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EXTES OF ADVERTISING: twelve " Longer advertisements charged in proportion to the

Home Circle.

flome is the sacred refuge of our life.

SAVED BY A FOOL.

A MINER'S STORY.

When the "Medina Party," as we were dled, were mining in Nevada in 1858-'9 e redskins made it their business not onto hunt for scalps, but to find them here were twenty-four of us in the party. nel in August we were in a camp called Old Tom Jones." The diggings were good, and we had the camp so secured as a insure the Indians a warm recention whenever they took a notion to visit us. A sentinel was posted during the day to catch for the enemy, and at night we all nred under a shelving rock in the face a cliff fifty feet high. This cave, as it heat be called, could be approached by ly one path, as we thought, and as there cre three dogs in camp none of the mimery feet of the cave was a gulch, down which can a stream of water in the spring and fall. It was dry at this time, and the bed of gravel was a foot thick. Any one meaking down this gulch could come within thirty feet of the cave, but would be separated from it by a wall of rock about twenty feet high. This wall could easily be scaled from the gulch, and a party gaining the crest of it could look down into the cave, almost-could at least shoot down all who attempted to leave it.

Such was the general situation on the 5th day of August, when "Our Fool" made his appearance. He was a man about thirty years of age, poorly dressed, even for that country, and his face wore the sily look of a born idiot. As he came into hand, and grinned like a baboon over a

"Who ar' ye, and what do ve want !" rowled one of the men as the stranger Te-he! te-he!" laughed the fool, in his

"Boys, here's a regular born fool!" monted the miner, and as the men gathred around the fellow called out:

"The cow jumped over the moon-te-It was plain that he was a fool. Where he came from and how he had reached as

no one could guess, but after a talk among themselves the miners decided to let him say around until he got ready to go. Our Fool was soon at home. He had the appetite of a wolf, and we couldn't

get a stroke of work out of him. The very first night of his arrival, however, he armed himself with a club and paced up and down like a sentinel, and we heard

"I see Injuns-they can't see me." He paced up and down all night long, without a word being said. No one merous. The day sentinel reported seeing them on the hills around us, and one our cave to give the alarm to the dogs. Up to this time Our Fool, as everybody called him, had slept most of the day and had been very quiet. Next day after the It was the picture of the old regime. arm be was noticed on the ridge dividing be gulch from the path, and he was up-

here and in the galch so much of the one during the next three or four days at one of the men remarked :

our horns, but this twenty-five pound bave or could carry it down the mounin and sell it. The dogs couldn't take i, it couldn't carry itself off, and the only ing left was to declare that Our Fool had stolen it. He was cuffed and shaken round, and some of the men wanted him Mas: but all he could or would say

"Injuns coming; Injuns blow way up

We searched all around for two hours, but the keg was not to be found, and the incident created much ill-feeling among the men. It was agreed that one man should keep watch of Our Fool for two or three days, and see if he would not betray himself. Both remained in the cave, but in some way the idiot crept out unnoticed,

usual, and as he moved around he kept

"Got all fixed-got all fixed!" thought that he had been seized with some was done in Californy was done here. I admiration.

1 00 new fancy, and perhaps had absconded al- forget whether it was for horse-stealin' or He was a young man, and the fire of ge-

of the cave trembled, dirt rattled down in- the thieves. There was two of these fel- pired to the rank of a gentleman. to our faces, fierce screams rent the air, and then came a blinding flash and a reup and ran out in the wildest alarm, and Gelwick's Mountain Democrat printin' of- exquisite." no one could yet say what had aroused us, fice stands.

and that's all the satisfaction we could get. was a young, slim Mexican gal, and I awful sight we saw in the gulch below, round her neck, she motioned them aside wood!" The dry bed of the stream was torn full of and said something in Spanishowith a "Hist!" said his companion; "yonder is there in the midst of a crowd of soldiers, it down and put her foot on it, and takin' "Hold! comrade," said the first speaker;

covered it, and they had planned to creep miner who showed his head. Our Fool to look at a woman." had seen this. He had stolen the keg of powder and haid a mine in the gravely bed of the gulch right where the Indians They wasn't ornamental to their sex. would scale the wall. How he knew that They had the habits and manners of men, they would appear on that particular night and very rough ones at that. Why they we could not tell, but it seemed that he used to go round the gamblin' houses did know it, for he deserted his post on playin' cards and buckin' agin monte and with a slow match, but we could never used 'em, too, sometimes, and you see the find out how it was arranged. The explo- boys just treated them accordin'.

the gulch we all shook hands with him Francisco Argonaut.

"Resolved, That we've got the cutest, smartest and wisest fool in America." He seemed to feel that he ought to redy, and swinging his hat round he yelled

"Woke boys all up in a hurry-te-he!

man counted his years by scores, and ran consins. The elder had gone to Califorthere up to four score and five, while the nia in the early days, made a vast fortune, old woman beside him was scarce ten and entirely lost sight of his relatives. years his junior. The bridegroom bore That chance meeting gave the young himself with dignity; the bride, in quiet Bostonian a fortune of between two and modesty, leaned upon his arm. His old three millions. Two ladies had a box at black head was hald to the center, and a- the opera in London. An old man oppohight they certainly came close enough to round the shining abony a fringe of snowy site bored them dreadfully by perpetually wool clustered. Under the chin another "lorgnetting" them. The scene came to fringe of white stood guard over his tall an end and they thought no more about

from his pocket. "Es yer will see, they mistake." "Very extraordinary," replied is 'Liza Douglass for dis lady and Brister the solicitor. Suddenly a happy thought

er aged couple, ch, uncle?" life, sal.; but we ain't done for vit. I kin her under a mistake after all, baving infoller de plow or han'le de hoe jes de same tended to leave it to her friend, whom, y, had been taken from the cave by as de younger degenerasbun, sah. An' and not the Lady Frances, he admired, one, and there was a deep mystery as fur dis yer lady, de Lord help yer, sah, but was misinformed as to the names of ing, however, a look of pity on Leonardo

together, and said a kind word of congrat- that. One evening at a place of enter-

"Thank you, sah," said the old man. saw that an elderly Englishman was be-The little old woman, in her neat white ing cheated, exposed the fraud, and had dress, courtesied, and the aged couple a tussle with the cheat. The Englishman wasked down the steps, got into their old has presented him with \$20,000 to start spring wagon and drove slowly off .- Mem- him in business, and there is every pros-

Natures that have much heat and great and violent desires and perturbations are veals the strength of great men; the franot ready for action till they have passed grance of aloe-wood is not so strong as the meridian of their years.

Friendship stands in need of all care, was absent for three or four hours. comfort, confidence and complaisance; if bartered, for that once lost, the main-When he returned he was more silly than not supplied with these, it expires.

HANGTOWN. "Hangtown! Singular name for a That night he went on duty as usual. town," says the stranger, after seating him-Having a slight fever, I was nervous and self comfortably beside Hank Monk, the restless, and at eleven o'clock I awoke king of stage drivers on the Nevada line. Half an hour before daybreak several things occurred to aronse every man in the party in an instant. The walls and floors

"Big noise—great fire—hurt 'em awful in '50. I seen that myself, and a mean, bad!" he shouted as he danced around us, miserable piece of business it was. She glen.

trunks—enough to account for at least fif-teen Indians. Had a shell exploded down till it was smoked out. Then she threw his mind!" horrible odor of burning flesh filled the boys spin cards thro' the air. Then they treat." put the rope round her neck-wall, I did-Our Fool was down there, grinning and u't see the rest. And all because she shot approached the stranger. rubbing his hands, but no explanation was a drunken coss that tried to break in her needed from him. That gelch had been door one night; but he belonged to a bad overlooked by us. The Indians had dis- crowd and he was the leader of the gang."

"It seems strange to me," remarked the here." down it, scale the wall, and from thence stranger, "that such a horrible thing could get a plunging fire on the month of the have occurred, for it does not correspond return shots, and could have killed every men in those days to travel miles simply

sion took place just as the savages had col- "The folks in Hangtown is gittin' kindlected in a body over the keg, and nearly er ashamed of the name, and they are tryscore of them had literally been blown ing to call it Placerville, but it will be a to fragments. If there were others they good many years afore it will git over its ost no time in limping away, probably so old name. I hear they're goin' to cat badly frightened that they did not hant for down the oak tree where the hangin' was done, but I think they might have taken out: Well, that was Our Fool, and that was up the dead men's bones afore they built the trap he laid, and before climbing out of the printin' office over their graves."-San

WHOM FORTUNE FAVORED.

Some people are fond of denying that there is any such a thing as "luck," but, be that as it may, there certainly are persons to whom what seems like fortuitous good fortune comes. Col. Green Wilkinson gave a seat in his pew in London to OLD PEOPLE GETTING MARRIED .- If an old gentleman, who left him \$10,000 a the decrepit old couple had come in to year. A young Bostonian crossed to Engleave their measures for their coffins it and three or four years ago, and got into would not have seemed so strange, but they were instead to be married. The old same name. It turned out that they were who observed that he found they had the shirt collar. He stood erect and grave. him. One day, a year afterward, a solicitor called on one of the ladies, Lady Fran-"Squire, we is here ter be marrid, sah," ces Bruce, and told her that an old gentleman, Mr. W., had left her property worth several thousand a year. "Never "They's on this yer," pulling a license heard of the man," she said; "must be a Spiver for me, sah. I hope dem papers is struck him. "He lies in his coffin in St. James's street, close by, at Branting's, the "Perfectly," said the 'squire. "A rath- great undertaker's; will you come and see him?" She went. It was the old lorg-"We's turned many a row in de fiel' ob netter. And it is said that he left it to out it. None of the men could be she's as young and spry as de chillen the ladies. And to give one more, a quite what catches de spring chickens for din-recent instance. A young New Yorker "How sayner. We's good fur many's and many's a went to San Francisco to seek the fortune so many have failed to find. He got a Esquire Egnew tied the old hands fast poor clerkship and had to be thankful for tainment he watched a game of cards,

> Ill fortune only, not good fortune, rewhen it has fallen into the fire.

peet that more is to come.

Buy not, sell not, where self-respect is spring of honor is rusted and decayed.

THE TEST.

An Incident in the Life of Leonardo Di Vinci. The morning was breaking with that and heard him talking to the dogs. At one o'clock I awoke and he was missing. I got up and walked down the path a hundred feet, and though the dogs came to dred feet, and though the dogs came to the first hangin that the first hangin the me nothing could be seen of Our Fool. I a stranger. Ye see the first hangin that most romantic passes, and seemed lost in

together, and going back to the cave soon for murderin;' but it strikes me it was for nias lighted up eyes naturally brilliant.

port which made "Old Tom Jones" trem- grocery store on the corner, and they was the eye of poet or painter. On my word I ble in every nook and crevice. We leaped buried across the crick there, where Dan am fortunate thus to stumble on a scene so

High up among the beetling summits of when Our Fool came down from the wall "I believe Downieville claims the first the mountains, their dark, scowling counbetween the path and the gulch as nimbly hangin,' but that's a mistake. They did tenances half hidden by the slouching hat hang a woman there once. I think it was and feather that shaded them, two men

"A pretty time we're having, Ludovico," The miners soon came to the conclusion never seen grit in a woman till then. She said the oldest bandit, for such they were; that our keg of powder had been exploded just walked out afore that crowd as calm "the queen's troops are still scouring the near by, and as soon as daylight crept into and quiet-not a show of the white feath- lower passes, and no booty for this month the bills we climbed the wall. It was an er. As they stepped up to put the rope save some beggarly peasant with a trifle of

great holes, and great spurts of blood flash of her half-shut eyes and a gleam of game winging to cover, or I mistake me!" tained the walls almost to our feet. On white teeth that made them draw back. At the same instant he brought the short the gravel were blackened and burned bodies, arms, legs, heads and parts of lips she deliberately drew a cigarette from clear on the air. "Some peasant," he con-

the havor could not have been worse, her broad-brimmed panama hat from her "yonder is no peasant, but a traveler; perhers were asked to stand watch. Running There bows and arrows, shattered rifles, head, she gave its a whirl that sent it a baps St. Christopher has sent us gold at calping knives bent and broken, and the spinnin' along the crowd as ye've seen last. Let us go down and cut off his re-

> So saying, they descended the pass and "Hold, brother, in your tribute to na-

ture, and pay tribute to us!" said the first. "We allow no intrusion upon our walks

"And I meant none. A poor artist, my death or captivity would avail you little. cave. They would have been safe from with that high gallantry which actuated I pray you, my good friends, permit me to "An artist, tush! Some government spy,

rather. And thou diest unless thou presently tell down on the sward a hundred gold-"Now, Mary, help me, for I have not as

"Tell thy beads, then, stranger, for thy minutes are numbered," exclaimed the outthat particular night to scale the wall and faro banks, and smokin' and carryin' law roughly, glancing at the savage looks has an honest, weather-beaten face, but be ready. He probably fired the powder knives in their stockins. You bet they of a number who had assembled on the her manners are graceful and those of a freshments."

> down the precipice, which descended two hundred feet below the path. Rough hands had already seized him

"A pleasant journey to thee, sir painter!"

when a low murmur ran all through the

"Hold! Magdalen, our queen!" "What sends her here?" muttered the leader, releasing, bowever, his hold of the

"How, now, Ludovicof" she said, "mehinks you are pressed for deeds of during with a cat. And here was this good, when thou makest war on a boy, and he a quiet, brave little woman, living the live-

The clear, sweet tones echoed strongly most of the year from any society except among the rocks, while the speaker, her her mother, yet contented and happy in dark hair loosened by the rapidity of her the practice of duty, keeping brave watch approach, and her beautiful face suffused for the suffering, and putting out in her ith pity, bent her eyes upon the stran- boat through the raging storm, periling

"You mistake, fair queen," said the out- | who were utter strangers to her, and all aw; "this is no mean peasant, as his garb the while bearing her honors as meckly espeaks him to be, but a base government as if she had been some simple village

"Is it even so, young stranger?" asked Magdalen; "if so, I can plead thy cause no "Lady, I am no spy," he replied, "but

poor artist, whom the love of the beautiful, and no wish to injure others, induced to wander here."

"Canst thou prove it now with thy pen-"I can."

"Fair! fair!" cried the brigands, throwng themselves in groups on the grass a

The artist glanced around, and not eren his terrible situation could suppress a smile of pleasure, as his eye caught rock and ravine, hanging vine and frowning precipice -and with lightning rapidity the the scene, in all its wild witchery, was transported to the canvass. The painter and you had better not find out." paused, his eye fell on Magdalen, and there she stood in all her matchless beauty, bend-

"How say ye, comrades, has he lost or won?" and the sweet voice of Magdalen broke the silence.

"Won! won! and a chain of gold besides!" cried the outlaws, as each bent over the sketch and beheld himself.

Long did the painter remain with them, loaded with proofs of their appreciation; and to this day, in the works of this great master, the tall, graceful form in blue, the dark look and molded features, very frequently appear-a monument of his gratitude to Magdalen, the queen of the ban-

Our religion is little in its demands, but how prodigal in its gifts! It troubles you for an hour, and repays you with immor-

Christians should be humble and cheer-

AN ORIENTAL QUESTION.

The Russo-Turkish war revives an old story. A Turkish and a Russian officer

"Go to Mehemet's, buy me a pound of

tobacco, and come back at once."

straight to the next corner, where he must neighboring 'squire. turn- now he is turning-now he is op- A very short time afterward he per

and the Russian called out: "Ivan!"

"Where's the tobacco?"

The Turkish officer, showing no sign of arprise at the precision of this Russo-tobacco movement, promptly broke out: 'Ho! ho! my soldier can do that every day in the week," and he called:

"Muhctar!" "Go to Ali Effendi's and see that you

"Instantly, sir." Following the tactics of the Russian

officer, the Turk pulled out his watch and is passing the palpooch bazaar; now it is came out for some sport-I have not had noon and he is staying for prayers; now any, and I am not aware that I am treshe is drinking at the stone fountain; now passing." Ali Effendi hails him and asks about my "Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a bealth; now Mubctar is paying for the to- little. "Oh! from Lord Craven's, ch! baceo; now he is coming back by another Well, sir, I could not know that." way; now he is on our street; now he is at "No," said Tom; "but you need not

"Muhetar!" shouted the officer.

"Where is my tobacco?" "I haven't found my shoes yet!"

fish all alone in the bay, and I improved like to know what you would do upon the occasion to pay my respects to Miss lady-quiet, n a t u r a l and unassuming. The squire was hit bard by this noncha-The youth cast a despairing gaze at the She converses easily, and only talks of hardened, reckless faces around him, then herself when questioned. I was sorry to Sheridan's suggestion. hear from her that her health was failing her. I heard from other sources that she for me-now you shall hear the sequel." had married not long ago and been disand lifted him over the edge, while, with appointed in her choice. I could not but a grin of malice, the leader had bissed feel for her great pity united to the greatest respect. The evening before I had women of fashion, such as they have at Newport, sitting in her chariot, arrayed in her laces, flounces, ribbons and diamonds, with a puppy dog in her fair, taper arms, the object evidently of her tenderest solicitude; and, the day before that, another woman in a railroad car traveling about

> maiden .- Newport Letter. WHERE HELL Is .- "I wish to ask a question," said Mr. Sharp to our young am anxious to know where hell is. The Bible I have read, geographies, histories, and other books, and I can't find out where it is exactly."

long year off in the rocks, shut off for

her own life to save the lives of those

The young minister, placing his hand on his shoulder, and looking earnestly into his eyes, replied encouragingly:

"My dear sir, do not be discouraged; I am sure you will find out after a while. As for myself, I have made no inquiries, and really don't wish to know where hell is. About Heaven I have thought, and read, and studied a great deal. I wish to make that my home, and by the grace of

God I will. Ask me about Heaven and I can talk. I don't know where hell is,

OLD TIMES .- In the days of Sir Matthlaw, become priests. On one occasion a the money I have in my pocket." man who could not read desired to be ordained, and he took his place before his pering to him-Our Father who art in Heaven-"Our Father who art in Heaven," he repeated, in a loud, confident voice; the prompter continued-Hallowed His thumb was now over the next senhim to take it away, when "Take away bly distended. your thumb!" rang through the room, and this was clearly illustrative of the learn. the farmer. ing of that time.

for slander are very ordinary endow. shillings, ch ?"

Friendship is infinitely better than kind-

Tom Sheridan, who, to kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition, added social talents, which if not of the high and com- en times as much as I did for his cunning manding order of his father's were infinite- and coolness." ly more agreeable to those who knew him. used to tell a story for and ogainst himself

TOM SHERIDAN.

-and here it is:

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham, (or rather Hampstead,) and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorne, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot and unattended by com-The soldier saluted, turned on his heel panion or keeper. The sport was bad, the "Now," said the Russian officer, taking walked in search of game, while unconsci-

posite the white mosque—now he is crossing the maydan—now he is at Mehemet's —now he is buying the tobacco—now he is coming back—now he is at the block is coming back—now he is at the block below us-now he is at the door-now"- a position and waited for the approach of

"Hallo! you, sir," said the squire when within half car-shot; "what are you doing here, gir, eh?"

"I'm shooting," said Tom. "Do you know where you are, sir?" said

"I am here, sir," said Tom. "Here, sir!" said the squire, growing angry. "And do you know where here is, sir? .These, sir, are my manors. What

d'ye think of that, sir, ch!" "Why, sir, as to your manners," said bring me a pound of tobacco. My pipe is Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreea-

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir —what are you?"

have been in a passion." "Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire. "You don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with Ina Lewis.—On my last day I had a but if you were in my place, I should

Ida Lewis, the heroine who has saved "Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in over a dozen lives at sea amid storms be- your place, under all the circumstances, I'd fore which the bravest quailed, and where say: 'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, that stout-hearted men did not dare to venture. you did not mean to annoy me, and, as Miss Lewis is no longer young, and she you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some re-

lance, and, it is needless to say, acted upon

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his bost, and more than seen one of those silken, unnatural rich half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his re-

In the course of his walk he passed through a farm yard. In front of the farm was a green; in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the batch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the

side of the green. Tom hated to go back with an empty ag, and, having failed in his attempts at igher game, it struck him as a good joke o ridicule the exploits of the day himself. n order to prevent any one else from doig so for him, and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic Miss Carrie A. Rice, daughter of Philo W. inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity Rice of Glenbrook, Lake Taboe, was prewould serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly up he goes to the farmer and ac-

costs him very civilly. "My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make

"Of what, sur ?" says the farmer. day fagging after birds and baven't had a running out into the lake, on which is sita shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded. unted what is known as Shakspeare rock, I should like to take home something. there being traceable on its face lines that What shall I give you to let me have a bear resemblance to the portraits of the shot with both barrels at those fowls and great poet. ducks-I standing here and to have what-

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the "Fairish," said Tora, "fairish." "And to have all you kill," said the

"Exactly so," said Tom. "Half a guines," said the farmer. "That's too much," said Tom. "I'll

The payment was made. Tom, true to they began slipping, and slid down about examiner, with a copy of the Lord's prayer his bargain, took his stand by the barn fifteen feet to the edge of a precipitous in his band, and a friend who could read door, and let fly with one barrel and then part of the rock. The young man cangbt at his back. Prompter commenced whis- with the other, and such a quacking and hold of a jutting part of the ledge, where splashing and screaming and fluttering had be held fast, but was unable to retain his

never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, delighted with his suc- him cess, picked up first a hen, then a chicken. be thy name-"Hallowed be thy name." then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of dotence, and the prompter gently requested mestic game, with which his bag was no- managed to climb back to the trail, when

[WHOLE NO. 214 life beaten, and made off as fast as I could for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in sev-

[From the New York Times.]

HIGH LIFE IN COLORADO. Hope and Germans and Music Parties in Dr

Bell's Elegant Stone Mansion.

MANITOU, Aug. 28. Some weeks ago we had a grand ball at the Mansion-a surprisingly brilliant affair. There figured in it fair lait

Among the young railroad men and ranch men there was a French count, and several scions of high old English and Scotch families, a class of youths who take most kindly and graciously to the rough, free life of wild parks and plains. They like to lounge and swing and stretch themselves in these vast spaces. It is beautiful to see how from the height of centuries of noble descent (if that be not a bull) they condescend to the Rocky Mountains. They revel in rough clothes, brierwood pipes and little aristocratic rudenesses. There is not a real, full-blown lord among them all, but there is an officer of the royal navy, whem we are privileged to see as

We had a handsome dancing ball, admirable music, the toilets of the ladies were exceptionably elegant, and the refreshments something quite dainty and de-licious. This grand ball had been followed by simpler festivities of the kindhops and Germans and dancing and music "Now Muhetar is in the street; now he Tom. "I am staying at Lord Craven's; I bops and Germans and dancing and music and picturesque of all our divertisements was a garden party given by Dr. and Mrs. Bell at their levely place on the Fountain,

Dr. Bell's cottage is the pride of all this region. It is of stone, built in the English style, English taste being shown in the sweet seclusion of its site. It is an elegant and perfectly-proportioned bonse, the most arsistic and poetic taste being shown in finishing, furnishing and all decorations; while without, English lawns, gardens and shrubberies, modified, of course, somewhat by the climate, produce a sense of wonder

and delicious surprise. On that day, bright but cool, the place presented a series of enchanting pictures: the sparkling stream in front, the wariegated rocks and cliffs behind, the mighty mountain wall on the west, the eastern lookout over the illimitable plain, the gay groups of guests on the lawn (as close cut and green as any lawn in the heart of England), or wandering in lovely, winding paths over-arched with woodbine and clem-

atis. Nowhere are the gay colors and light, floating tissues of ladies' summer costumes so effective as in this clear atmosphere, under these blue, blue skies, and in landscapes the background of which is always the wide, and plain or sombre, majestic masses of mountain or wast, weird,

But not even the old mountains looked solemn on this golden day, but seemed all aglow with soft, sympathetic beauty. Their very shadows were tender, and the monarch of all smiled dreamily under his silver crown, even after the sunset glory faded away and left him wrapped in purple mists of twilight. After supper, prepared by a French cook, graced by choice fruit from the Pacific coast and wines from over the sea, we had dancing, and unwearied guests drove or rode or walked home under a starlight so clear and crystalline that nobody miesed the moon queening it over the deep, translucent beaven.

A BEAUTIPUL YOUNG WOMAN'S FEAR-FUL AND FATAL FALL-Last Sunday cipitated from Shakspeare rock and so badly injured that she died in about half an

She left her home at Glenbrook in company with two other young ladies and three gentlemen. The party rambled to "Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all and ascended the high rocky point of land

The party made the ascent by the usual trail, and for a time remained on the summit of the rock, gazing on the scenery. Finally Miss Rice made the proposition to her escort, William Cranmer, a young man who is engineer at one of the mills on the lake, that they make the descent by a steep gorge leading down to the face of

All the other members of the party tried, tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a sev- but in vain, to dissuade the couple from atew Hale, men who could read might, by en-shilling piece, which happens to be all tempting the descent. They took their way down the steep rock and presently "Well," said the man, "hand it over." reached a cave. Starting from the cave grasp on the young lady suspended below

> Just before falling she said, "We must go, Will; there is no hope for us!" She fell about eighty feet. Young Cranmer he ran to the residence of the young lady's "Those were right good shots, sur," said father, where he fell fainting at the door. At the foot of the rock she was found "Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and still alive, but unconscious and dying. She

fowls are more than you bargained for, old lay with her head between two sharp A good nose for hearsay and a quick car fellow-worth rather more than seven fragments of rock, blood oozing from her nose and mouth, her limbs broken, and her "Why, yes," said the man, scratching body terribly bruised. Miss Rice was not his head, "I think they be; but what do I yet eighteen years of age, and was a very care for that—they are none of them mine." beautiful, bright and sprightly girl.—Vir-"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my ginia City Chronicle.