

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

True to Her Husband, But Faithful Also to Her Heart's First Love.

"I don't remember any thing," said the old doctor, "so hard on a man as I once had to witness. The young wife of a hard old man was dying. She was as pretty a girl as any one ever saw; how she ever came to marry the old fellow I could only guess. I suppose it was money; at all events her family had forced her into the marriage. She had been ill for a long time, and I could see that she had some heavy sorrow at her heart. At last I was summoned, and when I looked at her I saw it would be my last visit. It did seem hard to think that this young girl should die."

"Doctor," she said, "tell me the truth."

"My dear child," I said as cheerfully as I could—when she held her hand up.

"Tell me the truth," she said. "I read it in your face when you looked at me. Tell me, I'm not afraid to die. I would rather—but if I can have only an hour to live—"

"O, yes, certainly—more than that."

"Doctor," she said. "will you give me a sheet of paper?"

"My dear, you are too weak to write; let me—"

"No, no, I must. I promised and I will keep my word."

She took the pencil, and, with a struggle, wrote a few words.

"Send that to Jack, now, at once."

"Jack who?" I asked.

She gave me the name. As I folded it I read:

Jack: Come! AMY

I put it in an envelope. I wrote the name and address, and sent a messenger with instructions to tell Jack to lose no time. We waited. She lay patiently for a few minutes, and then she turned and asked:

"Has he come yet?"

"No," I said.

"He said he would, he said he would whenever I should send him that message."

"He will come," I said.

"I know he will—I know he will."

She turned away again and lay perfectly quiet. There was a step. She started, looked toward the door, and saw her husband. She gave no smile, no look of pleasure. He came up to the bedside.

"How do you feel now, my darling?" the husband asked.

"I am dying," she said, calmly.

After a moment's pause she held out her thin hand to him.

"I have been a true wife to you, have I not?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, my poor little darling."

"Doctor, you hear him, do you not?"

She turned away again and the silence was painful. There was another, a rapid step along the corridor. The door opened and a tall, good-looking young fellow of about thirty years' came in. Her face seemed to be transfigured. I never saw such a smile on any human face before. It was of Heaven.

"Jack," she said, and half raised herself from the pillow. He took her in his arms and held her up.

"My Jack! my love!" she said, and she took his brown face between her white hands and she fondled it with the tenderest caress.

"I know you would come. And I am so glad to go—now. I have loved you all these years. My true Jack!"

I turned away, for their lips met. I did not need to, for I could not see any thing.

My eyes were full. The old man sat with his face buried in his hands.

"Husband," she said. He looked up and she held out her hand. "I have been a true wife to you, but this is my love. Good-bye, husband." She tore away her hand and the old man's head fell once again.

"I am dying, my Jack!" she said. "Hold me close—close—love. I would rather die in your arms than live in any other!"

They held one another for a minute. The silence, the situation, was agony. Then her arms loosened from his neck, a faint whisper came from her lips.

"Come—to—me—soon—dearest."

It seemed as if the spirit fled in the sibilant sound. Her Jack laid her gently down—dead. I took him by the arm and led him out, and as we passed the old man, seated in the chair by the bedside, quivered, with his face buried in his hands.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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DUEL BETWEEN COWS.

A Series of Battles Which Ended in the Death of One of the Bovines.

Two families living side by side in a country village had each a cow. The cows grazed in different pastures, but often came together in the highway when going to and from pasture. They were on good terms, for they had been acquainted several years.

One of the cows was sold, and a new one, a younger cow, came to take her place. When the young cow and the old cow of the other family met for the first time, the younger attacked the older. They locked horns several times, each trying to drive the other, but they

were so evenly matched that no advantage was made by either.

As the fighters became more enraged, and as the younger cow had no baying on her horns, they were driven apart, fearing that injury to one or both might result. The owners of the cows regretted that the cows could not "fight it out," for until one did conquer, the battle would be resumed at every opportunity.

Several battles followed, always with the same result—they must be separated, for they became more furious at every onslaught. This state of things was inconvenient. The owners were not farmers, were away during the day, and must depend on the children to drive to pasture and drive home, and there was no way to either pasture except through the highway. The cows were driven in and out at different times, but when they came to the place of battle, they lingered, threw up the earth, and the children had difficulty in driving them farther.

The owners had nearly reached the conclusion that there must be a change of cows before peace was restored, when "the duel" occurred and settled the matter. By a misunderstanding on the part of the driver one day, the cows came together at the usual place.

As they had not seen each other for several weeks, and lingered less at the former place of meeting, their enmity might have diminished. At all events they were not "on guard" so much as they had been, and owing to this fact, and to intervening roadside trees and bushes, they did not see each other till they were less than fifty yards apart.

Evidently they saw each other at nearly the same moment, for both started into a run, which increased as they went on, and, heads down they came together, head to head with a crash, a report that was heard in both houses. The older cow fell, and did not move again. She was dead—knocked in the head as with a butcher's axe. The other was uninjured.—Geo. A. Stockwell, in Country Gentleman.

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