SHE.

In my study I was sitting, Just because, Thinking something most belitting-Yes, I was— When my doorbell gave a jingle, Gave a lingle, tingle, lingle, Then a jingle, jingle, jingle! Or only glad?

Next I heard a silken rustle In the hall, Heard a hustle and a bustle, Then a call. Soon most sweetly she came blushing Where I stood in waiting, flushing. Down she sat, in style quite crushing, On my hat; Crushed it flat.

Swift she talked in tones eestatic, High, then low; Waved her hands in ways emphatic To and fre: Talked of father, sister, mother, Cousin, nephew, uncle, brother, Then of this one, then the other, While she sat

Told in accents soft and broken As could be Of her home in quaint Heboken,
Near the sea;
Said "some time she hoped to go To the archipelago"—
What I wished just then, you know, While she sat

On my hat.

Did she notice my emotion? Not a bit! Or toward moving take a notion? Truly nit! Straight one mortal hour she talked on. Not a word did she get balked on While the carpet I just walked on, And she sat On my hat.

Then a package from its wrapping
She brought out;
Knew full well she'd caught me napping. I've no doubt; Said this book was just the one book All my weary heart to unhook.
Would I kindly take just one look?
There she sat On my hat.

To myself her list I drew it Like a flash; Signed my name most boldly to it With a dash. Then uprose this levely being. Through that hall went just a fleeing. But one thing was worth the seeing— 'Twas that hat Where she sat!

-H. S. Barnes in New York Sun.

A MEXICAN CAPTURE.

Colonel Erastus Smith straightened up in his saddle and, lifting his eyes from the slip of paper he had been scanning, critically scrutinized the young fellow before him. The young man in question was tall and slender, but looked wiry enough, and his face below the part shaded by the wide brim of his hat had begun to take on a Texas tan. Smith chuckied and mumbled something to himself. The young fellow fingered the handle of his bowie knife nervously under the big, rough looking fellow's gaze and unconsciously dug his spurred heels into the ribs of his sleepy pony. The pony put back his ears wickedly and fidgeted about. "Better be keerful," suggested the

other. "That brute'll dump ye," and Smith folded the paper, stuffed succeeded, he thought. The Texan's when he woke with a start. He it into a pocket of his buckskin warning had quickened his senses, would have cried out had he not felt jacket, shifted his quid and shouted but his tired limbs seemed to have Smith's hand pressed over his to three slouchy looking fellows who stood under a tree 30 yards away holding three ponies.

"Here you, Hawkins," he said, and a bronzed, broad shouldered man sauntered up. "This young feller's name's Lane. General Douglass sent him down from Nacogdoches. Wants to jine Deef Smith's Ecouts."

"Likely lookin youngster," observed Hawkins aside, removing a corncob pipe from his mouth and sizing Lane up. "Guess he'll do after he gets outen them store clo'es an gits rigged out in buckskin." Hawkins grappled Lane's out-

stretched hand with a hard grip and continued, "Ef ye come down hyar fer 'musement, ye'll git it, shore!"

Night was coming on rapidly, and the gloom was deepening under the dripping magnolias and live oaks. It had been raining steadily all day, and Lane's clothes were spattered with the red clay of the trail he had followed from Liberty to San Jacinto creek. He was a good horseman, but was unused to the rough Texas trail and the irregular gait of the sturdy Texas pony General Douglass had given him at Nacogdoches, and every muscle in his body ached. him cheered him up, and a nip from Hawkins' capacious flask completed the work.

"That's something like it, Mr. Hawkins," he said, smacking his lips and returning the flask. "I've needed that for hours.'

"Yes, that's fust rate stuff," assented Hawkins. "One o' the boys got onter a Greaser outfit a couple o' days back an got a dozen flasks. They say it come from the private supply of old Santa Anna hisself; more'n welcome to the lush, but recollect that I'm plain Hawkins. We don't come the mister game in Texas jist now. We ain't got the time."

Lane followed the big fellow silently to the magnolia which sheitered the other two Texans and was briefly presented to Ned Hall and Greaser Ear Hatton of Colonel Erastus Smith's scouts.

Greaser Bar Hatton, Lane afterward learned, came by his name honestly. He had sliced off one of the ears of a Mexican colonel of cavas a memento of his skill with the

"There's a matter o' some half a dozen more," Hawkins explained, noting a surprised look on Lane's was caused by the smallness of the

back to the States.

git a line on General Houston's position. My, but won't they git fooled, though!" and Hawkins slapped his thigh and chuckled gleefully. "The old man ain't in ten mile o' this spot."

In a few minutes a fire had been their saddles and were soon asleep, fore the fire. For an hour and a at a single gulp. half the old campaigner and the tenderfoot sat without speaking, each smacking his lips. "Think we got busy with his own thoughts. The the noise the ponies made as they munched their fodder.

He was not the dashing figure Lane had pictured him to be. He looked rough and unkempt with his shaggy reddish brown beard and greasy buckskins, but he had kindly eyes and a marvelously square jaw. Lane took all this in in occasional glances across the fire. The fire burned lower and lower until at last nothing remained of it but a bed of glowing coals. Lane rose to put some deterred him.

"Never mind that. I've got a hear what it was. "The Greasers." Smith continued, "are bout ten mile an his whole outfit is there. The trance. ole man wants to know how many o' the varmints there is. Let's go and see."

Lane thought that it was pretty dark to be prowling about in the woods, and he was almost ready to was too discreet to say so.

At Smith's suggestion they left armed with their bowie knives only. The Texan walked rapidly and carelessly through the dripping underout clothing and wet him to the skin. | than otherwise. They stumbled over fallen logs, ran patches for half an hour before ground overcome with fatigue. Smith stopped suddenly and said in an undertone:

"We'd better be more carefullike. We're liable to run acrost some o'

Lane was too weary to make reply, so he mechanically slackened happens.' ed badly. They had gone on in this realize where he was. way for another quarter of an hour

"Sh'h!" he whispered. "Lie down, quick!" Lane dropped, and report of a rifle and simultaneously as it cut through the bushes overthrough the dripping bushes, he yards away.

"We run into a nest of 'em, sure,' murmured Smith, "an damme ef I don't b'lieve they're shootin at us!" Lane thought they were and became more and more uncomfortable as the rifle cracks continued and the with the news." bullets seemed to be cutting through the bushes closer and closer to them. He ducked instinctively every time he heard a bullet sing until he developed a crick in the neck. Nor was Smith's observation that neither straight in the least reassuring.

'Let 'em waste their amm'nition," muttered Smith. "They can't | the life of him how he did it, but in Chattanooga, yer mother sens'you by hit us, an they're too lazy to come a second he had slit a long hole in him an' through him, one bible, two The rough welcome Deaf Smith gave out an see what they're shootin the tent and was crouching outside quarts of buttermilk, a sack of home-

But Colonel Erastus Smith preacteristics too far, or rather he did catch an occasional glimpse of a not calculate on the presence in the Mexican camp of a band of Kiowa tents and smoldering fires. He could braves, newly come from the Pecos country, who had not become affected with the Greaser's aversion to investigation, for when, half an hour pickets exchanging their watchafter the firing had ceased, he raised himself stealthily on his elbows to move, but he soon roused himself. take a look around a dark body but, see here, young feller, you're sprang from a nearby bush, and in a silently crept between the still tents second the two were rolling on the | in the direction of the creek.

> It was the work of a few seconds for Smith to abolish this particular redskin, but there were others, and in a few moments he and Lane were prisoners, with bound hands, wading San Jacinto creek on their way smoldering fires.

The Indians said never a word, but marched them straight through | to hear a hundred rifles crack. camp and halted them before a large alry in an affair at Liberty Creek a tent, through the cracks of which few weeks before, recovered the the flickering light of a pine knot trophy, smoked it as he used to showed. One of the Indians went in emoke pork back in the Georgia and, returning in a second, sumpiny woods before he came to moned the quartet who had Smith wading as silently as he could. A the ordeal, so that it is impossible to and Lano in charge to enter. When mile below camp he left the water avoid the feeling of constant dread Don't be amoned the quartet who had Smith their prisoners were delivered, the Indians withdrew and left Smith and his companions in the presence of half a dozen swarthy Mexican officers, decked out in elaborately laced face which he rightly conjectured uniforms. They were seated on camp stools about a table smoking band whose fame already reached cigars. There were bottles and glasses before them, and above them | light was streaming through the bername and address to the Bradfield "Them six is out lookin after a smoke from their citers and the the panel filled the six words filled the six word

grant odor of the burning pine.

to the Mexicans. They scarcely noticed Lane, whose clothes proclaimed him a recent arrival in Texas, but they regarded the famous scout with made and the five men were eating unfeigned delight. Finally one a dinner of broiled bacon and baked | young fellow, a trifle tipsy perhaps, sweet potatoes. Their frugal meal rose, poured out a glass of brandy disposed of, Hawkins and his two and gravely presented it to the companions pillowed their heads on scout. With perfect sangfroid Smith took the glass, and, with a bow to leaving Smith and Lane seated be- the company, swallowed its contents

"Nice stuff," he said glibly, some from the same stock back in stillness of the night was only dis- camp." Lane could not repress a turbed by the steady dripping of the faint smile as he recalled Hawkins' water from the magnolias and live flask, but he quickly straightened oaks, the crackling of the fire and his face, for the Mexicans fell to talking among themselves. They asked Smith questions, which he an-Lane was thinking what a strange | swered nonchalantly in their own man this famous Deaf Smith was. | tongue. Lane did not understand what they were saying, but he occasionally caught the words "Capitan Smeeth," "Santa Anna," "General Houston" and "Ahumada."

He concluded that Ahumada was the grave looking man in the rather plain uniform who sat at the head of the table and only said a word or two now and then and that he was a person of some importance from the deference the others paid to him. more wood on the fire, but Smith | Finally the conference was over, a guard of Mexican soldiers was summoned and the prisoners were taken scheme," he said. Lane stopped to to a tent near by. The thongs were cut from their wrists, and they were conducted inside, two Mexicans from here, up the creek. Santa Anna | mounting guard before the tent en-

"We ain't to be shot till ole Santa Anna comes," whispered Smith to Lane as they entered the tent. "Leastwise that's what I surmise. The ole man is back down the road about ten mile with a leg full o' fall asleep where he stood, but he bullets an won't git up till tomorrow.

Lane had made up his mind that their rifles behind and left camp he was to be shot. He had heard of the way Mexicans treated prisoners before he got to Texas. What Smith said about a respite until Santa Anna brush, which drenched Lane's dried | came was rather a disappointment

He was too tired to think about it into gullies, stepped into pools of one way or the other, and once inwater and got tangled up in brier side the tent he sank to the damp

"He'd better rest," muttered Smith as he watched Lane's eyes close through a cloud of smoke. One of the Mexican officers had courtheir redskin scouts at any minute | teously proffered a cigar as he passed out of the tent. "He'll be in a better fix to help hisself if anything

his pace and imitated the Texan's | It seemed to Lane that he had stealthy movements. He only half scarcely been asleen two minutes got beyond control, and he flounder- mouth. It took him full a minute to

Smith's voice recalled him to his perhaps when the Texan suddenly senses. "Not a word," the Texan stopped and raised a warning finger. | whispered, "but listen close. One o' the Greasers is drunk on Santa Anna's whisky-they didn't take my just as he did so he heard the sharp | flask away, ye know-an the other -well, he's seein a bullfight in hell! the uncomfortable music of a bullet | While I'm entertainin the lushy varmint ye git. Take the back head. There were more reports at | way. There ain't any Injuns there, irregular intervals, and, peering an nearly all the Greasers is asleep. Get into the creek an wade down. could see the flashes of the rifles 50 | We cum up about ten mile. Ye'll reach camp afore mornin. I've counted the tents. 'There's 'bout four thousan o' those hidalgos here, an they got six pieces o' artillery. Tell Hawkins this an tell him to make tracks fer Gin'ral Houston's camp

Smith handed Lane a flask and a knife and went back to the tent entrance, where Lane could hear guttural and indistinct voices. Lane sat dazed for a moment rubbing his eyes. Then it occurred to him that Greaser nor Mexican could shoot he was not to die, and his mental turn instantly. He couldn't tell for so, bein' as yer uncle wuz a goin' to in its shadow.

sumed on the national Greaser char- rifts in the scudding clouds he could star. All around him were silent

hear the snores of the Mexican soldiers, the tramp of the distant guards and the voices of faraway Falling on his hands and knees, he

Every second he expected to be challenged, but nothing of the sort occurred, and he was soon as the creek bank. He passed a moment he took them for sisters." to note the course of the stream and then dropped in.

The water came up to his waist as to Santa Anna's camp, which they he stood. It seemed to him that the located through the trees by its splash could be heard all over the sleeping camp, and he expected to see a hundred forms spring up and

He sank into the icy water up to his neck and shivered with apprehension. Everything remained quiet, and after waiting a few moments he started down the stream, wading as silently as he could. A and followed the bank.

He reached camp at daylight, surprising Hawkins and Hatton and

The air was heavy with the fra- side the cot. Lane stared for an instant and then recognized the hairy Smith was the center of attraction | face of Greaser Ear Hatton. He was about to speak, but Hatton interrupted him.

"It's all right," he said, grinning and pressing a flask of Santa Anna's private stock to Lane's lips. "You done well. Hawkins got to Gen'r'l Houston in time, an we licked hell outen the Greasers two days afterward right on the creek. We got Santa Anna here in Liberty now." "But Colonel Smith - where's

he?" faltered Lane. "Oh, he's down at the Trinity chasin Greasers! He rubbed out the varmint you left him with at the Greaser camp an got home two hours after you arrove.'

Lane fell asleep again. - New York

Impetuous Youth.

If youth and experience could only go together, what an all conquering conjunction they would make! It is one of the saddest contradictions of this misfit world that the power to discriminate and to appreciate is apt to come too late. It is a curious trait in human nature that, although in science, and, for that matter, all other impersonal matters connected with our lives, we are willing to accent the knowledge that has been acquired before our time and draw our deductions from premises that others have evolved, in everything that concerns ourselves, and is therefore to us the most important, we refuse to be guided or to take warning from the experiences of others.

It is one of the many trials of a rush blindly into trouble that might so easily have been avoided if youth would only listen and consult with age. Every mother prophesies to unwilling ears what she knows to be true, but what she cannot get her young people to believe, until through experience-which is often unpleasant-they return to the creeds of the nursery, the unquestioning faith of early childhood, that "mother is always right."-New York Tribune.

Holding Court at Dyea.

In the afternoon attended court according to engagement. There were several cases on-one some quarrel about mules and another case I did not understand. There were perhaps a dozen men gathered on the bare Point of Rocks. The court was held in a 10 by 12 tent. The commissioner sat on a box behind a large goods box, and the lawyers and defendants and plaintiffs sat on other boxes, and discussed the situation informally. After talking awhile inside, all parties would go outside to a large rock in front of the tent, and there, with hands in their pockets, talk some more. A settlement was arrived at in each case. There is not much law here. Common sense rules, or tries to, and if that fails, there is a big United States marshal who sets things straight in about as arbitrary and effective a way as a New York police justice does. In my own case there was nothing whatever to be done, but the papers were held in readiness in case of trouble.-Harper's Weekiy.

Entirely Capable.

Attorney-Have you formed or expressed an opinion concerning this

Venireman-No, sir. I haven't formed or expressed an opinion about anything for 18 months. I'm the janitor of a woman's club .-Chicago Tribune.

- One of the boys at Chickamauga received the following note from home recently: "Dear Jim-we knowed and physical strength seemed to re- you didn' thave nothen' to eat thar, made biscuits, a smokehouse ham an' The rain had ceased, and through a bandle of tracts with soldiers pray ers on 'em au' may the Lord have mercy on your soul

evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt: a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds; a pondence, ton of Arctic or Antarctic water, S5 words. At first he was afraid to pounds; a ton of water from the Dead sea, 187 pounds.

> "Isn't it strange? Minnie despises Mr. Wilkins, while her mother thinks he is the greatest person in the world." "That's easily accounted for. The first time he met them together A-F-R-I-C-A-N-A!

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For a sore throat, cut slices of fat boncless bacon, pepper thickly, and tie around the throat with a flannel

When stung by a bee or a wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

For a cold on the chest, a flannel rag wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine, laid on the chest gives the greatest relief. When a felon first begins to make

its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better. For a cough, boil one ounce of flax-

seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons : mix and boil well. Drink as hot as

Often after cooking a meal a person will feel tired and have no appetite; for this beat a raw egg until light, stir in a little milk and sugar, and season with nutmeg. Drink half an hour before eating.

For a burn or scald, make a paste of common baking soda and water, apply at once, and cover with a linen cloth. When the skin is broken, apply the white of an egg with a feather: this gives instant relief, as it keeps the air from the flesh.

At the first signs of a ring round, take a cupful of wood ashes, put in a fond parent that their children can- pan with a quart of cold water, put not, or rather will not, see with your finger in the pan on the stove, their eyes or think as they know | put your finger in the pan, keep it they ought to think, and to see them | there until the water begins to boil, or as long as it can be borne. Repeat once or twice if necessary.

- In the English house of parliament it is customary for the members to take off their hats when they walk to their seats, or when they rise to leave, but to wear them when they are

- Food, drink and tobacco cost the people of New York city \$1,000,000 and over per day.

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Some years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. The little one was unequal to the struggle, and its life was yielded up to the fearful poison. For six long years I suffered untold misery. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and no language oan express my feelings of woe during those long years. I had the best medical treatment. Several physicians successions.

medical treatment. Several physicians successively treated me, but all to no purpose. The more cury and potash seer it to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it, to try Swift's Specific. We got two bottles, and I felt hope again revive in my breast—hope for health and happiness again. I improved from the start, and a complete and perfect cure was the result. S. S. sis the only blood remedy which reaches desperate cases.

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