

THE WILD WESTERN GIRL.
Chicago Sun.
She touches my cheek, and I quiver—
I tremble with exquisite pains;
She sighs—like an overcharged river
My blood rushes on through my veins.
She smiles—and in mad, high fashion,
As a she-tiger fondles her own,
I clasp her with ferocious and passion,
And kiss her with slunder and groan.
—Ella Wheeler.

She smiled when I mentioned the oysters,
And grimed at the sight of a stew,
Very much as a frolicsome boy sits
When he dons his first jacket of blue.
I gazed with enchantment and wonder
On her beautiful Omaha hair,
And squandered my money like thunder
On this wild witching maiden so fair.

But when she was filled to repletion,
With stews and hot coffee and fries,
And the supper had reached a completion,
In front of her Ben Butler's eyes;
Behold, she arose from the table,
And accepted the arm of another,
And ere to pursue I was able,
She had gone with her strapping big brother.

THE LION'S CLAW.

Julien de Rhe, lieutenant in the navy, had come back in a sad condition from his expedition to Cochinchina; and when, after three long months of illness in his Touraine home, he grew strong enough to walk a few yards on the terrace of the banks of the Loire, with his mother and sister on each side of him—how lovingly they had nursed him, the good souls!—those shivering fits still came over him sometimes if the autumn winds were colder than usual.

"You should go to Pau for the winter," said the doctor; "the climate is mild and not too hot—just the thing for you—calming and soothing; and you will come back to your mother, in three months' time, a man again."

And so it was that, toward the middle of November, Julien de Rhe, leaning from his sunlit window in the Hotel Garderes, looked out on the sublime panorama of the Pyrenees, puffing the white at those cigarettes which seem so delicious to a convalescent, and fell to thinking of those he had smoked formerly in secret between decks on the Florida. They brought back all the sensations of his sixteenth year.

"Why, the place is full of pretty women," said the young fellow the first time he went out to listen to the band in the Place Royale, and to stroll in the sun in front of the statue of good King Henry; and though he was neither a libertine nor a fop, the sailor, beginning to enjoy life again, dressed himself in his best cap, and his frock coat with the three new gold bands, and the rosette of the Legion of Honor, that his mother had brought to him when he lay in bed so ill that he never hoped to wear it but once—on the black cloth of his coffin.

It had been a good idea, all the same, to come to Pau. How beautiful it was—the sun that warmed without burning, the blue heavens, the wild landscape, with its far-off boundary of hills, and beyond its snow peaks rising into the sky! And how amusing it was to stroll about in that cosmopolitan crowd, among the fair foreigners, and listen to their voices talking every language in Europe, and mingling together like the different songs of the birds in an aviary. It is true that there were some disagreeable sights as well—such as the young Englishman, for instance, in the last stage of consumption, who was wheeled about in a little carriage by his servant, wrapped in shawl and comforters; the Englishman who had eyes like a boiled cod-fish, and wore a black respirator over his mouth. Ah! it was enough to make one shiver. And then after the first movement of pity—men are such egoists—Julien remembered what he looked like himself when he lauded at Toulon, as thin as a skeleton, with circles around his eyes like two rings of chocolate; and he thought that, now he was cured, he had had a narrow escape.

And Julien de Rhe felt that it was a good thing to be alive, to breathe the soft warm air out there in the sunshine, well dressed, freshly shaved, and proud of the rosette at his button-hole. And he gave money to the beggars, gazed after the pretty women who passed him, and at last stopped, feeling quite softened at the sight, to watch the pretty little American girl in black stockings and gloves and floating white dresses, who were dancing in a ring around one of the trees of the Place Royale, to the tune of the double-quick march which the band was playing.

He was just ready to fall in love, this happy convalescent, and it was a case of love at first sight the day he saw Mademoiselle Olga Barbarine, the most beautiful girl of all the Russian colony, jump from her horse in front of the Hotel Cassion, where she lived with her mother.

It was five o'clock in the evening, and she had just returned from the hunt. The five or six admirers, in pink, who had accompanied her had jumped on their horses together, to help her down. She took the hand that came, and as soon as she was off her horse she knocked on one of the tables in the veranda with the handle of her riding-whip, and calling for a cup of milk, which she drank at a draught, stood there a moment, laughing, looking like some goddess of old with her slender form distinctly outlined as if molded in her black riding-habit, and the waves of her shining auburn hair loosened from her man's hat and falling on her shoulders. She held her empty cup in both hands, satisfied, and as it were, intoxicated by the fresh beverage, and behind her the setting sun lit up her golden hair till it encircled her face like a halo.

Then, suddenly, growing grave again, she put down the cup on the table, gave a slight, disdainful bow to the group in pink, and walked, with a queenly step, into the hotel, tapping her boot with her riding-whip.

Three days later Julien de Rhe, who had spent his time asking his friends, "Who is she? I am madly in love with her; I adore her," etc., was introduced—not a very difficult matter—to the Barbarines, and made one of the squadron of admirers of the beautiful Russian.

Was she really a Russian, this intoxicating creature, who had been galloping about all day and waiting all night, ever since the beginning of the season? Yes, by her reputed father, her mother's first husband, the Count Barbarine. But every one knew the mother had been divorced just at the very time of her daughter's birth, and that Madame Barbarine, whose father was a New York banker named Jacobson, had long kept up a liaison that was almost public, with a northern prince—some Christian or Oscar. Had she any nationality, this child who had been brought up, by turns, in a Scotch nursery, in a convent at Naples, in a school at Geneva; who had slept half her nights on the cushions of express trains, and in whose memory, as in a stereoscope, there was nothing but succession of watering-places, sea-side towns, winter cities, and other places of fashionable resort, to which, for the last fifteen years, her mother—still a handsome woman, in spite of the eruption on her face—had carried her blase person, her ennu, her amov, and her pet monkeys? Alas! she had no country, this strange girl, who with all the

modesty of a maiden, had the audacity of a boy, and who said, laughing at herself, "As for me, I am neither from London, nor from Paris, nor from Vienna, nor from St. Petersburg. I am from the table d'hote."

Had she any relations? None, it seemed. Her true father—the Oscar, or Christian, to whom Madame Barbarine so often alluded had been dead several years, and her father according to the law—the Russian count—had never taken any notice of her. He was completely ruined, and had no other means of existence but his gun. He was a dead-shot, and earned his living by winning prizes at the pigeon matches, like a sort of civilized Leatherstocking. As for the countess, though she had periodic attacks of motherly sentimentalism that set one's teeth on edge they rang so false, she was blessed with the most perfect, absolute, and utter selfishness. When Olga, who was then eight years old, had had typhoid fever, and nearly died of it, Madame Barbarine, while she was nursing her little girl for appearance's sake, never once forgot to put on her greased gloves at night to keep her hands white.

Julien de Rhe learned all these things when he enrolled himself in the flying squadron that was always manoeuvring round about Mademoiselle Olga Barbarine. Yet he fell in love with her desperately, this strange and louching girl, who looked him so straight in the face, and who, the day the lieutenant was introduced to her by a mutual friend, said to him, as she lit her pipe and cigarette:

"Ah! you are the man who is so much in love with me? How do you do?"

And she shook his hand like a man. He fell in love with her, the good honest sailor, and to love her all the more that, before long, he came to understand and pity her. For she was not mistaken; Olga was strange, but not badly brought up; but she had no coquetry, and her soul was proud and true. Who knows? Perhaps she felt the vanity of her life of pleasure and agitation. What is certain is that she judged, and judged severely, all those young fellows who danced attendance upon her in the hunting field, and wrote their names on her programme every evening. They were all in love with her, but none of them really respected her, for there was not one among them who had as yet made up his mind to ask her to marry him. And she treated them pretty roughly, and called them to order—with a good stroke of her riding-whip, like the handsome horsewoman she was—when they ventured to whisper too close to her ear in the whirl of a waltz, or to squeeze the hand she held out to them in good-fellowship. Julien, whose refinement of heart stood him instead of quickness of perception—it is often the simple-minded who see the most clearly—had discovered the hidden treasures of loyalty in the soul of this patriotic girl who was in reality so unhappy. He loved her for her coquetry, certainly, and his senses rebelled when he felt her lean upon his arm in the pauses of the dance—this grand, fair woman, with her dark eyes, and her skin that seemed so like the rose after a storm, when, in her nonchalant way, she talked to him, intoxicating him with the violet fragrance of her breath, and the glitter of her starry eyes. But he loved her as well, he loved her above all for the pain she hid so proudly; and his heart burned as he watched the sad, sorrowful glance that Olga bent on her mother when Madame Barbarine, at her four-to-six tea—sitting with her back to the light to hide the black spots on her nose, against which even the anti-bolbos was powerless—hinted almost openly at her royal conquests in the northern courts.

He would marry her! Yes, he would take her away from these perilous surroundings. He would take her to his own mother, who was a good woman. She should breathe the purifying and strengthening atmosphere of a home that was worthy of the name. In a word, he would save her!

He often thought of it; he thought of nothing else now. He even fancied sometimes that Olga guessed his intention, and at Madame Barbarine's four-to-six, where Olga treated all her admirers in that frank boyish way of hers, when she handed the sailor his tea in a glass, after the Prussian fashion, he thought he saw in the depths of the young girl's eyes a far-away light that seemed to respond to his generous pity and infinite tenderness.

"Yes, Mademoiselle, my sick leave is up in a week. I shall leave Pau to-morrow. I shall spend a few days in Touraine with my sister, and from there I shall go to Brest as aide-camp to the naval prefect. In a year or eighteen months I shall go to sea again."

They were alone in the reading-room of the hotel, standing near an open window, with thousands of stars twinkling and glimmering above them in the dark heavens.

"God-bye, then, and a pleasant journey," answered Olga with a firm voice.

"I want to ask you for something, Monsieur de Rhe. Yes, that lion's claw mounted on a little ring that you wear at your watch-chain. I have a fancy for it. It came from a lion that you once killed out hunting in Africa, didn't it? I am a sort of wild animal myself. That trick pleases me. Give it to me; I will keep it in remembrance."

Julien unfastened the little charm and put it into the girl's hand; then suddenly he caught her hand in both his own and whispered passionately:

"I love you! Will you be my wife?"

Olga loosened her hand gently, still holding the lion's claw; then, crossing her arms upon her breast, she looked at Julien with a face for a moment with no sign of emotion on her own.

"No," she said, at last, "no! And yet you are the first man who has loved me and told me so in that straightforward way. It is for that reason that I refuse."

Go away, and say no more, for God's sake. Only—you leave me your lion's claw, won't you? It will remind me of a true-hearted man, to whom I have acted like a true-hearted woman. No; say no more. We must part forever. Farwell!

Three years after the steam transport, Du Conde, returning from Senegal, touched at the Canaries to take in letters. After she had started on her journey through the rough night again, the boatswain came into the officers' cabin and laid a packet of newspapers on the table.

Julien de Rhe opened a news sheet about three weeks old, from Paris, and read under the heading "Movements and Whereabouts," the following lines:

"His Majesty the King of Swabia, who is traveling incognito, under the name of the Count of Angsburg, arrived here yesterday evening.

"An annoying accident happened at the station on his Majesty's arrival. The Baroness de Hall, who, only accompanied by her mother, the Countess Barbarine, was traveling with his Majesty, lost the jewel of slight value, though she apparently set great store on it. It is a simple lion's claw mounted on a small circlet of gold. Madame de Hall has offered a reward of two hundred francs for the recovery of this jewel."

"Look out, Julien, you are forgetting the lion's claw! Your watch, my dear fellow."

"That you say, Julien de Rhe, throwing down the paper, and walking as from a dream. That night the man at the wheel, who was alone on the poop with the officer of the watch, saw him put his handkerchief to his face several times. There was a good deal of wind and sleet, yet, where he stood, it could not have reached him.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French by Mademoiselle Bouchier.

A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Florence Revere Pendar in N. Y. Mercury.

It was at one of New England's pretty towns that Nina Walters first joined our show, with her fellow performer, Louis Mason and Joe Fuller; apprenticed like himself to old Pa Dryer, who was wont to boast that the children he took to train were as well cared for in every respect as his own, which statement I have never had any reason to doubt; and I may say I have more than once witnessed the strict impartiality with which he administered corporal punishment to his progeny and apprentices if they failed to come up to the mark in their respective duties. Many a time have I seen him in his ring, his full, red face beaming with genial smiles as he put a child through his pad-act with:

"Now, Maudie dear, one, two, three, jump. Oh!—can't? Want a little help?" crack whip, lash around the little girl's slender ankles, and with:

"Oh! please don't, I will," over the banner the frightened child jumped.

"Lor! bless you," would this veteran child trainer observe; "you've got to frighten some on 'em into it. It's all for their good. Just look at the youngsters I've turned out, a earning their hundred and fifty and two hundred a week now," after which speech Pa Dryer would beam complacently upon his listeners. But I am digressing.

Nina Walters and her fellow-performers were trapeze artists, wonderfully clever in their line, and consequently high in favor with Pa Dryer. Dryer, from New, our colored tent-maker, up. It was evident from the first, however, that Louis and Joe were deeply in love with Nina, but as far as I could see she showed preference to neither, treating each as frankly as a sister might a brother, which was natural enough, as they had grown up together during some ten years, having become apprentices of Pa Dryer at the same time. Louis, who was of an open frank disposition, with a friendly word for every one, had just turned twenty when they joined us, making him three months the senior of Joe, his very opposite, being quick to take offense, and of a singularly jealous nature. The only thing they possessed in common was their good looks, both being undeniably handsome.

One evening, after they had been with us some six months, as I stood waiting behind the curtain that shut out the ring entrance—myself the way I have not yet introduced myself. Not that it is at all necessary, only perhaps, some of my readers might like to know what manner of person he relating these facts. I am of a rather retiring disposition, although my vocation of clown rather belies this trait of mine. Outside of the ring I am familiarly known as "Still Done," earning that title, I believe, by my fondness for a quiet life the moment I have shaken the saw-dust from off my boots. How I ever came to write off this kind of a life, I do not know, but I am not am not quite clear. Perhaps the desire to see my name in print in a different form from its habitual one influenced me; or perhaps the hope that it might help out some poor souls mad with jealousy to conquer that frightful malady, may be to save them from committing a crime, had a little to do with it.

Well, as I was saying, this evening as I stood waiting, I saw Nina coming slowly, as if in thought, toward me. It was something so unusual to see her pretty face without a smile that I exclaimed:

"Why, Nina, child! What ails you? Has Pa Dryer been acting ugly? What over old Dryer had done in Nina's younger days, I had never known her, since she had been with us to treat her otherwise than kind; in fact, he rather petted her like the rest of us, I was considerably relieved when she answered:

"Oh, no. But don't you laugh at me. I really believe I'm nervous. Here she laughed herself, but I asked her, "Nervous? What about?" I asked. You see, she sort of looked upon me as an old fop, and didn't mind expressing herself freely, as it were.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, "only I feel as if something was going to happen, don't you know? It is silly of me. Why, when I was little, my mother and Pa Dryer made me hang from my chin from the trapeze, I never felt so—" Just then, my act being on, I had to hurry away. When next I saw Nina she was flying gracefully through the air from trapeze to trapeze. After my act I had hastily resumed my every-day clothes and returned to the ring entrance, which was not my custom, for I generally left the building as soon as I was through. This night something stronger than myself made me watch "The Fays." I have seen a good deal of trapeze business in my day, but never anything so graceful and neat as "The Fays" performance. Nina's little form seemed to fly through the air without any apparent effort. The applause, as usual, was loud and frequent. Their finish, as a rule, was done in this wise: Nina taking a flying leap from a small platform near the roof, would be caught by Louis, who hung suspended head downward from one of the trapezes. This night, however, it was Louis who mounted to the platform to take the leap, instead of going through a series of evolutions on the middle trapeze, while Nina prepared herself for her daring drop. I had hardly time to wonder at the change before I saw Joe, who had been executing a Catherine wheel

on a trapeze still higher up, give a violent start. He too, I think, was surprised. Shall I ever forget the cry that rang through the building that night, causing women to faint and strong men to turn white like unto death. I can hear it now, and the words:

"Nina! for God's sake keep clear of the middle trapeze; the ropes are cut!"

Too late came Joe's warning. Nina's little hands were already clinging to the doomed bar, and Louis had taken his leap for life.

A whir of something whizzing through the air as I closed my eyes to shut the horror of it out, when a murmur like the hoarse roar of the distant sea fell upon my ears, swelling until it burst into a wild hurra. I looked and saw Joe hanging head downwards from a trapeze, while with both hands he upheld Louis, Nina clasped safe by the latter's arm, the trapeze to which she had clung but a moment before lying in the ring some forty feet below.

Joe's daring intrepidity had saved his companions' lives. He had drooped from his perch above to a lower trapeze and swung himself to the rescue of Louis, thereby enabling the latter to snatch Nina from a horrible death.

Cheer upon cheer greeted the two as they were lowered safely to the ground, while one old fellow in his excitement, exclaimed, as he caught Joe by the hand:

"A brave act you've done this night lad. It ought to wipe out a heap of sins for ya."

That night Joe disappeared, and "The Fays," as far as the public was concerned, were known no more.

For many weeks Nina lay hovering between life and death, but at last youth conquered. She is now the happy wife of Louis, for the terrible moment in which her fellow performer and herself had hung as it were between heaven and earth had revealed to her who had won her heart. Louis and his wife have long since left the profession and are prospering well in their new line of life. Two children have been vouchsafed them. Joe and Nina they are named. And what about the other Joe, you think perhaps. Well, it was eight years before I again met Joe. Of course I spoke about Louis and Nina, telling him how happy they were and how they had named their first born for him.

"She did that, Nina?" he murmured, adding, "and she must have guessed all; I saw it in her reproachful eyes that night. I was mad with jealousy. I knew that she loved Louis, but I thought if he were out of her way she would forget him, and then I could win her, and so, madman as I was, I cut the ropes attached to the middle trapeze—the one on which Louis always did his finish." An exclamation of horrified surprise escaped me as he finished with:

"You know how my fondish attempt was frustrated. How the girl I loved took the place of the man I would have murdered. I learned afterward that, feeling nervous, she had persuaded Louis to take the leap instead of herself. Only for that I should have been branded as a murderer."

"But you nobly redeemed yourself in saving both their lives," I then spoke.

"My God! can I ever shut out the horror of it all?" he cried bitterly. Rising, I said: "Yes, I think you can," then he bent his haggard eyes questioningly upon me, I added: "Wait here a few moments."

A little dark-eyed fellow stood shyly eyeing the man I had left but a few moments before, then laying his hand upon the man's arm he asked:

"Are you my big, brave Uncle Joe? 'Cause if you are mamma sent me to fetch you."

"Child! what is your name?" exclaimed the man eagerly.

"Joe Mason," answered the little one, adding: "but mamma calls me 'Little Joe';" then glancing up he continued naively: "Uncle Joe, mamma said you'd be glad to see me; are you?"

"Glad!" and as Joe Fuller uttered that one word, like unto a sob, he clasped the little fellow in his arms, while I, closing the door, crept softly away, convinced the child had won the day.

Crossing the Atlantic.

Mr. Pearce, the builder of the Alaska, the Oregon and other fast steamers, has proclaimed his belief that the voyage across the Atlantic will ere long be accomplished in six days. But this is as nothing compared with the hope which a Leeds gentleman announces to an astonished world. He promises—when he has built his ship—to carry people from Liverpool to New York in three days. This wonderful achievement is to be brought about by his new aqua-aerial or wave ship. The aqua-aerial ship is intended for express, mail and passenger service, also for unarmored war ships for which great speed is desirable. The wave ship is of shallow draught when at rest, and when set in motion its draught is to decrease with the increase of speed. Instead of plowing its way through the water it is to skim along or over the surface, thereby avoiding the chief cause of resistance to the progress of ordinary ships, viz: Wave making. The resistance offered by the water to its onward course is thus to be reduced to a minimum, and the power uselessly expended in wave making and displacement of water by vessels of the ordinary type is to be wholly utilized in the increase of speed. This is to be accomplished by making the bottom of the vessel a series of inclined planes placed one after the other. Why not arrange to have the vessel lift herself out of the water with the exception of the heel of her rudder post and let her skim along on that? The voyage might then, perhaps, be accomplished in a few hours.

Lord and Lady Exmouth.

Long Branch Letter.

One of the most plainly dressed women in the room was Lady Exmouth. She wore a black lace dress over a canary-colored silk, cut very décollete, and exposing a beautiful neck and sloping shoulders. Loops of canary-colored ribbon, diamond ornaments, including a necklace, and a huge bouquet of yellow roses finished her costume. Lady Exmouth is twenty-three years old, but has not the freshness and bloom of English childhood, nor the buxom expansiveness of a British matron. She is rather thin and pale, and if it was not for her way of wearing her hair, cropped at the top and in a Langtry knot at the back, would look more American than English. Lord Exmouth is a dapper little man, about the size of Sunset Cox, with a bright eye. During the evening the noble pair never moved from their chairs; he sat on one foot, swinging the other, with an eyelash in his ocular, watching the dancers, and she alternately partook of a powerful smelling bottle and the fragrance of her roses. These emblems of the English aristocracy left last night for Saratoga, with openly expressed disgust for Americans, though they have only met two during their stay in the hotel.

LAND OFFICE. GOVERNMENT LANDS, AND CHEAP RAILROAD LANDS.

Griggs County, Dak.

Settlers located. Final proofs made and money furnished. Railroad lands purchased and money furnished in part. Contest cases tried and determined. Money loaned on chattel security. "The early bird catches the worm."

IVER JACOBSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BUNELL AVENUE, COOPERSTOWN,

GRIGGS COUNTY, D. T.

**Nervous Exhaustion,
Premature Decay,
Loss of Manhood.**
An 80-page Cloth-bound Book of Advice to Young or Middle-aged Men, with prescriptions for Self-treatment by a Regular Physician. **SENT FREE** on receipt of two three-cent stamps. Address: **T. WILLIAMS & CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN
PROF. HARRIS' PASTILLE
A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHEA AND IMPOTENCY.
Free TRIAL PACKAGE.
SEND ADDRESS **HARRIS REMEDY CO., 117½ Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.**
One Month's Treatment, \$3; 2 Months, \$5; 3 Months, \$7

HARRIS REMEDY CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
Prof. Harris' Pastille Remedy
Young Men and others who suffer from Nervous and Physical Debility, Weakness, Exhaustion, and their many gloomy consequences, should use this medicine. It restores the natural functions of the human organism, and restores the vitality of life which have been weakened or lost. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.
The Remedy is put up in boxes. No. 1 (lasting a month), \$3. No. 2 (lasting three months), \$5. Sent by mail to any address. Free trial package sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. Pamphlet describing this disease and mode of cure sent on application.

CONSULT DEBUISS
Dr. DeBuijs
SUCCESSOR TO
In Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Bones—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhea, Syphilis and Hereditary Affections. Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.
Persons desiring further information should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a cure.
Address: Dr. C. J. LARSEN, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Bldg. & Surg. Institute, 277½ Lorain St., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Buis's Dispensary. Established 1872.

FREE!
RELIABLE SELF-CURE.
A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U.S. (now retired) for the cure of **Nervous Debility, Loss of Manhood, Weakness and Deceit.** Sent in plain sealed envelope—free. Druggists can fill. Address **DR. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.**

WRIGHT'S INDIAN LIVER VEGETABLE PILLS
Secure Healthy action to the Liver and relieve all bilious troubles.
Purely Vegetable; No Origin. Price 50c. All Druggists.