

**PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT**

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Notices of Marriages or Deaths not to exceed ten lines will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged 50 cents per line.

Payments for transient advertisements must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end of each month.

Communications containing news of sufficient public interest are solicited. No communication not expected to be published that contains objectionable personalities, or withholds the name of the author. Articles longer than half column must be paid for.

Any person feeling aggrieved at any anonymous communication can obtain the name of the author by application at this office and showing where the grievance exists.

**THE JOURNAL**

E. E. HARPER, - Proprietor.  
C. T. HANCOCK, - Local Reporter.

**A SUMMER SONG.**

Oh, whether, sweet one, art thou de-  
My heart of May?  
In vain pursuing I am led  
A weary way.  
The brook is dry, its silver throat  
Runs song no more;  
And not a linnet lifts a note  
Along the shore.  
Will thou return?—I ask the night,  
I ask the morn;  
The doubt that wounds the old delight  
Is like a thorn.  
Oh, come! I lean my eager ear  
For laughter's ring;  
Bring back the love-light cool and clear—  
Bring back my Spring!  
—Clinton Scottard, in the Century.

**How She Wore His Ring.**

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"What is the matter with you, Frank?"  
said I. "I never saw you look so sulky before."  
"Sulky?" Frank repeated, "I'm in trouble, and you have no sympathy for me. So much for friendship."  
"Good heavens, Frank!" I cried, diving into my pocket and producing a well-filled pocket-book. "I had no idea—tell me how much you'll have. If there's not enough here I'll draw a check. The idea of keeping it from me, when you know that if I had only a dollar in the world I'd share it with the friend who saved my life—and an ungrateful wretch I'd be, too, not to do it."  
"Oh, put up your pocket-book, Jack," said Frank. "Can't you think of any other trouble in life but want of money? Your ancestors have rolled in gold so long that I suppose you think the rest of us beggars. There, I know you're a kind-hearted fellow and my friend, but I'm not in a crush," he laughed.

But in a minute more his face was as gloomy as ever.

"Tell me what it is?" I said.

We were sitting on the bank of the river fishing. Frank had come out to our place to visit me. We had been at school together, and just as we were about to graduate, Frank saved my life.

"I shan't tell you how, that would be another story, and I want to talk about this affair just now, but he saved my life at the risk of his own; was laid up for six months, and always limped a little afterward, and I loved eternal gratitude, so did my parents. We all adored him, and we had been very intimate ever since."

He was twenty-five by this time, and an artist. I was twenty-four, and as Frank often said, "disgustingly rich."

He was usually the merriest fellow alive. I don't want to convey the idea that Frank was a sickly cripple. He was a very muscled handsome young man, and his little limp only made him what the ladies call interesting.

It was quite in his favor with them, and I noticed that when he was intent on making a conquest, he limped more than usual. But as gracefully as possible, you may be sure.

He made a great many conquests. For my part, my weakness was not the tender passion, and I rather laughed at his affairs of the heart.

"I suppose it is a girl," I said, after a pause. He looked up at me with his long-lashed, gray eyes, for I sat on a rock some distance above him.

"Jack, I don't believe you have ever been in love, or ever will be," he said.

"Oh, I like the girls well enough," I said, "and no doubt when I am older I shall marry; but I don't think there's any of the 'Amaná Rosamunda' style of the world would be a desert maid without thee sort of thing about me."

"I don't believe it is," said he, in a tone that did not make the remark sound like a compliment. "But Jack, that sort of thing, laugh at it as you may, is solid fact after all, and hearts can break, and lives be shattered, and fellows go to the dogs because a woman—"

He broke down.

My arm was around his shoulder in a moment.

"Why, Jack, old fellow, all the women like you," I said. "You're sure to get her if you try hard enough. They're often like that, I'm told—coquette with a fellow till the last moment."  
"Oh, she didn't," said Frank. "She accepted me at once—yes, at once. It was love at first sight with us. I met her at a dinner. I took her and her mother, or maiden aunt, or somebody in a cap and eye-glasses, to the opera. I met her by accident, and walked with her. I asked her if she could love me, and she said, 'Oh, yes.' We were engaged. I almost ruined myself to buy a cluster diamond ring, and we had the happiest winter that ever mortals lived through. Our wedding-day was fixed for October. Her father promised over a thousand miles up the Brahmaputra River in search of a single rare specimen, and its discovery paid him well for his time and trouble."

THE files of the United States Corporation Bureau make the following exhibit of new corporations incorporated in the United States during the month of March: Mercantile and manufacturing companies, 677, \$116,785,520; gold and silver and other mining and smelting companies, 105, \$95,032,000; coal and iron companies, 37, \$8,807,550; banks and investment companies, 42, \$6,376,000; municipal light, heat, power, and transportation companies, 106, \$36,059,500; building and loan associations, 85, \$213,156,099; miscellaneous, 393, \$75,403,983; total number of corporations, 1,563; total capitalization, \$541,020,753.

SOME peculiar customs of Korak, in the peninsula of Kamtschatka, are reported by the noted Russian explorer, Mr. George Kennan. There, the young man who would marry has to work two or three years for his prospective father-in-law, and then win his bride by catching her in a chase through the tents, in which the girl is supposed to be fleeing from him, assisted in her flight by other women, who at the same time hinder her pursuer and beat him unmercifully with their sticks. Another queer custom is that of putting to death their sick and old, but Mr. Kennan found that those advancing in years look forward to this end with as much complacency as we do to a natural death.

THE vigilantes out in Arizona hung a man the other day because he was a confirmed liar. Good grangers! If it gets to be the rule to hang liars, none of us—that is to say, there are a great many men who will be in danger.

"I don't believe any other fellow living would do so much for a friend; I don't indeed. And, Jack, look here, I shall be down in Mexico soon, you know. Write to me, but don't mention my unless you should perform a miracle. Tuon—then—oh, good heavens! telegraph to me; send me those words. 'She wears it, and I'll fly through fire and water, or blood, to her side!'"

"Wears what, Jack?" I asked.

"Oh," said he, "I felt as though you could read my thoughts. This ring; take it with you. If she ever says, 'I forgive him,' say, 'then put this ring on again.' And when she does—"

"All right," said I.

And he kissed the diamond, and put it in a little box and transferred it to me.

"And now her name and address?"

"You don't even know what?" he cried.

I did not tell him that he was desperately in love with another girl when we last met. He was in real trouble and I did not think it right to joke with him, and he wrote the lady's name: "Jeanette Donald," and the hotel where her people were stopping on a card, and said again:

"No use, Jack, no use; she said she would never trust me again. Sue me at it."

A week from that time I was in Washington, and Frank on his way to Mexico, and I had called on Mr. Donald on a business matter, connected by my father to help me out.

Dear old dad was as deeply in terested as I, and I had this been regularly introduced to Miss Jeanette.

She was a beautiful blonde, with golden hair and violet eyes, and the sweetest smile, and a little, passive way that made me fancy that she regretted Jack.

But I was very artful. I laughed and danced with her, and walked with her, and talked with her, and made her acquaintance very thoroughly before I ever mentioned Frank. At last one day I said:

"You know Frank Ludwig, do you not, Miss Donald? I've heard him speak of you."

"I was once slightly acquainted with Mr. Ludwig," she replied.

Her tone prevented me from saying any more just then; but as time went on, I was more and more determined to do what I had promised.

The old senator had been in the field when I arrived, and I had been obliged to—well, to appear to be very much in love myself, in order to give him away, and he had said some very bitter things about "young puppets" before he vanished.

But now he was paying his addresses to a young widow, who appeared on public occasions dressed principally in lilies, and leaning on his arm in the tenderest fashion.

In fact I looked her up for Frank's sake to keep her away from Miss Donald, and to make her like me, and feel that I was a friend, and I had just got myself firmly into her good graces, when with a horror which I have no words to express, I suddenly discovered that I had fallen in love with her myself.

Yes—in love, and in what I had once laughed at as the "Amaná Rosamunda style." It was not a joke, but a serious truth that I felt that "the world would be a desert void" without Jeanette Donald. You see it was the first time I had been so much alone with a beautiful girl, and she had been so sweet to me, and she was the realization of my ideal of womanly beauty, with her golden hair and heavenly eyes, and a thousand other things. However, I was not a false rake. All that made no difference, I had come to Washington to work for Frank, and I would do my best for him. Consequently I was of my own feelings, I dare I delay no longer, and that very evening I took my way to Mr. Donald's house, determined to plead for Frank as though he were myself. She was alone at the piano, playing softly when I entered their private parlor.

She held out her hand to me. I took it, and I could not help holding it a little longer than I ought.

"Miss Jeanette," I said, "I have a confession to make. My acquaintance with you seemed to come about almost accidentally; but the truth is, that I came from New York on purpose to know you."

"Is it possible?" said she, blushing like a rose.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Donald," I said, "I asked you once if you knew my friend, Frank Ludwig. He who used to talk so much about you. Oh, Miss Donald, you are so sweet, so fair, you look so gentle. How can you not be cruel?"

"I cried! I do not know what you mean, Mr. Leslie," Jeanette cried.

"When a woman has won a man's heart, it is right to cast him away—to 'dash him to despair,'" I said. "My purpose in seeking you out was, from the first, to ask you to put this ring on your finger."

I was about to say "once more," when a hearty slap upon my shoulder startled me.

"Come, come," said Mr. Donald—he was a man with a loud voice and a Scotch accent—"come, come! You've been very sly, young folk, but I was the same myself in my time, and I'm not sure I'll object."

"We've not been sly, papa," said Jeanette. "Jack has never said a word to me before."

"Put it on, lad," said the old gentleman; "put it on her finger, and my blessing on you both."

"What could I do? I put the ring on Jeanette's finger."

Nothing else was possible. The old gentleman left us together, her head sunk on my shoulder. I have often wondered since what she thought of me, for I never uttered another word the whole evening.

As soon as I decently could I got away. I adored her; I knew that I should be miserable without her, but I could not play the part of a rascal.

Having stolen Frank's diamond ring and given it away might have been rather bad, from a detective's point of view, but I did not think of that. It would seem to him that I had been false, cowardly, treacherous, and had won his Jennie after promising to make all right between them.

I could never tell Jennie the truth after all she said to me that night, things that would have made me the happiest of men, if I had dared to be, and as walked homeward I decided to shoot myself and end it all. I could that," said I. "I owe you a little debt of gratitude, remember. I'll go tomorrow, and you can depend on hearing good news."

He shook his head.

"You're a dear, good fellow," he said.

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**A Horse With Spectacles.**  
A correspondent of the Manchester (England) Sporting Chronicle tells the readers of that paper some interesting circumstances in connection with a "good gray steed in his own possession."

He came to the conclusion that this equine friend of his was shortsighted, so he took the quadruped to an oculist. That person soon ascertained that the horse had a No. 7 eye, and required a concave glass. The glasses thus indicated were provided for the horse and buckled on the head stall. "The horse seemed a little surprised," he says, "when I first put them on him, but his amazement rapidly gave way to demonstrations of the keenest pleasure. He now stands all morning looking over the half-door of his stable with his spectacles on, gazing about with an air of sedate enjoyment. When I take him out for a drive," continues this voracious narrator, "he capers about as frisky as a kitten; his manner altogether changed from one of extreme timidity." A week or two ago, however, he turned the animal out to pasture without the spectacles on.

All day he hung about the gate leading into the pasture, whinnying in a plaintive manner, until his master seeing what was the trouble, sent up to the stable for the spectacle head-stall. As soon as this curiosa contrivance was adjusted and the glasses placed over his eyes, the horse was so glad that he tried to show his pleasure in a hundred different ways, kicking up his heels and fairly dancing in his paroxysms of delight.

**Barrels by Post in Switzerland.**  
We had sent our baggage, as we had been advised, to the postoffice, where we had it at once. The bag which we wished to post to Zernatt seemed to us very heavy, but scythes and barrels and bundles of old iron, labeled and addressed, were lying on the floor, and we supposed it must be all right, though the postmistress, as soon as we had paid our money, turned away without giving us stamps or receipt, and had nothing more to do with us. We need not have worried, for the Swiss postoffice takes anything and everything that the express companies at home would carry; and if one does not bother about his baggage, it is as certain to turn up at his journey's end as it would be to disappear in England, if one ventured to let it take care of itself.—Century.

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