THE WINDS OF MEMORY.

Upon the western shore to-night I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless sea,
And watch the white ships inward, outward fleeting,
And wonder when my ship will come for me;
And where it lies, and whether it is going,
I only hear the winds of memory blowing.

Across the cliffs of yesterday they're coming,
They fan my forehead with the forest air.
Remembered melodies the hills are humming;
A scent of pine trees hovers everywhere.
I hear again the bankside brooklet flowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Blow on, sweet winds, your singing or your sighing
Brings back to-night a half-forgotten tune:
Beneath the apple blooms once more I'm lying.
I feel the breath of girlhood's happy June;
Life's early dawn, again I see it glowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

A summer song, now faint, now fuller growing;
A far-off lullaby from mother lips.
Love, living love, receiving and bestowing;
I listen, listen! On, ye white-winged ships,
I do not heed your coming or your going,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Upon the western shore to-night I'm straying,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless sea,
And watch the billows upward, downward swaying.
But do not care how near the tide may be;
Or, if the waters touch my feet, not knowing,
While I can hear the winds of memory blowing.

—[Exchange.

An Old Roman of Mariposa.

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY.

Mariposa is a wreck of the gold fever. The merest skeleton of its former self, its lies there in the gulch between the chaparral-covered foothills and remembers the time when it was lusty and vigorous, in the full flesh of feverish youth, and had a murder every morning for breakfast.

All around it the gashed and seamed and scarred and furrowed earth bears testimony to the labors of those stirring times when men dug a fortune from the ground in a day, and spent it in the town at night.

The people live in the past. The first man with whom you talk will make you hear the sound of barroom fights and pistol shots down the street, and the rolling chorus of "Forty-nine," and make vivid for your eyes the piles of gold dust upon the gaming tables, the hundreds of gold-weighted miners that came trooping into town on Saturday night, and the placer mines down the bed of the creek, as populous then as a city street, though utterly deserted now. And every man and woman above middle age with whom you talk will do the same for you with new characters and incidents, until your stay in the town becomes a rolling panorama of the gold days and you feel as if you were yourself living through their excitements and had gotten their deliriums in your veins.

At least that was what was happening to me as I sat on a bench in front of a little house whose narrow porch was flush with the sidewalk of the main street. My hostess, herself an old timer, the first woman in the town, began the entertainment as we sat there in the early afternoon, shelling peas for dinner and breathing deep draughts of the honey-scented air that blew down the hills from thousands of pink-flowered manzanita bushes. She told how she and her sister had alighted from the stage in Mariposa that evening so many years ago, when they were both "just slips of girls," the very first women in that region for miles and miles around; and how the men, hundreds of them, who had not seen the form of a woman for months, save Indian squaws, came at the news that two women were in town and begged her father to be allowed just to look at them; and how the two of them, hand in hand, came shyly out and the men crowded around with looks of respectful adoration and then passed on to let others look, though one stopped long enough to fall on his knees and kiss the hem of her dress; and how the whole great crowd of men suddenly started up, as if by one impulse, the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Then along came a newspaper man—a bit of the present mingled with the past. He was there reporting a murder trial for his San Francisco paper.

"Better come to this afternoon's session of the trial," he said. "The prisoner isn't much, but his father is the most interesting old chap I've run across since I've been on the Coast. I'll tell you about him as we walk over

"It's a brutal, ghastly case," the newspaper man said, "and to my mind the only mystery about is the prisoner's father. He is a fine-looking old man, with the manner and head of an old Roman. He has the reputation of being the straightest and squarest man in the county, and how he ever came to be the father of such a good-for-nothing scum of the earth as the prisoner I can explain only in the supposition that he isn't.

"The old man is one of the pioneers in Mariposa and they tell me that he was one of the nerviest men that ever drew a gun in this town. He killed his man in [illegible] of the man he dropped and so nothing was said about it. There was a Coroner's jury, which gave a verdict of suicide, and explained their finding on the ground that it was suicidal for any man to draw on Dan Hopkins and then give Dan the chance to shoot first.

The old man was universally known to be so honest and square in all his dealings and so upright and honorable in every way that the son's depravity seemed all the blacker by contrast. He has stood by the young fellow from the first of his wickedness, so everybody says, and has always shown toward him not only the greatest affection. He has never intimated even to his best friend that the young man was anything but the best and most dutiful son that had ever lived. He has kept him supplied with money, so that the fellow's only reason for the petty thievery he had was pure love for stealing. He has paid his fines when he has been arrested and shielded him from public contempt and done everything possible to make it easy for him to be honest and respectable. But the boy has steadily gone on, they say, from bad to worse, and now he has capped it all with this crime, which, in willful and unprovoked brutality, was worthy of a criminal hardened by twice his years and experience.

He and another young blade about as bad as he is, though this one seems to have been the one who planned it and led in the execution, went to the house of an old man, who lived alone a little farther up in the foothills toward the Yosemite valley, and asked to be allowed to stay all night. The old man took them in, got supper for them, made them as comfortable as he could; and in the night they got up and murdered him, stole all his money—he had just sold some horses and cattle to the prisoner's father—and were preparing to skip the country and go to Australia when they were arrested.

"The thing's not been absolutely proven on young Hopkins yet, but the circumstancial evidence is so plain that even if there is nothing else I don't see how he's going to escape the rope. I've just heard a rumor, though, that there's to be some new evidence this afternoon which will settle the matter without a doubt."

The room rapidly filled up, and as we waited for court to open the newspaper man pointed out one and another hale old man whose clear eyes and fresh skin belied his years, and told tales of his daring forty years before, of the wealth he had dug from the earth, and of the reckless ways in which he had lost it. And at last came the prisoner and his father. The old man's figure was tall, erect, broad-chested and muscular, and his bearing proud and reserved.

"I'm always half expecting to see that old man get up," the newspaper man whispered to me, "fold his arms across that great chest of his and say 'Rom inus sum,' and then proudly lead his son away."

He must have been sixty-five years old or more, though he looked twenty years younger. His dark hair and beard were only sifted with gray, and he held himself so erectly and with such dignity, and all the lines of his countenance expressed such force and nobleness of character that the suggestion of his appearance was of the strength of middle age.

But the boy was a painful contrast. His eye was shifty, his expression weak and sensual, and the hard lines of his face and the indifference of his manner told the story of a man old in criminal thoughts if not in years and deeds. For he looked no more than twenty-five, and might have been even younger.

The father sat near him, and although they seldom spoke together he frequently by some small act or apparently unconscious movement showed a tenderness and affection for the wayward son that seemed all the greater by contrast with his own proud reserve and the boy's hardened indifference.

The new testimony was brought in. The Sheriff had set a go-between at work with the two prisoners, and with his aid had secured copies of all the notes they at once began writing to each other. In these letters, which were all produced in court, they had freely discussed their crime and argued about the points wherein they had made mistakes. Young Hopkins had boasted to the other that they need not fear conviction because his father would certainly get them clear, and they had planned what they would do after the trial was over, forecasting with joyful anticipations a course of crime and debauchery.

When the Sheriff began to give this testimony the old man's hand was resting affectionately on his son's shoulder. As it went on laying bare the utter depravity of his boy's soul, the muscles of his face quivered a little, and presently, with just the suggestion of a flinching shudder in face and figure he took his hand away and shrank back a little from the young man. I had wondered as I watched him if it was a revelation to him of a depth of depravity in his son's heart of which he had not guessed before.

Then the prosecution asked for a few minutes' recess, announcing that it had a new witness to bring forward. And after much hurrging to and fro and whispering and consulting among lawyers and court and prison officials young Hopkins' accomplice appeared on the witness stand and turned State's evidence. He had learned of the intercepted letters, and, frightened by their probable result for himself, told the whole story of the crime from the time Hopkins had first broached it to him until they were arrested in San Francisco. And during the entire narration of the cold-blooded, brutal and cowardly deed old Dan Hopkins [illegible] the witness as [illegible] color and [illegible] been lis- [illegible]

At last it was all over, the jury listened to the Judge's charge and filed out. "It's hanging, sure," said the newspaper man. "After that evidence and that charge there's only one verdict they can bring in. It's a good thing as far as the boy's concerned, but I do feel sorry for his governor."

Every one felt so sure that the jury would soon return that none left their places, and a buzz of conversation soon filled the room. Old Dan Hopkins sat with his arms folded, his head erect, and his eyes, steady and clear, upon the empty witness chair. There were many sympathizing glances sent toward him, though no one approached or spoke to him, for it was evident from his compressed lips and frowning brow that he preferred to be left alone. He had moved a little away from his son, and sat scarcely ten feet distant on my left. When the jury returned, in less than half an hour, he bent upon them the same abstracted gaze and unmoved countenance. I think he had determined, whatever their verdict, upon his own course of actionlong before.

The foreman stood up, glanced sadly toward the man who had been his friend and neighbor for many years. There were tears in his eyes and his voice broke and trembled as he gave their verdict, "Guilty of murder in the first degree." Not a sound broke the deathlike stillness of the room as he sat down, and I noticed that every face within my view was turned away from the prisoner's box and the old man who sat near it. The tense strain of the moment was broken by the prisoner's counsel, who arose and began a motion for a new trial.

But the click of a revolver broke through his first sentence as Dan Hopkins jumped to his feet with a sudden, swift movement of his right arm. A dozen men leaped forward with outstretched arms and cried, "Stop! Stop!" But even before they could reach him the report rang through the room, and just as they seized the father's arms the son dropped to the floor, dead. He waved back the men who were pressing around him.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stand back a minute!" And they fell back instinctively. He walked calmly to the Judge's desk and laid down his smoking pistol. Then he folded his arms and faced about, with head thrown back, flashing eyes and colorless face. He looked at the Sheriff, who, with the sense of official duty strong upon him, had stepped out from the huddled crowd and was coming toward him.

"Wait one minute," he cried, "and then arrest me! I have lived a long and honorable life in this county, and I know that I have the respect and the confidence of you all. And I am convinced, too, bitter as the knowledge is to me, that that poor boy there deserved death. I did not believe until this afternoon that he was guilty. But now I am convinced that he was bad from the bottom of his heart and that there was no hope for him. He deserved death, but could I hear that my own flesh and blood should be hanged? No! Better a thousand times that he should die by my own hand. On me let the law's justice fall, for I deserve death, not so much for taking the life of that monster of wickedness that lies there as for having given him life in the first place. Mine was the first sin, and it is just that I, rather than he, should bear the disgrace. Now, arrest me."

He held out his hand to the Sheriff, the shackles clicked upon his wrists and he was led off between the rows of staring men, his head as erect and his manner as proudly dignified as ever.—[San Francisco Examiner.

The Persian Shah's Highway.

The Shah's highway, considered as an agreeable promenade, or merely as a necessary avenue of approach to a great capital, cannot be considered as a shining success. Straight away in front of us as far as the eye can reach, it stretches over a level plain, and up a slight rise, bounded on one side by the arrow-straight line of iron telegraph poles. The sky is slightly overcast; a fierce wind blows in our faces, bringing dense clouds of dust, which rise at times to a great height in the distance, often taking the form of waterspouts or of towering columns of smoke; once enveloped in one of these travelling duststorms, there is nothing to do but hold our heads down, and with our eyes tighty shut ride through it, emerging on the other side white-bearded and powdered like millers. Sometimes we try to avoid these encounters by riding over the rough and broken ground on one side. There are many wrecks by the way of what were once stout ships of the desert, as well as the last remnants of horses, mules and donkeys, lying where they gave up the struggle for life. The only birds in this drear landscape are the ravens, which hunt in couples, and fly up from the road croaking hoarsely as we approach. There is not even a hard bank of earth or a stone large enough to sit upon when it is time for lunch, and one can only squat ignominously in the dust.—[Harper's Magazine.

How to Throw a Horse.

There is a certain way that experienced stockmen know of throwing a horse down so as to break his neck and kill him at once. An ordinary halter is put on the horse, the lead strap from it passed between the horse's front legs, a turn being taken around the far one near the fetlock. The executioner then hits the horse a sharp cut with a whip, and when he jumps up pulls sharply and strongly on the halter strap. The horse strikes head first, with the entire weight on his neck. The fall is invariably fatal. —[New York World.

The Extra Piece of Cake.

Johnnie and Jennie, says the Youth's Companion, were having a tea party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," continued the boy.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie, more doubtfully.

So Jennie poured the tea and Johnnie cut the cake. He cut it into five good sized pieces and helped his sister to one piece and began to cut another himself. Jennie poured another cup of tea, and the feast went on. The mother in the next room heard them talking peacefully for awhile, when, presently, there arose a discussion, followed by a howl from Johnnie.

The mother arose and entered the room.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Why," explained Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took it—she took it all."

The mother looked perplexed.

"That was rather selfish, Jennie," quoth she.

"Yes, it was," wept Johnnie, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have the extra piece myself!"

Johnnie's conception of selfishness is widely prevalent among his elders, both male and female.

A terrible explosion occurred in Chiles valley, on the Thomas Edington ranch, near the magnesia mine. Mrs Bartlett, whose husband owns the mine, was out with a 22 calibre rifle shooting at fences and rocks, when she noticed a can some fifty yards away. Taking aim, she fired at it, and a big explosion resulted. The can did not happen to be an empty one. It contained twenty-five pounds of giant powder. By its explosion fences were torn down and posts razed to the ground. The shock broke all the windows in the windows in the house, tore off the weather boarding and threw Bartlett and William Bradley who were kitchen, in a heap upon the floor. Luckily Mrs. Bartlett, the innocent cause of all this commotion, was not injured, but the scene of the upheaval now presents a most demoralized appearance.—[Napa (Cal.) Register.

An Editor's Mistake.

The editor of a weekly journal lately lost two of his subscribers through accidentally departing from the beaten track in his answers to correspondents. Two of his subscribers wrote to ask him his remedy for their respective troubles. No. 1, a happy father of twins, wrote to inquire the best way to get them over their teething, and No. 2 wanted to know how to protect his orchards from the myriads of grasshoppers. The editor framed his answer upon the orthodox lines, but unfortunately transposed their two names, with the result that No. 1, who was blessed with the twins, read in reply to his query: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to them, and the little pests, after jumping about in the flames a few minutes, will speedily be settled. While No. 2, plagued with grasshoppers, was told to "Give a little castor oil and rub their gums gently with a bone.—[Richmond Star.