The Mills Have Closed To-Day.

Annie, is the baby better? Worse! The Lord befriend us all! Cannot live? Oh, God in Heaven! Hear thy suffering servant's call! Nearer, dearest, lest the children Hear the words I have to say; Put your loving arms about me-For the mills have closed to-day!

And our little child is dying! No! no! no! Not dying yet! Have you prayed with long beseeching For the helpless little pet? Heaven must have mercy sometimes: Others thrive who do not pray: Oh, that troubles might come singly; But the mills have closed to-day!

Other hands have saved up money, And can give their children bread; Must our darlings cry for hunger, When the little one is dead? Dead! It cannot be she's dving Has the doctor gone away? And I cannot pay him, either, For the mills have closed to-day

Why was I laid up last winter? Reasons why are hard to learn; It was only this last Sunday That the head of our concern Gave away some trifling thousands To the church-a debt to pay: He could spare it from his million But the mills have closed to-day!

Laughing? Yes, because I'm jolly! It's a joke-we dreamed it all! What's the need to look so ghastly? Nightmare dreams are troubles small-Ah! the moaning in the cradle! Mercy! Mercy! Pray, love, pray! Death is clutching at our darling, And the mills have closed to-day!

THE DOCTOR'S LAST SHOT,

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown were having a very comfortable afternoon together. Mrs. Smith, who was an invalid, or thought herself one, which is just as bad, was reclining in an easy chair, and Mrs. Brown, who had run in with her knitting work just to see how she was, had been persuaded to spend the rest of the day with her friend.

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, I consider it providential. That poor niece of mine was left an orphan on the cold charities of the world, and as I was the only friend she had, she came right here, of course. Well, here I am in such delicate health, needing constant attention, and I couldn't expect my own girls, poor dears, to be fussing around their sick mother all the time. I want them to enjoy themselves while they can. This poor thing needed a home, and I gave it to her at once. I 'said of course, child, come right here and live with You can make yourself useful, no doubt, and it'll be all right." She's been here six months now, and has been a wonderful help to me. I keep can rub my back, soak my feet, bathe my head, and read me to sleep."
"Do you pay her wages?"

"Bless me, no! She said something about it one day as if she expected to be paid for her work, but I told here we couldn't think of hiring our own blood relations to work for us. I told her to just be easy about that, whenever she needed anything we'd see about it. She gave me a kind of a queer smile that I didn't quite understand or like but, on the whole, she is wonderful quiet and gentle like, and I consider it a real Providence. 'Where is she?"

"I sent her down to the back pasture to get some blackberries for my tea. I thought may be I'd relish them if they were fresh.'

Down in the back pasture she was, the poor neice, Meta Langdon, but not picking blackberries. She was sitting on a mossy log among the bushes, cry ing as if her heart would break. It did her good; it cooled the fierce fever in heart, and she finally grew quiet and prayed long and earnestly for patience and wisdom and help from heavenly Father. Then she caught up her pail and rose to commence her task. But it so happened that Doctor Chester, who was spending a few weeks in that delightful country place, was out hunting that day. A fine, plump par-tridge flew up from the bushes just at that moment, and the doctor fired. his astonishment the bird escaped, but a shrill scream and heavy fall beyond the bushes made him throw down his gun and bag and rush furiously through the sharp briars, never heeding the rents they made in his fine hunting suit or the cruel scratches upon his face and hands.

There lay the game he had brought down, in the shape of a young girl who was in a dead faint or killed for aught he knew. He cuickly loosened her dress and dashed water in her face from the full canteen which he happened to have, and finally forced a few drops of brandy between her lips. At length she opened her eyes, to his great relief, and tried to rise, but a sharp cry of pain showed there was something more serious than a mere fright.

'What is it, where are you hurt?" "My arm," she exclaimed.

He tore the faded calico sleeve open to the shoulder, and sure enough the soft, white arm was covered with blood and seemed to be riddled with shot.

"Dear, dear, what have I done!" he exclaimed, hastily tying his own and her handkerchief tightly around it. "There's no time for apologies or explanations. I thought I was shooting a partridge, and in some unaccountable way I have shot you. Now tell me where you live so I can get you home as soon as possible. I am a physician, and we'll soon have the poor arm all right again."

"My home is just over the hill; I can walk if you will help me a little." With a set, resolute face, and lips tightly closed to keep back the moans of pain, Meta walked hastily towards home leaning upon his arm. But just as they reached the gate she fainted again, and taking her in his arms he bore her rapidly to the house, and without any ceremony pushed open the parlor door and laid her upon a sofa.

Mrs. Smith screamed murder at the nounced convalescent. top of her voice, and went into violent hysterics. The doctor frowned scornonce, and send somebody to the hotel for Dr. Chester's small case of surgical

instruments.

Mrs. Smith, left to herself, soon recovered, and insisted upon an explanation of the affair.

"It's nothing serious, I hope. I have accidentally sent a charge of shot into this young lady's arm. Are you her mother?"

"No, indeed, she is a poor dependent creature that we've taken in for charity's sake; a niece of mine, and what I'm to do with her now I can't see. I can't take care of her, and indeed, sir, it's mighty inconvenient to have her laid up just at this time. She is very necessary to my comfort. I need a sight of care and waitin' on, night and day." "Well, madam, she'll 'need a sight of care and waitin' on' herself now for

awhile, and must have it." By this time the young girl revived again under the vigorous treatment she received, and the instruments were

brought to him. "Now, madam, will you tell where to take this young lady, for she must be put to bed at once. Well, she sleeps in a little closet off

"That will never do. Show me the largest, best room you have in the house." Taking Meta gently in his arms, the doctor followed Mrs. Smith up stairs to a large, pleasant chamber. She groaned in spirit as she turned down the white counterpane, and as-sisted the doctor in getting Meta un-dressed and into bed; but he was not to be trifled with at such a time. "Now, madam, I will excuse you, but let Mrs. Brown bring me plenty of warm water and soft, old linen, and remain to assist me. And I want a servant close at hand to get whatever else I may require while

dressing the arm. It was a terrible hour to Meta while e probed each wound and removed the shot that were deeply imbedded in the tender flesh. Fortunately no bone was broken, and at last it was neatly andaged with soft linen and wet with healing lotion, and she fell asleep. Mrs. Brown proved an efficient helper and as they passed quietly out of the oom the doctor said:

" My patient must have the best of care and attention. Could you stay and nurse her for awhile ?"

"Yes, I might."
"Very well; I will pay you well if you will do it, for everything will de-pend upon keeping her quiet now." He met Mrs. Smith in the hall.

"Madam, this woman has consented o stay and take care of your niece, and will see that she is well paid for it. But mind what I say: you must not see her, nor must any one else see her know, and nights when I can't sleep it's dreadful handy to have her where she ly, more than I can tell you, that I have will do my best to have her about again as soon as possible." So saying, the doctor wished them good-day, and soon

disappeared from their view.
"Well, now, if that isn't cool! And what am I to do all this time?" groaned Mrs. Smith, rocking herself vigorously in her great arm-chair. "And muss everything up dressing that arm?" "Oh no! he was very careful about that."

"Well, that's a comfort any way. To think I should have such trouble with that girl just when I needed her most ! I think it is a very mysterious dispen-

sation of Providence. The next morning the doctor found Meta in a high fever, moaning with pain and delirious. The arm was badly swollen and inflamed, and altogether her case had assumed a very alarming aspect. He did not go hunting or fish ing that day, but stayed by her bedside administering medicine with his own hand, and doing everything in his powand slipped softly down upon her knees | er for her relief. He was greatly distressed over the accident, and inwardly vowed he would never fire off another

gun as long as he lived. But what a revelation of toil, hardship, and cruel wrong the unconscious Meta made in her delirium! She fancied the doctor, as he bathed her hot head and hands and soothed her as he drew his head close to her lips and | tions.

O mother! I'm so glad you have come for me! I'm tired to death. auntie has no mercy or feeling for me She has kept me at work over her night and day, and I've gone hungry many because I couldn't and many a time, bear to eat the food so grudgingly gvien. O, I am so glad you have come!

Now Meta was not a beautiful girl, though she had a sweet, pure, womanly face, and great, wistful eyes, and an abundance of dark, silky hair. But her small hands were brown and hardened with toil; she was poor, dependent alone in the world except for this selfish, unnatural aunt, and the cousins who scarcely deigned to notice her.

Doctor Chester was a rich, old bachelor, not so very old either, only thirtysix. Why he had never married no one could tell, but true it is he had remained heart whole these years in spite of the many beautiful women who had smiled gracefully upon him. But somehow this poor suffering orphan won his heart completely during that week of unconsciousness. He was charmed with her sweet prattle about her childhood; and her innocence and helplessness, to-gether with the suffering he had so unwittingly caused appealed, strongly to his sympathy, and he fully resolved to win her love and make her his wife if possible. Never had a patient a more assiduous doctor than did poor Meta. Mrs. Smith fumed and fretted over all the fuss that they made about "that girl," until the doctor frightened her into silence by telling her that he knew how she had treated the poor child, and that if she didn't keep quiet and have everything done that was needful ous. "Of course, I like you better shooting galleries in New York for her comfort he would have her than I do Bill," she said, "for don't I may rely upon me, Mr. Morgan. arrested and tried for inhuman cruelty. miss words in my spelling lesson on

CHRISTMAS SNIPE HUNT.

The doctor took her out to ride as soon as she was able, in the easiest of all carriages. fully at her, and said to Mrs. Brown : Rare delicacies were sent every day "There's no time for nonsense; bring me some cold water and landages at appetite. The sweetest and most fragrant flowers that could be found adorned her room. Meta remonstrated with him for all this lavish kindness, but he would silence her by saying he was the cause of all her suffering and she must allow him to atone for it in every way he could. How eagerly he watched the faint color that crept into her cheeks at his approach! How tenderly and delicately he ministered to her comfort and pleasure day after day, until at last he ventured to tell her of his love and his great desire to have her for his own. He had become very dear to her during all those weeks of suffering, and she acknowledged it and promised to be his wife. He hastened to inform Mrs. Smith of their betrothal, and asked her forbearance for another week when, he assured her, he would relieve her from all further care and responsibility of her niece. Imagine if you can her as-tonishment! She was completely "dumbfounded!" and had not a word to say; though doubtless in her heart she thought it another most "mysteri-

ous dispensation."
The next day a notable dressmaker from the city arrived with various wonderful and costly fabrics, which she had orders to make up for Miss Langdon in the latest style. Such a time as there was then of cutting and basting, of trying on and trimming! Two other seemstresses kent their seewing, machine. seamstresses kept their sewing-machines running at the highest rate of speed, until at the close of the week there was enough of a wedding trousseau to fill a huge Saratoga trunk. The doctor made daily pilgrimages between that chamber and the city, until at last he could not devise another thing which his darling could possibly need for dress or ornament during the trip to Europe which he had planned. Never was there a happier bride and groom than those who were made one in Mrs. Smith's parlor that bright September morning. They went immediately to his home on the Hudson, where his mother received the new daughter with open arms, and soon after went to Europe, where they spent a year. Meta made good use of the time by putting herself under the care of the best private teachers, and when on their return the happy doctor presented his wife to his friends, there was not among them one more highly accomplished or more elegant and re-The doctor was very proud of her, and never tired of telling his intimate friends how he found his wife, er the result of his last shot.

The Island of Cuba.

All eyes have been turned toward Cuba-a sunny isle, the largest of the West India group, some 650 miles long, and its greatest width 107 miles. Lying her busy from daylight until dark to but Mrs. Brown and myself for a week just within the tropics, its climate is her busy from daylight until dark to her busy from daylight until dark to at least, for she will have a serious time keep her mind off her troubles, you at least, for she will have a serious time perpetual summer, tempered by cooling sea-breezes. There is one record of now about this Christmas party? That snow having fallen in a central been the cause of all this suffering, and Cuba in 1856, and hail is not unfre quent; but while the heat is rarely oppressive, the thermometer seldom falls below 60 degrees, except occasionally in the interior. Havana is a special resort for invalids. This important commercial city has outgrown its original walls; but for its defense, and that of its harbor, there are half a dozen my best spare room, too! Say, did he forts and a citadel. The long and narrow channel which leads to the city is defended on the east side by the great castle El Morro, and on the west by powerful fortress La Punta. La Cabana is said to be the largest and strongest of all the defensive works of Havana, requiring in time of war a garrison of 2,000 men. In 1762 Havana, after a siege of forty-four days, fell into the hands of the English ; but the next year it was restored to Spain in accordance with certain arrangements made by treaty. Havana is regularly laid out, and though its streets are narrow, many of them are well paved with granite. It is well lighted with gas, and supplied with water by an aqueduct. The city also has its public promenades, its fountains, its universities, libraries, and museums, and there are numerous daily, weekly, and monthly publications. Havana, to a greater legree than any other Spanish city, has adopted the mechanical appliances of industry and the various improvements which have been brought to it through would a child, was her mother, and she its commercial relations with other na-

Wear White Underclothing. The Herald of Health recommends

healthful, but on account of its not radiating the heat of the body as some other colors do. Another strong incentive is the avoidance of possible poisoning, resulting from deleterious dyes. The Journal of Chemistry gives an instance of the poisonous effects of aniline colors upon the skin in the experience of a gentleman of Bayfield. He had a tew days previous purchased some new undershirts of cotton, colored with outting on the garment a peculiar cruption of an irritating nature appeared on effects were not merely local, but to a considerable extent constitutional, pain feathers." and uneasiness being experienced in the back and lower extremities. proof that the eruption was caused by the dye colors, it may be stated that a portion of the garment about the upper part of the chest was lined with linen on the under side, and wherever this ble, the Journal remarks, that the number of persons is large who possess such idiosyncracies of constitution as to be easily poisoned by dye colors, but that there are some does not admit of a

A school girl was overheard trying to convince a school fellow that she liked him better than she did some other urchin, of whom he seemed jeal-Under his watchful care the danger purpose, se as to be down at the foot of was soon over, and Meta was pro-

"I am so glad to see you, Henry, and so surprised, too; for you know you expected to remain in St. Louis till after Christmas. It has been awfully stupid here at Helena since you have been gone. There has not been a single party of any kind that I have heard of. I don't know what I should have done but for that conceited coxcomb, Raymond, who has been trying his very best to do the agreeable, and I must say amused me exceedingly."
"What, you don't mean that foppish

New York drummer? Why, he is greener than cucumbers; if he were turned loose out in the meadows the cows would follow him. He comes down here to Arkansas selling Yankee notions and gimeracks, and struts about in his new store clothes as though he were a heap better than any fellow in the State. And so, Kate, he has been shining around you, has he?"

"Yes, but I only laugh at him; a lady must have company of some kind. you know, Henry. If none come along whom she can laugh with, she sometimes is content with one she can laugh at. This fine New York gentleman-Mr. Augustus K. Raymond he calls himself—has invited me to the grand party to be given by Mrs. Gordon on Christmas night."

"But you surely did not accept, Kate; why, I heard of this party, and hurried home from St. Louis before my business was half over, on purpose to ask you to go with me."

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Morgan, that you should be so disappointed; but what was a poor girl to do? I wouldn't have missed going for the world, and how could I know that you would put yourself to so much incon-

venience for my sake?" "Now, Kate, this is cruel in you. Why do you call me Mr. Morgan, and adopt this lofty tone toward me? We are old sceoolmates and old friends, and-and I had flattered myself that we were very good friends. I had even ventured to hope that some day we might be still better friends. In factbut I am making myself as great a fool as that fop of a notion peddler. My dear Kate, I scarcely know what I am saying. I only know that I love you devotedly, and that if you will give me the least assurance that you love me in return, I shall be the happiest fellow in Arkansas. Can you give me just one word of encouragement?"

"Yes," replied the roguish girl with provoking brevity, but a serious look immediately stole over her counte-nance, and after a few minutes of silence, while the young man ardently pressed her hand, she added, as her downcast eyes were raised again to meet his: "You knew all the while that you were the only one of my gentlemen friends for whom I really cared anything."

"I was bold enough to think you preferred me, dear Kate, or I should never have been brave enough to desimpleton, Raymond, shall not go with you if I have to run him out of town."

"Never fear, Henry, I will get rid of him in some way. He bored me terribly

"I know how we can get rid of him, sniping party for Christmas eve, and make him hold the bag."

"Oh! that will be capital," said Kate, gayly. "That's just the thing; but there's the bell now, and no doubt it is he himself. Just wait and see how nicely I shall dispose of him. You are to be my cousin, mind."

A card bearing the name of Augustus K. Raymond was handed in, followed a moment later by an over-dressed young gentleman with waxed moustache, hair parted in the middle, and the air generally of one who has got himself up to make a stunning im-

"Good evening, Mr. Raymond. Permit me to introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Morgan."

"Delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir. You reside in Helena, I suppose, "I live here," replied Morgan,

"Ah, then, perhaps you are in the nercantile business. I have the honor mercantile business. I have the honor houses"

curtly.

"No, I am not in the trade, interrupted Morgan, dryly.
"My cousin, explained the lady, is in the game business; and, apropos of game, he has just been telling me that he is going with a party of our young white underclothing as not only more gentlemen on a grand snipe hunt to

morrow evening—Christmas eve."
"Yes," added Morgan, and we should like to have you join us. "Do go with them, Mr. Raymond. I do so want a snipe feather to wear in my hair at the party. They are all the rage with the girls now. Such beautiful feathers they are, too! Long and drooping, with the richest red and yellow colors. You must go with them and get me a snipe feather, for I can't various tints, among which aniline red | think of going to the party without one, predominated. In a short time after and Cousin Henry here, even when he goes, is never smart enough to secure me a good feather. Somebody else althe body covered by the cloth. The ways gets the privilege of holding the bag, and so secures the finest of the

> "Certainly I'll go, with great pleasure, Miss Andrews, that is, if the gentlemen really desire that I should honor them with my company.'

"Of course we'll feel greatly honored, Mr. Raymond," said Morgan, "if you will condescend to join us in one of our came in contact with the skin no eruption or redness occurred. It is probapromise you the post of honor on the occasion.

"Really, you quite overwhelm me. I shall not fail to be with the party, if I can be of service! I am not familiar at all with-with-what did you call the game?—snipe; but if they possess such beautiful feathers as Miss Andrews describes, they must form a conspicuous mark, and no doubt I shall be able to bring at least one down at every shot. They call me a good marksman at the shooting galleries in New York. You

So saying, Mr. Raymond bowed himself out in an impressive manner, and had scarcely closed the hall door be-

out in a paroxysm of laughter.
"That joke of yours, Kate, about the red and yellow feathers, was excellent. It couldn't have been better managed. I'll get the boys together to arrange for the hoax. By 10 o'clock to-morrow night your gallant greeny will be standing up to his knees in the mud and water, out in one of the creeks, holding the bag, and expecting that the rest of us will drive the snipe into it. But he will be as likely to see Santa Claus himself out there as any snipe. When he gets tired of waiting for the game, and for us to return, he can sneak off home done. It will spoil those striped pantaloons of his, though, and ruffle his temper, so that this climate will not be apt to agree with him any longer."

The just-accepted lover, however, did not seem in a hurry about going, and it was considerably later in the evening when he finally bade his betrothed "good-night." The latter, we should have explained, was the belle of Helena, Arkansas.

She was a high-spirited, dashing young lady, as might be inferred from the foregoing, and, withal, unusually handsome. She had numerous adimrers, and, as may be imagined, her talk about a lack of company was only a little mischievous fibbing, craftily intended to elicit a declaration from him who had long been her favored suitor. The only reason why she had accepted the invitation of Raymond for the party was that she and her friends might make themselves merry at his expense. He was disposed to be spoony, and was so little acquainted with the bluff, hearty manner and disregard of ultra-ettiquette which characterize the people of the West, that he was constantly to the lively young ladies upon whom he lavished his attentions, though in a wholly different way from what he

It may not be fully understood that snipe hunts were formerly a favorite means of humiliating gentlemen from the East who went West with too disparaging ideas about the people resident there and too lofty ideas of themselves. How these affairs were managed will fully appear in the remainder of our story.

A dozen or two choice spirits were assembled by Morgan the next evening, and Raymond, having been notified of the time and place, was punctually in attendance, wearing his best clothes and an air of importance which seemed to say, "I am bestowing a great favor in consenting to join you;" and so he was, for his was the principal and an-indispensable part in the farce about to be enacted.

The party proceeded several miles out of town by wagons, to a small stream of water in a wild, lonely place. The wagons were left some distance away from the proposed scene of operations, which was in a low, swampy bottom.

Of course, everything had been well grand wedding in Helena. arranged beforehand, but to disarm suspicion, it was proposed by one of the fellows that they pull straws to see who should have the privilege of hold-ing the bag. All pretended to agree to this, except Morgan, who insisted that

the drawing be dispensed with, saying: "I promised the post of honor to our Kate. We young fellows will get up a distinguished friend here, Mr. Augustus Raymond, of New York, and I intend to see that he has it.

"Thank you, Mr. Morgan, for championing my cause," said Raymond, con-descendingly. "You may rely upon me, gentlemen, in whatever post you assign me. I flatter myself that I shall bag as much game as any of you. But it has just occurred to me that we have no guns. How are we to

shoot the snipe without guns?" "We will soon show you," said one and if you can wait till next Thursday
f the party, Bob Norton. "We are you shall be present at our wedding." of the party, Bob Norton. to form a line and drive the snipe down the creek, while the best man is to stand in this narrow place holding a large bag with the open end up stream. We have sometimes caught hundreds of snipe alive in that way at a single haul, Did you ever have any experience in

holding bags?" "No; but I know I can do it. Only show me where I am to stand." "You will get your feet wet," suggested another of the party, adding consolingly, "but they will soon dry consolingly, "but they will again. Do you think you can keep per-

perfectly still and wait patiently till the snipe come?" "No difficulty about that," replied

Raymond, who remembered that he had promised Kate the first pick of the feathers. "Then you're our man," said Bob.

and turning to Morgan, "You vouch for the reliability of your friend, I sup-

"No fear about him," said Morgan 'he represents one of the leading notion houses of New York; he is true grit, and I warrant he would stand firm in his place till midnight if it took us so long to get the snipe down to him.' Raymond was then furnished with a

large bag, the end of which was kept open by a hoop, and suffered himself to be stationed where the water and soft mud were unpleasantly deep, his legs from the knees down being completely submerged. He by no means relished the position, but remembering that he had promised some of the finest red and yellow feathers to Kate, and that Kate's cousin had vouched for him so pose of going still further down in our emphatically, determined to stick it prospecting. Imagine our horror when emphatically, determined to stick it out.

"The water is very cold," he rather meekly suggested as the practical jokers were leaving him. "Do you think it will take very long?"
"We can't tell," replied Morgan.

"We may scare up a flock in a few minutes, and it may take half an hour or so. Then, sometimes, they don't drive well, and that causes delay. But don't leave or stir till you have bagged them, for if you should give up and go away you might just miss a splendid amends for all our trouble."

We need scarcely add that they wen straight home, taking their wagons with them, and leaving Raymond sinking deeper and deeper into the mud and water. Returning to Morgan's own as he told me that he would not remit residence they had a jolly time, and it until he got to an express office,

hind him when both the others broke cracked many a joke at the expense of

"Santa Claus may take pity on him,"

said Bob Norton, "and fill up his bag with Christmas presents, if he waits there long enough. That would console him, perhaps. "He wouldn't appreciate them,

chimed in another, "unles Santa Claus certified that the toys and things came from that leading notion house which he represents." "I don't think he would have con-

sented so willingly to hold the bag if I had not worked upon his cursed vanity so well," said Morgan; "and then Kate Andrews made him believe that snipe had long, beautiful red and yellow feathers, and that she wanted him to bring her one to wear to the party tomorrow night."

"I'm thinking his own fine feathers, which he has been strutting about in ever since he came here, will be much the worse for to-night's work," observed another.

And so passed the time with them till long after Christmas had been ushered Meanwhile Raymond was standing patiently in the water. No sound dis-turbed the stillness of the night except the occasional splash of a big fish in deeper part of the stream just above

him. "This is a delightful manner of spending Christmas eve," he thought to nimself. "What would my New York friends think if they could see me in

this position?"
His feet and legs were as wet as the possibly could be, and he shivered with cold. Several times he was on the coint of giving up, when the thought of Kate, the party, and the promised feathers came to him. Nor could he

Nearly an hour thus passed and he was not only drenched with water but nearly benumbed with the cold, when suddenly a suspicion dawned upon him that he had been outrageously duped.
"They have made a fool of me," he

muttered, with an added imprecation, as his teeth chattered involuntarily, and throwing away the bag he hurried off in search of the wagons.

Fear was added to his rage and mor-tification when he found they were gone, and that he was left entirely done in the wild solitary place. Fortunately it was a straight road back to town, and he had no difficulty in following it. He ran most of the way, yet did not reach his hotel till some time after midnight, and it may be readily surmised took the first train next morning for home.

Henry Morgan accompanied Kate

Andrews to the Christmas party, and it was remarked by all their friends that she never looked so well nor seemed in such lively spirits, and that he appeared to be unusually happy.

Neither was ever again troubled by the attentions of New York drummers, and just one year later there was a

The happy pair included New York in their tour, and in a Broadway store met their old acquaintance, Ray-mond. He greeted them pleasantly, and, after some explanations on both sides, inquired:

"So Mr. Morgan was not your cousin, after all?"

" No more than you were yourself." "And I suppose he escorted you to he party. I see through it all now. Well, though it was a most unhandsome trick you played upon me, it has turned out for the best. By hurrying home then I got here in time to be of great service to our house at a critical juncture, and as a reward, have since been taken into the firm. Besides, I have found another lady-love, the accom-plished daughtea of our senior partner; and if you can wait till next Thursday,

The Long Bow in Colorade.

A letter from Cold Spring, Col., to a Chicago gentleman, says: I have just arrived from the headquarters of our company, which is located at Gurney's Mill, and I have a most horrible story to communicate to you. Your agent, J. N. Watson, has been foully robbed and murdered. The following are the particulars, as near as I can write them:

After corresponding with him for ome time, he came here day before yesterday. To illustrate the use ulness of the well auger he bored down ninety feet, and our company being pleased with the working of the machine purchased the rights of this and four adoining counties. We paid him in cash \$1,000, and gave him three notes on us amounting to \$1,800.

It got noised around that he had this mount of money in his possession, and late in the evening three men, without doubt, the murderers, went to where he was stopping, pretended that they wished to purchase some territory. They made remarks to the effect that they doubted the truth of the report that he had bored ninety feet in one day. They induced him to accompany them to the place where the hole was, one of the men carrying a lantern and cord for the purpose, they said, of measuring the depth themselves. That was the last ever seen of poor Watson alive. We had not, however, heard that he

ing we rigged up the auger for the purthe first auger full was brought to the surface; it contained the head and part of the torn remains of your agent. The face was easily identified by those present. Whether he was dead when the auger reached him or not we cannot tell, though some of the men fancied that the body was yet warm. He was doubtless robbed and thrown into the hole he bored himself the day before.

Of course we did not attempt to go

had been missing, and early this morn-

any further, but, after satisfying ourselves that the remains were those of flock. We will go to the American Hotel after the hunt is over, and have a Christmas eve supper. That will make back into the well and filled it up. It has caused great excitement in our camp, and I think we have some clue to the fiends who perpertrated the cold-blooded and horrible murder. I feel certain that the robbers secured the \$1,000 which was paid your agent, as

Facts and Fanc's.

A Milwaukee company has imported 180,000 bushels of barley and 300 bales

of hops from Italy. A big ear of corn, surrounded by thirteen little ones, lately entered an

editor's sanctum in Iowa. Peter Shamboo, the first licensed navigator of Lake Superior, still lives, and is ninet-eight years old.

Men were farmers long before they could read; and they never could have read had they not first been farmers.

A police justice in Chicago was somewhat astonished when a vagrant tried before him counted out \$28,000 in greenbacks.

If the united power of all agricultural colleges would teach us how to grow good crops of potatoes, we would be thankful.

Many farmers complain that their occupation does not pay. What is the use of saying so? Nine merchants in ten fail, but they never brag about it. If hard work bends the body, swells

the joints, and blisters the hands, it yet gives expertness and power to the muscles, such as gentility may seek in vain to exhibit. When plows, reapers, and other implements are left in the field over win-

ter, the greatest loss is not in their decay but in the evil habits established in the farmer's mind. If every planter would grow 50 bushels of corn for each bale of cotton, he would get more money than now. There

would be less cotton, but it would bring more, and the corn would be clear gain. Western farmers have discovered that it is cheaper to haul grain 50 miles with their teams, if they have a load back, than to ship by rail, and they are doing

it. Railroads are getting behind the times. The weight of the new fractional silver coin is metrical, that of the half dollars being just twelve and one-half grammes, the quarter dollar six and onequarter grammes and the dime two and

one-half grammes. An Irish nobleman, attended by twenty-six dogs, passed through Indianapolis, lately, on his way to Florida on a hunting expedition. He had a car attached to a freight train devoted

to himself and attendants. When you go into a new country on't be too smart. Listen and watch don't be and find out how things are done, and be careful not to insist on your own way. The farmers of every section have, as a general thing, good reasons

for their practices. The sailors of the Tornado were compelled to shoot Captain Fry and his crew, but fired with averted heads, inflicting frightful tortures on the condemned. The bodies were carried off to the cemetery and thrown into the graves, six persons in each, clothes and

An old, rough clergyman once took for his text that passage of the Psalms, "I said in my haste all men are liars." Looking up appar Psalmist standing before him he said : 'You said it in your haste, David, did Well, if you had been here, you vou? might have said it after mature delibera-

Perhaps one of the oddest elections on record occurred at the last general election for members of the General Assembly in Germany. A certain district had only one legal voter, who walked proudly up to the polls and voted for himself, the only eligible member in the district. But when his name was announced as the elected member, he pompously arose, and said, Messrs. Commissioners, I do not accept the election !" and walked gravely

Over the Edge of the Wagon.

Emigrants must not stand upon ceremony. Many a wedding on wheels has signalized the passage of Western trains through the last "cities" on the great frontier. The Warrenburg (Mo.) Standard says: Last Friday afternoon, as one of our

popular justices from Ashbury was in meditation deep among the papers pertaining to his law cases, a swift and heavy step was heard on the stairway and along the hallway leading to his office. The door was opened without any ceremony, and in rushed a man in a state of high excitement not usual ly seen in our quiet city.
"Are you the 'Squire?" he asked, as

he wiped the perspiration from his heated brow.

"I am," replied the Justice. "Well, I want to get married, and want the thing done right away."
"All right," said the Justice; "bring

on your woman.' The excited individual then informed Squire A. that the fair and expectant one was in town, and that he wanted the 'Squire to go to her with him and perform the ceremony. And after a few preliminary arrange-

ments, which included the fee and the

marriage certificate, the Justice follow-

ed the gentleman, and finally brought up with him at the side of a covered wagon on the street near the public "Here, Mary," said the man, "I have brought the 'Squire," and, raising the side of the wagon cover, the form

and features of the handsome young woman were revealed to the astonishe Justice. "Mary, do you wish to marry this man?" inquired the Justice, solemnly. "I do," faltered the blushing bride,

"Shall-shall she get out on the street, sir?" stammered the soon-to-be husband. "No," said the Justice. "Sh-shall I get in the wagon, then?" continued the man, who had some faint idea of the impropriety of the thing.

"No," said the Justice, "stand by the side of the wagon, and take Mary by the hand." This being done, the two were solemnly made one under cover of the

white-sheeted wagon and the canopy of heaven. A number of ladies and gentlemen passed by the parties, but knew nothing of the interesting ceremony that was taking place. The golden bonds were bound around the already united souls of william Miss. and Mary Catharine Palmer.