

But Mr. Fewkes, secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, brought back this summer from the neighborhood of Zuni, in New Mexico, a fragment from a stream of lava which must have come from a vent twenty-five or thirty miles away, and which had just spent its force as it reached and overwhelmed a corn-bin of the aborigines; for this fragment contains the impress of numerous ears of corn as perfectly preserved as that of any of the perishable articles in Pompeii. If, now, upon examination it shall be found that the volcanic eruptions in southwestern Idaho were more recent than we at present are at liberty to suppose, this, while relieving the evolutionists, will reveal an instability in the earth's crust which geologists have been slow to admit. It should be said, moreover, that until within a few years the European geologists were not willing to credit the reports (now corroborated beyond question) relative to the immense extent of the geologically recent lava outflows in our Western States and Territories. Literally hundreds of thou-

sands of square miles are there covered with lava outflows which have occurred in late tertiary and quaternary times. Professor Winchell has even attempted to account for these by supposing them to be the direct result of the disturbances in the equilibrium of the earth's crust caused by the accumulation of ice over British America during the glacial period. Four millions of cubic miles of ice resting upon that area would, he thinks, naturally enough open seams along lines of weakness in the Pacific States and Territories and cause the lava to flow out, as juice would be made to exude from an orange in one part by pressing upon the rind in another.

Such are some of the questions inevitably raised by this diminutive Nampa image, and such are some of the demands which it will make for explanation upon the sciences of geology and anthropology. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of these questions, but the facts could not well be presented without the aid of such resources for illustration as this Magazine can furnish.

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH."

By Edward S. Martin.

BLEST be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose
As much as though he should propose.

DEAR MAID: I'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo! there's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear
lures is,

But I'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he's going to be,
Futures are actual in one's head,
But witsness is what women wed.
Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he *must* leave in the bushes.

Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,
Rapping at Fortune's gate—and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

That's all: It's nothing that you'll
find

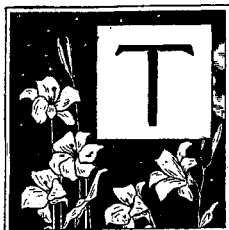
Important, but it's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, to blow the
lid

Off *once* helps *some*, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calendar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

EXPIATION.

By Octave Thanet.

CHAPTER III.



THE condition of Fairfax's mind after he left Fowler's house was one of bewildered excitement. Nothing like this experience had ever been imagined by him before. He was such a child when his uncle took him that, to all intents and purposes, he had ceased to be an American. His uncle, a very rich man as well as a distinguished artist, was deeply attached to him, and he had been reared delicately and luxuriously.

Everyone petted the beautiful boy, especially women. But treatment apt to ruin a coarser or more selfish nature simply made Fairfax more gentle, and gave him a pleasurable impression of all the world being an honest fellow's friend.

So the lad flung his *centimes* to beggars and enjoyed their blessings even while he smiled at them, and looked frankly up into the great lady's eyes, no whit the worse for his constant doses of adulation. He was twenty-two the other day, never having been in love. Naturally, shrined in his fancy was a radiant, high-born creature, mistress of several languages, with a velvet voice and a beautiful nature, an angel of varying nationality ; but she was hardly more than a dream of the sex, the "not impossible she" of every young man's imagination. And certainly the last of women whom he thought about in such a connection was his homespun cousin Adèle. Still, now and again, across the confusion of his emotions and his efforts to think the situation out images would flit—a white throat tinted by the firelight, and a supple figure in a light pose, and a rapt young face flung back, and dark eyes flashing. Her head was like Antinous's, had Antinous been his own sister and able to shut his mouth tight. (I

am giving Fairfax's whimsical comparison, not mine ; I doubt whether Miss Adèle had anything Greek about her beyond a low forehead and a straight nose.)

She had a wonderfully sweet voice, too, slow and soft yet not monotonous ; really it idealized the accent. And how fascinating was that frequent gesture of hers, opening the palms of her hands and flinging them out, with a sort of gentle vehemence !

Somehow her poor gown only threw a kind of distinction about her appearance into relief. The idea of Adèle turning out such a beauty !

All the while Betty Ward was covering the ground in gallant form, taking advantage of every piece of solid footing to quicken her pace. He had come to the sandy high-road ; in a few moments she would be out in the open, clear of the dreary, overgrown, murderous woods ; he began to think of his father and the old house, and his dead brothers seemed to look at him with their boyish eyes.

Why should the mare tremble ? It was a second before he realized. He had lurched forward in the saddle ; there had been the ping of a bullet, he felt a stabbing pain in his shoulder ; then another shot made a crackling noise ; he was galloping on in the dark. Were there pursuers ? He could not hear them ; but on and on the frightened horse whirled him past the black lines of forest. It seemed to him that they travelled a long distance before he was able, with his useless right arm, to control her panic.

Directly in front of him he perceived a light, which wavered, rising and sinking like a lantern carried by a rider. Such, in fact, it was, for he could hear a very good barytone voice singing an old Presbyterian hymn :

" My table thou hast furnishèd,
In presence of my foes ;
My head with oil thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows."