of South Africa, announce that that country is becoming one of the most important factors in monetary matters. The ore is in many places exceedingly rich, and forms pockets, streaks and veins, and there are large veins of gold-bearing quartz. Very quietly and without attracting more attention than is necessary mining parties are being made up, and preparations are being made in progress by means of which the product of these rich fields will furnish the basis for important and extensive mining operations.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Discouraged at the Outset—Wasn't Feeling Well—A Just Rebuke, Etc., Etc.

DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.

The summer girl, accompanied by her mother, descended from the train at the Springs station and looked about her. Then she beckoned to a man driving a two seated wagon.

"Sorry, Miss," he responded, "but I'm engaged."

A shadow of disappointment fell over the face of the girl.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "this is no place for us. The men are so scarce that even the hack drivers are engaged."

At the station beyond the outlook was less disheartening.—Truth.

WASN'T FEELING WELL.

"What cheer, what cheer!" blithely called old Cap'n Blimley, as he rolled into the parlor of the local tonsorial artist, and began pulling off his coat.

"This one," the barber returned, removing the cloth and regarding the mariner with an air of frozen repulsion.

And the Cap'n was that astonished that he forgot to yell when the barber laid open a Turkish crescent on the under side of his chin.—Rockland Tribune.

A JUST REBUKE.

Young Tutter (drawing closer)—I hope, Miss Clara, that your father, in the next room, can't hear what I am saying.

Miss Pinkerly (with dignity)—I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to papa.—Life.

WARM.

Waiter—Guest wants his hash warmer.

Cook—Put in this piece of red flannel.—Detroit Tribune.

A NICE, CAREFUL BOY.

Father (coming unexpectedly upon the scene)—Ah! Just as I thought! In swimming on Sunday.

Boy (putting on a bold front)—I fell in, dad.

Father (angrily)—Don't lie to me! You've got your clothes off.

Boy—Well, you