

The Douglass house has undisputed possession of the hall, but the senate and the governor have nothing to do with them.

If Topeka should lose the capital it would serve the people exactly right. There is no punishment too severe for such intolerance.

The friends of John C. Tarsney, and they are many, will regret to learn of his serious illness. Mr. Tarsney has been working too hard, and has worn himself out. He has been ordered to Old Point Comfort to recruit his health.

The A. A. Harris variety of democrat will have no standing with the Cleveland administration. They were the fellows that were trying to elect Harrison electors in Kansas. Mr. Cleveland has no use for the men who tried to elect Harrison.

It is to be hoped that the sale of the Winter bridge will not be confirmed. If the sale is ordered to be made again Mr. Bates and his crowd will be compelled to pay more money or get left. There are two strong corporations anxious to secure the franchise and piers.

It is said that Mr. Bates is a smooth individual who figured in the west end Street railway investigation a few years since. He received a large sum of money for some unknown purpose. Mr. Bates will find that Clay county farmers are not scared with a bluff. They know their rights and have the courage to maintain them.

A FREE wagon bridge across the Missouri river would be worth a great deal more to Kansas City and Clay county than would be a double track railroad bridge. There is no demand for a double track railroad bridge. There are three railroad bridges already—the Hannibal, Milwaukee and Santa Fe. That is enough to do the business for twenty years to come.

The republicans of Kansas have no conception of their real character. They believe themselves to be liberal minded and very patriotic. They regard all men who differ with them as anarchists and traitors. The truth is that there is no one so narrow minded, illiberal, fanatical, intolerant and bigoted as the Kansas republican. When the populists get another chance at them they will begin to realize their true character.

The republicans and their democratic allies in Kansas now propose to hold another election for senator. It is amazing how reckless the fellows are. If the governor had no good cause to call out the militia last week he has one now. Hon. John Martin was elected to the senate by a majority of the legally elected members of the legislature. The sore head democrats who are assisting the republicans can not rob him of his office.

THE NUGGET.

It was given to Effie to take care of. It was not a great prize, for it weighed only seven ounces, but it represented the only result of a strong man's toil for many

the bush. Effie laughed as she saw him, his head bent forward, and his thin, narrow shoulders bowed.

She was still laughing at King Billy as she opened the old work box to take another peep at the yellow treasure and to make sure that the heat hadn't melted it away.

And it was quite slowly that the laugh died from the pretty eyes and mouth—quite slowly, because of the moments it took to realize and accept a misfortune so terrible—when she lifted the coarse socks and looked and saw no little gold nugget—saw nothing.

Then horror and great fear grew in the blue eyes, and pale agony crept over the childish face and made it old, and the poor little heart seemed to stop beating.

Effie said nothing and made no cry, but she closed her eyes tightly for a moment and then looked in the box again.

No, it was no illusion. The little nugget was not there. The first gold her father had found, which had been intrusted to her care, which was to have been taken to her mother, it was gone.

She put down the box quite quietly and walked out into the day, but the sun was shining very strangely and mistily now, and the blue sky had grown black, and the trees seemed to move weirdly, and the locusts had ceased humming from fear, but the strange bird was somewhere near, shrieking brokenly: "What will father say? What will father say?"

But as the child stood there despairing her sight grew clearer, and she saw a black figure among the trees, and she was conscious of a pair of dusky eyes watching her through the leaves.

Then only she remembered, and she knew who had done this cruel thing. King Billy! And she had been kind to him.

Effie suddenly burst into passionate sobbing. The black figure still hovered among the trees, often changing its position, and the dusky eyes still peered through the leaves.

And the laughing jackasses flew down to the old tree again and laughed more madly than before—laughed at Effie's trust—at Billy's gratitude!

It was 10 o'clock, and darkness and silence reigned in John Archer's hut.

Archer had come home late and weary as usual, had eaten his supper and gone to rest without, to Effie's intense relief, speaking of the little gold nugget.

The child was afraid to speak of the loss, and she was not without hopes that a beneficent Providence would restore the nugget during the darkness, and thus save her from this great trouble.

For this she prayed very earnestly before she lay down to sleep. Or did she sleep at all that night? She never quite knew.

But she thinks that it was then that she first experienced that terrible, purgatorial condition which is neither wakefulness nor sleep, when the body and mind are weary enough to bring the profound sleep which they require, but which the brain is too overlaid and too cruelly active to allow, when dreams seem realities and realities dreams. It must have been a dream when she saw something small and yellow float through the tiny window on the ghostly silver moonbeams.

And yet, when, having closed her eyes, she opened them again, it was still there hovering about in the darkness—less bright now, and with a pale yellow halo. But it faded quite away; it was a cruel, mocking dream.

Then was it a dream when the old curtain, which divided her corner of the hut from her father's, moved near the ground—bulged slightly toward her? It would be curious to see, and she lay still.

From under the curtain seemed to come a thin arm, and slowly, cautiously, after the arm a head with a great shock of hair. And then the moonbeams just touched a face—

The old mines still exist, and the remains of the old works, and the Indians, half breeds and Mexican scanty living by working in the mines such amounts of silver as they can get out with their rude tools. Poor as these people are, they have a notion of their own and are contented by the hope that one day they will strike a great lump of silver vein, such as would produce a fortune for one of them. A piece of good luck of this kind is called a bonanza, and the miners, in spite of their poverty and conditions, are spurred forward and kept by the hope of a bonanza.

They are very superstitious, and people always are, and many of the wild tales are current among them. The old mines, which are now abandoned, are believed to be inhabited by demons and that those who once owned and worked them who conceal and guard the rich veins of the mountains, preventing other people from covering or using them.

Near one of these mines lived a man named Murieto with his wife Zaponeta and their son Pepito. Their habitation was a small hovel, and their food was of the scantiest and often very scanty, and they were not to make life desirable to them. Pepito used to try and persuade his father to leave that place and try his luck elsewhere, but Manuel stuck to the old mine, saying that he would yet find a fortune. He was encouraged in this belief by a prophecy to the effect that a very rich silver vein was hidden in the mine, and that the prophecy that the lost vein would be discovered by a boy who was pure and free from sin.

Manuel knew, and so did Zaponeta, if there ever lived a boy who was pure heart and free from sin, such as their son Pepito. He was a beautiful boy and his appearance was almost divine, owing to the paleness of his face and large eyes and his serious countenance did not seem to belong to this world. It was the opinion of those who saw him that he would not long remain in this goodness, his parents had never suspected him of a wrong act, never suspected him of an impure thought. If purity and goodness were to be lost, Manuel was sure that he would find it by means of Pepito.

One morning, when the boy was sitting on his couch of straw, he told his father a wonderful dream that had visited him the night before. Two beautiful beings, he believed to be angels, had come to him and beckoned him away to the old mine. He followed them into the heart of the mountain, where he had never gone before. At last they reached a spot which he was sure he would never see again. The beings struck against the rock, and it opened for them, disclosing a passage, which they entered, and Pepito followed them. Bright light went before them, and they reached a cavern, through which a stream of water ran. The light rested on a rock on the other side of the cavern. Pepito saw that the rock was full of silver. Then the angels led him through the passage, closing it behind him, and took him to the old mine, where he awoke.

Manuel at once perceived an allusion in this dream. He was sure that he had been taken to the old mine to sleep and had discovered the lost vein, the bonanza that was to maintain the family, and he insisted that his boy should revisit in his waking hours the scene which he had sought in his dream. Zaponeta was not such an envious man as her husband was and feared that harm might happen to her darling if she finally yielded to Manuel's wishes and equipped Pepito to