

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## COLD WATER CURE FOR HEART DISEASE.

There was a company of merry-makers at Colonel B's the other evening. Grace and Aggie B—, when the playing of games and became vapid, and there was a lull in conversation, called on their Grandma B— for a story of the olden times.

Of course grandma demurred, according to custom; but everybody said, "Yes, do!" So she gave way; and, following is the story she told, in substance, if not in her exact words:

Everything always partook of the jolly natural to youth, with us young folks, in those days. We had to manage things that way; had to make a good deal of fun out of very small affairs, sometimes, to keep our spirits bright and lively. Just as we used to have a scrimp and contrive and turn, when making up or repairing clothing, to get the most good out of whatever material we could get hold of. Our young people of today have no idea of the ways in which their fathers and mothers had to walk in order to make the most of life as it came to them.

Kate W— was one of the liveliest girls in our company, while we were crossing the plains. No one, old or young, could have the "blues" when she was around. Some of the girls, and more especially some of the older folks, used to think she carried things too far at times. She would be a little too personal in some of her broad hints, which were always calculated to do good; and they never really did any harm, and never failed in cheering people up, however dull they might have become.

But this has little to do with the story. John H— fell in love with pretty, piquant, sunshiny Kate, and was afraid to tell her of it. Yes, that was the state of affairs when we reached the valleys in September, 1851. John was a staunch, earnest, good young man. And nearly every one felt sorry for him; for it was easy to see, in those times, which, of a dozen or more young ladies a boy had set his heart on, when it was really settled. Flirting was not such a common pastime with young people then, as it is now. At least, not in our set. John actually began to grow pale and hollow-eyed, and some days could not eat his "rations" (that term is correct, speaking of those times).

There was another girl in camp, who liked fun and joking as well as Kate, although she was not so good a hand at "putting up" such things.

But she was one of John's sympathizing friends, and wanted very much to see matters brought to an issue between him and Kate. In fact, Annie—that was her name—was in love herself, and on the point of becoming engaged to one of Kate's brothers; she had several. And whatever savored of romance, especially with a little spice in it, was food for Annie's soul, the exact food required to make her developing nature expand and thrive in a most satisfactory way.

The company drove down Echo canyon, and on into the settlement. They rested for a day, then broke up and scattered here and there, some going farther south, some one way and some another, all finding places for future homes. John's folks and Annie's settled close together and were near neighbors; but to the discomfort of both these love-sick young people, Kate's father took his family to a place three and a half miles distant from them. So instead of being associated day after day with their heart's idols, as they had been during their journey across

the plains, sometimes a whole week would pass without their even hearing from them.

Everyone was extremely busy then, preparing for the winter which would soon be upon them.

And now Annie began to droop too. She sympathized more and more with her neighbor John, until at last she could bear it no longer; she had to speak to him of the thoughts and feelings which never left her mind or her heart.

It was early Saturday morning when a chance offered for Annie to express her sympathy for her friend. She was breaking up brush to make a fire, some distance from where the tents and wagons stood, (they had not got into their homes yet,) when John came along by her, carrying an ox-yoke on his shoulder.

"John," said Annie, "why don't you go and marry Kate, and bring her here to live? I was never so lonesome in my life! I shall die if I have to be separated from Kate much longer, in this way."

"Is it Kate, or Phil that you are so near dying for?" asked John, throwing down the yoke and turning in to help break up the brush while they talked.

"That's not fair of you, John; you're mean to turn it like that, when I would like to help you!" answered Annie pettishly; but the deep blush which covered her face and neck told John that he was right after all.

"Now see here, Annie," he said, "I can acknowledge to you that I love Kate devotedly; and I wish it were so easy for me to say it to her; but she won't let me find out whether it would do me any good to tell her or not. I don't want to make a fool of myself; but I can't tell, either from her words or actions whether she would marry me if I should ask her. She won't let me ask her, but always confuses me when I try to talk to her of love or marriage, and will not let me get to the question. You say you would like to help me, Annie; now tell me what to do to get Kate to listen to me."

Annie looked up smiling, rather sheepishly, and, blushing again, said softly, "Ask Phil."

"Finest idea in the world, Annie; thank you for it!" said John, breaking sticks very rapidly for a minute, again. "I'll go down this very day, soon as I can get shaved and brushed up for Sunday," he continued, stepping off quickly.

"John!" Annie called after him, when she had picked up her arms full of sticks. He stopped and turned round, and she ran towards him.

"How will you go?" she asked. "On old Bet," said John. "It's kind of a long tramp, when a fellow's got a horse he can as well ride as not. Want to go?" he asked, seeing that Annie looked very wistful.

"Will Bet carry double?" asked Annie.

"Yes, she will take us both all right today; but if she gets tired she might not want to bring us both back this evening. You better tell your ma you may stay all night with Kate, if she wants you to."

And then they both hurried to their work with lighter hearts than they had had for sometime, in anticipation of the happy visit they were about to make.

At 2 o'clock that afternoon, Phil W— with joyous countenance, open arms and loudly beating heart, lifted Annie from old Bet's crupper; while John, still seated in the saddle, held on to Kate's hand which she had graciously extended to him before kissing and embracing her dear friend Annie.

Yes, John held Kate's brown, work-stained hand in his with a warmer clasp, and for a longer time than he had ever before ventured upon; for he felt that he was more desperately in love with her than ever, and more determined to have the question between them settled one way or the other.

He imagined her hand trembled slightly as it rested in his; and then thought it might have been nothing but his own emotions, as he sought earnestly but vainly to discover something more than friendship in the calm, clear eyes which she shaded with her left hand, and raised to his; he was not yet keen enough to define her real feelings towards him.

"Well, Johnny!" she said in her light, irresistible way. "It seems a long time—ever so long, since we parted last; how are you?"

"Better, thank you, since I find you well," he answered, with a little firmer clasp of the hand which she now essayed to withdraw.

He wanted to draw her nearer to him, and to look deeper into her eyes; but as if quite unconscious of his design, Kate suddenly twitched her fingers out of his, exclaiming, "Oh! I have not saluted 'bonny Annie' yet. Phil will attend to your errand, John—come!" and she threw her arm around Annie, and hurried her into the cabin, newly raised but not yet roofed, except by a wagon-cover.

"What's your program for this afternoon, Phil?" asked John. Phil answered slowly, while his eyes followed the girls as they went into the house:

"That depends on your arrangements, and Annie's. If she can only be here a little while, I must spend that time with her; but if you and she can stay over Sunday with us, I will go with George to the creek, and get a load of willows to help 'shingle' the house."

"If it will be no intrusion," said John, "we will stay tonight and tomorrow with you."

"You're the best fellow I know," John, said Phil warmly. "Come on to the creek with George and me. Old Bet can eat while we cut and load the willows."

"All right," said John. "George may ride Bet, if he would like to, and I will ride with you behind the oxen. Kate said I must do my errand with you, and that will afford me a good chance."

George was very pleased to ride on horseback instead of on an ox wagon; and he galloped away out of sight of the older boys, leaving them to a quiet conversation between themselves.

When Kate led Annie into the new, clean cabin, it seemed so much like the real beginning of an actual home that Annie could have cried or laughed, either one, with delight. But she did neither. She just sat down where Kate told her to, on a rough hewn bench, and asked where all the folks were.

Kate said her father and mother had been invited to spend Sunday with the J—s, and had gone over and taken all the younger children with them, as some of the authorities would be there to hold meeting, and had sent a request for all who could to attend.

"So you and Phil and George were alone till John and I came?" said Annie.

"Yes," answered Kate, "and I think it is providential, at least for me, that you have come. You must stay with us tonight and tomorrow. I have wanted to see you so much lately. You can stay, can't you?"

"I shall have to, if the boys get John to stay," answered Annie. And Kate was satisfied, for she knew Phil would not let John go, if his staying would keep Annie there for twenty-four hours.

Kate had mending and odd jobs to