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Denton Directory.

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Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

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M. E. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

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Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church.—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

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MY OLD HOUSE.

(Written by a Lady of Ninety-Four Years.)

I hail once more my natal day,
Still in my tenement of clay,
With many favors blest.
Now He who placed the structure here
Can prop it up another year,
If He should think it best.

Long hath it stood, through snows and rains,
And braved life's fearful hurricanes,
While many a stronger fell—
The reason why, we cannot see,
But what to us seems mystery
The Builder knows full well.

But now 'tis weather-worn and old;
The summer's heat and winter's cold
Pierce through the walls and roof.
'Tis like a garment, so worn out
To mend there seems no whereabout,
So gone is warp and woof.

The tottering pillars are all weak,
The poor old rusty hinges creak,
The windows, too, are dim.
These slight discomforts we'll let pass,
For, looking darkly through a glass,
We catch a hopeful gleam.

Nature and reason tell us all
This withered frame ere long must fall;
When, where, or how's unknown.
We'll leave that to the Architect,
And trust His wisdom to direct
The taking of it down.

And when you see it prostrate lie,
Let not a tear bedim your eye,
The tenant is not here.
But just beyond time's little space
She finds some quiet resting place,
No more to date her year.

And, though she walks with you no more,
The world will move just as before;
'Tis meet it should be so.
Let each his house in order set,
That he may leave without regret,
Whenever called to go.

—Boston Transcript.

The Middy's Captive

I.

"BLUBBERING won't do any good; you had better report the matter to Capt. Wilson at once," said the navigating lieutenant of her majesty's ship Triumph, as he gazed quizzingly down at the chubby-faced midshipman who stood in such comical dismay before his superior officer. "Come with me; I'm going to his stateroom now," the speaker added, not unkindly, as he noted the lad's evident distress.

"I'm not blubbering, and I don't care if he does stop my leave!" indignantly responded the youngster, drawing himself up to his full height.

"What is it, Stuart?" inquired the captain, as the twain entered his cabin.

"I merely wish to say that we are ready to get under way whenever you please, sir; but Robson has a report to make," said the lieutenant.

"Not seasick yet, I hope?" ejaculated Capt. Wilson, ironically. "Well, I'm listening."

"Please, sir, it's the 'First Lord'; he's bolted! He ran off while we were shipping the soft tack—I mean the bread!" incoherently stammered Robson.

"The 'First Lord' bolted with the soft tack!" exclaimed Wilson, in astonishment. "What does he mean, Stuart? Who's the 'First Lord?' Is the boy a raving maniac?"

Lieut. Stuart had perforce to explain that the cadet, being in charge of a boat sent ashore to ship provisions, had lost one of his men—an able-bodied seaman answering to the name of West, but who was, by reason of his superior bearing, nicknamed by his companions "the First Lord of the Admiralty."

Charley Robson meekly endured the reproach of his commander, who was a stern martinet, and made no allowance for youthful inexperience. "But at any rate," mused the young fellow, when he was at length dismissed, "he said nothing about stopping my furlough." And then his volatile spirits threw off the recent discomfiture as only youth knows how to, while his thoughts wandered far away to that pleasant country home in Surrey, with all its attendant attractions, from which he had been separated for one long year. And if among the dream faces conjured up there was one which eclipsed all others, the fact should not cause undue surprise.

The usual steps taken to secure the arrest of the deserter were of no avail. His description was circulated by the police throughout the country, and all the majesty of the law invoked to capture the runaway, but the man disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up. He was of a strangely reserved nature, mixed but little with his companions, and had evidently once occupied a far superior station in life.

There was one person, however, who did not forget the runaway. Robson often in imagination ran the scoundrel to earth.

Little did Charley Robson imagine as at the commencement of his long-deferred leave he lounged in a first-class smoker on his way to Guildford how soon, or under what strange circumstances, he would meet the villain of his melodrama.

"And you have come home. Alice will be able to resume her interrupted country walks," said the mother of the youthful sailor next morning. "But, of course," added she, addressing the girl, "Charley has not heard of your latest admirer. I don't know whether the girl's nerves are out of order," continued Mrs. Robson, "but she declares that a strange man has been following her about during the last few weeks although no one else has ever caught a glimpse of him."

"I sha'n't be afraid of any loafers while Charley is with me," responded the maiden. "In proof of which, he shall convoy me for a walk now." And Alice Westerne buoyantly danced off to array herself for the proposed jaunt.

The eyes of mother and son followed the girl with a wistful look as she quitted the room.

"I suppose nothing has been heard of him?" queried the latter.

"No! Your father thinks there never will be. Doubtless Sir Richard died abroad, believing to the end that he was a murderer!"

"And Allie is still ignorant of her father's sad history?" queried the lad.

"Yes. We have decided not to say anything to her until she is of age, unless some contingency should arise, such as your obtaining a sublieutenancy, and being of the same mind as you are now."

Robson colored at the hint delicately conveyed by his mother, and so well understood by himself. To see their only son mated to their ward was the dearest wish of Admiral and Mrs. Robson, yet they had the good sense to restrain the impetuosity of the youthful couple until both arrived at years of maturity.

II.

With the course of true love running thus smoothly, and the crisp, frozen ground under their feet, the twain started upon their ramble.

With buoyant steps they breasted the "Hog's Back," from which favorite vantage ground a splendid view of the surrounding country could be obtained.

"Yes, there's the dear old Towers," said Alice, "where I should be living now if the parter had not died."

"You've found another home," whispered Charley, "and other parents."

"I know that, dear," responded the girl. "But you cannot imagine what it feels like to have one's birthplace given over to ruin and decay, and to know that one hasn't a single living relative. Only to think I cannot even visit my father's grave, because he died in some faraway outlandish place!" Then, with returning vivacity, she added: "Don't you remember that day in your school holidays when we walked over there and rambled through the disused rooms? How we thought there was a ghost in the hall, and ran all the three miles back home without once stopping?"

"I should just think I did," said the young officer. "You caught a chill through being overheated, and the governor said he would make a tailor of me for being such an idiot."

"You wouldn't be afraid now?" queried the girl.

"No fear!!" laughed her companion "Life on a man-of-war soon knocks all the fear of spooks out of a man."

"Let us pay another visit, then!"

A sharp walk soon brought the twain to the rusty lodge gates of Westerne Towers.

"How dreary it looks!" said the girl. "I wonder if that scullery window is still unfastened?"

Charley tried, and, to his surprise, the sash slipped up without difficulty "It's a case of gentlemen first this time," said he, stepping through the aperture. "Come along, tomboy. If you're not careful you'll tear your dress. The window's no bigger than the lubber-hole of a brig."

The casement being negotiated in safety, together they wandered through the cobweb-festooned rooms of the once-palatial residence. Ascending to a second story, Robson carelessly threw open a door of a room which faced the landing. Here an unexpected sight met their gaze. Sitting before a wood fire was an elderly man, contemplating the flames with a ruminant air. At the sound they made he turned his face toward them and started in alarm.

The next moment the youth was across the room and grappling with the stranger. "You villain!" he panted. "I've got you at last! Run, Allie, bring some one quickly! I can't hold him long; say he's a deserter from the navy!"

The trembling limbs of the girl failed to carry out his behests as she stood fascinated, watching the unequal struggle which was speedily ended. Youth and agility were no match for the sailor's sinewy arms, and in a short time Robson was ignominiously pinned against the wall.

With lowering brows and eyes which boded no good to his captive, West stood staring at the lad, as if undecided what to do with him. Then, catching sight of the pale face of Alice, who was petrified with horror upon recognizing in her companion's antagonist the man who had so persistently dogged her footsteps of late, his own features assumed a softer expression and he muttered: "It is kismet!"

After a pause of breathless silence the ex-sailor, addressing his captive, said: "You are not so muscular as was your father in his youth, young fellow. The Charley Robson that I knew would never have allowed an old man to get the better of him; but let that pass and come to the crux of the matter. You want to arrest me for deserting from the navy. Very well, you shall, if you still wish to after hearing what I have to say."

Releasing the grip upon his would-be captor, the elder man, in a strangely cultured voice, addressed his auditors.

"Years ago," said he, "I was known and respected in this neighborhood, a man of substance, and a member of the diplomatic corps. Unfortunately, in my official capacity, I became embroiled in a quarrel with a political opponent, and, as was more common even 15 years ago, the result was I had no alternative between fighting a duel or being dishonored.

"Not to make a long story, my adversary and our seconds journeyed to Guildford with me late one night, intending to settle our differences at daybreak on the following morning. With the courtesy that such affairs demanded, I offered the whole party hospitality for the night.

"From the moment my head touched the pillow until I was awakened the next morning my mind was an entire blank, but judge of my horror when, essaying to rise, I found the bedclothes dabbled with blood, and at the foot of my couch a gory hunting knife belonging to myself. Simultaneously with my horrible discovery the servant found the man I was to have fought lying foully murdered.

"Although conscious of my innocence, I dared not face the inquiry which was sure to follow, as who would believe my own theory of the matter, which was simply that I committed the terrible act in my sleep, as from childhood I had been subject to attacks of somnambulism. Hastily caressing my infant daughter, the only pledge left me by my departed wife, I left the house like a felon and fled the country, and it was hunger for a glimpse of my dear child's face that has worked my undoing. My faithful secretary connived at my escape, and subsequently sent me the news of willful murder against Sir Richard Westerne. Yes. You will be able to deliver up to justice a more important person than the deserter West. My devoted retainer, Burton, who assisted me at such great risks to himself, is not here to help me now. He is dead."

"He was a villain, Sir Richard!" cried Robson, in wild excitement. "It was he himself who killed Lord Marcus, and artfully foisted the blame upon you in order that you should not discover his defalcations. My father possesses his dying confession to that effect."

The sudden revulsion of feeling was almost too much for the baronet. Tottering to the nearest chair, he buried his face in his toil-worn hands. Silence reigned in the room for a few intense moments. Then Sir Richard, feeling a gentle hand upon his shoulder, looked up into a sweet but still scared face and two half-frightened gray eyes.

"Daddy, dear," Charley heard a tremulous voice murmur softly as he stole from the room. * * *

Powerful friends at the admiralty soon glossed over the delinquencies of the seaman West, and Sir Richard Westerne once more assumed his proper rank and station. As time wore on, and the vividness of his past misery faded, he could afford to joke about the matter; and sometimes, upon the rare occasions that he saw a certain young officer, would, much to the amusement of his daughter, simulate extreme terror and cry in affected dismay: "He has come for me at last!"

When some few years later a very excited youth, with a golden circlet upon the arm of his new uniform coat, burst unceremoniously into the room, he was greeted by the same old joke, and in response blushingly replied: "I'll let you off this time if you will give me Allie as a hostage." And as the girl seemed to be a willing sacrifice, Sir Richard gave them his blessing.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A SHOE FOR A SHUTTER.

The Cleverly Contrived Plan for Awakening Sleeper Goes Haltingly Awry.

Evidently there is no prescribed limit to the ingenuity of a woman. A striking example of this occurred recently in the home of a prominent physician. He has in his household two young lady boarders. One evening Kate wanted to attend a concert and, as the house is not provided with latch keys, she did not know how to get in upon her return. After much thought, Mary solved the problem. She would tie a string to her toe, fasten a pasteboard to the other end of the string and drop it out of the window. When Kate came home all she had to do was to gently pull the string and wake Mary, who would then let her in. An easy, beautiful scheme, and one which could hardly fail. Kate went to the corner with her best beau and Mary went to bed. The doctor was sitting in his study, when there was a queer flapping against the window. Made him think of Poe's raven, which came "tapping, tapping at my chamber door." It was a windy night, however, and he didn't pay much attention at first. Then it continued and seemed to get worse."

"It is a loose shutter," he thought, and went to fix it. He opened the window and gave an exclamation. There, flopping in his face, was a big square of pasteboard. He couldn't solve the mystery, and, finding the string, gave it a vicious yank, for he thought some boys were trying to play a trick on him. Heavens! what was that? From over his head came a piercing shriek. He yanked at the cord and again and again came the yells. Then some one came to the window above and yelled down; then there was a violent jerking at the cord from above and when he saw it went into the girls' window he let go. He went inside and called up to Mary to "come down and explain immediately." She dressed and came down limping and tearfully explained her scheme. The doctor read the riot act to her and she sat up until Kate returned and let her in the usual way.—Chicago Chronicle.

Short Whist.

This revolution was occasioned by a worthy Welsh baronet preferring his lobster for supper hot. Four first-rate whist players—consequently four great men—adjourned from the house of commons to Brookes' and proposed a rubber while the cook was busy. "The lobster must be hot," said the baronet. "A rubber may last an hour," said another, "and the lobster may be cold again or spoiled before we have finished." "It is too long," said a third. "Let us cut it shorter," said the fourth. Carried nem. con. Down they sat, and found it very lively to win or lose so much quicker. Besides furnishing conversation at supper, the thing was new—they were legislators, and had a fine opportunity to exercise their calling.—"Short Whist."

Shaving Between Bayonet Charges.

A barber was doing a rushing business in the Kansas trenches Sunday. The barber solicited custom from one soldier who preferred to wear lilacs and was greeted with the cheerful reply: "No, I had a close enough shave yesterday coming into Caloocan."—Manila American.

What It Means.

Beacon—When you hear a man whistling all the day, is it a sign that his heart is light?

Egbert—No; his head. — Yonkers Statesman.

A Starvation Policy.

Gazzam—A man in Italy has lived 40 days without food.

Cumso—He was a business man who did not advertise, I suppose.—Harlem

DREAMING BY THE FIRE.

When, alone with my soul, I am sitting
In the firelight's golden gleam,
Sadly watching the shadows flitting,
I seem to slumber and dream;

A thousand deep fountains of feeling
Gush forth with melodious flow
Like the music of windharps stealing
Through the twilight, sweet and low.

Afloat on swift tides of emotion
As bitter with tears as the seas,
I drift through a measureless ocean
Of sorrowful memories;

And out of the misty sea spaces
Fair phantoms around me rise—
How well I remember their faces,
The light of their soulful eyes!

Afar, through the nebulous distance
A splendor shines like a flame,
And voices, with tender insistence,
Lovingly call me by name.

From mist, and from foam, and the hollow
Sad sound of this sobbing sea,
These phantom forms beckon and follow,
These voices whisper to me.

I know that these misty sea spaces,
These shapes, are not what they seem,
That the voices, the eyes, the faces,
Are only ghosts of a dream.

Long ago a strange guest came, unbidden,
An angel, out of the skies,
And in graves are these faces hidden
And dark are the shining eyes.

But still—when alone I am sitting
In the firelight's golden gleam
Sadly watching the shadows flitting—
They haunt my soul in my dream.

—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.

EL SACUDIDOR

By Manley H. Pike

WHEN Will Low got home from northern Mexico, where he had been absent a year, in company with his father, who owned some property there, Charles Foster and myself didn't lose a moment in rushing over to see him; as you may suppose, yet we hardly knew him at first, he had grown so much taller and stouter, while as for his complexion, I don't give the slightest idea of it by saying that he was sunburned. Why, he was only a shade or two lighter than a genuine Congo negro.

But we found the same old Will under the tan, and such a chattering as we three made—trying to give a full account of a whole year's happenings in half an hour!

After awhile, however, we managed to quiet down sufficiently to go upstairs and look over Will's collection of curiosities, ranging all the way from tarantulas' nests up to spears and war-clubs. Among them was a chestful of Mexican clothing and ornaments, rich and elegant enough, some of them; and while Charley was turning these over, he came upon something which made him inquire, wonderingly:

"Why, Will, what under the sun do you keep this old thing among these nice clothes for?"

It was a common leather boot, wrinkled, dusty, and half worn out, wrapped around with a stout rawhide rope, which we at once recognized as a lasso. The boot couldn't have amounted to much in its best days, and now, with a ragged cut extending all along the sole, as if it had been ripped up with a dull knife, it was only fit for the ash-barrel. No wonder Charley asked the question.

"Boys," said Will, "I think more of this old boot than of anything else you see here. It's a memento of the narrowest escape I ever had or expect to have; and besides, it reminds me whenever I look at it that there are different kinds of ability in this world, and that you must not always judge a person according to your own idea of what he ought to be."

"Tell us about it, won't you?" urged Charley and I.

And Will, holding the old boot in his hand, sat down between us, and began:

"After I was fairly settled out there on the Los Pueblos ranch, I must say I felt very lonesome. Father was away most of the time about his business, and it wasn't generally convenient to take me with him, so I was left to my own resources for amusement, and few enough they were.

"The ranch buildings were simply two adobe shanties, covered with red tiles, looking more like sheds than houses, and no better inside than out. The Mexican and Indian peons, or hired men, lived in one, and Don Mereno, the owner, in the other.

"The don was the proudest and laziest mortal it has even been my luck to meet with. He did nothing all day but lie on a bench in the sun, smoking cigarettes—except when he took a nap—which was about half the time. Occasionally he'd ride over the ranch, superintending matters, not often, for it seemed to be too great an exertion for him.

"You see, the don was a pure Spaniard—descended straight from one of the old conquerors of Mexico, I believe—and he was so proud of the fact that he spent all his time in thinking what a great man he was, and so had none left for any other purpose. If he had lived in a town, he would soon have had the nonsense taken out of him, but out there on the plains he seldom saw anyone except his servants, and his conceit and laziness had plenty of room to grow.

"His son, Pablo, was entirely different. He was about our age, and a handsome boy, too. Such a rider you never saw; and he could do things with a lasso that you wouldn't believe without seeing them.

"He really managed the ranch, and his father would have had a hard time of it without him.

"He thought nothing of riding 50 or 60 miles a day, and didn't seem to know what the word 'tired' means, for he had first sat on a horse when four years old, and for years had scarcely been out of the saddle, except to sleep—not always for that. Talk about riding horseback, boys—why, Pablo lived on horseback!

"Now, you can guess that beside such a fellow I wasn't of much account, coming from a New England town, where if we take a ride now and then on some old carriage horse, it's as much as we do. Of course, I began riding as soon as I got to Los Pueblos, because if I didn't there was little else to do; but I could no more sit in a saddle all day and keep up with Pablo and his vaqueros than I could fly. Besides, I was a sight to laugh at even when I was doing my best—bouncing up and down like a churn-handle, swaying from one side to the other, and quite often going head-first over my horse's ears to the ground. The vaqueros used to laugh at and make fun of me behind my back, from morning till night, and, although Pablo's ideas of a Spanish gentleman's conduct made him act as if he never noticed my awkwardness, yet I could see that he despised me for not being able to do what every child ought, as he looked at it. All this used to grind me terribly, boys, I can tell you.

"On my side, I didn't think well of Pablo. I was greatly surprised when I found that he could scarcely read a word of his own language—not so much as I could after having studied Spanish a single month—and that he actually didn't know the meaning of the Latin prayers he repeated every day; and, what was worse, didn't care to. He was more ignorant of arithmetic than the youngest boy in the grammar school, and couldn't add up four or five numbers without using counters, to save his life. But what took me aback most was that he didn't seem to know that he knew nothing, or to want to be anything different from what he was then—had no ambition, in short.

"Here we boys are, each with his plans for the future—Fred wants to be a lawyer, Charley a business man, and I an engineer; but such ideas never entered Pablo's head. I don't believe he ever once thought even whether he would continue herding cattle all his life, but just went on doing it without thinking anything at all.

"So, you see, Pablo and I had a contempt for each other, and after awhile we kept apart as entirely as we could. He was very kind and hospitable, though, and always took care that I got the best of everything, and didn't run into danger, which I was very likely to do because of my habit of taking long walks about the country alone.

"This was another thing Pablo couldn't understand—why any sensible person should ever walk a step when he could just as well ride, and especially why he should enjoy doing it. I believe he used to think me a little out of mind when he saw me starting out for a ten or fifteen-mile tramp; and, indeed, it wasn't exactly a wise thing on my part, for I ran more or less risk every time I went, on account of the cattle, and particularly one old bull, called 'El Sacudidor' (the 'thrower' or 'tosser').

"This bull had killed several horses, and severely injured two or three vaqueros; but Don Moreno wouldn't hear of his being killed and even refused to let them saw off his horns. This was because the bull was pure Spanish, like the don, who seemed to think that miserable, half-breed Mexicans ought to feel highly honored if a real old Spanish bull found any pleasure in goring them.

"The animal generally pastured in a certain place at some distance from the house; yet you never could tell when he might take a fancy to go charging all over the ranch, attacking everything that came in his way; for, though bulls are not always savage, they have crazy spells, during which they seem to enjoy doing mischief, and would rather kill a man than not.

"One morning I was going through a long, deep ravine—a favorite walk of mine—when I heard a sort of puffing noise, and a great rattling of gravel. Looking up, what should I see but El Sacudidor coming around a bend about 30 yards in front of me, head down, tail up, and evidently just as full of ugliness as he could hold. Good gracious, what a savage brute he looked! And what a place that was to meet him in! The walls of the ravine went up almost perpendicularly, and, being of conglomerate—earth and gravel mixed together—a monkey couldn't have climbed them, while the path wasn't more than six feet wide, if as much, and right in the middle of it the bull was coming down upon me at a quick trot.

"Boys, to say that I was frightened is nothing. If anybody's hair ever actually stands on end, mine did then; and every drop of blood in me seemed turned into pins and needles. I was so terrified. I hadn't a weapon of any sort, not even a knife—though that didn't matter, for nothing short of a heavy rifle would have saved me, and perhaps that wouldn't.

"Fortunately, I had sufficient presence of mind left not to run. I stood my ground, and thus gained a few seconds, for El Sacudidor stopped short on seeing me, and began bellowing and tearing up the ground with his horns, while he tried to make out what I was.

"You see he was not accustomed to the sight of a man on foot, and very likely had never seen one before, which slightly puzzled and made him doubtful as to how he should act. If I had been on horseback, he wouldn't have wasted much time in reconnoitering.

"I tell you, fellows, he was a most ferocious-looking beast, with his red eyes, great nostrils, and horns sharp as spears, with the foam hanging from his mouth in long ropes. The bulls we have east are no more like him than a house cat is like a Bengal tiger.

"To see those horns dig up the hard earth as if it had been cheese, and to think that in another minute they would be coming down on me like an express train, with hundreds of pounds of solid flesh to push them along, was something I can't attempt to make you realize. It was simply horrible!

"Suddenly the bull threw up his tail, gave a loud bellow and sprang forward with his horns almost touching the ground.

"I had shut my eyes and given up all hope, when something struck me in the face—the noose of a lasso. Looking up, I saw Pablo Moreno checking his horse upon the very brink of the bank above, so close that the animal's feet crumbled the edge.

"'Put the lasso under your arms! Quick! quick!' screamed Pablo.

"His gesture told me what to do, and running close to the wall, I passed the noose around my shoulders.

"'Hold on to it!' called Pablo, and I was drawn up into the air just as El Sacudidor thundered beneath me with a toss of his head which sent one of his pointed horns along the sole of my boot, cutting the tough leather like a knife. One instant more of delay would have given that horn something softer to cut.

"Before the bull could turn about to attack me again, I was sitting safe at the top beside Pablo, who told me how he chanced to come to my rescue.

"Having seen El Sacudidor entering the ravine, he had galloped to the edge to watch his movements, and looking over, discovered me.

"I don't believe you'll dispute me, boys, when I say that no one not trained as he had been could have possibly dared what he did. If he had stopped a single second to think what plan he should pursue—if he had hesitated the least bit in the world—I should have been gored to death or trampled into a jelly under the great brute's hoofs.

"But he did exactly the right thing exactly in the nick of time, and I was saved. I had made a great mistake in despising him.

"I told him this, and much more, when I was able to speak again; and on his side he acknowledged that he had often envied me what I knew. So, without any particular agreement, we became firm friends, and went to work to exchange knowledge.

"The result was that before I left Los Pueblos I could ride a horse, drive cattle and throw a lasso in what I'm conceited enough to say is a very skillful manner, while Pablo picked up Latin, English and a dozen other things with most surprising quickness. He soon found the use of them, too, for a rascally speculator would have cheated his father out of half the ranch if Pablo hadn't been able to read the documents and detect the swindle.

"El Sacudidor was killed as soon as the don learned of my adventure. I suppose the old gentleman thought that a bull which so far forgot Spanish hospitality as to attack his master's guest couldn't be of the genuine race, and would appear to better advantage as beef for the guest's consumption. Anyhow, that was what he became. And I had the satisfaction of eating some of his sirloin—tough enough it was, too!

"When I came away I brought the boot and lasso with me," finished Will, carefully putting his treasures back in their former resting-place, "and I shall keep them as long as I live, to remind me of the time when my friend Pablo Moreno pulled me up from before the horns of El Sacudidor."—Golden Days.

THE LITTLE FARMHOUSE.

Back in the little farmhouse, on the quiet countryside!
And I think of a bygone summer, when I was a happy bride.
I worked in the little kitchen; you tilled the fertile land!
For the rainy days a-coming, we toiled and saved and planned.

Back in the little farmhouse! And memory brings to view
A cozy room, scant furnished, and a table spread for two.
Back in the little farmhouse, haunted with mem'ries sweet.
I see familiar faces, and list for the tread of feet.

Back in the little farmhouse, dingy, and old, and brown,
(Not like the newer dwelling, up in the nearest town).
Ten years have gone, my dearest, and we come again to-day,
To tread familiar footpaths, in the morning cool and gray.

Back at the little farmhouse, we seem to have younger grown;
The yards are the same, my dearest, and the grass is newly mown;
The stock in the river pasture at the same fence corner stop,
And the corn is a-waving calmly, but oh, 'tis another crop!

Back from the little farmhouse we turn with a weary sigh,
And we brush away the tears, dear, but we do not mention why.
Back in the little farmhouse, time sped on so fleet,
Our love grows firmer, dearest, that we keep this mem'ry sweet.

—Flora Hazelton Bailey, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

Human Nature.

If people praised our virtues,
And our faults were all passed o'er,
We'd get so darned conceited that
We would have friends no more.

—Chicago Record.

INSULTED.

Butcher—Would you like a nice cured ham, madam?

Mrs. Newife—Cured, indeed! Do you suppose I want a ham that's been sick?—N. Y. Journal.

Retribution.

Mrs. Bronxborough—I heard to-day that our janitor is going to get married.

Mr. Bronxborough—It serves him right. Now he will find out how it feels to be tyrannized.—N. Y. Journal.

Little Business.

Stranger (in Georgia)—Any profit in raising cattle around here?

Native—Naw; the trains run so blame slow that we can't git a cow killed nohow."—Judge.

Smart or Wicked?

Teacher—Do you know what a round robin is?

Tommie—Yes'm; it's what the burglars were doing the other night.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Common Experience.

"Wiggs, do you believe that gold ever grows?"

"Of course; when I have any it constantly grows less."—Chicago Record.

Effect of His Tools.

"There is seldom any point to what he writes," said Triplett.

"He nearly always uses a stub pen," explained Twynn.—Detroit Free Press.

What It Was.

Teacher (in grammar)—Now, Johnny, if your brother says he loves his teacher, what is that?

Johnnie.—A lie.—N. Y. World.

How It Seemed to Him.

"How does your wife occupy her time?"

"Well, since my arm has been vaccinated she puts in most of her time leaning on me."—Chicago Record.

Gets a Discount, Perhaps.

"Hasn't Caroline one of the most beautiful complexions you ever saw?"

"Of course. Why not? Isn't her fiance a pharmacist?"—Chicago Daily News.

Effectively Told.

Servant—Oh, miss, that Mr. Borem do be coming here again. There's no use tellin' him y'r not at home, fur he'll just push past me an' say he'll wait till yez do come back.

Miss Beauti—Then for mercy's sake, tell him plainly that I'm engaged. Do it in such a way that he'll conclude to leave.

Mr. Borem (a minute later)—Is Miss Beauti at home?

Servant—Yes, sor, but she do be ingaged; an' the felly she's ingaged to do be waitin' in the parler fur yez wid a club.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Experience Meeting.

A bachelor confessed himself unable
To keep his watch in trim—four benedicts
Were with him grouped around a poker-table.
"The works are always getting out of fix,
Or else I soak the thing; I never carry
A time-piece out of twelve months more than two."
A benedict spoke up: "You'd better marry;
Your wife would always keep a watch on you."

—Judge.

COMBINED.

"Hello! Just back from the west? Pleasure or business?"

"Both. I did so much business that it was a pleasure."—St. Louis Republic.

Pegging Away.

They say that if you peg away
Unceasingly with all your might
'Twill be your lot to gain some day
A place upon some lofty height.
And yet I know a toiler who's
Been peggin' on for years, yet he
Has gained no height—he cobbles shoes,
And still is at the foot—ah, me!

—Chicago Daily News.

Gossip.

"I don't admire that woman," remarked Mr. De Speptic. "She seems exceedingly fond of gossip."

"But gossip is sometimes entertaining," commented his wife.

"Yes. But she never tells anything I haven't heard before."—Washington Star.

An Expensive Way.

Juddock—It's a mystery to me how Nocoin lives.

Haddock—Would you really like to know?

Juddock—Yes, I would.

Haddock—Open a grocery store in his neighborhood.—Puck.

There Was One Ready.

"Can't I have a newspaper to-day?" asked the murderer, as the sheriff entered his cell.

"Yes," replied the obliging official, as he took the death warrant from his pocket, "here is a noose paper for you."—Harlem Life.

An Outlet.

"After all," said the hopeful philosopher, "a business failure isn't half so bad as a bad marriage."

"No," said the vicious bachelor, "in a business failure a man may take hope and try again."—Philadelphia North-American.

Her Mission.

"And so your wife thinks she has a mission?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Convincing me that I don't love her half as much as I did before we were married."—Cincinnati Daily News.

Both Unendurable.

Dukane—Spiffins is insufferable. He is always saying "I told you so."

Gaswell—He isn't as bad as Snaggs. Snaggs is always explaining in great detail how his plans happened to fail.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Family Resemblance.

Crimsonbeak—Owen Moore's son was in to see me, to-day.

Yeast—Indeed! Doesn't he remind you of his father?

"Very much; he wanted to borrow five dollars."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Unanswerable Argument.

"That young man means well," said Mabel's father, "but he isn't intellectual. He doesn't think much."

"Yes, he does," interrupted Mabel, confidently. "He thinks a great deal of me."—Washington Star.

Sensible Advice.

"Have you ever read the article on how to tell a bad egg?"

"No, I haven't; but my advice would be, if you had anything important to tell a bad egg, why break it gently."—Tit-Bits.

An Old Adage Enforced.

Dombey—How did you get that scar on your forehead, Jones?

Jones—My wife and I had an argument, and she obeyed that mean old adage—strike while the iron is hot.—Judge.

They Were Dear Indeed.

"The dear, dear girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Pawkins, looking at her fashionable daughters enthusiastically.

"Yes, the dear, dear girls," muttered Mr. Pawkins, despondently.—Tit-Bits.

Medium.

Irishman—F