

Down the Stream. Love! It began with a glance. Grew with the growing of flowers, Smiled in a dreamful trance...

BETSEY'S IDEA.

BY HELEN FOHST GRAVES.

Mrs. Kyber's drawing-room had never looked lovelier than on this raw December afternoon. Long-stemmed roses in Royal Worcester vases, three out of fragrant buds of June...

Lillian, at the other end of the room, was dispensing bread and butter, orange-pekone tea and brown, frothing chocolate, and as the guests came and went, Mrs. Kyber was mentally coming to the agreeable conclusion that her afternoon was a success...

"Thank you!" said Mrs. Kyber, serenely. "And it's so delicious, isn't it," smiled Mrs. Martindale, adjusting the fifth button of her gloves...

"But then, you see, Signora Sivardi could only come to me on Tuesday. And Signora Sivardi is such an attraction. Good by! I really mustn't keep the ladies waiting any longer."

"All the same he makes me as nervous as a cat." "Well, perhaps he won't come. And now, Betsey, I must hurry back to mamma's guests. But I really think that idea of yours is a capital one. We'll think it over, Betsey."

"The matter is," cried Betsey, "what I'm a failure! I've got to go back to Cocketown and even up that I beat. I thought I was going to make a living in New York, and I haven't a show at all. I thought, 'cause I could sing in the church's choir, that I could give lessons and get engagements here. But I can't!"

"But you have a sweet voice, Betsey!" "So have nine hundred and ninety-nine other people. And I'm only Betsey Bloom of Cocketown, and I never shall be any one else if I live to be a hundred. So I've made up my mind that I'll go back and go into the mill, or get a place to teach the district school. And there's an end of all my dreams about a career!"

"You an' your ma've been awful good to me, Lillian," whispered she. "I won't never forget it. I know I'm an awkward country girl, and I know that my clothes ain't up to the New York mark, and I don't even possess my words like you do; but— but you've treated me just as if I was a queen!"

"Don't cry, Betsey," soothed Lillian. "Drink this hot chocolate, and then lie die on the sofa and rest. You're tired and nervous." "I don't know about being nervous," asserted Betsey, "but I am tired. I guess you'd be tired a-trumpin' up and down to educational bureaus, and intelligence officers, and musical headquarters and all that sort o' thing. I dunno why I can't have the luck of that Madam Sivardi that's to sing at your ma's reception, and gets fifty dollars a night. It'll take me long enough I know to earn fifty dollars at the Cocketown silk mills, or even teaching school at Cocketown Centre."

"Lillian sighed. "She isn't going to sing at mamma's reception," said she. "Mrs. Magnus Martindale has been tampering with her. She's going to play us false. At least that's what mamma and I think."

"Yes, Betsey?" "Yes, I wouldn't charge a cent. I'd only be too glad of the chance. I don't mean that I'd sing Italian leventas and that sort of thing; but I know all the good old-fashioned songs, and why wouldn't that please people just for a change? I could dress up in an Italian style, you know, and it would be a little different from the system at home. And I'd sing 'White Cockade,' and 'Banks of Alan Water,' and 'Bonnie Doon,' and 'Cruel Barbara Allen.'" Grandmother Brown taught me lots o' them old-fashioned songs."

"Do mean you Mr. Lowrie? He's the best natural man in the world." "All the same he makes me as nervous as a cat." "Well, perhaps he won't come. And now, Betsey, I must hurry back to mamma's guests. But I really think that idea of yours is a capital one. We'll think it over, Betsey."

"The evening came; the guests assembled. Mrs. Martindale's special friend was there, but she had that lady herself, to bring back a personal and authentic account of Mrs. Kyber's discomfiture and defeat."

"Jack Lowrie, the artist, was there with his violin. "If the field daisy gets frightened at the eleventh hour," remarked he,

"I'll be ready to face the emergency. But she won't be frightened. The field daisy is too plucky for that." "Jack," cried Lillian, "why do you call her the field daisy?" "Because she's so pretty." "Betsey Bloom! Pretty?" "Yes. Don't you think so?" "I never did think so," said Lillian, slyly. "She has a fresh complexion and bright, pleasant eyes. Well, yes, perhaps she is pretty. But, Jack, you mustn't look at her too critically, or you will embarrass her."

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

MUCH FROM LITTLE. Truths are worth. Hold them as such. Many a morsel. Maketh much. —[Detroit Free Press.

BUILT IN A DAY.

A remarkable feat was lately accomplished in England, namely, the complete building of a locomotive engine and tender in a working day of ten hours. The locomotive was begun at Stratford at 9 o'clock, and was turned out complete next day at 9.15 a. m. The locomotive was a six-wheel coupled engine and tender, weighing, in working order, 67 tons 1300 pounds. It was in full running order and had been built in ten working hours. This, it is said, is the shortest time in which such a work has ever been done. Of course, the parts were all ready to be put into their places. Four gangs of men were engaged on the work, consisting in all of 85 men and boys. Every precaution was taken to see that the work was as well done as in the ordinary way, and that nothing was slighted. —[Harper's Young People.

CANNON ABILITY.

A very pathetic story comes from the State of Oaxaca, Mexico. Some weeks ago, says the Two Republics, a Mexican messenger named Anselmo Garcia, who was in the employ of Mr. McGuire, a division engineer of the Southern Railway, was traveling on horseback on the trail between Comitan and Nuchistlan, when both horse and rider fell over a cliff and were instantly killed. At the time Garcia was accompanied by two dogs. As if by an arrangement between them, one of the dogs went back to the camp to communicate the sad intelligence, but was not able to make himself understood.

The other dog remained to guard the body of his dead master and right faithfully he performed that duty. The carcass of the horse, when found about a week after the accident, had been torn to bits and almost entirely consumed by the coyotes and buzzards that were swarming around. But the body of the ill-fated warrior was discovered whole and untouched with the poor dog, lean and thin, by its side, keeping watch over it. Garcia had been in the employ of several railway companies in this republic during the last ten years and was particularly noted for his honesty, faithfulness and intelligence. His death will be sincerely regretted by all.

HOW NATURE TEACHES THE DUMB.

On the island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odor of the leaf is said to be so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near the tree in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveler on the island noticed one day a peculiar fluttering and a cry of distress from a bird above his head. Looking up, he saw a little bird hovering round a nest of another bird in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Looking around to the other side of the tree he found a large snake, climbing slowly up the trunk in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and, since he could not help the little songster by dealing the death blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the pitious cry of the bird ceased and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings and, looking up, saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still nearer, until within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take his dainty breakfast, down he went to the ground so suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond. —[Pheasant.

A PIONEER TYPE.

How the Lumbermen of the Alleghenies Spend Their Days.

A Quaint Relic of Humanity That is Passing Away.

A type of pioneer still existing in the Allegheny mountains, but fast passing away, is the old-time lumberman and wood-chopper. At the present day the number of men engaged in that healthy but arduous occupation is but small compared with the thousands that labored in the pine forests a few decades since. Still the lumberman met with occasionally in the interior of Pennsylvania faithfully portrays the characteristics of the class. The genuine old-time woodsman will be seen in midwinter wearing a fur cap, the material of which is possibly a trophy of his rifle. A heavy and exceedingly load pattern flannel shirt is his only chest covering, for he scorns the coat and vest of the townspeople. A pair of commonplace trousers tucked into long stockings cover his extremities. And such stockings! Knit, very closely and heavily, they often partake of all the colors of the rainbow, although the favorite combination is red and white in alternate rings about an inch in width. An ever popular yarn is that peculiarly knotted kind which gives a pepper-and-salt appearance when knit. Through the upper part of these stockings are run gathering stridestanding in fancy tassels in lieu of garters, and with this kind of foot covering are usually worn rubber overshoes, commonly known thereabouts as "gums."

It is asserted that a combination of heavy stockings and rubbers is much more efficacious in keeping out the cold than leather boots. Scarcely suspenders or "galluses," the woodsman leaves his shoulders untrammelled, and supports his outer garments by a knit belt, worn in the mountains during the winter season years and years before the modern dude and his scarf were thought of. But the crowning glory of all is the comforter. This article of apparel is generally a present from a sweetheart, or lacking that, a delightful companionship, from a sister and miles in length, from two to four yards, being usually about eight or ten inches in width. Fancy runs riot in the hues of these scarfs, and when a mountaineer is twice or three enveloped in the warm folds he can laugh at the most piercing blasts of old Boreas.

The amusements of these sturdy lumbermen are few. A shooting match, a dog fight or the perennial game of cards constitute almost all their recreations. Now and then a spelling bee at the township school may amuse them to the spot, not as the participants but as spectators; or, as a last resort the general store, from which they obtain their supplies, where in the evening local events and politics may be discussed, and times homely resounded to the edification of all, even though the tales be as old as the surrounding hills.

But the one thing they enjoy most of all is to attend the revival meet again. These meetings, for want of a more suitable place, are sometimes held in schoolhouses, and here congregate in the twilight of the midwinter evenings a motley collection of farmers and villagers with their families, from big trapping youths down to infants.

By traip understanding the luck lumbermen who burst in halderously, standing the snow off their feet, and pulling away at their heavy mittens.

The converted mountaineer is an interesting character. He firmly believes in the church militant, and is at all times ready to defend his doctrine with his good right arm. A mountain revival in full swing is a curious spectacle. What with half a dozen penitents kneeling upon the bare, dusty floor before the minister's bench, with some a-cold but untroubled brother pointing forth an ardent prayer at the top of his voice, emphasized and seconded at every pause by scores of fervent "amens" in as many different tones and cadences, the scene is apt to leave a vivid impression upon the mind of the visitor. —[Detroit Free Press.

The Wonderful "Lone Star." Dr. Barrows calls attention to the fact that Texas is five times as large as England, and thirty-four times the size of the state of Massachusetts. The entire living population of the Globe, 1,400,000,000 people, divided into families of five persons each, could be located in Texas, each family with a house on a half acre lot, and there would still remain 70,000 vacant lots! —[St. Louis Republic.

A Watch Cat.

Watch dogs are numerous, but who ever heard of a watch cat? An old lady who lives alone in a suburban west of Denver, however, wouldn't trade her pussy Dot for the biggest Newfoundland in the land. The animal is large, weighing over sixteen pounds, and on more than one occasion has proved his ability to protect his mistress. The latest exploit of the redoubtable Dot is thus told by his admiring mistress:

"It was last Wednesday night," she says. "I was not feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I sleep up stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life."

"Away in the night I was awakened by a sudden motion he made, and I found when I put my hand on him that he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so nervous. I thought he heard a rat and was about to go to sleep again, when he sprang to his feet and stood beside me, growling once very low. Then I listened, too, and I distinctly heard stealthy footsteps coming up the stairs."

"I was so frightened that a soothing sensation came over me and I came near dying right there. "I knew well enough that I was going to be killed, that I would be murdered in a few minutes, but I could not move or even scream; I just lay there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly, I slowly the floor toward my bed, and soon he was touching the bed, and I closed my eyes, expecting the final blow."

"And just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from a mortal throat that was the worst."

"Dink! Dink! Come an' help. The devil's got me!" he screamed and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he missed his footing at the top and fell down the whole flight."

"At the bottom Dot pointed on him again, and when his comrade ran to his assistance Dot gave him a taste, and I heard him swear that the whole top of his head was torn off. The first robber was carried out, groaning by way of the cellar window. I didn't notify the police. I didn't think it necessary. I don't know how they found out how everything in the house was situated and I don't care. They would try it again." —[Chicago Post.

Seven Thousand Miles of Wheels.

If all the locomotives in the United States were coupled together they would make a train of solid iron and steel over 300 miles long. All the passenger cars and we would have 100 miles more of wood and iron; this would give us a gigantic passenger train 600 miles in length, counting both engines and cars. Should we want a huge "milked" train we might add the "coaches," "dolls" and every other kind of freight car, and very often then would then have a total length of over 7000 miles! The passenger cars in this gigantic train would be capable of seating 1,000,000 people, and upon the freight cars could be loaded the weight of all the pyramids of Egypt, and all the State capital buildings in the United States besides. Verily, great is the railroad system of America! —[St. Louis Republic.

The Chilean Soldier.

The Chilean soldier is a peculiarly organized fighting machine. He is prominently and liberally blood-thirsty, and he loves to see blood flow from wounds inflicted by his own hand. He uses the rifle and even the bayonet, as it were, under protest, and can hardly be restrained, when at close quarters, from throwing down his firearms and flinging himself upon the foe knife in hand. An Englishman attached to the ambulance told me that after the battle at Pozo Almonte scores of men lay locked in the death grip, their knives plunged into one another's bodies. —[Dark Days in Chile.

Four Orange Crops Growing on One Tree.

C. Jones, Superintendent of the Sanford Water Works, has a fine orange grove at Longwood, in which he takes great interest. He went down to see it Wednesday and tells us that he found six or seven trees on which there were four crops of oranges—the regular crop, which is ripe; the June crop, which is grown in size, but green in color; another size about six inches in diameter and in addition to this the trees are in full bloom. —[Sanford (Fla.) Journal.

Uncle Dave's Two Habits.

"I know a trick more sure than guessin', As them who glory in possessin'. Scarce fall to find a 'posin' bleasin' With which to win."

"They don't mind your snuff pickin', Nor lane and fixtures lefty kickin', To learn the art of stickin' Through thick and thin. Then there's another plain creation Adaptable to every station, But especially the poor's salvation In the long run. Easier than mol' and ambrosia ravin' Easier than mol' and ambrosia waverin' We find the humble art of savin' When all is done."

Or just because I hate 'nough schoolin' You turn your nose up at such rainin'. Why then, miffed, But sure as summer follows winter, No matter what work you pitch in, 'Thout th' matter, you ain't goin' to ginter Get much a head. —[Brother Patience, in Yankee Blade.

IMMORALS.

The baker is basest when he is loafing. The man who laughs in his sleeve is not one who is out at elbows. Always ready to take a hand in conversation—dead and dumb people. It's funny that education should lift a man when it only causes him to get lost. "When the only cause that my father gloves his customers regular fits," said Battins, "is when they neglect to pay their bills."

An undertaker, with an eye to business, publishes the cheering news: "Use our own embalming fluid if you wish pleasant news." The average man is satisfied with keeping up with the profession. If it is a funeral procession he does not care to be at the head of it. "I hold you in the highest respect," he said as he presented her hand. "I know it," she said, and then with a blush she added, "It's the only way in which you do hold me."

"I had to be away from school yesterday," said Tommy. "You must bring an excuse," said the teacher. "Who from?" "Your father." "He ain't no good at making excuses; no catches him every time." Sweet Girl (affectionately)—Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you? Papa (faintly)—Indeed, I would not, my darling. Sweet Girl—Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Poor-chaps. He's willing to live here.

Wind-Shaped Snowball.

A peculiar and extraordinary phenomenon was worked on the snow-covered campus of the Theological Seminary. Passer-by were astonished to see the immaculate field of over five acres covered with white eruptions, varying in size from a marble to a pumpkin. Investigation showed that the snowballs had been formed by the high wind of that night. The snow was of such consistency that the wind would loosen a few flakes, which would be rolled along accumulating still more flakes, until its size and weight was too much for the strength of the breeze. The track of the wind's plaything could be easily described by early risers. In the northern field, where the wind had free sweep, the trails were all in one direction, but in the space between the dormitory and the library, the eddying breezes had sent the balls swirling in all directions. The curious sight was witnessed by a large number of spectators until the noonday sun dispersed the snowballs.

A number of farmers who came to town reported that the wind had full sweep, presented the same novel appearance. —[Admiral (N. Y.) Advertiser.

Chief of the Wyomings.

Washakie, the famous chief of the Wyoming tribe of aborigines called the Shoshones, is a venerable looking old fellow, with long white hair which reaches his shoulders, and is dubbed the "George Washington" of the tribe. When asked by one of the editors how old he was he answered, "I am older than anything about here except these hills," pointing to them. He has a young Indian, dressed in fantastic costume, as aide-camp, whose business it is to wait on the old man, fill his pipe with tobacco, and perform any other duties essential to his comfort. Washakie is said to be over one hundred years old, but is still quite active, and is in the government employ as chief of scouts. He is a terror as a disciplinarian. Recently one of his tribe was convicted of having whipped his wife. The chief sent him word that if he did so again he would be severely dealt with. In a few days the offence was repeated, and the chief, true to his threat, had the offender shot. —[Illustrated American.