

other attractions and compensations New York city has a back yard into which one may run on a short half holiday and do some presty vigorous stunts that are usually considered to be reserved for the remote leisure make possible.

full of rocks and trees and precipitous bluffs, with wild flowers and ferns, just, as if it were a hundred miles away. It is just over the Hudson River, where the Palisades are sufficiently indefinite and wooded to be lawfting rather than awesome. In a very few minutes one may be transported from the walled-in streets of river bank.

heads, stout stawes and shirt waists reign. The lunch basket is conspicuously in evidence, for one gets very hungry with the activities of this broad playground. The botanist will have her microscope, her knife and perhaps her trowel. The geological enthusiast goes armed with a handy hammer and a naturalist with a liking for-

the Fallsades. Not a senson but brings forth its own particular flowers, its grasses and little wild fruits. In the shady places among the grass there are anemones of different varieties, the snowy white enemone, the pink and the golden blue, with its soft and velvety petals, and if a New York girl wishes to send a souvenir to some friends at a distance. howing them what is contained in her flower garden, the anemones make most beautiful pressed and pasted flowers and are eminently suited for anco purposes.

There are other tiny pink and bine flowers that look as though they had been

tender segments that form the accordion fluted under side, to the growth that comes from the trees in the decayed and dark elws and clings to the gnarled wood wren life has left it.

Opportunities for study of a more rugged blid are afforded by the rocks-sand-stone, quartz, fossiliferous and mineral of various sorts. The girl with a turn of mind for that sort of thing will find darkness coming down before she knows it, lured on by the geolog

cal possibilities of the Palisades. But best of all its opportunities is that for

sunny sheen to her halr that is often seen in the braid of country girls, and during the winter the cold will not crack the hair

so rendily. As the fad for brown arms and discolored face is no longer thought highly of, and the novelty of turning young and comely girls into savages has passed, the girls who go out to climb do not roll their sleeves up. They may if they are in the shade, but in the sun they are sensible enough to wear their cuffs buttoned.

In the midst of the back yard there are dropped from the sky to live among the exercise of a genuine and vigorous sort watch | many fresh water springs. Here luncheon

ical college, and that the speaker was one of the professors bringing down the foot to explain its bones to the students. The rest of the body, no doubt, was left up stairs in the icebox.

F. P. PITZER.

THE BILLIONNAIRE. Nowadays a man's not rich

With a mean and paltry million, His palm must twitch with a mighty itch

For a cool and princely billion. she invited Cecil Murgatroyd to the wedding.

There was nothing mean about Angilena Stout, the belle of the Bad Lands. Who Was to Blame?

the trip to begin.

It was just one week before Jack Carting- 1 tables from all quarters. He interviewed ton's wedding day, and an important question was on his mind as he came in and put

his arm lovingly around his bride to be.

"Darling," he said seriously, "this is the | bundle and put it in the safe, all ready for

passenger agents and information men galore, and finally, true to his methodical mind, had his six weeks' route mapped out Jack was nothing if not businesslike and | in perfect detail. And then, after making methodical, and he determined that nothing a large hole in his bank account for railway should be left undone to mar their happiness. | tickets, he tied the whole mass up in a neat

And we settle by the fireside while the wall eager to peruse;

When the city fever becked us with list tificial glow.

Oh, the news is never startling, and the pictures are but few, And it's crowded with stock matter, and

the type is never new; But it brings an old-time feeling as we tan

its pages o'er, Reading here and there of neighbors, if we've often read before:-

"John Smith has gone to Meadowbrook To see his brother Bill." 'Ike Marvin's hired the Peckham place On top of Miller's hill." "Sam Barton's fixed his cider press. "Ben Holmes has bought a cow. "Hamp Culver's going to paint his bars." "It's time to hay it now. 'Doc. Sanders' boy has cut his foot." "The wells are getting dry." The price of eggs has dropped a cent, But butter still is high." 'A drummer came to town today." "Bill Brown has sold his mare. 'lce cream at Baker's corner store, It's cooling to be there."

Yes, we love the little paper, It's so bim And we tear the pasted wrapper we'te to ming full of news,

goes rushing on, And devote an hour to reading

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

The Belle of the Bad Lands.

Lands and she loved Cecll Courtney Mur- landsville, and Cecll Courtney Murgatroyd gatroyd with a powerful and passionate emo- was the star hoarder. He was a handsome tion that she could not have acquired in a | man of the world, cold, calculating and thousand years had not her father removed | smooth to slik slickness. from Boston to the untamed and flocculent West at a period in her childhood ere yet the as he could win at poker-playing the game Intense intellectuality of that center and cir- as he pinyed it, that is, without those concumference of mentality had touched her scientious scruples the absence of which budding affections with its killing frosts. makes poker playing profitable. Mr. Murga-Her father, whose ancestors had come over troyd did not work; there were others to in the codfish business, and finding Boston quite impossible' in any other, sought the wider West, and settled finally in that sec- say that all play and no work makes Jack tion known as the Bad Lands. Here he wa du'i boy, but Cec'l . Murgatroyd's name taught school, as every Bostonian can do when put to it, and in the course of twentyodd years he had accumulated four dollars and a half, with which he purchased a thousand acres of broad, far-stretching piain. Everybody who knew anything about real estate in that section, and most of them did to their sorrow, hastened to tell him he was a plumb idiot for wasting his money like that, but he insisted upon having the land to leave to his daughter when he should have crossed the dark river, and he would not listen to reason.

He could not win a woman's heart as easily

in the Buckwheatflour, having lost his estates ! work; be played; and the more the others | And his response to all her devotion worked the more he played; that was why Mr. M. was not compelled to work. They wasn't Jack. Neither was it Dennis, when he shuffled the cards. It was in the pursuit of her humble duties as serving maid that Angilens, the Belle of the Bad Lands, as she was always called, for she was far more beautiful and bellish than if she had not got out of Boston when she did, firstamet Cecll Murgatroyd. Her pretty face and graceful figure caught the roving fancy of the star boarder and he exerted all his arts to please her. There were many times when the coffee wasn't fit to wash the dishes in, and the steak was tougher than # Philadelphia politician's conscience, but he restrained his outraged feelings and would not speak disrespectfully of the table in the presence of Angliens. It was enough, he was wont to say to her, that her fair hands served him, for such service made ambrosis of hash and changed blue milk into nectar. She would blush at this and look away, and was it any wonder that this orphan girl, slone in the world, shou'd learn to love the man whose speech fell upon her as honeyed drops upon the open flower? It was not, and ere she was aware the ever watchful Cupid had shot an arrowthrough her tender heart. She would put

Anglenn-Stout was the Belle of the Bad | Ranche House, the Waldorf-Astoria of Bad- | break his eggs for him-when it was safe to serve them bolled; she sneaked the landlady's private cream for his coffee; she gave him a clean napkin every day, while the other boarders were in luck if they got one every other Wednesday; she waited on him, while others waited on her till they got hot in the collar, and in a hundred and seventy-five ways that only women have who

love she administered to his gastronomic comfort.

evening.

lation.

hit without the aid of a mathematical calcu-The petroleum puncher almost fell in a fit, so bitterly did he feel the disappointment of this discovery, but Cecil Murgatroyd

THE DESCENT IS MORE DIEPROULT THAN GENTING UP.

langhed. "It's a lead pipe cinch." he said to his accomplice in crime, and we'll save registration fees and other expenses. I'll marry the girl. She thinks I am the best thing that ever happened, and I'll marry her this very

'Are you sure you can get her?' 'asked the petroleum puncher, nervously anxious. "Am I sure?" retorted Murgstroyd. "Why, man. I have to take a dog along to drive her away. You read the society column of the paper tomorrow."

Laughing in the greatest glee, and with as much confidence in his success as if he held a royal flush, Cecll Murgatroyd attired himself in his pink tea clothes and went at once Christmes gift.

nearly in the center of it as could have been | or oll, which was practically the same thing, | and when, later, she married the petroleum puncher from Pennsylvania, who was an honest man, notwithstanding his politics,

"The savings of many years of arduous pedagogie labor," he said, in his not yet forgotton Bostonese, "shall be invested for her, and she shall be known as the Belle of the Bed Lands."

Her title cost but \$4.50, which is cheaper than American fathers can buy for their daughters nowadays, and the old man died happy. He well knew that wherever his fauure home might be, it would be an improvement on Badlandsville.

At the time of this chronicle Angliena Stoat was old enough to be earning her swn living, and she was doing it at \$3 per but specious flattery. He never even so much as took her to church Sunday night. He knew women so well that he felt assured It was not necessary for him to do a thing but accept her adoration and keep up the flattery supply.

But it is a long worm that has no turning. One day a petroleum puncher from Pennsylvania, while prospecting around the territory contiguous to Badlandsville, struck something that he was looking for, and at once hied Lin self to consult with Mr. Murgatroyd, who had money. What they talked about in detail is of no consequence, but that night they left town in a two-horse wagon, with two sons of toil and a lot of appropriate tools selected by the puncher, making no mention of their departure to any person. Arriving betimes on the spot dis? covered by the petroleum puncher they drove a well into the earth and opened a vein of oil that sent a three-inch stream clc_a o the derrick.

With no other thought than that the well was on government land hitherto supposed to be utterly worthless, they plugged up the hole and hastened away to pre-empt everything in the county that was not nailed down. They found thousands of acres on the records that nobody would have, but lo! when they come to that which their hearts week and found as the head waitress of the | flowers at Murgatroyd's plate; she would | of Angliena Stout, and their well was as

"Angelina," he said, after a hasty preliminary greeting, "I have long known your feelings for me, but I have concealed mine from you because there were conditions which made it best for me to remain silent. Now circumstances have changed, and I come to lay my heart and my hand at your feet and ask you to be my wife-my own little wifey, Angle," and he held out his arms to her pleadingly. "What have you to say to me, darling?'

To his utter dismay and discomfiture, she did not take a running jump and light on his coat collar. On the contrary.

"Mr. Murgatroyd," she said, with bitter, biting, caustle, acrid, trenchant, sarcastic, contumellus scorn, "you are quite right; circumstances have changed, and I am onto you." She smiled reguishly and added: "Oll is over between us. Cecie, and what I have to say to you is, 'Good-by and git!' '

The Belle of the Bad Lands had learned of his discovery, his duplicity and his desperate designs, and Cecil Courtney Murgatroyd went out of her presence without a single drop of grease to lubricate his pathway through life.

As for Angliena, she had money to burn,

last night we can be together before our wedding and I want to discuss our trip with you. Now, I have been thinking it over, and to have it out with Angilena and corral his I'm going to offer you your choice of two trips. You can go to California or Europe. What do you say?"

> For some time Mabel Merlin aid not speak. Finally she started up apologetically.

"Forgive me, dearest," she said. "When you spoke I was trying to think just what I | on our way to California?" would have on my wedding gown. These details don't interest you, of course, but they are important to me. What did you say?" "I said, dear," said Jack, "that you could go to either California or Europe for your wedding trip. I will give you your choice. Personally, I think I should prefer Califorpla. I have never seen it, and I think one ought to see one's own country first; but don't let this influence you."

Mabel looked absently out of the window. "Mother has some old point that would be fine," she said, "but we are all afraid it isn't long enough. In that case I shall have to use Valenciennes. After all, it might be better." "Yes, I think so, too," replied Jack, with considerable tact, "but, as I was saying"----His flancee smiled up at him sweetly.

"Of course," she said. "You were talking about the trip. Now, dear, do as you please about it. You know best, of course. I had aid to questionable proceedings in order to The next day Jack made arrangements for their California trip. He collected time

What he did or how he lived up to the too quickly gone. And we look across the distance from its ceremony he did not afterward know. It city to the town, was enough that the time finally passed, like And we sigh and brush a tear drop as a strange dream. lay the paper down; At last they sat in the carriage on their For we're carried back to school dars, 12 way to the station from the church to good old days of yore, When we read these simple items, arwith "Darling," Jack murmured, "can you realize that it is all over and that we are at last

His bride gave a startled cry. "California!" she almost screamed. "We are not going to California, are we?" "Certainly," said her husband. "Didn't I give you your choice, and didn't you"_ His better half of thirty minutes burst into tears.

"California!" she muttered. "Why. I hate California! I thought, of course, you must know I wanted to go to Europe."

Squaring: the Circle.

Once upon a time a man entered the circle of practical politics, with the firm determination to be a reformer and be perfectly square in all that he did, and began looking for a lucrative office. He soon found that to accomplish his purpose he had to make promises that he knew

he could never fuifil, and had to give his obtain requisite influence. Moral:-You can not square the political circle.

often read Before:-"The band will meet on Friday night." "Dick Wade is out again." "Lem Wallace's sold his sorrel horse And team to Enoch Lane. Will Miner's passing round cigars-A bouncing boy, they say. "Dot Clarke has got the chicken por." "The schools all close today." "Sim Haines is going to build an eil." "Church festival tonight." "The summer boarders have arrived, The town is lively quite." "A parcel lost on Miller's hill Finder please leave it here. "Subscribe for 'The Weekly Gazette One dollar for the year." JOL CONK

Nemesis.

"It's strange about Hymes. He married to get away from a boarding-house. "And what of that?" "Well, now his wife has to run out order to keep the family."