

A COWBOY RACE.

A patterning rush like the rattle of hail
When the storm king's wild coursers are out
on the trail,
A long roll of hoofs—and the earth is a drum!
The centaur! See over the prairie they go!
A wild and rattling last, ringing beat,
A rhythmic thunder of galloping feet,
A swift swirling, dusky cloud—a mad hurricane
Of swarthy green and black, and racing black horses.
Final! In the roar of the steeds of the sun
The gauntlet is flung and the race is begun!
—J. C. Davis.

THE PRIMULA LADY.

I entirely forgot the name of the opera, what it was about and who sang in it, but I know it was the first I ever saw—if indeed I can be said to have seen it! At all events, I was present at the performance, and the evening and its occurrences are indelibly stamped on my memory. I was 17, thoroughly un-musical, but possessed of a keen sense of enjoyment, and the scene, looked upon for the first time in my life, delighted me. The fair faces, the gorgeous toilettes, the hum of voices, the light, the movement, all combined to quicken the beat of my pulse and make me feel giddy and light-headed.

The curtain went up, and after the first few minutes I began to bore. It was a heavy opera, so I was told, with no "airs" in it, and full of loud, deafening choruses. It seemed to me there were nothing but choruses—choruses of monks and soldiers and village maidens and peasants—and the noise wearied me. I did not understand the plot, and I turned to the spectators for amusement. Opposite to us, in a box immediately facing ours, sat a couple whose appearance arrested my attention. I could not see the lady's face, for it was turned away from me toward the stage, but in her hair was a diamond comb of quaint design that took my fancy. Against the smooth dark tresses the stones sparkled and glittered as in a setting of onyx. It was a warm evening, but she kept her brocade cloak of a curious shade of Rose du Barri pink shot with gold wrapped closely round her. She had no bouquet, but in front of her, on the ledge of the box, was an enormous black feather fan mounted in tortoise shell. Her companion—a slight man with a pale olive complexion and dark beard streaked with gray—had a face that interested me strangely. It wore such a weary expression—more weary perhaps than actually sad. He looked like a man who at some time or other during his life had made an effort beyond his strength and had never recovered from the exertion. Like me, he did not appear to be interested in the story of the opera.

The noise went on. The peasants retired, and after a short love scene between the hero and the heroine a band of soldiers came on and sang to some very loud music. I leaned back in my seat. My head was beginning to ache and my eyes to feel tired. I closed them, simply for a few minutes' rest. When I opened them, they seemed to light naturally on my opposite neighbors, and I started as I noticed the changed aspect of the box. The lady had evidently thrown off her cloak and had come more forward. Her eyes were no longer fixed on the stage. They were turned toward me. And what different eyes they were from those I thought she would possess. They were soft and veiled by lashes very little darker than her hair, which could scarcely be termed golden, it was so fair. How could I have believed her to be a blonde? She must have been seated in the shade when I first saw her and had since emerged into the light. She had moved her fan, and in its place lay a bouquet of mauve and white primulas. A small bunch of the same flowers were pinned into her simple high white dress at the throat and another showed among the loosely coiled tresses of her fair hair.

"It cannot be the same woman," I said to myself, "and yet my eyes were not closed for more than a minute or two, I am certain. There could not have been time—and—yet"—The irritating accompaniment to the "recitative," the perfume of my chaperon hostess' bouquet, the effort to explain the mystery, the unusualness of the scene, and the exhausted state of the air, all combined to produce an overpowering effect on my brain. I closed my eyes again and was very nearly asleep—not quite, I am certain—when a touch from Mrs. Waldo's fan and the sound of a light, unfamiliar laugh recalled me to myself and to a consciousness of my duty.

The first act had come to an end, and a gentleman had just entered our box to pay his respects to my chaperon, who forthwith introduced us, "Mr. Vennin, Miss Linthrop." I bowed and felt very sheepish. I had literally been caught napping. Mrs. Waldo's explanation was not soathing:

"Miss Linthrop is unaccustomed to late hours, Mr. Vennin. This is her first season, and her very first opera. I wish for her sake that it had been a more amusing one. Valezzi has clearly mistaken his vocation. He must never attempt another opera, must he? This can be deplorably dull."

"It is, as far as we have gone. But still one's first opera is always—one's first opera, and one is too well amused to be hypocritical. I'm sure Miss Linthrop wasn't bored, although she might have been a little sleepy?"

"I was not at all bored," I replied, and then going straight to the point, as Mrs. Waldo stared at me with a look of derision on her handsome story face. "But you did not know him. It is not customary for young ladies to make scenes over the death of a man they never knew. Such things are not done."

"Ah, but you don't understand. I saw her."

"Her? Whom?"

"The lady with the primulas—his first wife. She came to fetch him. He said so—you heard."

"The lady with the magnificent cloak?" said Mr. Vennin interrogatively. "That is Baroness Kurz, and that is her husband with her—or rather he was with her a moment ago; but, as you see, he has just left the box."

"Who is Baron Kurz?" asked Mrs.

Waldo. "I am perpetually hearing of him, German, of course?"

"Only partly so," replied Mr. Vennin. "He is the son of a Scot, who made a good deal of money in California, and I believe his mother was a Scot. He was brought up by a German grandfather, whose name he eventually took. He is a clever fellow, but an unhappy one. I always fancy. She was a Miss Charcot, a daughter of Lady Jane Charcot."

"But who was the other lady in the box?" I inquired eagerly—"the lady with the primulas?"

"There was no other lady in Kurz's box tonight, Miss Linthrop. You must have been looking at some other box."

Mrs. Waldo laughed. "My young friend has been dreaming, Mr. Vennin."

I scorned the imputation, but they would not believe me, and they were still laughing when the door opened and old Lord Saintsbury peeped in.

"Very merry here."

"My friend Miss Linthrop declares that she has seen a lady with primulas in her hair—such a terrible decoration—seated in Baron Kurz's box this evening," said Mrs. Waldo in her loud, clear, penetrating voice, that carried farther than any voice I have ever heard.

I noticed a shade flit across Lord Saintsbury's face. He turned his head sharply and glanced back. Then, stepping quickly into the box, he shut the door behind him.

"Why so mysterious?" asked Mrs. Waldo, smiling.

"Kurz was just behind me. He must have heard what you said." And the old gentleman looked genuinely distressed.

"But why not? We were only laughing at my young friend here. Are you going, Mr. Vennin?"

I began to be afraid that I had made a goose of myself. And Lord Saintsbury was looking so solemn. Perhaps that was because he was in the ministry.

"Mrs. Waldo," he began, as soon as Mr. Vennin had disappeared, "don't repeat that little story about—the—the lady with the primulas. It's—"

"My dear Lord Saintsbury, why mayn't I? I love a little anecdote, and this is such a thrilling one."

"But you would not like to cause pain, I am sure."

"And you think Miss Linthrop so very thin-skinned that she cannot take a little chaff?"

"It is not on her account that I am speaking. You may or may not have heard that Miss Charcot was not Kurz's first wife. No? Well, she was not. His first wife was a girl of the people—some said a nursemaid, some a peasant. It really doesn't signify which. At all events, she was neither a lady by birth nor a person of education. After a time he grew tired of her. His father died, and he came into money. He began to go in for society. He met Miss Charcot. One night—it was at the Grand Opera in Paris—she was seated for some time in Lady Jane Charcot's box. His wife was alone in the box opposite. What she saw or thought I don't know, but when he returned to her she complained of feeling very tired, and he suggested that they should go home. She fainted on the staircase and was carried into their brougham. That same night she died. It was very sudden and rather mysterious."

"Good gracious! Did any one suspect the baron of having poisoned his wife?"

"Not that I know of. But they did say that his neglect had broken her heart. But to come to the point of my story. The first baroness Kurz—Rosaline—was a fair, blue-eyed woman, with a passion for primulas. In Paris, where she had no acquaintances and was only known by sight, and by many people was not supposed to be Kurz's wife, she was always seen by the name of 'the lady with the primulas.' That is why I was startled and upset by what you told me. That was why I was distressed that the flower should have been mentioned in Kurz's hearing—for hear I am sure he did."

It was my turn to feel distressed—distressed, but at the same time vividly interested. I was just going to ask Lord Saintsbury whether he had ever known Rosalie personally, when Mr. Vennin reappeared, and at the same moment I noticed that while we had been discussing the first baroness Kurz her successor had disappeared from the opposite box—had left the house probably, I thought, bored by the dullness of act 1.

"Such an awful thing has happened!" Mr. Vennin's face was pale, and his voice sounded low and hoarse. "Kurz has fallen down dead, just outside the omnibus box."

"Good gracious, how dreadful! But very likely he has only fainted."

Mr. Vennin shook his head. "Cleveland met him looking ghastly—you know he does sometimes. And he asked him, 'Are you ill, Kurz?' And the other just stared at him and muttered: 'True, true! She comes for me,' and fell back dead."

I started to my feet. "Mrs. Waldo, I must go home. Please let me. Don't you come, but—"

"My dear child," and her voice sounded a shade harder and louder than usual, "don't make a scene, please."

Our visitors had vanished at the bare mention of such a possibility, ever dreared and held in abhorrence by the sterner sex.

"But I cannot stay. Didn't you hear? He is dead."

Mrs. Waldo stared at me with a look of derision on her handsome story face. "But you did not know him. It is not customary for young ladies to make scenes over the death of a man they never knew. Such things are not done."

"Ah, but you don't understand. I saw her."

"Her? Whom?"

"The lady with the primulas—his first wife. She came to fetch him. He said so—you heard."

"The dear child, what nonsense! You were dreaming, of course. Hush! We must not talk any more now. We must listen."

And the curtain rose upon act 2.—St. James Budget.

FAMOUS SINGLE PEARLS.

The Shah of Persia Has One Delicate Gem Worth Over Half a Million.

It is not generally appreciated that there are enormous fortunes in single pearls, and a few individuals and great potentates have jewels of this sort which are literally worth a king's ransom. In all the world there is no more famous jewel than the Tavernier, now in the possession of the shah of Persia. This remarkable gem came to this eastern king by descent and is a genuinely remarkable curiosity. It derives its name from having been sold by the traveler Tavernier 200 years ago to the then ruler of Persia. The price then was \$50,000. It is now worth more than \$650,000.

Another eastern king, the iman of Muscat, has in his collection a pearl worth \$165,000, weighing 12½ carats. Through it the daylight can be seen. Princess Youssouff's finest gem is wonderfully beautiful. Valued at \$180,000, it was first heard of in 1620, when Geribus of Calais sold it to Philip IV of Spain. Eight thousand dollars is the figure that it is approximated the pearl's value. One of Leo's predecessors became possessed of it in a manner which has not been told, and it has descended in regular course to the present incumbent of St. Peter's throne.

This, so far as is known, exhausts the list of truly celebrated pearls. There are many remarkable pearl necklaces whose value is extraordinary. These necklaces are made up gradually, pearl after pearl being added to the set, and leading jewelers are constantly on the lookout to procure gems of like rarity to extend the chain. On the whole, pink pearls are not especially valuable, black ones bringing far higher prices, and pearls that are white being sought next after them. Queen Victoria of England has a necklace of pin pearls that is worth \$80,000, and the dowager empress of Germany one made of 32 pearls which would bring easily \$125,000.

The Rothschild women have, however, gems of this sort that far exceed in value those of royalty. Baroness Gustave de Rothschild possesses one made up of five rows of pearls, the whole chain being valued at \$200,000. Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild owns a circlet that in all probability would fetch even at a forced sale \$250,000.

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More brilliant, because it has seven rows, is the necklace of the dowager empress of Russia. The gems, however, are not quite as fine as those in the Rothschild collection. The basket of this royal lady is the most famous in the world from a gem point of view. Hardly second to it is that of the empress of Austria, whose black pearls are noted throughout Europe for their extreme beauty and rarity.

What has become of the white pearls of the Empress Eugenie, sold at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, has never been made known. The value of these was some \$60,000, and they were gathered together in a very beautiful necklace that frequently graced the neck of that unfortunate queen.—New York World.

The Chinese.

The merchant class of China is composed of polite, patient, extremely shrewd, well dressed pattern shopkeepers. The leisure class is graceful, polished and amiable, but the peasantry remind one of the country folk of Europe, excepting Russia.

As compared with Japan, one feature of every view is strikingly in favor of China. The dress and behavior of the Chinese will not offend Europeans. The women are modest and dress in a bony garment which completely covers them.

In spite of their modesty Chinese girls do flirt and in proper European fashion. At church they make eyes at the young men and on the way to school.

The most beautiful women of China are of Soo-Chow. They are, as a rule, prettier than the women of Japan.

The Chinese thrash rice by taking a handful and beating a log with it to scatter the kernels on the ground. The farmers break up the soil and punch holes in it for seeds with a stick.

Women who are married wear their back hair in a coil held in place by a narrow bar of gilt metal or imitation jade stone. The young girls wear the coil at one side of the head and stick a white flower in.—Exchange.

The Thorough Woman.

Thoroughness would be a good onward cry for the advancing women—I say advancing with emphasis, for really advanced women are not on hand in any considerable number.

To a large extent those who are to be of value when they arrive are holding back for good equipment.

They know that men require proper mental habilitas for the war of life, and the first rate women who expect to cope—not fight—with first rate men in the struggle of the world realize that they must be prepared to halt for repairs. Thoroughness is a mighty fine battleax.

Putting on a little veneer and pretending to know never deceives ourselves, and rarely any one else, save for a very short time. Life, like love, is a leveler, and if we live among folks they soon find out just how much we don't know, and the weak spots in our armor become the battleax for their shafts.

I tell you the trumpet blast of progress isn't "all cry and no wool!"—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

The Point of Touch.

Mrs. McSwatters—And what did the doctor say?

The Invalid—He didn't say anything. He just touched me.

Mrs. McSwatters—Your pulse?

The Invalid—No; my pocketbook—

Syracuse Post.

"Take no thought for the morrow," is now understood in an entirely different manner from that in which it was intended when the King James version was prepared. Then the expression "to take thought" was universal as a synonym for anxious solicitude.

Indications.

Light local showers; southerly shifting to westerly winds; cooler Monday night.

EXPRESS ROBBER CAUGHT.

He Acknowledges His Crime and Gives Away His Pal.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 7.—John Darden, alias T. A. Franklin, was arrested in West Virginia yesterday for stealing \$16,000 from the office of the Adams Express company at Terre Haute, Ind. The arrest was brought about by Detective George John Saville, who has been working on the case since the larceny occurred, Sept. 6. The detective said Darden was employed as cashier of the express company, and that on the date named he put a package containing \$16,000 in his pocket and disappeared. He was traced to Washington and to Baltimore.

Detective Saville, with the assistance of Sergeant Kalbfleisch, found him in a boardroom on West Fayette street, where they arrested him. Darden admitted to Marshal Frey that he had taken the money and said he was willing to return to Terre Haute, without the formality of requisition papers. Detective Saville will probably leave for the west with his prisoner today.

Darden stated to the authorities that he had spent every cent of his share or the \$16,000 in fast living. He was without a cent. He asserts that he was cashier in the Adams express office at Terre Haute, and for 14 months had been putting up money for the express company agent at that place, who it was discovered, was short in his accounts.

The so-called "Natural Game Preserves," published by the Northern Pacific Railroad, will be sent upon receipt of four cents in stamp by Charles S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Cheerful Excursions to the West.
Bountiful harvests are reported from all sections of the west and north-west, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for home-seekers and those desiring a change of location is offered by the series of low rate excursions which have been arranged by the Northern Pacific Railroad. Tickets for these excursions, with favorable time limits, will be sold on August 29th, September 10th and 24th to points in Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, North-western Iowa, Western Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and a large number of other points. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address A. H. Waggoner, T. P. A. 7 Jackson Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Rocky Mountains.
Along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad abound in large game. Moose, deer, bear, elk, mountain lions, etc., can yet be found there. The true sportsman is willing to go there for them. A little book called "Natural Game Preserves," published by the Northern Pacific Railroad, will be sent upon receipt of four cents in stamp by Charles S. Fee, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Indianapolis Division.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Schedule of Passenger Trains—Cont'd.