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The Dew-drop.
From the night elixir's boom, cool I lay
Adown the darkness roaming;
I elude the heat of the flowers all
And in the purple gloaming.

AT HORSESHOE BEND.

The parlor car on the fast line from Philadelphia was comparatively empty when the train pulled out of Harrisburg.

She was about 29, a blonde, with little rings of soft hair falling over a white forehead from beneath the turned-up trim of a jaunty straw hat.

The young man on the other side of the aisle, immediately opposite, evidently appreciated the points of excellence in his fellow traveler.

"Wonder what makes my fair neighbor so fidgety?" he was saying to himself. "Seems to me something is troubling her. She looks awfully worried. Not used to traveling alone, I guess. May be she thinks there is danger of our being attacked by train robbers or Indians, or something of that sort. She does not look like a fool, though. There is a good deal of intelligence in that face."

"At what time shall we be at Altoona?" she asked, in a low, sweet voice, in perfect keeping with her appearance.

"About 7 o'clock. We are a little behind time."

"Yes, just about sundown. You have seen it before, of course?" he inquired.

"No, I have passed it several times, but always in the dark. Papa prefers traveling at night, to save time. I am making the journey by myself this time, and it is the first opportunity I have had to enjoy the scenery."

"Altoona! Twenty minutes for supper?"

non returned in about fifteen minutes, with a stray crumb on his mustache and an aroma of coffee clinging to his clothes, he noticed that his traveling companion eyes were red, and that she looked generally disconsolate.

"Does not like traveling by herself, and feels lonely," was his inward comment, as he settled himself in his seat, after placing his satchel by his side, and throwing a paper bag of cakes down with it.

The train started, and the young man gradually let his look drop on his lap, as his head sank back, his eyes closed, and his mouth opened. He was not exactly asleep, but had almost lost consciousness when he became aware that his satchel was moving slightly.

Without opening his eyes he let his hand fall on the satchel. As he did so he touched the slim fingers of a hand that he recognized with a thrill to be those of a lady. The hand was quick to draw away, but the young man was now broad awake.

"Why, Mr. Argent, how do you do?" said the young man, as he stepped up and shook hands with the dignified gentleman. "When did you come aboard? I did not see you before."

"I got on at Altoona, Hal, my boy. I was there on business connected with the bank, and I thought I would give my daughter a pleasant surprise by dropping on her unawares. She does not seem very pleased, though. What is the matter, Blanche?"

"Blanche" thought the young man. "Her name is as pretty as her self."

"It was a tear-stained, old, consoling face that was raised toward her father's as she said:

"Why, papa, as soon as I left Philadelphia I found that I had lost my pocket book. I had not a cent of money, and, oh, I am so hungry!"

"Here are some cakes at Miss Argent's disposal, said the young man, with a mischievous smile.

By the time the train reached Pittsburg the banker's daughter and the young whippersnapper were excellent friends.

"Here is Horseshoe bend," says the young man, suddenly sitting up, "and beautiful it looks in the sunset."

the satchel on one side without deigning even to look at it, and was fumbling in the light fall topcoat he had left on the seat.

The young man started. "By the powers! She is after that diamond ring in the pocket. I had almost forgotten it. She is a sharp one. How did she know it was there? This has gone far enough. I guess I had better join in the fun myself."

He had made one step toward her when he saw her turn quickly, utter a painful cry, and throw her arms around the neck of a tall, dignified gentleman with gray whiskers, who had just entered the car from the other end.

"Oh, papa! Where did you come from? I am so glad to see you. And I am in such terrible trouble; and, oh, I am so miserable!"

She did not make any effort to conceal her tears, but cried on the dignified gentleman's shoulder until his vest was wet through.

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A BEAR AGAINST SNAKES.

What a Prospector Saw in the Black Hills.

Dozens of Rattlesnakes Attack and Kill a Big Grizzly.

About a year after the Custer massacre I was prospecting in the Black Hills, and I tell you that keeping a lookout for Indians, rattlesnakes, grizzly bears, outlaws, and "indications" was all the work one man should have been doing with.

During the first two nights I was undisturbed, but on the third I heard the "woosh" of a grizzly about bed-time, and the brute prowled about the neighborhood half the night.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Beautiful Incident.

A poor Arab traveling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. I feel as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and, filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and, thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leather bottle became impure and unwholesome. But by an offering of love, and as such I received it with pleasure. Had I well known that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust, and therefore I forbade you to touch the drink, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

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THE WINDMILLS OF HOLLAND.

The most conspicuous and familiar object in Holland is the windmill. writes a Correspondent correspondent. Thousands of these structures are scattered throughout the entire country, including towns, farm houses and hills.

They are used for grinding mills, saw mills and for all manner of purposes, but principally for the purpose of pumping water from the low lands into the canals that form drains to the sea. Many of them mill are of immense size, their arms or sails measuring as much as sixty feet. They present a solemn look by day, and a most weird look by night.

In my opinion one of these out-of-the-way windmills at the dead-end of midnight hours the best sight on this earth for ghost hunting. If you do not find ghosts here, then you need look no farther. In the certain belief that none are to be found anywhere, the mow and sight of these windmills suggest the three impossibilities with which I have met my fair travel-trail, to be out of sight of a Chinaman in San Francisco, second, to be out of sight of a windmill in Holland, and third, to be out of sight of a priest in Rome. These may be set down as the three impossibilities of travel in these places.

Another peculiar and universal sight in Holland is the fact that all the houses and buildings are covered with red pottery or encaustic tiling. Thus the tops of all straw-trees, from huts to palaces, are bright red. This style of roofing has now extended throughout Belgium and most of Germany and Switzerland, because it is more economical and cheaper than wood or other material. The great scarcity of timber in these countries makes wood roofing an impossibility.

A Buenos Ayres paper, contained an announcement, signed by eight physicians, that connection by telephone will be made on application by any patients requiring medical attendance at night. The fee for a visit after 11 p. m. would be somewhat large in our latitude \$50 but is not thought to be exorbitant there.

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