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THE WOODPECKER.

Art thou [illegible], woodpecker?
In [illegible] in art [illegible],
And, [illegible], there [illegible] play the [illegible]
Small [illegible], keeping all the woods awake,
Thou pleasant, merry, wise [illegible]
Rap-tap-tap-tap! in the top of the old oak tree—
My heart, stand still—a message there for me.
Oh, curious, wildwood telegrapher!

Rap-tap! ah, sorrow that I knew before.
Rap-tap! what, love, the same in length and sound.
Does love mean sorrow, then, the world around?
Sorrow love's lightning speech that strikes sore?
Rap-tap! rap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap!
Hold! are the charges all prepaid, [illegible]?
—Agnes E. Mitchell in Chicago News.

THE RING OF GOLD

Martin Daly had become discouraged. Like many another miner in the far west, he had made money and lost it, had prospected for mines, found ore and been cheated out of his rights, had grown poor and ill, and had thrown himself under a tree, careless whether he lived or died.

The great snowy mountain peaks and the rich verdure had lost their attraction for him. He had hoped and been disappointed so many times that he had come to believe himself unlucky; that he should never possess a dollar; that there was neither happiness nor home for him.

He had seen better days. His large dark eyes, his broad brow, his well shaped mouth and chin bespoke refinement in the years that were gone. He had been well educated, had tried many things and failed in them, not from lack of energy, not from lack of judgment, but his fate seemed to be an adverse one.

He had done many good acts, had always helped his brother miners, had tried to look on the bright side of life, had fought manfully and been defeated in the battle. He had imagined sometimes that the clouds had a silver lining, but the storms always came sooner or later. He meditated thus as he lay under the tree, and finally, more dead than alive from want and exhaustion, fell asleep.

Two men passed along under the brow of the mountain, by the tree. They were tall and straight, and from their dark hair and skin it was easy to perceive their Indian blood.

"The white man is dead," said one of the men as he bent on his knee beside the sleeper.

"No, there is a twitching of the eyelids," said the other. "He is pale and sick. I will take him home and Mimosa will care for him."

The conversation, carried on in a low tone, awakened the miner.

"Come with us and you shall have food and shelter," said the friendly Indian.

Scarcely able to bear his weight Martin leaned upon the arms of the two men, and soon found himself in the humble Indian cabin.

"Mimosa, here is a stranger. Take care of him. Red Cloud never left a human being to die. He will get well, and then we will send him back to his people."

A shy, pale Indian girl came forward and did as she was bidden. She did not speak, but looked very pityingly out of her fawnlike dark eyes. When Martin had been placed in the simple bed she prepared food for him and fed him as though he were a child. Day by day she came and went, speaking little, but doing gently the things which only a woman's hands can do.

After a time the miner, still a young man, gained in strength and began once more to hope for a successful future.

"Mimosa," he said one day, "I owe my life to you, and if I am ever rich I will come back and reward you."

"I shall miss you," said the girl shyly. "But I want no money. I shall be happy because you are well again and happy."

"I shall yet find gold, Mimosa. I used to think I should be rich, and then I became poor and sick and lost heart. You wear a ring on your finger and sometimes a chain about your neck, both of beaten gold. Did the metal come from mines near here?"

"My father gave them to me," she replied, and nothing more could be learned from her on the subject.

"Would you care, Mimosa, if I wore the ring until I went away? Perhaps I can find the place where the gold came from."

"You may wear it till you come back rich," she said smiling.

Days grew into weeks, and the time drew near for the miner to say goodby to the girl who had become his comrade as well as deliverer. Tears filled her eyes as they parted. "You will forget Mimosa," she said.

"No, I will bring back the ring, and you shall give it to the man who makes you his bride. I shall never forget Red Cloud nor his daughter."

Strong and hopeful again, Martin took up life, obtained work and believed once more that he should find gold. So sweet and blessed a thing is hope, giving luster to the eyes and quickening the flow of blood along the veins.

But he missed the Indian girl. The pines on the snowy mountain peaks whispered of her. The evenings seemed longer than formerly; the conversation of the miners less interesting. He was lonely. He was earning a fair living, but of what use was money to him if he was to feel desolate in heart? Mimosa was not of his race, but she had a loving nature. He remembered that she looked sad at his going away. He wondered if she ever thought about him. If she had some Indian suitor, would she not wish for the ring again? He would like, at least, to see the man and his daughter who had saved his life. He would carry back the ring. And if he knew where the gold in it came from, perhaps he would indeed become rich, and then who could make him so happy as Mimosa!

Months only increased the loneliness in Martin's heart. He was becoming discouraged again. He even began to fear that Mimosa was married, and his soul awakened to a sense of loss. He would go back just once and see her, and on his journey back he would sit for a half hour under the tree where Red Cloud had found him.

"What ails Martin?" said one miner to another. "He must be in love—no fun in him as in the old days. Going to quit camp, he says."

After Martin had decided to go to see Red Cloud, his heart seemed lighter. If Mimosa were married he would at least show her his gratitude. And if she were not! Well, it would be very restful to see her once more!

He started on his journey. The full moon was rising as he neared the old tree, where Red Cloud had found him. As he approached he was startled by a white figure. He turned aside for a moment, and then went cautiously up to the great trunk. Two dark eyes full of tears gazed up into his eyes, at first with a startled look and then with a gleam of joy and trust.

"Mimosa," he exclaimed, and clasped the Indian girl in his arms.

"Why are you here, child, at this time of night?"

"I came here to think of you, Martin, and the moonlight is so sweet and comforting. The green trees and the mountains tell me of you."

"I have brought you back the ring, Mimosa."

"And are you rich yet? You were to keep it till you were rich."

"No; but I would be rich, perhaps, if you would tell me where the gold in the ring was found."

"My father gave it to me," she replied quietly.

"Mimosa, would you love me if I were rich?"

"Perhaps I should be afraid of you if you were."

"Would you love me if I remained poor as I am now?"

"Yes, always."

"And if I became sick and could not care for you, what then?"

"I would care for you, Martin."

"I have brought back the ring, Mimosa, that you may give it to the man who shall make you his bride."

"And would you like to keep the ring yourself, Martin?"

"Yes, dearest."

They went back to the home of Red Cloud, happy because promised to each other in marriage.

After a quiet wedding Mimosa said one day, "Come with me, Martin, and I will show you where the gold in the ring and the necklace were found."

Not very far from the tree where the miner had lain down discouraged Mimosa pointed out the shining ore, the spot known only to the few Indians.

"Mimosa, there is a mine here! This gold is the outcropping of the veins. I shall yet be rich, my darling."

"Would you surely love me as much, Martin, if you were rich?"

"I would give you everything your heart desired."

"And not go into an eastern country, and be great, and forget Mimosa?"

"Never!"

With a happy heart Martin Daly took his pick to the mountains. The shining ore opened under his touch. His claim each day showed more value. He had, indeed, become rich through the ring of Mimosa.

Years have passed. Two thousand dollars are taken each day from the mine. The children of the Indian girl, educated, gentle as their mother and energetic as their father, are in a handsome home. Love in that home has kept as bright as the gold in the mountain.—Sarah K. Bolton in Independent.

Prancing, Posturing and Dancing.

There is not in China at any time overmuch of the charity that thinketh no evil, and where women are concerned there would seem to be none at all. A handshake between a man and a woman is as badly construed there as was ever a casual kiss in our own divorce court. But Yuan, when describing our social gatherings, does so without any overt condemnation; perhaps he thought that a plain and straightforward description of them would be quite enough.

"Besides invitations to dinner," he writes, "there are invitations to tea parties, such as are occasionally given by wealthy merchants or distinguished officials. When the time comes an equal number of men and women assemble, and tea, sugar, milk, bread and the like are set out as aids to conversation. More particularly are there invitations to skip and posture when the host decides what man is to be the partner of what woman, and what woman of what man. Then, with both arms grasping each other, they leave the table in pairs and leap, skip, posture and prance for their mutual gratification. A man and a woman previously unknown to one another may take part in it. They call this skipping [illegible] (dancing)."

The reason for this curious proceeding on the part of our countrymen was well explained by a writer in a Chinese illustrated paper, The Hwa Pao. "Western etiquette requires," he says, "the man in search of a wife to write to the girl's house and agree upon some time and place for a skipping match" (so-called, a dance).—Temple Bar.

A Joker Taken Down.

In his desire to be thought a wit, Nash was sometimes brutal in his jokes, and on one occasion received a smart reprimand. He was walking in the grove when he met two ladies, one of whom was deformed. Addressing her, he asked where she had come from.

"Straight from London," was the reply.

"Confound me, madam," he said, "then you must have been warped by the way."

The lady said nothing at the time to so unfeeling and ill timed a pleasantry, but it rankled. A few days after Nash joined her as she was sitting in the rooms, and asked her, with a sneer and a bow, if she saw her catechism and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog.

"His name, sir, was Nash, and an impudent dog he was!"—Murray's Magazine.

Mr. W. D. Howells has been looking at the pictures on the backs of the paper covered novels upon the newsstands. He finds them forcibly suggestive of naughtiness, for too many of them. Moreover, there was rather more kissing and embracing going on in colors than was quite in taste.

Go Higher.

There is one feature that distinguishes the American from persons of any other nationality. He is not content with the station in which he is born, and he thinks nothing in this world in the way of riches or honors too good for him. If the American boy and girl are brought up and live in a hovel they look steadfastly forward to the time when they shall be as rich as anybody, and have as good an education and as much refinement and social prestige as anybody.

They would be recreant and unworthy the land in which they were born if they thought otherwise. They do deserve the best that there is in life, and the prospect is that they can get it. There certainly is enough material in this world to give everybody a comfortable living, with some luxury even, and it is the glory of this Union that her children go in for the best and aspire to the best. It is a wholly worthy and noble ambition to wish to take one's place among the highest, and he who has it not is unworthy a birthright in this free country. A man can do what he thinks he can do.

Keeping this fact before him, aspiring to the highest, each individual who has the true American spirit will strive on to all noble and honorable ways to advance civilization and comfort a little further than he found it, by making himself richer, healthier, handsomer and more highly educated than his parents were. Nothing less will satisfy the genius of America.

The highest inhabited point in the world is claimed to be the top of Pike's peak, on which a hotel has been built. The hotel is 14,147 feet above sea level, and is reached by a railway starting from Manitou Springs, this point itself being 6,300 feet above the sea. In order to keep the locomotive engine from slipping backward it is provided with cogwheels, which follow a third rail, also cogged. Here will be an ascent quite equal in grandeur to that of the Rhigi in Switzerland, which so many Americans travel a long journey to accomplish every summer.

Those New Hat Dresses.

"Have you seen the new hat dresses? I don't like them, they are too communicative."

"Why, for pity's sake, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, they are too communicative. You buy one, and see what a fix you will be in. I have one, and every time I put it on I wish I never had been born. Everything sticks to it. If you sit on the beach when you get up you are covered with shells, seaweeds, dirt. If you chat confidentially with a young man and get interested and sit a little near him, the wool from his suit clings to the netting, and every one of your friends knows right away with whom you have been spending your time. Oh, they are horrid things! The merchants are advertising them big, but I wouldn't have another for any money."

The speakers were two women raving the Broadway dry goods stores for wardrobes for a season at Newport.—New York Recorder.

If an American were asked to guess what is the leading product of this country he would undoubtedly answer the corn crop. Yet the whole corn crop of the country does not amount in value to as much as the poultry and egg business, not by several million dollars. The hen is mightier than the plow.

Thirty million dimes have been coined in the last three years, and a writer expresses wonder that they should be scarce in the circulation. But considering that there are sixty-three millions of people in the country thirty million dimes will not go very far around among them, even if the dimes were split in two.

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Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." Rev. W. H. Haggarty, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90. A Safe Remedy.

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J. F. [illegible], City Recorder.

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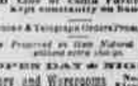

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