DAKOTA NEWS.

Continued from Sixth Page.

the murder. He said claim jumping was punished by summary death in all frontier communities, and in all probability the Ward's had transgressed and suffered accordingly.

A Pre-Historic Cemetery.

Mandan Pioneer: Two miles from Mandan, on the bluffs near the junction of the Hart and Missouri rivers, is an old cemetery of fully 100 acres in extent filled with bones of a giant race. This vast city of the dead lies just east of the Ft. Lincoln road. The ground has the appearance of having been filled with trenches piled full of dead bodies, both man and beast, and covered with several feet of earth. In many places mounds from eight to ten feet high and some of them 100 feet or more in length, have been thrown up and are filled with bones, broken pottery, vases of various bright colored flints and agates. The pottery is of a dark material, beautifully decorated, delicate in finish and as light as wood, showing the work of a people skilled in the arts and possessed of a high state of civilization. This has evidently been a grand battlefield where thousands of men and horses have fallen. Nothing like a systematic or intelligent exploration has been made, as only little holes two or three feet in depth have been dug in some of the mounds, but many parts of the anatomy of man and beast, and beautiful specimens of broken pottery and other curiosities, have been found in those feeble efforts at excavation. Five miles above Mandan, on the opposite side of the Missouri, is another vast cemetery as yet unexplored. We asked an aged Indian what his people knew of these ancient graveyards. He answered: "Me know nothing about them. They were here before the Red man."

Yankton County Will Refund.

YANKTON, Dak., Special Telegram, April 25.—Yankton county held an election to-day to vote upon the question of refunding the county debt. For several days a committee of citizens has been making a quiet canvass in the city and county, and little opposition was encountered. The vote in the city was about 550 for refunding, and not a vote against it. This vote is not quite two-thirds of the regular vote. It is expected that the country vote will be still lighter, as farmers are all busy. This will at least settle this vexed question, and Yankton county will now step up to the captain's office and pay its debts. This disposition of the matter was largely brought about by Gov. Ordway, who was instrumental in calling a meeting last October, when the memorial asking congressional action was adopted. The debt is now about $350,000, of which $150,000 is defaulted interest at eight per cent. The new bonds will bear four per cent interest for ten years, and one half cent more after that time. It is thought that all bondholders will gladly make the exchange.

Business Enterprises in the Hills.

DEADWOOD, Special Telegram, April 25.—The organization of a large stock-raising enterprise for the Hills has been perfected. The company includes several Chicago capitalists, besides numerous moneyed men of the West. Ten thousand head of cattle, which have been purchased, are on the road to their range, between Red Water and Sundown mountains. Preparations are being made for extensive operations in placer mining, and work continues to be pushed forward in camps. Much uneasiness is being manifested by merchants in the Hills at the great delay in getting their freight through from Pierre. This must eventually prove a great drawback to the development of this country, unless remedied. The immigration, at present, to the Hills is enormous. Passengers for Deadwood have to wait over four days for stage room.

Indian Beef Contracts Awarded.

NEW YORK, April 26.—Indian agency beef contracts were awarded to-day as follows:

Standing Rock, A. G. Evans	$4 07
Fort Hall, G. T. Newman	3 79
Shoshone, E. G. Newman	3 99
Fort Berthold, W. E. Hughes	4 30
San Carlos, H. B. Denman	3 89½
Colorado River, H. B. Denman	5 23
Santee, W. C. Connons	4 29
Yankton, H. C. Stevens	4 25
United Valley and White River, H. C. Stevens	4 17
Crow Creek, H. C. Stevens	4 17
Lower Brule, W. R. Merriam	4 14
Pine Ridge, E. T. Newman	3 79
Rosebud, Alexander Fraser	3 98
All Indian Territory, W. C. O'Brien	3 73
Fort Belknap, T. C. Power	5 69
Fort Peck, T. C. Power	5 42
Sisseton School, Marcus Johnson	4 90
Nevada, E. Griswold, net	9 00
Southern Ute, Siesta	3 90
Cheyenne River, A. G. Evans	4 09
Devil's Lake School, E. D. Connings, gross	5 25
Mescaler, H. J. Conriffe	3 43
Blackfeet, G. T. Newman	4 00
Crow, G. T. Newman	4 19

The Devil's Lake Land Office

WASHINGTON, Special Telegram, April 25.—In a talk to-day with Hon. H. B. Strait regarding the location of the Devil's Lake land office, Secretary Teller intimated that he was inclined to locate the office at some point on the Manitoba railroad near Devil's lake, as soon as the line of the road is determined. It is supposed that this point will not be far from Creel City. This location will probably be only temporary, as it seems to be the purpose of the department to locate the office at the junction of the Manitoba and the Jamestown branch of the Northern Pacific; but as this point will not be known for some time, and the course of the Manitoba line will soon be fixed, it was thought best to settle the question for a time, at least, as already stated. It is regarded as important that the office should be organized soon, and the department seems disposed to start it as soon as possible. As stated in these dispatches last night, ex-Representative Lord and Mr. Whipple are to be the new officers of the land district, but the latter is A. O. Whipple, an attorney, and not the son of Bishop Whipple, as heretofore published.

Investigating Legislative Matters.

YANKTON, Special Telegram, April 25.—The grand jury of Yankton county now in session seems to be investigating certain matters connected with the last legislature. Chief Clerk Henderson, of the council, was summoned to-day to bring his record, and was questioned in regard to the history of certain bills. The object of this seems to be two-fold. Certain Yankton county lawyers, with the district attorney and his assistant, are very anxious to get proof that Gov. Ordway used the veto power to compel members to vote for the capital commission bill, or other measures. While nothing is positively known about the result on this point, the grazing is said to have been slight. The other point is in regard to a bill making an appropriation of $7,000 for the Springfield normal school. This bill was vetoed by the governor, and it is claimed by the friends of the bill that the bill was not vetoed until after it had become a law by limitation. The governor's memorandum, however, is otherwise, and the records show that the bill was still in the house when the Springfield people claim the bill was sent to the governor. Failing on this point, the Normal school people admit they were wrong, but still claim that the bill was sent one day earlier than the governor's memorandum shows. The council records, however, contain nothing to show just when the bill was sent to the executive office. If it is a possible thing, however, the grand jury will discover something for judicial action.

Smalley's London Cable: There is a general and hearty recognition on the part of the English press of the fact that the tone of the best portion of the American press respecting the dynamite conspiracy leaves nothing to be desired. Journals so opposed as the Standard and the Daily News, the Spectator, the Globe and many others agree in acknowledging that American public opinion is convinced of the impolicy, the immorality of allowing Irish plots to be prepared in America. The Globe observes that it is full time for the Washington cabinet to consider whether the change from menacing talk to deadly acts does not necessitate a corresponding change in American law.

A QUIET COMEDY.

Harper's Bazar.

On sultry afternoon in September, two years ago, Mr. Thomas Rackett, the sole surviving partner in the well-known firm of Murrable, Rackett, & Co., walked quickly up a sheltered carriage-drive which led to a charming little house lying within a mile of Fordham, Westchester county, New York.

Murrable Rackett, & Co., as probably every one is aware, are Oriental merchants; and Mr. Rackett was returning home after a year's absence in India, whither he had been suddenly summoned in consequence of the death of his uncle and partner, Mr. Algernon Rackett. This uncle had for nearly a generation been the Calcutta representative of the firm; and after having for more than a quarter of a century done his best to ruin his constitution by the reckless consumption of curries and Bass's ale, he had finally succumbed to a wholly unforeseen attack of apoplexy.

The news of his death arrived rather inopportunely in New York. After a few weeks' acquaintance, Thomas Rackett had married Dora, the only daughter of Mr. Cyrus Duncombe, of Wall street, and he had barely begun to taste the joys of wedded life when his uncle inconsiderately quitted the world without having first settled his affairs, and Tom was obliged to leave for India at a day's notice. Mr. Duncombe lived at Fordham, and as the duration of her husband's absence was quite uncertain, it was arranged that the young wife should take up her abode near her father's house, and thus enjoy the advantages of independence without entirely surrendering Mr. Duncombe's paternal protection.

Her cottage—for it was but little more—was a model of picturesque comfort; and Tom, as he approached it, felt no little pleasure in the reflection that during his enforced separation from her his wife had so lovely a home. One thought however, worried him a little. He was returning unexpectedly, and he wondered whether, under the circumstances she had known him for so short a time as lover and husband she would know him again. When he left her he had worn only his mustache. Now he grew a full beard, and he was so browned and tanned, to boot, that he scarcely recognized himself.

He was speculating upon this question when a turn in the roadway brought him in sight of the house, and, looking up, saw at a window above the veranda no less a person than Dora herself. Fair and fresh as a rose at dawn she seemed as, dressed all in white, she carefully trimmed a too luxuriant creeper which clung around the half-opened jalousies. The echo of his step upon the crisp gravel attracted her attention for an instant, and she glanced down at him; bnt there was no sparkle of recognition in her eyes, and as he approached the door she quietly withdrew.

"She actually does not know me," said Tom to himself. "She takes me for a stranger. I will surprise her."

Then a sudden idea struck him. "I will pretend to be some one else," he thought—"a friend of her husband's from India. She thinks I am still at Calcutta. When I last wrote to her I had not the least idea that I should be able to get home before Christmas. Yes, I will pretend to be some one else."

And suiting the action to the word, he rang the bell, and upon a servant appearing, told the girl, without, however, giving his name, that a gentleman from India desired to see Mrs. Rackett.

He was shown into a cool, delightful drawingroom, which contained a thousand evidences of the taste and culture of its fair mistress. Opposite the open window stood a huge vase filled with flowers, and close to this Mr. Brackett took up his position, turning his back to the door.

Within two minutes he heard the rustling of his wife's dress outside, and with a nervous apprehension of what might result from his simulation he began to cough violently.

Mrs. Rackett entered behind him, but he did not face her.

"I am afraid, sir, that you find the open window too much for you," she said, hesitatingly.

"Oh no, thank you," gasped Tom, facing her for an instant, and then gazing more intently than ever at the flowers. "Not in the least."

"Let me shut the window."

"Oh, no, thank you. Not for worlds!" returned Tom, who was already beginning to regret his determination. He felt obliged to turn round, but when he faced her fully he was relieved to find that he was still unrecognized, and he continued, "The fact is, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Racket," said Dora, softly.

"Ah, thank you, yes. The fact is, Mrs. Rackett," declared the deceitful husband, "that I am not yet reconciled to this disagreeable climate of yours. I—ah—that is to say—a man who has existed in groves of mango, and has lived on chutee and curry—I dare say you understand—"

"Quite so, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Brackett," answered Tom, deliberately. "My name is Brackett."

"What a curious similarity!" commented Dora, unsuspiciously. "Do you spell it with two t's"

"With two t's," assented Tom.

"How strange! Yes, I can readily believe that people coming here from India find our climate very trying at first even in this hot weather. My husband writes that the heat has been excessive. Please take a chair. Mr. Brackett. Possibly you may have brought me news of him? I hope so. I thought his letter was not written in very good spirits."

Tom regretted more than ever that he had not at once disclosed his identity, but he felt it pleasant to be thus ingeniously informed by his wife that she took so great an interest in his welfare."

"Yes," he said, "I can give you some news of him, for two months ago I was at Calcutta.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Rackett, with unconcealed joy. "How delightful!" It is so nice to meet any one who has seen him out in that country! How was he?"

Various ideas coursed rapidly through Tom's brain. Should he go on or should he declare himself? He decided to go on.

"He was," he said mysteriously, "as well as could be expected."

"As well as could be expected?" cried Dora, in alarm. Do you mean that he has been ill?"

"Well, not exactly ill, you know," responded Tom, who was getting deeper and deeper into the slough.

"But I do not understand you. Tell me, please at once. What has happened to him?"

Mr. Rackett wondered what the end would be. He wished she would recognize him, and throw her white arms around his neck; but he had not courage to confess himself.

"Nothing very serious," he said, after a pause. "I dare say you know that since he has been in India he has shot a good many tigers?"

A strange expression flitted across Mrs. Rackett's face. "Tigers!" she exclaimed in horror. Tell me, Mr. Brackett—tell me."

"Well, he went up the country to Jubbalpore, and started on a shooting expedition. He was accompanied only by a native servant. They entered the jungle. Suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon me—I mean, of course, upon your husband—and bore him to the earth. The servant fled for assistance, help arrived, and Mr Rackett was found, faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out by the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg deeply scored by the claws of the ferocious monster."

The narration of this remarkabla story taxed Tom's imaginative faculties to their utmost limits, and it was therefore with considerable disappointment that he heard his wife simply exclaim, "How alarming!"

Mr. Rackett thought that she did not seem to feel the full force of the news, and he considerately repeated the harrowing details.

"That fully explains his despondent frame of mind," said Mrs. Rackett. "His right arm—"

"Yes, torn out by the socket. He has learned to write with his left hand."

"Oh, dreadful!" ejaculated Dora, "And his left eye destroyed?"

"Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fellow."

"It must be agony," continued Mrs. Rackett. "And the calf of his left leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! And when you left him, Mr. Brackett, how was he? Can he survive?"

For the first time a dreadful suspicion entered Tom's mind. Did that wife of his still love him? He determined to test her.

"It is impossible to say with certainty," he replied, seriously; "but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Rackett, to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Brackett, I am not in the least inclined to be miserable. There is very pleasant society here; and you know there are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Tom was thunder-struck. He felt that his fears were but too well founded; but he made up his mind to put his wife to yet another test.

"Poor fellow," he said. "I assure you that your name was very often on his lips. In his delirium he called for you hour after hour."

"Indeed! It is very good of him not to have forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you? Oh no! I am sure that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband half so affectionate."

"And of but few men," continued Mrs. Rackett, with an irresistible smile. "to have a wife—"

"Half so charming," assented Tom, who in spite of himself could not conceal his admiration.

"Oh, Mr. Brackett," ejaculated Dora, in confusion. "But excuse me. Will you stay and dine here? Of course you will, to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than small-pox. One moment." And she quitted the room.

Mr. Rackett rose and paced rapidly backward and forward. His love and confidence had received a terrible blow, and he was extremely agitated.

"Is she so heartless?" he reflected.

"Perhaps I had better leave her at once, and never let her know the truth. But I can not go until I am quite sure, for I love her as much as I ever did. Just now I felt a hundred times impelled to take her in my arms and call her Dora again. I must be certain before I can act. I may be unjust. Perhaps that idiotic story I told her has made her hysterical. Some women will in such circumstances say and do exactly the contrary of what they mean. Possibly she is weeping now in her own room, breathing my name, and longing to be at my side at Jubbalpore. But here she is again, and smiling too! Confound her!"

Mrs. Rackett re-entered with no traces of sorrow upon her face. "I have ordered dinner," she said "for seven o'clock. Until then I must do my best to amuse you, for there is no one else in the house except the servants. I hope that you had a pleasant voyage home, and that the memory of that unpleasant tiger incident did not haunt your dreams by the way."

"Not in the least!" returned Tom, and he bit his lip. "The voyage was delightful. I came by way of Suez Canal. There were some charming girls on board, and of course we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. There was a moonlight party at Aden, and on that occasion the young ladies sang to us until two o'clock in the morning, when we had a champagne supper in a tent, which a friend of mine providentially had with him. I shall never forget it."

He was as reckless as any man could be, and cared no longer what he said.

"It must have been very delightful," laughed Mrs. Rackett, "I really wish I had been there.

"So do I, I am sure," Dora went on; "but I enjoy above all what you men call a spree. I'm afraid that I have a good deal of the Bohemian in my nature."

"I suppose, however," queried Mr. Rackett, "that you lead a very quiet life here!"

"Oh no, not at all. Of course I know every one in the neighborhood; and as a married woman, I ask whom I please to my house. I assure you I have very pleasant evenings now and then. You must come some day, Mr. Brackett—supper at two in the morning."

"I am afraid," said Tom, despondingly, "that I shall not be here for long. I am thinking of going abroad. I can not rest anywhere."

"You are worried then? I can sympathize with you. A woman's sympathy, you know—"

"Yes; family matters and disappointments—"

"But you are not the man," said Mrs. Rackett, encouragingly, "who ought to be a prey to disappointments. You are young, and if you'll excuse my freedom, not bad-looking! Ha! ha! I hope you did not lose your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden."

"No, Mrs. Brackett. To tell the truth, I am doubtful as to whether any woman is worth worrying about."

"Do not be cynical," exclaimed Dora. "All men have a period of cynicism, I know; but you surely must have outgrown it. Perhaps men expect too much from women."

"They expect sympathy, fidelity, and consideration!" exclaimed Mr. Rackett, bluntly.

"But do they themselves practice those virtues? An me! What a terrible thing it would be to have a husband who would practice none of them—a husband cold and unkind!"

"And what a still more terrible thing" said Tom, bitterly, "would it be to have an unfaithful and unsympathetic wife!"

"But do you believe," asked Dora, "that there are many such women?"

"I know to my cost that there is at least one. Yes! There are many women, Mrs. Rackett, who betray their husbands."

"I can not believe it; but when such is the case, I think that the husband is generally also to blame." And Dora looked demurely at the carpet.

"I am afraid," soliloquized Mr. Brackett "that it is foolish to believe that any woman is virtuous"

"It is absurd to believe that no woman is virtuous," said Dora, indignantly. "I see, Mr. Brackett, that after all you are worrying yourself for some woman's sake."

"I? Oh no. It is not worth while."

"Well," she continued. "I am glad to see that you can forget your troubles. I do not let mine worry me. Cosy suppers and—"

"But the probable death of your husband?" Interrupted Tom.

"I am philosophical," said Mrs. Rackett with a calmness which exasperated her visitor. "We only lived together for five weeks after our marriage; but even in that short period, happy as it was, we both of us doubtless developed little peculiarities of temper of which the other had previously been ignorant. I dare say he became rather tired of me. Don't you agree that marriage is a sad disenchantment?"

"No," replied Tom, sternly. "But, with all reference to you, I think that woman is."

"You are wrong, Mr. Brackett; I am sure you are wrong. I am convinced that any sensible woman who takes the trouble may save a man from ever feeling disappointed with her. Our doctor here is gallant enough to be of my opinion. He is an Irishman; and he has told me that no man could possibly be disappointed with Mrs. Rackett. Ha! ha! Of course I know that Irishmen sometimes say a little bit more than they mean, especially when they want to be pleasant, yet there is truth at the bottom of what he says, for I am sure that I could save any man who really loved me from being disappointed."

Tom's blood boiled up against the Irish doctor, and against Dora's plain-speaking. He decided to try if he could draw her into a flirtation with him. He would thus be able to satisfy himself of her baseness.

"Yes," he assented, "I can not doubt it. But all men are not so fortunate as to meet with women like you."

Here he drew his chair nearer to Dora's, and continued, softly: "I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience. If I thought that I might hope for your sympathy—"

"Surely, Mr. Brackett, it would be unwomanly to refuse it to any one."

"Ah! If I really might hope for your sympathy," he went on, with well simulated earnestness, "look for your regard and pity, and have such a one as you to live for, life, I assure you, would soon assume a new complexion to my eyes. Let us be plain. Your husband, we will suppose, is dead from his injuries, poor fellow. But why should you, who have seen so little of him, and who even during those short five weeks discovered so many of his imperfections, devote yourself to a long period of formal widowhood in memory of a man whom you do not respect? Why, indeed, my dear Mrs. Brackett, when you can meantime make another happy, and bestow your sympathy and your love upon one who can value such gifts at their true worth.?"

"Really; Mr. Brackett," said Dora, gently, rising from her seat. "I was scarcely prepared for this. I confess that I feel the need of love such as yours, but under such circumstances can I—" And overcome by her feelings, she sank upon an ottoman and buried her face in her hands.

Tom bent over her. This he thought to himself is my faithful and devoted wife. Still, doubtful, however of his conclusions, he took a seat beside her and put his arm around her waist. "Dear Mrs. Rackett," he said, "may I not call you by another name? I love you." He was holding her disengaged hand, which certainly squeezed his.

"You may call me Dora," she said, not, however, without hesitation.

Tom drew back for a moment; but his love for his wife overcame him still. "Dora, my own!" he cried—this time with more earnestness than dissimulation; "say that you love me, even that you will try to love me. Forget the past. Dora, do you love me?" and he seized her hand and kissed it. "Do you love me, my own?"

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Rackett, softly and hesitatingly; but in a moment her arms were around her husband's neck, and she whispered, "You know I do."

Tom started up from the ottoman and freed himself from her embrace. "This is terrible," he thought. "This places it beyond a doubt. She cannot possibly love me now. Yet now I love her! Good heavens! she is willing to give her heart to the first stranger who asks her for it. But I cannot leave her without a kiss." And he controlled himself again.

"Then you will be mine, my own, my darling?" he cried. "Dora! Dora!" and kneeling before her, he embraced her fervently. Then he rose and stood upright, while she remained with bowed head, and seemed to be weeping. At last he summoned up courage to speak once more. "Mrs. Racket;" he exclaimed, sternly.

She looked up for an instant, and having composed herself, faced him.

"Mrs. Rackett," he said, "what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him."

Dora smiled imploringly, but meeting with no responsive glance, from her visitor, continued Tom's sentence by adding, "That is, provided he is absurdly jealous."

"Not at all," returned Tom. "Are you not a vicious woman?'

"I beg your pardon," said Dora, with returning coolness, "but are you married?"

"I? Well—unfortunately I am—at present."

"Then, at all events," said Mrs. Rackett, "the guilt, if guilt it be, of both of us is equal."

"Equal?" sneered Mr. Brackett. "Ha! ha! No true wife could behave as you behaved just now."

"Neither," answered Dora "could any true husband act as you have acted. Even if you be cynical enough to believe that all women are vicious, you do not better matters by encouraging them, and by being vicious yourself. Women are subject to little weaknesses. Their principles are too often the principles of those they love, But men should have more strength."

"Weaknesses!" commented Tom, scornfully. "Do you call flirtation on the part of a married woman a little weakness!"

"On the contrary. It is, however, no more reprehensible than flirtation on the part of a married man."

"You treat the matter with frivolity," said Mr. Brackett, turning on his heel.

"But you treat it illogically," persisted Dora. "We have just interchanged pledges. Is this a specimen of the mode in which we intend to carry them out?"

"Pooh! what is the value of a pledge when given by such a woman as you?"

"Then why did you ask it?" demanded Mrs. Rackett.

"In order" returned Tom, "that I might assure myself that you are as vicious and worthless as I now know you to be."

"I might," said Dora, "applying similar reproaches to you if, in spite of all that you have said, I did not really love you. And having told me that you love me, you can not surely so soon contradict yourself."

"Love you? I despise you? cried Tom. But he silently added, "Yes, I do love her." "No; you have opened my eyes. I can respect you no longer, and therefore I had better leave you. Oh, Dora, if you had been a good woman? Good-by."

He approached her slowly, took her hand, and having kissed it, kissed her on the cheek, but their eyes did not meet.

"You are really going," said Dora. Now? so soon?"

"Yes; I am sorry I must go. It is for the best; we could not be happy."

"I think" murmured Mrs. Rackett, "that we might. I would put up with a great deal. I would not even care if you were to flirt again with the young ladies at Aden."

"But I?"—and Tom nerved himself for the parting. "Would you not betray me? No; I must go. Good-by." He kissed her once more on the cheek, and then moved slowly and silently toward the door, where he stood for a moment.

Mrs. Rackett sank upon the ottoman. "Good-by," she said, "But—Tom—"

Mr. Rackett started. "Tom?" he said. "Who—who told you my name was Tom?"

"Who told me?" cried Mrs. Rackett, as she rose with a gay laugh. "Why I believe you did once, you foolish boy, only about a year ago. I used to call you Tom then."

"And you know me, Dora," he exclaimed, stepping toward her with outstretched hands, and taking her in his arms. "My own! Then you have known me all along?"

"No, Tom, I did not recognize you until you told me that terribly big story about the tiger. What a stupid boy you were to say such a thing, and try to frighten me! And you have grown a beard! How could I expect you home so soon, too? But there! I must forgive you, I think; for, after all, this love-making over again has not been altogether unpleasant." And she threw her arms around his neck.

"Yes, it was foolish of me," said Tom, a minute later; "but if you forgive me—"

"Forgive you? I am only too glad, now that I have you home again. How papa will laugh when we tell him! But there must be nothing more of this kind, Tom, no more flirtations at Aden."

"And no more Irish doctors, Dora. No. As far as I am concerned I promise that this shall be the first and last affair of the kind."

They dined cozily together that evening, and afterward, as they walked along the winding paths in the garden, they laughed to their heart's content over their quiet comedy.

Some of the Eastern Yarns.

Says the Utica, N. Y. Herald: "Several gentlemen who have come from the west this Spring, report the wheat fields in the northwest to be gradually giving out. Farmers there intend to go into the dairy business as fast as they can get the money to do so. Any man who is making a comfortable living in the east they would advise to remain where he is, in preference to going west to farm it. Where twenty to twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre used to be the average, it is now reduced to fifteen bushels and downward. The soil is exhausted very rapidly, and nothing but dairying or an expensive system of fertilizing will bring it up. A wheat grower is like an old toper; he won't abandon his favorite tipple in favor of oats or corn, or any of those middle crops, even though he believes there may be more profit in them."