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Up-Town, Down-Town, in My Lady's Heart Always.

The world is old,
And love grows cold,
And hearts are sold
For gold.

They say.

My lady tastes the pleasure
Of each hour that passes by;
In fashion's golden garden
The brightest butterfly.
Meanwhile, down town, her husband,
From dawn till dark,
In his close and crowded office,
Out toils his busiest clerk.

For the world is old,
And love grows cold,
And hearts are sold
For gold.

Well a day!

But my lady's presence ever
Brightens the busy place;
When he passes in his writing
He sees her perfect face.
Meanwhile, up-town, my lady,
The gayest of the gay,
The kiss of her lips keeps for him—
The love of her heart all day.

Is the word, then, old?
Does love grow cold?
And hearts are sold
For gold?

Always?

—New York World.

A BLACK HILLS ADVENTURE.

Going to the Black Hills has been a bad business for New England boys. It is said that upwards of eight thousand young men have gone to the gold region of the Black Hills from New England alone. Generally they have taken with them whatever of money they had saved by previous work—all the way from a hundred to a thousand dollars each. If they have averaged two hundred dollars each, they have carried from home the snug little sum of one million six hundred thousand dollars.

Of these eight thousand young men, one-half have already come back without a dollar, dispirited, and often with impaired health. From two to three hundred have been murdered by savages. Many of them have died. Others are dispersed to different parts of the great West.

However, I did not start to give a sermon, but to tell a story, which a young man told me on the cars a few days ago. He went to the Black Hills eighteen months before, and had remained there between four and five months. This man's name was Sparks. He is twenty-three years old, was born in the old Granite State, and is at present a moving-machine agent. Now the most of those who return from the Black Hills have only the old story of hardships, rough life and rough characters to tell. But Sparks had had a real adventure, and an exceptionally narrow escape from the Sioux—a hand-to-hand fight in fact—and considered himself, as he assured me, one of the luckiest fellows in the world not to have lost his topknot. "We went up to Deadwood first," said he. "Everybody was going there, for that was the great bonanza then. There were eight of us, all young fellows but one, who was an old Californian.

"We reached Deadwood too late to get even a thirty-foot claim on the creek, where there was gold worth washing for. Nobody dared to go far from the city, for the Indians were picking off men every day within a few miles. We were cooped up there, waiting, planning this thing and that, till I, for one, had scarce a dollar left, and was obliged to sell part of my outfit.

"I persuaded another of the party, named Amos Skillings, to start 'prospecting' with me by night, to see if we could not discover for ourselves some stream, or 'run,' where there was gold. We did not believe that Deadwood Creek was the only place where gold might be found. We did not speak of our plan, for there were 'roughs' hanging round Deadwood, who were about as dangerous as the savages themselves.

"It was a pretty dark night when we left camp, no moon and rather cloudy. We went up the creek two or three miles, then left it and struck off across the country to the northwest, keeping in cover of all the timber we could see, traveling in the course of that night some twelve or fifteen miles.

"Along towards morning we got into a willow thicket on low ground, and kept hid there all that day. As it was in June, the willows made a very good cover. We had with us what hard-tack and canned beef we could comfortably carry.

"At dark we ventured out again, and about midnight descended from some steep gravel bluffs into the gulch of a big brook, which was dashing and eddying along a rocky bed.

"Amos kept saying that this was as likely to be a gold creek as any, and as there was a growth of small cottonwoods in a bend of the stream, we slept there till day-

light, though the place was swarming with mosquitoes.

"During the forenoon we 'prospected' the bed of the creek, washing portions of the sand, dug up at different points, in 'pans' which we had brought on our backs.

"We found a little gold—a very little—enough so that by washing diligently, a man might have panned out fifty cents' worth a day, or possibly a dollar's worth. Of course where there is any gold there is always a chance of striking a 'pocket.'

"At night we went up on the creek ten or twelve miles farther to a point where the stream flowed through a growth of ash and hickory, where we tried the sands again.

"Skillings pronounced it better here than below. The gold grains were certainly larger, which indicated that the source of the gold was still higher up, probably in a range of rugged-looking hills which we could see ten or fifteen miles to the northwestward.

"So that night we went up the creek again till eleven or twelve o'clock, when we found ourselves at a place where the stream issued from a cleft in the rock, which rose straight up in a jagged mass on either side, and came tumbling over broken crags down into a great pool. We had heard the roar of these falls half a mile or more below.

"The sands of this deep pool afforded better 'washings.' We took out an ounce vial half-full of gold the forenoon following, and determined to keep to work there for awhile.

"But other men had been there ahead of us. While panning, we smelt something that led us to suspect this, and looking among the bushes a few steps back from the bank, we found two dead bodies of young men who had been shot and scalped.

"It looked as if they had been camping there. There were tin dishes, an axe and refuse stuff lying close by. They had probably been surprised by night.

"That's a warning to us," muttered Skillings. "The sight of those men lying there stark and dead made me wish I was home again."

"We stuck by, however, and during the afternoon continued to peep and prospect about the place. We were at the foot of a ledgy canon, through which the creek poured into the pool and valley below. The water seemed to have furrowed a deep channel for itself through what was once solid rock, for the sides of the canon looked smooth and water-worn.

"By climbing up a ledge fifteen or twenty feet, and wading knee-deep in the channel between the high walls at the entrance of the canon, we were able to enter it, and we explored it for some distance.

"It was a dark passage through which the stream foamed and roared. In many places the rocks nearly met overhead, thirty or forty feet above the bed of the creek. I suppose it was the cutting out of this canon by the water which had disintegrated the gold from the rock, and deposited it in the pool and along the channel below.

"We groped our way up the tunnel for ten or fifteen rods, and came to the foot of a considerable fall. On the right of this fall the floods, or a former eddy, had excavated a broad, rounded hole beneath the overhanging rock, and the bottom of this hole was now dry and partially filled with sand, grit, and round, smooth pebbles.

"Anything smoother than the walls of this great rounded dome of a hole, I never saw out of rock. It was a dim, damp place, with the roar of the falls reverberating through it. But Amos exclaimed at once that he would warrant there was gold in the sand and grit on the bottom of this cavern-like hole.

"We each scooped up a panful, and dipping in water washed it carefully off. And there was gold, sure enough, in bright, angular grains, and in my pan there was one nugget as big as a pea.

"This set us wild with excitement. We felt to work, and almost forgot everything else. In an hour I think we got out thirty dollars' worth.

"There's a fortune in this canon!" Amos kept saying. "It's full of just such pockets."

"But it was getting dusk outside, and quite dark in there. There was drift-wood scattered along the rocks, and we now resolved to camp in the great rounded hole to the right of the fall, and make our home in the canon. So we made a trip down to where we had left our packs, fetched them up, and then kindled a big fire to dispel the damp and darkness.

"We named the place Deadman's Canon. It was a dismal hole for a camp, but we need have little fear of Indians so long as we remained there. They could not reach us from overhead, and two men armed with breech-loaders as

we were could defend the hole against a hundred wading up the narrow, rough, pokier passage below it.

"So we slept at our ease that night, and the next forenoon cleared out the 'pocket' in the rounded cavern where we were camped, and got an ounce vial full of loose gold, with one pellet so big it wouldn't go into the neck of the bottle.

"This was cheering—the first streak of good luck we had struck since coming to the Hills. The hope of making our 'pile' and going home rich in three months began to dance before us.

"But our food—the bread and beef we had brought with us—was going fast. It would be a long and perilous trip back to Deadwood for more, and we thought we would start out that afternoon and see if we could not beat up some kind of game, or find some berries, to eke out our supplies for a while, at least.

"We slung our rifles on our backs, and took our mining-pans to pick berries in. I had seen some wild raspberries along the sides of the valley below the canon. Wading down the bed of the torrent, we reached the entrance of the gorge.

"We had just clambered down the ledge previously mentioned, when crack! went a shot from the bushes on the left of the pool below, and a ball hit the rocks close beside me.

"Redskins!" exclaimed Skillings, in a low tone; and we both dropped behind some boulders, not daring to start to climb back up the ledge to get into the canon.

"At first we hoped it was only some passing hunter who was there alone. But we soon found out that not less than five or six Indians were there, who had probably seen our smoke rising from the canon, and were lying in wait for us.

"A moment or two after we heard some of them moving through the bushes and briars to get round to the left of us. Right across the stream there was a willow thicket at the foot of the crags.

"If we could only get into those willows," muttered Skillings, "we'd fight 'em as long as they'd like. And we can do it. We can jump across the stream on the rocks there. Quick! No—hold! I'll try it first. Cover me!"

"He sprang up, and ran jumping from rock to rock in the torrent. Two shots cracked from the bushes below, then a third.

"It was the last shot that hit him, I think; for I heard him cry out at that, and saw him go headforemost down into the water among the rocks. Such a whoop as followed that!

"In my excitement and fright I jumped up. One of the savages, was just breaking through the bushes, not twenty yards from me. We fired at each other almost at the same instant, but both missed.

"The Indian had a breech-loader as well as I, with cartridges in hand. Snip! snap! in they went. I heard his go in as plainly as I did mine. We both fired again, point-blank, almost in one another's faces.

"His ball hit me in the clothes somewhere; but he tumbled his length. I think I killed him. Crack! went a shot from a little below at the very same instant.

"I knew that the canon was my only chance, and without stopping a second, I turned and sprang up the ledge. A man will climb up a fearful place in such a moment.

"Up I leaped. Crack! whack! went two shots. One struck the rock within three inches of my face, and filled my eyes with bits of stone. I expected that other shots would bore me through, though I wasn't three seconds getting up.

"Another bullet whizzed passed me as I splashed into the stream at the entrance of the canon, and still another as I ran and stumbled on. It was a narrow escape. I wonder they hadn't winged me!

"I didn't stop till I got to the cave where we had camped; then I reloaded and waited for them. I thought I might as well fight it out there as anywhere. But the savages were cautious about following me into the canon. No doubt they knew of the caverns and nooks in it, and did not care to risk venturing in after me. I could easily have picked them off had they attempted to wade up the rough, slippery bed of the stream.

"But about an hour after I heard them upon the rocks overhead. They threw down stones as big as a bushel basket, thinking to rout me out, I suppose. But I was too well sheltered for that. If they had but shown themselves up there, I could have made short work of them.

"I heard them for more than an hour, and supposed they would lie in wait for me.

"Evening came. I did not dare to light a fire. It was a dark and lone-

some night, I assure you. At times I slept a little.

"Next morning I was afraid to stir, lest the savages might be on the look-out for me. Once I ventured down to the mouth of the canon, but did not show myself.

"The day wore by. I was hungry, and that night I had only three cakes of hard bread and a little piece of raw beef left. My only hope now was to get out of the canon unobserved, and, if possible, reach Deadwood.

"The night was dark. About ten o'clock I packed up what gold we had got, and stole forth. Hearing nothing of the Indians, I looked round a few minutes for Skillings's body, then set off down the creek.

"I went fast, running wherever the ground was smooth enough. After following the creek ten or twelve minutes, I left it and struck off across the country in a south-easterly direction. Probably I went fifty miles that day.

"Towards morning I got into a thicket of wild gooseberry bushes, and slept till past noon. As soon as evening came I started again, and about eleven o'clock struck the Deadwood creek, eight or ten miles above the 'city,' and followed it down. I was nearly used up and about starved.

"I still think that considerable quantities of gold could be got out of that canon, but I never mustered up courage to go back there. We had washed out in all about ninety dollars' worth."

—*Youth's Companion.*

A New Sort of Marine Capture.

The San Francisco Chronicle has this story: Ex-Gov. Romaldo Pacheco has been out in his yacht Consuelo, his attention was called by the crew to an unusual troubling of the waters near the shore of Angel Island by some monster which the old shellbacks aboard had concluded must be a double-barreled swordfish. Mr. Pacheco's keen eye instantly recognized what had been mistaken for words as the antlers of a magnificent three-year-old buck, which had probably just completed the voyage down from the forests of Washington Territory.

Hastily improvising a lasso out of the main halyard, he ordered a boat lowered away, and had himself pulled swiftly to the game. The boat had got to within just sixty-three feet of the buck as it was about to wade out into the stone quarries on the island, when the governor, rising to the bows, gracefully swung the coiled rope three times around his head, and then cast the deadly loop through the air and over the buck's neck.

The buck abruptly drew the boat ashore, and scattered it and its crew around among the sharp-edged rocks, with no special care for regularity, and then started out for a canter with the novel appendage of an ex-governor. But Mr. Pacheco was powerful, too, and it seemed a very even toss up whether the buck had lassoed Mr. Pacheco or Mr. Pacheco the buck.

At the end of an hour, the buck being pretty well peeled, and the ragged edges of Angel Island rock flitting with remains of gubernatorial garments, Mr. Pacheco vanquished the brute, which was brought to this city and presented to the post commandant at Goat Island.

How Things Go Wrong.

There are certain times in each man's life when every thing goes wrong. By a kind of total depravity, which extends to things material, whatever happens seems to become a new wild animal in the menagerie, and one's life, for the time being, is a fearful snarl. For instance, you hunt all over the room for a pencil, which you are sure you have seen within five minutes, and, having lost both patience and temper, find it at last behind your ear. You are in a hurry and want a penknife. You always keep it in one place, because you know that some time you will get befogged, just as you are now; but when you put your hand out to take it, it is not there. Then you fret and scold and vow that somebody has surreptitiously entered the room and purloined it. After you have fumed yourself into a fever you look again, and there it is, lying in its accustomed place, just as serenely as a child in its cradle. You were looking straight at it and didn't see it. Then the whole household, which you have sent to hunting it up, and each individual member of which you have accused of having it in his pocket, rushes in and asks you where you found it, and makes you feel like an idiot when you confess that it was just where they all told you it was. Things like these happen upon these ill-starred days and emphasize the advice to always keep calm yourself.

The first coal sent from the Pennsylvania mines in 1797, to Philadelphia, could not be burned in the fire-places of that day, and was broken up to repair the streets with.

An Emperor's Habits.

An exchange says: The Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is indefatigable in his application to business. He retires to rest at the hour when life is beginning in Vienna, and at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, the emperor, active, laborious and watchful, is always on foot again. He breakfasts on a cup of coffee placed on his desk, smokes one of the ordinary Viennese cigars while reading his voluminous dispatches, and remains hard at work till the early family dinner. Enthusiastic sportsman as he is, and devoted to mountain scenery, no wonder he is delighted to hurry away to his favorite hunting grounds in the hills of the Salzkammergut. He leaves Vienna in the evening, like a merchant who has finished his business he crosses the Traunsee in the night, and arrives at Ischl at five in the morning. There he is to be seen in his blouse, with his great walking-stick, roaming about in the most enchanting district of all his picturesque dominions, or chatting familiarly with the peasants or their children. He is very happy in his marriage. His first meeting with his future empress was romantic. One of her sisters had been destined for the imperial throne, and when Francis Joseph in his hunting dress arrived one evening at his father-in-law's residence on the Traunsee, he was received by four young ladies of the family, who have all since then made excellent marriages. As he was chatting with the group, he saw an apparition of beauty, with magnificent hair floating over the shoulders, illuminated in the full glow of the sunset, approaching them from a neighboring wood. It was the Princess Elisabeth, the fifth of the sisters, and the emperor from that moment became her slave.

George Grant died in Victoria, Kansas a short time ago. He was the founder of a large and prosperous colony. In 1873, when he was a member of the first of Grant & Gash, London dry goods merchants, he traveled in this country and took a great fancy to Kansas land. He bought 140,000 acres from the government, stocked it, and led a large number of English immigrants to settle there. The property is now worth \$700,000.

Eels often attack the shad in the net after they have been caught in the river. They enter the shad at the gill opening and suck out the spawn and entrails, leaving the fish perfectly clean. Fishermen say that the shad, thus attacked, are the best, for the eels will not eat any but the finest and fattest shad. Eels also follow up the shad, all the way up the river, and devour the spawn. Were it not for these natural destroyers the shad would increase to an amazing extent.

In 1855 there were 30,000 more shoe makers in Massachusetts than there are to-day, and yet the value of the product of the various factories is \$70,000,000 greater per annum to-day than it was then. There are machines for sewing, lasting, heel, pegging, puffing, riveting, crimping, edge setting, eyeing, blacking and other minutiae of the shoemaking business, and no less than seventeen different inventions are now required for any large boot and shoe factory.

A late essayist says the newspaper is so comprehensive in its scope, so universal in administering to the wants of all classes, and every occupation of life that it may be truly said that a good advertisement in a newspaper is the best of all possible salesmen—one who never sleeps and is never weary, who goes after business early and late, who accosts the merchant in his shop, the lawyer in his office, the student in his study, the cultivated woman at the fireside, who can be in a thousand places at once, and address a million of people each day, saying only the best thing at the right time and in the best manner.

Maximilian's Diamond.

While in the City of Mexico recent General Jeff C. Davis became the fortunate possessor of a diamond scarf pin, which, in addition to intrinsic beauty and value, is of great historical interest. It was presented to the Emperor of Austria to Maximilian before the latter left Vienna for Mexico and was worn by Maximilian until his sentence of death, when it was presented by him to a faithful Mexican adherent. The owner found it necessary to realize on his valuable possession whether by pawning or selling it was known, and it was offered for sale in the jewelry establishments of the City of Mexico. Here it became an object of curiosity and interest, especially to foreign residents and visitors. The American minister, General Foster called General Davis's attention to it, which is of gold, oval shaped, upper portion surmounted with a cross the whole resting on the wings of a Mexican eagle, while the eagle holds in its claws, or rather is standing on a large diamond. The central portion is dark blue ground of enamel, on which are the combined coat of arms of Austria and Mexico. Beneath the monogram "M. I. M." Maximilian I., Mexico. There are eighty-five diamonds in all the face of the pin, of exquisite workmanship. When held before a gas it becomes a blaze of brilliant light.

This is Johnny's composition on "The Sheriff," in *St. Nicholas*: A man which was a sheriff of a jail his prisoners kept a gettin out nites an steelin hens, cos the jail wasent strong enough fer to hold em in side. So the man he said, the man did: "He put a stop to that game my harty's?" And he had another coat of paint put on the jail. But the artist he had put some salt into the paint and some cows came along and licked the paint off, and then the prisoners got out another time and steeled more hens. When the sheriff he seen what they had done he was angry he said: "This ain't no place fer theeds yo bet; so yo fellows has either got to behave yoyselves or life out, and hussle around fer yoer own hash best way you can."

Good, kind words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar; haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

Clothing dealers gladly pull down their vests for the accommodation of inquiring customers.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Last year a Chicago dealer failed, among his assets being \$600 worth of ice. The marshal kept watch over the estate till it melted away and the brought in a bill of \$674 for doing so.

The Moffet bell punch law is now in force in Louisiana. It places a tax of one-quarter of a cent on every drink of ardent spirits taken in the saloons. The estimated revenue to be derived therefrom annually is \$300,000.

The railway interests of this country represent \$5,000,000,000 capital; the represent in England about \$2,800,000,000; in Germany, \$1,000,000,000; France, about \$1,400,000,000. In 1878 there were only twenty-three miles of railway in operation in the United States in 1840 there were only 2,818; in 1859, 9,021; in 1860, 30,635; in 1878, 77,470.

A general idea of the value of horses in England may be gained from the following prices obtained recently at Howd great horse fair: Strong agricultur and dray horses brought \$250 to \$350 each; harness horses from \$300 to \$400; high steppers, suitable for carriages, pairs, from \$350 to \$500 each; hunters at all rates, from \$250 to \$750 each.

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Maximilian's Diamond.

While in the City of Mexico recent General Jeff C. Davis became the fortunate possessor of a diamond scarf pin, which, in addition to intrinsic beauty and value, is of great historical interest. It was presented to the Emperor of Austria to Maximilian before the latter left Vienna for Mexico and was worn by Maximilian until his sentence of death, when it was presented by him to a faithful Mexican adherent. The owner found it necessary to realize on his valuable possession whether by pawning or selling it was known, and it was offered for sale in the jewelry establishments of the City of Mexico. Here it became an object of curiosity and interest, especially to foreign residents and visitors. The American minister, General Foster called General Davis's attention to it, which is of gold, oval shaped, upper portion surmounted with a cross the whole resting on the wings of a Mexican eagle, while the eagle holds in its claws, or rather is standing on a large diamond. The central portion is dark blue ground of enamel, on which are the combined coat of arms of Austria and Mexico. Beneath the monogram "M. I. M." Maximilian I., Mexico. There are eighty-five diamonds in all the face of the pin, of exquisite workmanship. When held before a gas it becomes a blaze of brilliant light.

This is Johnny's composition on "The Sheriff," in *St. Nicholas*: A man which was a sheriff of a jail his prisoners kept a gettin out nites an steelin hens, cos the jail wasent strong enough fer to hold em in side. So the man he said, the man did: "He put a stop to that game my harty's?" And he had another coat of paint put on the jail. But the artist he had put some salt into the paint and some cows came along and licked the paint off, and then the prisoners got out another time and steeled more hens. When the sheriff he seen what they had done he was angry he said: "This ain't no place fer theeds yo bet; so yo fellows has either got to behave yoyselves or life out, and hussle around fer yoer own hash best way you can."

Good, kind words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers or fruitful tree falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar; haply thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.