

Poetry.

HER PERFECT LOVER.

"I had a lover once," she sighed—
"Yes, just before I married you—
Who listened when I spoke and tried
To answer all my questions, too."
"So courteous and so kind—so good!
He'd never think a man could be
As thoughtful, and indeed as true,
As you too often are to me."
"The jewel of my life once won,
He used to swear, could never grow dim;
He would not dream that any one
Could whistle when I spoke to him!"
"If he had faults he kept them hid,
I should have married him? Yes—true
And that's exactly what I did,
My perfect lover, sir, was—*you!*"
—Maddie S. Bridges, in Judge.

HOUSEHOLD.

BROILED TRIPE.

Select the honey comb tripe, and cook it in boiling salted water half an hour. Drain quite dry. Spread the honey comb side with soft butter, and cover with a thin coating of cracker dust. Broil over a moderate fire until of a delicate brown color. Spread with butter, salt, lemon juice and pepper.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

One quart of lukewarm water, one-half cupful of wet yeast, one cupful of flour. To this add enough buckwheat flour to make a thin batter. Let them stand over night to raise, and in the morning dissolve one-half a teaspoonful of soda in one-half a cupful of lukewarm water, and stir this into the batter, then cook quick.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Peel and slice four large oranges, lay in your dish, sprinkle over them one cup of sugar, three eggs, yolks only beaten, one-half cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one quart of boiling milk. Let this boil and thicken. Then let it cool a little before pouring over the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs, and pour over it. Set in the oven to brown.

COCONUT CUSTARD PUDDING.

One cup desiccated coconut, one quart milk, one-half cup sugar, one pint soft bread crumbs, three eggs, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon nutmeg, one tablespoon butter. Soak the coconut and bread in the milk for half an hour. Beat the eggs (yolks), add the sugar and spices, stir into the milk, and bake in a moderate oven about an hour. Beat the whites of eggs, and add one-half cup sugar, and one teaspoon lemon juice. Cover and brown slightly.

INDIAN POUND CAKE.

Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, nine ounces of Indian meal, a quarter of a pound of wheat flour, half a pound of butter, one nutmeg grated, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, eight eggs, four tablespoonfuls of brandy. Mix the wheat and Indian meal together. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs light and add to it, then the flour; add the spices and liquor; beat it well. Line your pan with paper well buttered and pour in the mixture, or bake it in an earthen mold in a moderate oven. Rosewater may be substituted for the brandy.

SPANISH BUNS.

One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rose water, four eggs, one gill of yeast, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, half a pint of milk. Cut up the butter and rub it well with the flour, add the sugar, beat the eggs very light, and stir in lastly the spices and rose water, with milk enough to form a very thick batter, then add the yeast. The next morning stir it again and let it rise the second time. Butter your pans and fill them three parts full. When they are done and cold sift sugar over, and with a sharp knife cut them in squares.

A GIRL WHO COULD SHOOT.

"In my recent trip to New Mexico in the interests of the Omaha Stock Exchange, I witnessed an act of heroism that I shall never forget," said Mr. W. F. Skinner.

The central figure was a beautiful and refined young lady, the daughter of a banker, who owns extensive cattle ranches in Northern New Mexico. During the vacations she had passed on the ranch she had acquired a wonderful proficiency with the rifle, and could shoot with the accuracy of an old ranchman.

"One day we were startled by seeing a cinnamon bear, and a large one at that, near the edge of a gully but a short distance from the house. Both father and daughter searched for their rifles and made for the ravine. The wild beast was on the opposite side and unable to get at us. The banker in his excitement got too close to the edge of the ravine and tumbled in, falling a distance of twelve or fifteen feet. He lay stunned by the force of the fall, and we feared he had been seriously hurt.

"In another second down tumbled bruin into the gully, whether intentionally or accidentally I don't know. But the awful danger of my host immediately flashed upon me. He was

too much stunned to help himself, and the savage beast, infuriated by the pain of his fall, rushed towards the prostrate man. I was frozen with horror. In a twinkling I heard the report of a rifle at my side, saw a puff of smoke and the bear dropped dead almost on the helpless form of the banker. I turned and saw my fair companion just dropping her rifle from her shoulder. Her face was pale, but her eyes lit up with a look of mingled joy and triumph. She had saved her father from a terrible death by her presence of mind and unerring aim."

MAKING BABY GOOD.

Bertie, Tom, and baby were playing together—not in the pleasantest way, though, for baby could not always understand when his turn came and when it didn't, or why it could not be his turn all the time. So he took turns when he ought not to, and became cross when anyone tried to prevent him.

Bert was not the most patient boy in the world; and boy like, he began to think baby a little tyrant, which he was, without meaning to be, and to rebel against frequent interference.

"Mamma," shouted he, "come make baby play fair." And then, when his mamma arrived on the scene, he added more thoughtfully, "I don't see why God couldn't have made a good baby instead of a cross one."

Mamma looked amused rather than shocked. Indeed, it was Master Bert who looked quite shocked when she quietly replied:

"Judging from your work ever since you began to make him, baby would not be much improved if you had made him just to your liking."

"Me make baby?" and Bert looked very much mystified.

"Yes, you have been helping to make him ever since God gave him to us. God only made him a baby. It is you and Tom who, more than anyone else, make him either a good or bad baby. Look at him now."

As directed, Bert, who was standing with his hands behind his back, wondering what his mother meant, cast his eyes upon his little brother, and saw him standing in exactly the same position, his hands behind him, trying to look as much like him as possible.

"Push your hat on one side of your head," said mamma.

Bert did so, and baby immediately did the same with his hat.

"Whistle a little," suggested mamma. In an instant, as soon as he heard the sound, baby, too, was puckering his little lips, doing all he could toward producing a whistle.

This irritated Bert, who turned and said, "Stop mocking me!" and gave baby a push. The reply was a scream of remonstrance, and an angry push from baby.

"See, you are making him still after your own pattern. He is just a small copy of yourself. Now try making him another way. Put your arms around his neck and kiss him."

Bert obeyed, though rather unwilling; and baby's face at once cleared, and Bert got a loving hug and kiss from him.

"I told you he wouldn't be cross if you were not," said Tom, who had been an interesting listener.

"He will be just what you boys make him. He is only acting now by imitating him."

"Well, Tom," said Bert, "lets not make any more cross into baby." And Tom agreed.—*Morning Guide.*

MOUND BUILDER RELICS.

Remarkable Specimens of Early American Art Found in Ohio.

Hundreds of people have come to see the mound builder relics uncovered by Warren N. Moorhead on Monday. Of the five skeletons lying side by side, two were covered with a sheet of copper 6x8 feet. A large copper axe weighing forty-one pounds was found. In size and value it exceeds any single specimen ever found in the United States. There are traces of gold in it. The cutting edge is seven inches broad and very sharp. How it could have been fastened in a handle and used is a mystery. All the smaller copper axes are such as have been found before.

Thirty copper plates with mound builders' cloth on them overlapped the axes. The average size of the plates was 10x6 inches. A great copper eagle 20 inches in diameter, with wings outspread, beak open, and tail and wing feathers neatly stamped upon the copper surface, covered the knees of the skeletons. This is one of the most artistic designs ever found in copper.

Remains of a copper stool about a foot in length and several inches in height lay near the head of one of the skeletons. The stool was made out of wood, and had been covered with sheet copper. Flint implements, bear tusks, sea shells, and trinkets were also found.

THE ACME OF SACRIFICE.

How a Brave Man Shot Himself to Save the Lives of His Comrades.

Is a man ever justified in taking his own life? Ask that question, says a Helena (Mont.) correspondent, of the few brave men who are left of the little band that went out upon the tragic Yellowstone expedition of 1863, and then ask them if blood was ever more nobly shed than when Henry T. Geery placed a pistol to his temple and sent his own soul into eternity that he might buy a chance of safety for his comrades and friends.

It was a scene that no man who fittingly describe, that no man who witnessed it can forget. Fifteen brave and well armed men had started out from Bannack City in the early days of April to search for gold, and near the middle of May, with their numbers sadly reduced by death from the arrows and bullets of Indian braves, they had only one thought—to fight their way back to civilization or die, as befitted the high code of chivalry recognized by the pioneers of the west. They might have made a dash for it and cut their way out by very boldness, but to have done that would have been to abandon Henry Bell, who was fearfully wounded, but for whom there yet remained a hope. So he was placed upon a horse and the little cavalcade moved upon its forlorn way. The Indians were all around them, waiting for a chance to rush in and give the finishing blow with the least possible danger to themselves.

They had moved twenty miles since daybreak, slowly picking their way over the snow upon the mountains. At four in the afternoon, weary and cold, they halted to give Bell needed rest and prepare supper. Pickets were thrown out and the other men had begun to unpack, when one named York gave the alarm that Indians were approaching. Each man sprang for his rifle, when suddenly a shot was heard in their very midst. A glance at Geery told the story. With deadly pallor upon his face, but with head erect, he stood leaning upon his gun. He said: "Boys, I have foolishly ended my life." In his haste he had grasped his rifle by the muzzle, the hammer had caught in a blanket and had been drawn back, and the ball had struck him in the breast, shattering his shoulder and making a mortal wound.

His comrades helped him to a sitting posture. He then calmly opened his shirt and, pointing to the wound, told them that he could have only a few hours to live. "But that is too long for you to remain here," he added. "The sun is going down, and the Indians will be upon you. It would be impossible to defend yourselves in this place." Then he turned his brave eyes to Capt. Stuart and said: "Jim, tell the boys I'm fatally wounded."

His comrades saw what was on his mind and begged him to take no thoughts of them, except to make him as comfortable as they might during his final hours. But all the answer he made was to reach for his pistol, hold it firmly in his hand, and give them warning that any endeavor to take it from him would only hasten the inevitable end.

No one made the attempt, but with tears in their eyes and forgetting the dangers hedging them in, his comrades attempted to reason with him, and to persuade him that with help he might pull through, as Bell was already doing. But he knew as well as they that the end was a matter of a few hours at the most. Turning again to Stuart he urged him to tell the boys how desperate was his case, and "Capt. Jim," with tears in his eyes and a choking voice, could only say: "Never mind, Geery, we will stand by you; all the Indians in the world couldn't drive us away."

The decision of this plain frontiersman was made, and nobody could shake his heroic resolve. "I know you would all stand by me," he said, "and die for me. And remember that I am not committing suicide. It is only for a short time, in any case. I am only shortening my life by a few hours to prevent you losing yours. God knows I don't want to die; I fear death, but I have a hope beyond it."

He held the muzzle of the weapon to his breast.

"Remember where I am buried—this gorge in the mountains. Describe it to my friends if you live to reach them. God bless you all! I must die, and in time for you to bury me and escape before dark."

He was about to pull the trigger when the voice of Stuart came from the group of palefaced men, who could have calmly faced anything but this: "For God's sake, Geery, don't; but, if you must, don't shoot yourself there. It will only prolong your agony. Place your pistol to your temple."

The change was made. "God bless you all and take you safely out of this."

The men turned and walked away; none of them could face the final scene. The finger came down upon the trigger, the cap exploded, but there was no shot. Sam T. Hauser, afterward governor of Montana, stepped forward and said: "Geery, for God's sake, desist; this is a warning." To this he merely made answer: "I don't know what to think of it; it never snapped before." Again cocking the weapon he engaged a moment in silent prayer, again pressed his finger, and the deed was done.

The men gathered around his dead body. Tears were within the eyes of all, and some could not speak for the sobs that shook them. "Waiting some half an hour," says Gov. Hauser, "after he had drawn his last breath we buried him as he desired, in his soldier overcoat. We had scarcely finished his burial when the pickets announced that the Indians were within gunshot, yet there was no firing. After our last sad duty was finished 'Jim' directed us to pile limbs and brush on the grave and burn them so as to conceal it from the Indians and prevent them from digging poor Geery up for his scalp and clothes. We then gathered our things together as best we could and packing up moved on in a single file out of the gorge, camping or rather hiding in the sage-brush some miles away."

The sacrifice was not made in vain. The little party made its way back to Bannock City without further loss of life.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE STORY OF A FORTUNE.

How a Philadelphian of a Past Generation Became a Rich Man.

A few weeks since a gentleman named Hastings died in New York, says the Philadelphia Times. He had for years lived the life of a recluse, although known to be wealthy. His fortune came from his uncle, Lewis W. Clark, who was at one time a note broker in this city. About 1830 he had an office in Front, near Dock, but was not very successful, being extremely proud and unsocial. It was about this time that he inherited from his Uncle Egmond of Halifax, a large sum of money and retired from active business. The circumstances connected with his inheritance were both curious and startling.

Sable Island, ninety miles east of Nova Scotia, has for centuries been a terror to the mariner. Hundreds of ships have been wrecked here and lives lost. Sixty years ago the dangers were enhanced by a band of wreckers, who were, in fact, pirates and had no scruples about killing the unfortunates who reached shore, if necessary to make robbery effectual.

The plunder was sent to Boston and Halifax to be disposed of. Egmond Clark, was, and had been for years, the agent and counselor of this confederacy of ruffians, furnished them supplies, and made a large fortune out of their booty.

In 1849 the wife and daughter of a Boston merchant named Raburn emigrated to their native land. It was supposed that the ship was driven north of their course and struck on the deadly reefs of Sable Island. There was no report of her on the coast and all on board must have perished.

It was a terrible blow to the husband and father, and he searched in vain for some intelligence of the ultimate fate of the ship until a year afterward, looking in the window of a Boston jewelry store, he saw a locket set with turquoises with the motto in French, "Toujours et toujours, that he at once recognized as having been worn by his wife.

He enticed the place, examined the locket and found, as he expected, his name engraved on the back. The store keeper was not very communicative until threatened, when he told all he knew. The jewel had been purchased from a Canadian who came to Boston frequently to sell such goods. He was at once looked up and arrested. He gave Mr. Clark, of Halifax, as his principal. Mr. Raburn saw Clark, who was insolent and indifferent in the matter, and this so enraged the Bostonian that he handled the ruffian so severely as to cause his death not long after.

His brother Lewis was an upright gentleman and deeply shocked at the exposure. The estate was left unsettled until after Lewis' death in Bermuda in 1846, when it had become very valuable by the growth of the real estate, of which it largely consisted, and about 1850 it came by inheritance to Mr. Hastings, the only surviving relative of W. Lewis Clark. Mr. Hastings never married, and his wealth will go to distant relatives in the North of Ireland.

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A FINE BATTLE PICTURE.

Description of a French Cavalry Regiment About to Charge.

Suddenly, shrill and clear, the bugle sounded the garde a vous, and a tremor shook the two regiments. The swearing and grumbling ceased, and a dead silence seemed to fall on the ranks. The men swung themselves into the saddle, reined their horses into line and waited. A few officers galloped along the front, an order passed down the line, and the mounted, iron breasted mass moved forward out of the shadow into the sun. As of their own accord, the squadrons deployed and again waited. A staff officer rode down the front and waved his kepi.

"Boys!" he cried, "the country needs you. You are going to charge. Ahead of you are ten thousand bayonets, glory, and death. Behind you, our shattered right wing. You must save them, cost what it may. Good by, boys! Go it as your fathers did at Waterloo!"

A voice answered from the ranks: "All right, general! We haven't forgotten how the old fellows charged." The next moment the hoarse cry of Vive la France! rang from one thousand two hundred throats.

And then again there was a pause. Several horsemen wheeled into place in their respective positions. A half intelligible order rippled through the ranks. The bugle sounded. The lines oscillated, and instinctively the squadrons chose their ground. The front moved ahead, and the long diagonal shrank into column. Then again they halted for a moment, and the first bullets, fired from too great a distance to do any harm, rang against the steel cuirasses with a dull, swinging, melancholy sound.

Saint Brissac reached over and shook Sargent's hand—and they were off. Twelve hundred swords flashed from their scabbards and cast a bar sinister of shadow across the golden shield of the burnished cuirasses; and the long horselets streamed out behind the star of light that sat upon each man's helmet.

DILTZ'S REWARD.

He Reforms to Please His Wife and Gets Biscuits.

Polhemus Diltz set his lips firmly together, buttoned his coat about him, and started for home.

"It was as much my fault as hers," he muttered, "that when I went home the other day with the idea of courting my wife didn't seem to succeed. I ought to have known better than to bother her when she was picking the pin feathers off an old hen and Bridget was taking an afternoon off. I won't make a blunder like that again."

About half an hour afterward Mr. Diltz entered the family mansion. He found Mrs. Diltz in the sitting-room. Merely remarking that it was a chilly day he threw a package carelessly into the fire that burned brightly in the grate.

"What is that, Polhemus?" inquired Mrs. Diltz, somewhat sharply.

"Nothing but my pipe and cigar-case," he replied, with a yawn. "I've sworn off from smoking."

Mrs. Diltz looked pleased, but said nothing.

"It will save me at least \$100 a year, Mary Jane," observed Polhemus, with another yawn, as he walked aimlessly about the room with his hands in his pockets, "and the habit's a nuisance anyhow."

"It certainly is," assented Mrs. Diltz. "I'm glad you've quit—if you'll only stay quit."

Mr. Diltz continued his aimless walk about the room. Presently he brought up in front of a small closet that he had been in the habit of hanging his smoking cap and smoking jacket in. He opened it, took those garments out and inspected them.

"While I am about it," he said, "I'll make a clean job of it. I'll hang these things in the woodshed and the next tramp that comes along can have them. You can use this closet for anything you like. Seems to me," continued Mr. Diltz, resuming his nonchalant walk about the room, and extending his stroll into the adjoining room, "we don't have more than about half enough closets in this house. If I were building a house for human beings to live in I'd put in fifty of 'em. Now, here's a place under this stairway where I could have a good large closet made. I suppose you'd object to it, though."

"No, I wouldn't," responded Mrs. Diltz, warmly. "It would just suit me, Polhemus."

"Well, I'll have it done." And Polhemus kept on yawning and strolling leisurely through the rooms.

"There are half a dozen other places," ventured his wife, somewhat timidly, where I should like to have closets built or shelves put up, while you are about it."

"All right. You can have all you want."

Mrs. Diltz went behind a door and

hugged herself. Mr. Diltz continued to walk about unconcernedly.

"What—what will you like for dinner this evening, Polhemus?"

"Anything, Mary Jane—anything. I don't know but I'd like some hot biscuits, only—"

"Only what?"

"Bridget doesn't know how to make good biscuits."

"Why, Polhemus! Do you like my biscuits better than Bridget's?"

"I never eat anybody's biscuits but yours, if I can help it."

"O, Polhemus!"

Mrs. Diltz came nearer to her husband. For the first time in eleven years she threw her arms about his neck and—but nobody has any business to be intruding here. Please retire.

"It isn't such a thundering hard job, even for a married rhinoceros of eleven years' standing, to court his wife if he only knows how to go at it right," said Mr. Diltz to himself as he went about the house the same evening at a late hour locking up things for the night.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOLY STONES.

An Odd Superstition That Still Exists in Parts of the World.

According to the legend, Vishnu the Preserver, when pursued by the Destroyer, was changed by Maya into the stone, through the hole of which the Destroyer as a worm wound his way, says the Popular Science Monthly. The Italian salagrana is a stalagmite, which is believed by the people, on account of its resemblance to the little mounds thrown up by earthworms, to be a such a mound petrified. They carry it in a red bag, along with certain magical herbs, and pronounce over it an incantation to the effect that the irregularities and cavities in it have the property of bewildering the evil and depriving it of its power. The author was informed by believers in such things that any thing like grains, irregular and confused surfaces, interlaced serpents or intricate works, blunted the evil eye. Interlaced cords are sold in Florence as charms. Even the convolvulus is grown in gardens against the evil eye.

In the Norse mythology, Odin, as a worm bored his head through a stone in order to get at "the mead of poetry." Hence all stones with holes in them are known as Odin stones, also as "holy stones," and are much used at the North as amulets. Hung at the head of the bed, they are supposed to drive away nightmare. Possibly there is a connection with the salagrana here. So interlacing in decoration may be originally designed to avert the evil eye and bad luck. A recent traveler in Persia was told that the patterns on carpets in that country were made intricate so that the evil eye might be bewildered.

A LOVE LETTER.

In Some Cases They Make Model Prescriptions, but This Didn't.

If you find United States Commissioner Shields in a good humor he may tell you how he wrote his first love letter and what became of it. The story usually follows a remark about the commissioner's handwriting, which is as bad as can well be imagined, says the New York Times.

"Can you read your writing?" is often asked of the commissioner, and the answer always is that it is the easiest thing in the world to read. But Mr. Shields does not mean that at all, for he knows as well as anyone that there are not two persons out of fifteen that can read it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Shields is somewhat proud of his list, and the fact that the long hand notes that he takes of cases that come before him are as safe from becoming known to the person who may look over his shoulder as if they were written in short hand.

To get back to the love letter, it is perhaps well to say that the commissioner is the only one who vouches for its truth, but he tells it as if it had actually happened.

"It was the first girl I was ever in love with," he says, reflectively, and then he looks at the page of spider tracks before him so long that his listener begins to think that he isn't to hear the rest of the tale. But the commissioner pulls himself together after a minute and says: "What was it I was saying? Oh, yes, that letter. Well, as I said, she was the first girl I ever cared anything about and I wrote her a letter. You see, her mother had been very sick and they had some big doctor in to see her. He had gone away, saying that he would send a prescription around the next day to take the place of the one he had left."

"The next day came and so did the prescription—at least they supposed it was the prescription, and they sent it around to the drug store to be filled. It was not filled, however, for it was no prescription. It was my letter, my first love letter, and you can imagine my feelings when I learned about it. Think of it! Sending a love letter to be made up as a prescription. That was what caused me to pay the attention to my handwriting that has made me such a model penman."

"And did that end your love making to that particular girl?" is asked. But the commissioner makes no reply. He is busy again looking at his notes that cannot be read.