

POETRY.

JIM BLUDSO.

(OF THE PRARIE BELLE.)
Wall, no! I can't tell what he lives,
Because he don't live, you see,
Lastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin like you and me.

He weren't no saint — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here in Pike;

A keesman in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never
I reckon he never knowed how.

And dais was all the religion he had —
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell.

And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire —
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Missisipi,
And her day came at last —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she wouldn't pass.

And so she come back again that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger sujan on her safety valve,
And her furnace crammed, round and pine.

The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer bank on the right.

There was a ruffian and cursin, for Jim yelled
Out,
Over all the infernal roar,
" 'Til hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin'
boast
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cunningness,
And knowed he would keep his word.

And, sure's your 'orn, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint — but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.

He seen his duty, a dead sure thing —
And went for it that then;
And a Christian ain't goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

— JOHN HAY.

SELECT STORY.

LOVE'S WAY.

Mrs. Dewford sat in her own room,
as idly employed in fastening dried
butterflies on a sheet of pasteboard,
when an "Encyclopedia of Entomology"
lying on the table beside her, and a magnifying
glass affixed in some mysterious manner
to her nose. She was a spare, prim, hard-

featured matron, Mrs. Dewford, and
one who believed in Woman's Rights, and
thought woman generally a much
abused personage deposed from her proper
sphere and trampled on by the tyrant
man!

Mrs. Dewford had come very near
being a man herself, — what with a deep
voice and a bearded chin, and a figure
quite innocent of all superfluous curves or
graces! Really if she had changed her
skirts and bodice to trousers and coat, she
would have passed for one of the con-

tinued sex without much difficulty.
But Lizzie Dewford was quite different.
Lizzie Dewford who stood beside her
dear mother with cheeks round and ripe
as a peach, deep blue eyes made mystic
and shady by their long lashes and long
hair in shining curls. You wondered as
you gazed at her, how they could both be
women and yet so unlike.

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Dewford
critically examining a butterfly with pale
yellow wings sprinkled with carmine.
" 'But mamma, it isn't nonsense," pleaded
Lizzie, "he really does want to marry me."
" 'Marriage is all a mistake, Elizabeth,"
said Mrs. Dewford laying down her magnifying
glass. "I don't mean you shall
marry that man."

" 'Mamma,"
" 'A woman who marries,' went on the
strong-minded creature "is a woman
enslaved. I had known as much about
life when I was eighteen as I do now, I
would never have married. From the
standpoint of a grand mistake committed
in my own life, I can rectify yours, Eliza-
beth."

" 'But mamma!" cried poor Lizzie,
"what shall I do?"
" 'Do, child, do!' ejaculated the mother,
"that is a pretty question for my daughter
to ask. Why read, study, improve your
mind. Devote all the energies of your
nature to the solving of the great social
problems that surround you."

" 'I don't care a pin for the great social
problems, mamma," remonstrated Lizzie;
" 'I rather like Charlie Everett, and I'm
going to marry him."
" 'Never, with my consent."
" 'Oh, mamma," cried Lizzie, "surely
you would not —"

" 'Elizabeth," said Mrs. Dewford, in a
tone of judicial calmness, "don't you see
what a confusion you are creating among
these insects which I have so carefully
classified? I beg you will interrupt my
studies no longer. Go and finish reading
that report of the English convention for
the Amelioration of Womankind. What
are you crying for? A well-regulated
woman never cries."

" 'I wish I wasn't a woman!' sobbed
poor Lizzie. " 'I wish I wasn't something
that had to be elevated, and improved
and cultivated! Oh, mamma, darling, you
weren't in earnest when you said you
wouldn't consent to my marrying Charlie?
We shall be so happy together; and he
says he will be miserable without me
and —"

" 'Elizabeth, I am astonished at you!
Of course I am in earnest? I have neither
gold nor jewels to lay on the shrine of
the cause; but I have a daughter, and I
intend to show the world what a woman,
unhacked and unfettered, can be capable
of! You, Elizabeth, should glory in this
becoming an offering!"

But Lizzie apparently unappreciative
of the great lot in store for her, cried more
piteously than ever.
" 'Tears will not melt me," said Mrs.
Dewford, calmly resuming the encyclo-
pædia. "I only regret to be the mother
of so degenerate a daughter."

" 'Mamma,' ventured poor Lizzie, after
a few minutes of silent grieving, "I — I
promised Charlie to ride out with him
this afternoon!"
" 'You must give him up, Elizabeth.
Upon such a subject I can accept no com-
promise.'"

" 'But I promised, mamma!'"
Mrs. Dewford gravely rubbed the end
of her nose.
" 'A promise is a promise, Elizabeth;
nor shall I require you to break it.'
(Here Lizzie brightened.) " 'But I shall
accompany you!' The pretty face
became clouded and overcast once more.
" 'Where are you going?'"

" 'To the woods beyond the glen, mam-
ma; Charlie is going to get some wood
sorel for my herbarium.'"

" 'Nor will the expedition be unprof-

able to me," said Mrs. Dewford gravely.
" 'There are many choice varieties of
Asplenium and Asplenium to be found in
those woods, and my collection of native
ferns is as yet incomplete.'"

And Lizzie went away in great conster-
nation — not to read reports, nor to study
but to slip out in the garden, where a
great rose tree carpeted the velvet grass,
with showers of soft pink petals at every
passing breath of air, and where Charlie
Everett was busied in cutting out sticks
for carnations.

" 'Oh, Charley — Charlie, I am so mis-
erable!'"
" 'Lizzie, what is the matter?'"
He dropped knife, sticks and all in dis-
may at her woeful countenance; and
Lizzie told him to the best of her ability
"what the matter" was.

" 'Is that all?' he asked quietly, when
the recital was concluded.
" 'Isn't that enough?' she rejoined
piteously. " 'When we were going to
have such a nice drive all by ourselves
and out to the woods, and moonlight, and —'"
" 'Don't fret, cara mia; it will be all
right! So, she won't consent to your
marriage, eh?'"

" 'She says most positively that she will
not.'"

" 'What shall we do, Lizzie? Shall we
elope quietly?'"
" 'Oh, Charlie, you know I would never
marry without her consent!'"
" 'And are two lives to be made mis-
erable just because she thinks matrimony
a mistake?'"

" 'I suppose so, Charlie.'"

Lizzie Dewford's pretty head dropped
like a rose in the rain. Charley watched
her quivering lip and tear-wet eyelashes
and said no more.

Mrs. Dewford was ready with a pre-
posterous green umbrella to keep off the
sun, a tin case to put ferns in, and an ex-
tra pair of boots in the event of swanny
walking, when Mr. Everett's little light
phæton drove up to the door. The
springs creaked ominously as she stepped
in and Lizzie, meekly following, was
nearly overwhelmed by her mother's
voluntarily derisive remarks.

" 'I had better sit in the middle — it pre-
serves the equilibrium of the vehicle
better,'" said Mrs. Dewford, wedging her-
self in between Lizzie and Mr. Everett
with a smile of great complacency.

And she immediately began discoursing
on the properties and habits of the ferns,
with unassuming volubility, while Lizzie
perched on the extreme outer edge of the
seat, had all she could do to keep in the
vehicle, and Mr. Everett's eyes were in
extreme danger with the points of her
green umbrella, which veered to and fro
like a ship in a storm, as Mrs. Dewford's
tale waxed in interest.

Suddenly she checked herself, as her
eye caught a cluster of green waving vege-
tion on the crest-like point of a rock
which overhung the road.

" 'Charles! Charles!'" she cried, "stop a
minute! Can't you reach that Asplenium
Ebenum?'"

" 'Is this it, ma'am?'" said Mr. Everett,
making a dive at a tall stalk of something.
" 'No, no; not that — the little green
thing with the black stem.'"

" 'This ma'am?'"
" 'Yes, that's it,'" exclaimed Charley
clutching at a fat-leaved cluster of weedy
growth.

" 'Oh, dear, dear, Charles, how stupid
you are, sighed Mrs. Dewford. " 'I'll
jump out and get it myself!'"

" 'Mamma,' remonstrated Lizzie.
" 'Oh, I'll help her,'" nodded Charley,
springing nimbly on the cliff, and pulling
Mrs. Dewford by main force up the steep
side of the rock. " 'Here you are, ma'am!'"

" 'Yes,' panted Mrs. Dewford, "but —
but it was very steep. I really think
women should devote more attention to
gymnastics. Oh, here's the Asplenium —
very choice specimens, too, Charles,
where are you going?'" For Mr. Everett
had sprung back into the phaeton.

" 'Only for a little turn, ma'am, while
you are gathering your botanical treasures.'"

" 'Yes, but Charles —'"
Mrs. Dewford's words of remonstrance
were drowned in the rattle of the wheels,
as Mr. Everett drove briskly away, with
Lizzie nestling up to his side. One long
lingering glance after the departing pair,
the glen returned to her tin case and um-
brella.

" 'They'll be back presently,'" she said.
But the afternoon sunlight faded off
from the cliff, and the red orb of day
sank majestically down behind the ever-
green glens that bounded the western
horizon, and Mrs. Dewford grew tired,
and cross, and rheumatic, and still, like
the character of romance, "they came
not."

" 'Something has happened,'" cried the
prophetic soul of Mrs. Dewford. " 'It
can't be possible, that I shall have to stay
here all night!'"

She looked nervously round. It was a
steep cliff whereupon she stood, cut off
from the world beyond by the rush and
roar of a wide and by no means shallow
stream on one side, while on the other it
was almost perpendicular, rising some
twenty feet off from the road. Mrs. Dew-
ford found to feel as she surveyed it, very
much like St. Simon Stylites on his col-
umn in the wilderness.

" 'If they shouldn't come?'" she thought.

But at the same instant a welcome
rumbly of wheels broke the hushed
stillness of the seldom travelled mountain
road, and Mrs. Dewford's strained eyes
caught sight of Mr. Everett's spirited gray,
dashing round the curve of the hill.

" 'Well, she cried, "I never was more
thankful for anything in my life. I'm tired
to death waiting!"

" 'You can protest all you like,'" said Mr.
Everett, driving closer to the rock, and
standing up to assist his mother-in-law
eject into the phaeton.

Silently Mrs. Dewford entered the
vehicle — silently she rode home — silently
she crossed the threshold of her house, as
became a conquered party.

" 'To think,'" she said, in a hollow voice,
as she sat down to dinner, "that after all
my precepts and example, Elizabeth
should end her career by getting married!"

" 'Mamma,'" said Lizzie timidly, "I
don't think it's so very terrible, after all."
" 'To think,'" sighed Mrs. Dewford, pay-
ing no attention to her daughter's reply,
that you should meet the fate of an ordi-
nary woman."

" 'But, mamma, I never had any ambi-
tion to be an extraordinary woman.'"
And so was brought to a termination the
plots and plans of a "model existence"
which had been formed for Mrs. Dew-
ford's daughter.

CURIOUS BUFFALOES.

One Species that Emits a Pleasant Odor — The Gentle Yak.

The buffalo is evidently a wholesome
creature, for many hunters have seen the
consent-detracted calves of the
frontier farms standing patiently waiting
for a buffalo to dig a place in the snow
and when he had accomplished his task
the calves would eat the grass fearlessly,

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huge companion's toil. Hunters have
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the stomach, until needed. The hunters,
therefore, when their vessels are empty,
and they see no sign of a stream within
a day's travel, promptly slip the first bu-
ffalo that comes in view, for the sake of
the water which they know will be found
in the rumen.

The yak, a curious species of buffalo,
which is found in western Tibet, has
not only the long mane reaching to the
ground, but the flanks are covered with
hair which reaches the ground in long,
thick, silky masses. The hair of the tail
is white, and the Chinese take these tails
to dye red and blue, and then make
tassels of them. When domesticated it
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FAY'S INDEPENDENCE.

BY MISS E. BURKE COLLINS.

"I will not!" Fay Allen's face took on
a resolute expression. The brows were
flushed indignantly, the small head was
lifted with haughty pride. "I mean no
disrespect, Uncle John," the sweet voice
went on, firmly — "but because I am de-
pendent upon you for a home is no reason
why you should think to drive me into
an obnoxious marriage."

John Templeton looked annoyed, and
his eyes held an angry light in their
depths. A pompous looking man was
John Templeton; he looked just what he
was — a man of wealth, pure-blood, and
autocratic.

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animal in perfection it is protected by the
most rigid forest laws.

The yak, a curious species of buffalo,
which is found in western Tibet, has
not only the long mane reaching to the
ground, but the flanks are covered with
hair which reaches the ground in long,
thick, silky masses. The hair of the tail
is white, and the Chinese take these tails
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rapidly than grace, landing directly at
the feet of a gentleman who had just
entered the house. With a hasty excla-
mation he stooped to assist her rise. A
low cry of pain escaped her. Her ankle
had turned and she was quite seriously
injured.

"Let me help you into the drawing-
room," said