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A Hint.

I asked of one whom I loved full well,
"Where is your star (thing I would have you tell)
"In strange to-wit, but the thing to tell
"What is the star or star-like to of a star?"

"It stood in," she answered, "a sacred sign
Of a love that can follow the great Design,
But was sent to me-dark your star you may see,
And a love now need to learn—or hell."

"You are right," I cried; "it may lead to bliss,
Or may be no like to the Traitor's Kiss,
So I leave your issues. In dread death
Are visions of white-lined lovers in wreath."
—Walter Herries Pollock in Longman's Magazine.

DAPPLE'S MISTRESS.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this."

The scene was a green stretch of summer lawn in front of a fine old Virginia farmhouse; the speaker a slight, bright-faced girl, gracefully mounted on a small, gray pony.

The sun was dropping out of sight behind the green hills, and far away down the silver bend of the Accomac came the tramp of returning troops, with now and then the muffled roll of a drum or the shrill bray of a bugle.

Old Virginia, the queen mother of the sunny south, was overrun with soldiers, devastated by fire and sword, shaken to her very foundations by the thunders of civil war.

Colonel Moreton was far away from his pleasant home, in the front ranks of death and danger, but Irene, his only child, still braved the terrors of invasion, and engaged at the farmhouse with her invalid mother and a few faithful old servants.

Centering across the grounds an hour after the retreat of the traveling troops, something attracted the young lady's notice—a prostrate figure under the shade of the great cottonwood tree.

"Stop, Dapple; we must look to this!"

Dapple stopped, and Miss Irene leaped lightly from her saddle, and throwing the silken reins over the pony's neck, she went tripping across the grounds to the spot where the figure lay.

It was a tall, soldierly figure, clad in army blue, with a pale, worn face, and an abundance of curling, chestnut hair.

Colonel Moreton's daughter looked down upon the senseless soldier with all her woman's divine compassion stirring within her bosom.

"Poor fellow," she murmured, laying her soft hand upon his brow; "I wish I could help him."

The soft voice and the softer touch called back the veteran's wandering senses. He opened his eyes and looked up in the young lady's face. Great luminous, handsome eyes they were, that somehow reminded Irene of her brother Tom's eyes; and Tom was down in the trenches in front of Richmond. The compassion in her heart stirred afresh; she smoothed back the tangled curls from the soldier's brow.

"My poor fellow," she said, "can I do anything for you?"

He struggled up to his elbow with a stifled groan.

"My horse threw me," he explained, and they left me behind. I think I must have fainted from the pain. I thank you very much, but I can't see how you can help me. I suppose I must lie here till they take me prisoner, and I'd almost as soon be shot."

Irene smiled, a smile that lighted her dark, bright face into positive beauty.

"I am in the enemy's country," she said, "but if you will trust me I think I can help you; at least, I will see that you are refreshed and made comfortable."

She put her hand to her bosom, and drawing forth a tiny whistle she put it to her lips and blew a sharp little blast.

Dapple pricked up his gray ears and came cantering to her side, followed instantly by a colored man servant.

"You see," smiled Miss Irene, flashing a beaming glance on the soldier, "I hold my reserve forces at a moment's warning. Here, James, help this gentleman to the house, and then ride for Dr. Warter to dress his limb."

James obeyed without a word, and by the time the sun was fairly out of sight the Union soldier, refreshed and made comfortable, lay asleep in the best chamber of the pleasant old southern mansion.

Meanwhile, on the long wounds, Irene kept watch, her slight, willowy figure wrapped in a scarlet mantle, her fleecy raven tresses floating on the winds.

By and by, as the midnight stars came out and glittered overhead, above the dreamy flow of the river, above the murmur and rustle of the forest leaves, came the clash and clang, the rust and tramp of advancing troops.

Irene's dark face flushed and her lustrous eyes dilated. She crossed the veranda with a swift step and tapped lightly at the door of her guest's chamber.

"They are coming," she whispered; "they will take you prisoner if you remain. You must go."

The soldier started to his feet and made his way out, but he reeled against the doorpost, faint and gasping for breath.

"I can't walk!" he cried; "there's no hope of escape!"

But Irene held out her little, young arm.

"Yes, there is," she said cheerfully. "Lean on me. I can help you down, and you shall ride Dapple. He knows the river road, and you will overtake your comrades by dawn. Hurry! there is no time to lose!"

The soldier leaned upon the brave, helpful young arm, and succeeded in reaching the lawn below.

"Dapple!" the young girl called, in her clear silver notes, "come here!"

In a breath Dapple was at her side. The girl stood and looked at the gentle creature, and then throw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Dapple, pretty Dapple," she sobbed, "it breaks my heart to part from you. Goodby, Dapple!"

Dapple offered a sagacious whinny, but the soldier hesitated.

"Why don't you mount, sir?" cried the girl impatiently. "Will you remain here and ruin Dapple's and me?"

He vaulted into the saddle without a word.

"Away, Dapple, like the wind!" cried Irene, and the little mountain pony shot off like an arrow.

* * * * * *

The war was over, and once more over the blasted and desolate homes of Virginia peace and freedom reigned.

Captain Rutherford made his business in go back to the Potomac hills and to Colonel Moreton's farmhouse the moment he was discharged from service, for where the stately old homestead stood he found nothing but a mass of ruins, and of Dapple's mistress not the slightest tidings could he obtain.

Three years went by, and the ex-captain found himself the wealthy heir of an old uncle and had settled off on a lear amid the Rocky mountains. Dapple went with him, as he always did since that eventful night when the brave little pony bore him safely beyond reach of the enemy. He had been the captain's inseparable companion in all his wanderings. He was with him now, scouring over the green Tyrol valleys and climbing the further steeps.

One September afternoon, when the aspens hung rust and shivering by a stream, somewhere in the vicinity of Mount Blanc he fell in with a traveling party from New Orleans. It consisted of Madam Lemoir, her son and two daughters and a young American lady who was her companion and interpreter.

Captain Rutherford found madam a charming woman, and while the young persons of the party busied themselves in spreading out a collation under the trees, he lay amid the long, rustling grasses, listening to madam's pretty feminine chatter, and to his rare, rousing recollects and reminiscences of his own war experiences for her edification.

Among other things he told her of Dapple, and of his midnight ride among the blue hills of old Virginia.

Madam was infinitely interested.

"And the gallant little pony carried you safely through?" she cried, with beaming eyes.

"Safely through, madam, with the enemy at my very heels," replied the captain.

"Miss Morton," cried madam, "will you move the kindness to pass the sliced veal? And you, Captain Rutherford, whatever became of Dapple?"

The captain raised himself to a sitting posture.

"Dapple, Dapple," he called, "come here!"

From the forest shadows near at hand a small gray mountain pony came sailing forth. Madam Lemoir screamed, advancing with the sliced veal in her slim white hand, uttered a sharp little cery and waved all the tempting viands on the rustling leaves of her feet.

"Oh, Dapple, Dapple!" she cried.

Dapple heard the sweet voice, and knew it in an instant. He broke into a joyous neigh, and shot like an arrow for the young lady's side. She caught his shaggy head and held it close to her bosom, sobbing like the silly child she was.

"Oh, Dapple, my pretty Dapple, have I found you at last?"

Madam Lemoir, comprehending the movement, looked on with glistening eyes.

Two weeks later the pleasant party was breaking up. Madam and her pony were going back to France.

"And now, Irene," said the captain, "there is it to be? You will not listen to my suit or accept my love? Then you will be forced to part from Dapple again. He is mine by the right of possession. I cannot give her up. Come, now, give your final decision—are you willing to part from me and Dapple forever?"

Irene looked up with her soft, glorifying smile.

"I could bear to part from you," she said sadly, "but never again from Dapple. If you take Dapple you will have to take her mistress, too, Captain Rutherford."

And the captain made no objection. A month later saw Dapple's mistress his wife.—Toronto Mail.

A Canine Treatment.

"Cheap dog" stories are always in order. A city man who used to live on a farm, or so many city men did when they were boys, sends in this: "At home on the farm we had a number of cows, so many that churning was too heavy a task for even the men folks, so Mr. L. rigged up a dog churn, an inclined wheel, a sort of canine treadmill. It became the duty of Fonto, a large white mastiff, to tread that moonless cycle, and notwithstanding the hardness of the work that was fastened on a lath within four inches of his nose, he was not at all proud of his position and responsibility. He made several attempts to shirk his task, and twice succeeded. He got to lame when churning day came around as well as any one in the house.

"On the morning of that day he would loiter about the kitchen door until he was fed, and as soon as he heard the note of preparation—the bringing of the cream pan, preparing the churn, etc.—he would put for the woods and would not be seen again until night. The day of churning was short, and next morning a more cheerful and satisfied dog was never seen when he was collared and harnessed to the beam which set the dash in motion, he looked positively foolish. He did his work, but with lowered head, and in repentance evidently.

"On another occasion he tried another dodge. When they were about to put him on the wheel he ran up to his mistress, balking up one paw, affecting to be lame. She thought much of the dog, and was inclined to let him off that day. The instant he was seen sleeping near a log fence after a neighbor's cat. 'Well, call the old lady, if he can go after that cat that he is able to churn.' And forthwith and never tried to shirk his work again."—Forest and Stream.

Mrs. Thomas Russell displays a ripe and well mellowed fig which was grown at her home in Lincoln, Me. The tree which bore it is several years old, and this is the second year it has produced the delicious fruit.

Going principally to the immense amount of snow in the mountains of Colorado this year, the water flow increased for the gold placers on river deposits will be utilized to a greater extent than ever before.

Finely Bred Horses Are Nervous.

Finely bred, intelligent horses are often very nervous. They are quick to notice, quick to take alarm, quick to do what seems to them, in moments of sudden terror, necessary to escape from possible harm, from something they do not understand. That is what makes them shy, bolt and run away. We cannot tell what useful suggestions strange things offer to their minds. For aught we can tell, a sheet of white paper in the road may seem to the person from a passing chaise; the open front of a busy carriage, the jaws of a dragon ready to devour him, and a man on a long pole looks terrifying out of a thing dead without wings. But we find that the moment he becomes familiar with these things, or any other that affright him, and knows what they are, he grows indifferent to them.

Therefore, when your horse shies at anything, make him acquainted with it, let him smell it, touch it with his sensitive nose, and look closely at it. Remember, too, that you must familiarize both ears of him with the dreaded object. If he only examines it with the nose mental and eye he will be very likely to start at it when it appears on his off side. So then, while your mare, hold your horse by the head, have your groom run your late carriage and your bicycle, fire your pistol and rattle your umbrella on both sides of him and all around him until he sees to regard the same simple as a harmless and natural object, only as travel things liable to get hurt if they are in the way. He may not learn all that in one lesson, but continue the lesson, and you will since all his nervous terrors.—Exchange.

The Word "Check."

The word "check" is considered to be derived from the Italian "scacco," the chess phrase Italian gentlemen kept their money on the table, and the French and Spaniards in their "caja," the Portuguese in their "caixa" and the French in their "caisse." The application of the word "check" to money is English, it not having a corresponding term in any other European language. "Cash" has for here so remarkably adapted itself, that "cash" which entirely in the most local sense in American and English speaking lands in this measuring way. "Cash Dr." and "Cash Cr.," whereas the check, and not the money, is debtor to what is put into it and creditor for what is taken out.

Great modified has the other action, as is well known, in bankrupt trials from phases of the word "cash," in which large differences often appear, and which would not be the case if the word "check" were used. It ought to be in fact of the cash account in the ledger it should be the "check" account.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cost Two Railway Bridges.

Sir John Fowler's report to the directors of the London and Brighton railway with reference to their bridges states that the company has 171 cast iron bridges of other and that single one of them eight which three years to be replaced with wrought iron or steel structures. He does not state that any of them are unsafe, and concludes his report saying: "The result of my inspection shows no indications of general weakness in the Brighton bridges, which are neither better nor worse than those of similar lines of railways at home and abroad."—London Tit-Bits.

Miss Antoinette Kenney, a college graduate, young woman of Ohio, owns and manages a farm of 300 acres. She carries her work according to the theories of books, rather than by ancient traditions, and, contrary to the usual impression about book farmers, she is making a success of her undertaking.

The land which the Jewish settlers have bought in Palestine contains 10,000,000 square meters. The Jews are landing Odessa every day by thousands, the Palestine Land Redemption Society is expected at Jaffa, and is said to intend buying 5,000,000 square meters of fertile land east of the Jordan.

The other night at Retford Junction, England, an immense swarm of bees settled in a lamp case on a signal, and the lamp could not be placed in position for the accumulation of bees. Consequently the signal was abandoned all night and fog signals substituted.

Rev. Edward Beecher's adopted daughter received at her baptism the name of Tyra Adams. She was one of a family of fifteen children, whom her father, a great grandson of John Quincy Adams, supported by lecturing on "The Voice of Nature."

A rat at Montreal which can open doors based another rat outside saw-log to get in. No one answering the request, it was from the inside on which it was sleeping, walked across the room to the door, opened it, and let in his friend in.

"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects from the system. While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken with judgment. A. M. Weed, 229 Indianapolis St., Indianapolis, Ind."

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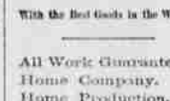

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