ROMANCE FROM THE PLAINS

An Incident of One of the Many Apache Campaigns in the Arizona Deserts.

Cochita, a Beautiful Spanish Girl of High Family, Loved an Indian Chief—Death in the Yuma's Waves—The Trooper's Story.

Kansas City Letter in New York Times.

Not long ago, as a group of men were sitting around a fire in the waiting-room of one of the cable roads, the recent floods in the extreme Southwest were under discussion. One of the party, a slightly-built but very muscular man, with clean-cut features and a fine and somewhat delicate face, was a deeply-interested auditor, as the conversation drifted into the discussion of the destruction of Yuma. The man was John Lawlor, and he was formerly a trooper in one of the most noted regiments of the United States cavalry, having served several years in the district of Arizona. He told this story:

"Your reference to Yuma and the troubles in the Southwest has reminded me of a very singular and romantic incident of the war with the renegade bands that fled from the agencies and for a long time subsisted upon the cattle of the defenseless settlers, in spite of all our efforts to subdue them. My troop, a part of the Sixth Cavalry, under Col. Eugene A. Carr, was then stationed at Fort Thomas, a post on the southern bank of the Gila river, the stream that has been doing so much damage of late. We were within the limits of the great San Carlos agency and in a position to obtain immediate and reliable information of the movements of the Indians; yet, in spite of our diligence, they stole away and commenced the terrible depredations that cost so many lives and so much valuable property. Under the skillful guidance of Juh and Geronimo they scattered all over the territory and laid waste many a well-stocked ranch, killing everything that had life and burning the rest. We were sent out after them and for many weeks experienced all the horrors and hardships of predatory warfare. Col. Carr, at the head of his regiment, followed one band across the Territory, into the forests, over the swollen streams, and into the lava-beds of the northwestern portion of that broken country, where the volcanic rocks formed almost impregnable forts for the savages.

"The incident I mentioned arose from one of the fights we had in the heart of the volcanic country, the Indians having taken to the hills to avoid our persistent pursuit. One day we learned from our scouts that a band of about one hundred bucks was encamped at the outer edge of the forest and that we might possibly take them by surprise—something very difficult to do. A detachment under Captain Whitesides, consisting of three troops, was detailed to make the attempt, and, if possible, get in the rear, while the main command, under the colonel, was to advance upon them from the front. We got away about daybreak, and for the first day saw no trace of the enemy, but as we were about to go into camp on the evening of the second day the advance guard came in and reported that a body of Indians was near. Of course, all idea of rest for the weary troopers was abandoned, and steps were taken at once to ascertain the exact location and strength of the band.

THE ATTACK BEGUN.

"I was assigned to duty with a small detachment, with instructions to develop the position of the Indians, but in no case to bring on an engagement until it was definitely known how many there were. We were under the immediate command of Lieutenant Curtis, one of the most daring and accomplished officers in the service. He disposed his little band as skirmishers, and, with the night fast coming on, stole upon the Indians, who were yet unaware of our approach.

"We were still under the protecting shadows of the woods when we suddenly came to the extreme edge, and discovered the Indians sitting around their camp-fires a short distance away. We had reached the very limits of their encampment without disclosing our presence. Our commander at once determed to attack them. The little detachment was accordingly drawn up in line just within the forest, and at the word rifles were unslung, pistols loosened, sabers drawn, and, with a wild hurrah, we charged upon them, firing as we rode.

"In the first shock of their surprise the Indians tumbled over one another, trying to escape from the rain of bullets, but as we charged through the camp they rallied, and under the leadership of a young chief made a determined stand, forcing us to use the steel on our return. As we cut our way back I saw this chief run toward the woods, throw up his hands and fall to the ground. When their leader fell the warriors took to the hills, and, crouching behind the rocks, began a desultory but damaging fire. Our fellows rode to the woods and made preparations to retreat upon the main column, when we were startled at a shot fired almost in our faces. Lieutenant Curtis's cap flying into the air, cut in two.

"As I sprang from my horse I saw a girl standing astride the body of the dead chief, armed with a Winchester, which she was in the act of firing again. I threw the rifle to one side, and seized the girl, who fought with great fury, uttering a peculiar cry. Finally she was bound and carried to the rear. We rejoined the main body, and in the great struggle in the lava beds I lost sight of our prisoner. After the conclusion of the campaign I was sent to Fort Yuma. The strange history and still stranger end of the beautiful Cochita, for that was the name she was known by, lent a very romantic coloring to the desperate fight she made for the possession of the remains of the dead chief at the battle at the foot of the lava beds.

"Cochita was the child of a Spanish family of Sinaloa, the northwestern state of Mexico. She was, as I said before, exceptionally pretty, of a small but very trim and graceful form, clear olive complexion and bright black eyes. When captured she was only seventeen years old, and her native beauty was but little diminished by her enforced associations with the savage Apaches. When but a baby just able to toddle about the hacienda her people were swept from the face of the earth by the red devils, and the child was taken prisoner. Her life was saved by the exertions of the squaw of the chief of the band, who took a fancy to her and kept her hidden until it was no longer possible.

A MELANCHOLY CAPTIVE.

"She was given the name of Cochita, a diminutive of Cochise, the designation of the most famous of the Apache chieftains. She was tutored in the ways of the desperate people, and when taken by us combined the wildness of the antelope with the savage ferocity of the tiger cat After she was taken to Yuma the wife of our post surgeon took charge of her and did everything to induce her to return to civilization, but with very indifferent success. The girl seemed to be the victim of a settled melancholy. She soon remembered enough Spanish, in which language her mistress was very proficient, to tell all she could recollect of her early life, but as she was not more than three years old when taken from her home, she could not remember the details of the massacre of her parents and her own abduction.

"Enough was gleaned to indicate the truth of the history as I have given it and the additional fact that she was in love with the chief over whose body she made such a desperate fight. She never gave us any trouble, yet never appeared at ease. She was given the freedom of the post. Often she would wander restlessly about, watching the men with a startled and sometimes wonderfully intent look. She would go to the banks of the Colorado and sit for hours looking toward the north, as though pining for her lost freedom, but making no effort to regain it.

"To the north of Fort Yuma the hills gradually grow more imposing until the grand canyon of the Colorado is reached and the regions of eternal snow are encountered. The fort is situated on the banks of the river almost opposite the mouth of the Gila. The banks are high enough on the west to prevent any danger from the overflow of the river, while away to the south they sink into the valley that opens into the Gulf of California. At a short distance to the north these banks are about fifty feet above the surface of the water, which boils in constant eddies, flowing with a rapidity unknown in the rivers of the East. Crags jut out over it.

"One day, about five months after the advent of the strange combination of wildness and beauty, Cochita was missed from the post, and, with others, I was detailed to find and bring her back. I had often seen her near the river. I had the idea that we should find her in some one of the small caverns in the rocks at its edge. I at once set out up the river bank.

"When almost ready to give up the search and report my lack of success, I heard a voice singing a weird, monotonous air. Glancing in the direction from whence the sound came, I was horrified to see the object of my search standing on the outer surface of a crag that overhung the river. Her long hair was streaming in the wind. Her face was toward the north, and, with arms extended at full length, she was crooning a wild song which occasionally broke out into an awful cry of agony. Fearing to alarm her, I sat motionless on my horse waiting for the end to come. Suddenly she threw her arms wildly into the air, and with the most appalling shriek I ever heard sprang from the rock and plunged into the treacherous rapids below, her delicate body disappearing in the angry waters as they swept toward the ocean. No trace of the singular creature was ever found, and but little of the history of her people, and her story had passed from my mind until I read of the destruction of the little city across the river from the fort where I spent the balance of my term of service."

The Story of Life.

Only the same old story, told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.

Sometimes it seems to borrow from the crimson rose its hue;
Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a brilliant blue;
Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven true.

Only the same old story! But, oh! how the changes!
Prophet and priest and peasant, soldier and scholar and king;
Sometimes the warmest hand-clasp leaves in the palm a sting.

Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the midday strife,
Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with passions rife,
We dream it, write it, live it—this weird, wild story of life.

—Boston Transcript.

Mortality.

How many times have I lain down at night,
And longed to fall into that gulf of sleep
Whose dreamless deep
Is haunted by no memory of
The weary world above,
And thought myself most miserable that I
Must impotently lie
So long upon the brink
Without the power to sink
Into that nothingness, and neither feel nor think!

How many times, when day brought back the light
After the merciful oblivion
Of such unbroken slumber,
And once again began to cumber
My soul with her forgotten cares and sorrows,
And show in long perspective the gray morrows
Stretching monotonously on,
Forever narrowing, but never done,
Have I not loathed to live again, and said
It would have been far better to be dead.
And yet, somehow, I know not why,
Remained afraid to die!

A First Spelling Lesson.

There were only two little boys in the class,
Two fat little fellows with eyes of blue;
And one was Johnny—oh, listen to this—
The other was Johnny, too.

"Spell 'pie,'" said the teacher, with smiling lips;
"Now, Johnny Jones, you must try."
He looked very solemn and wise and good,
And he spelled it "P-i, pie."

"Come, Johnny Smith, I will listen to you,
While Johnny Jones has his cry."
A gleam of triumph in two blue eyes,
And he straightway spelled "P-y."

Together the two Johnnys came out from school
Their brave little spirits quelled;
They are wondering, wondering, wondering,
What p-i and p-y spelled.

—St. Nicholas.

Proposal.

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea,
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.

The sunshine kisses mount and vale,
The stars they kiss the sea,
The west winds kiss the clover bloom,
But I kiss—thee.

The oriole weds his mottled mate,
The lily's bride o' the bee;
Heaven's marriage ring is round the earth—
Shall I wed thee?

—Bayard Taylor.

Permanency.

A lover carved upon a a bed of stone
His lady's name, and set thereto a rhyme;
And on the rock were marks beside his own,
Scratched by a glacier in primeval time.

And yet the passion that his spirit stirred,
The while he cut her fond and fleeting name,
Methinks was more eternal than the word
The ice age spoke—time's snow against love's flame!

—Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Weekly.

Truth About Blavatsky.

Philadelphia Telegram.

Madame Blavatsky was undoubtedly a very strong character, a schemer of unusual dexterity, fertile in resources and utterly unscrupulous in using any means to carry out her cunning designs. In youth she admittedly made her way in the world as other adventurous young women of strong passions and no conscience to speak of are wont to do; but years after her personal attractions had ceased to be of value this wily intriguer contrived to keep herself afloat and to spend other people's money lavishly, and that without getting into prison, so far as known, though escaping sometimes only by miracles as strange as any her Theosophic Mahatmas ever wrought for her. It has been said, in explanation of her success in always getting relief at a pinch when she must have it, that she was a spy in the pay of the Russian government. The police in India maintained that theory, and established it to their own satisfaction when she was doing the Mahatma Koot Hoomi dodge in Madras. The story is that the Russian secret service dropped her when this discovery was made, and she was obliged to abscond, as usual. It is to this misadventure that the Theosophical Society as a means of making a living probably owes its existence. However this may be, the secret history of the organization is vile and demoralizing beyond belief. Now that the odious old wretch who lived by it has gone to her account, it is to be hoped that the rank and pestiferous society she concocted may perish out of sight and smell, and the gang of knaves and fools that she gathered about her may be scattered. At all events, it behooves decent newspapers to promote that desirable consummation rather than to help the scurvy rogues she left to perpetuate her evil doings.

New Use for the Papaw.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

In the West Indies one of the characteristics of an intelligent cook is the care with which he or she will see to it that a papaw tree is growing within a short distance of the kitchen door. The fruit of the papaw, if large and well grown, is not to be despised as a breakfast dish, and its rich golden flesh is to many much more palatable than that of the popular melon. But the attractiveness of the papaw for the cook consists in its leaves, which possess the remarkable property of rendering meat tender. The toughest beefsteak or the most hopeless old rooster can be made soft and comparatively juicy by being wrapped for an hour or two in the large, dark green papaw leaves.

Dr. Mortimer Granville, who has been for some time stvdying the properties of the juice which works such wonders, states that he has discovered in it a remedy for cancer, when used with some other preparations. The organized ferment of the papaw is believed to be a bacillus; but Dr. Granville says he has satisfied himself of the therapeutic value of the juice, or certain of its elements, as a solvent of the morbifically indurated tissues in cancer, when administered in combination with certain specified adjuncts.

Nipped in the Bud.

New York Press.

"When is Mrs. Stagestruck going to make her first appearance as Cleopatra?"

"She isn't going on the stage at all."

"She isn't? Why, I thought she was going to become an actress."

"That's all knocked in the head."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, the courts have refused her a divorce."

READING FOR SUNDAY.

Blind Eyes.

So much, so much, we cannot understand!
So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!
Oft times we turn beneath God's chas'ning hand,
And in the passion of our human pride,
Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind,
Because we cannot see—our eyes are blind.

We cannot see why we should suffer so,
Who have not deeply sinned nor gone astray;
O blinded eyes, how can we rightly know
How far we wander from the blessed way!

Our finite vision cannot see above us
The stretching shade of the Almighty wing;
We cannot know how truly God doth love us,
Nor how He strives from pain His peace to bring.

We cannot know because our eyes are bind;
We turn away from His anointing hand,
And, groping, seek that we can never find,
Until, in perfect peace, we calmly stand—
Content to wait till we shall plainly see
In the new light of an eternity.

—Grace A. Pierce.

International Sunday-School Lesson for May 24, 1891.

CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL.—II Kings xvii, 6-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Because ye have forsaken the Lord He hath also forsaken you. (II Chron. xxiv, 20.)

HOME READINGS.

M.—Captivity of Israel.....II Kings xvii, 6-12.
Tu.—Captivity of Israel.....II Kings xvii, 13-18.
W.—Would not hear.....II Kings xviii, 9-12.
Th.—The captivity foretold. Isa. ix, 8-17.
F.—Prophecy against Samaria.....Mic. i, 1-9.
Sa.—The result of sin.....Ezek. xxxix, 17-24.
Su.—"Except ye repent."..Luke xiii, 1-5.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent.

The delayed judgment at last came. It had been two or three hundred years since Jeroboam I made the calves in Bethel and Dan, and many threatenings had been uttered, but at last judgment was ripe. God does not pay all His debts on the first Saturday.

Israel's sin was against a God who had given them every benefit. He had brought them out of Egypt, had driven out the nations before them; as yet they had rejected Him and preferred the idols of the nations about them. A sin against one who has done us constant mercies is peculiarly heinous.

Such sin as that of the Israelites was very foolish. They left the God who had delivered them to worship gods whose people had been conquered and driven out; just as Ahaz, after conquering Damascus, saw a beautiful altar there, and returned to build in Jerusalem one like it to the conquered god. No wonder Ahaz has been called the "sottish conqueror" of the god Rimmon.

Idolatry and sin tend to multiply themselves. Jeroboam I began with two idols, two golden calves, and the people ended with idols everywhere they could put one. "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse."

In the middle of the lesson the prophets come in. The people had first committed idolatry; then the prophets appear and rebuke them; then the people reject the prophets and go on in worse and worse idolatry; and then comes the end of their nation.

God does not punish people for their sins without due warning. Prophets, preachers, teachers, parents, friends, may be depended on to warn every sinner. If one goes astray, he goes astray willfully, and against sufficient warning.

Sin indulged in after warning, becomes more wicked and more dangerous. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without mercy." One who has gone in bad ways, drinking, or in any other sinful habit, and has been warned faithfully, gets into a hopeless condition. People give him up. They expect him to come to the gutter, the poor-house, the drunkard's grave, the penitentiary. It does not surprise anybody if he becomes a tramp or a convict.

It is a very sad statement that the Israelites caused their sons and their daughters to pass through the fire. They not only sinned and suffered themselves, but they made their children sin and suffer. They even killed them in their sin. It is a fearful thought that wicked people ruin their own children. The children of drunkards or thieves become drunkards and thieves. A man who is himself loose in character, given to indulgence and idleness, sets an example that will perhaps destroy his sons and daughters. They who should protect their children and teach them virtue, offer them instead as a sacrifice to Satan.

The punishment, if delayed, came in its time. "The wages of sin is death," and it is sure and will not be cut down. We can see it all about us. We can trace any loss of character to its cause in bad habits. We do well, when we see a great catastrophe, to ask why it happened. This woman jumped from a ferry-boat; this man became disgraced; how did it begin? There is always some sin that has earned its wages.

The tribe of Judah was left, and only because it had not sinned as Israel had. It had sinned a great deal, but there are gradations of sin. A very corrupt nation perishes sooner than a partially corrupt one. The good preserve and save the evil for a long time. Ten righteous may save a city. The few teachers who are trying to bring up the young in the fear of God are the salt of the earth.

Of General Interest.

The thirteenth council of the Reformed Episcopal church will meet in Cleveland, O., May 27.

Two hundred and sixteen presbyteries will be represented in the Presbyterian General Assembly which meets in Detroit this week.

The date for the meeting of the Ecumenical Methodist Conference has been changed from Oct. 21 to Oct. 7. The conference is to meet in Washington.

The Peking Gazette is the oldest newspaper in the world. One copy of this unique, antique Chinese periodical will be presented to every donor of $10 or more to the Peking University, China.

Rev. Dr. C. G. Bridgman, for thirteen years pastor of the Madison-avenue Baptist Church, New York city, has resigned his pastorate because he renounces the doctrine of eternal punishment, and does not wish to disrupt the church.

Thou hast too much to say about thy rights and thinkest too little about thy duties. Thou hast but one inalienable right, and that is the sublime one of doing thy duty at all times, under all circumstances and in all places.—Frederic R. Marvin.

The Rev. Thomas James, who died at Rochester, N. Y., recently, at the age of eighty-seven, was a colored preacher, and one of the most widely-known in the United States. He believed himself to be the last remaining representative of his race born in slavery in New York. Mr. James was a prominent worker for abolition, and active in assisting runaway slaves. He also worked among the blacks of the South in 1862 in the employ of the government.

The twenty-ninth international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association was held last week at Kansas City, Mo. The report of the secretary showed that the association owns buildings and other real estate to the value of over $12,250,000. The total indebtedness is less than $2,500,000. One thousand and eighty-three persons are engaged as secretaries and other paid officers. Seven hundred and seventy-nine reading-rooms and 649 libraries are reported.

Thoughts for the Day.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in a resolution to do so no more.—Bishop Horne.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—A. Lincoln.

Every man hath a weak side. Every wise man knows where it is, and will be sure to keep a double guard there.—Mason.

It is not by chance of circumstance, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—F. W. Robertson.

There are two ways of reaching truth—by reasoning it out and by feeling it out. All the profoundest truths are felt out. The deep glances into truth are got by love. Love a man, that is the best way of understanding him. Feel a truth, that is the only way of comprehending it. —F. W. Robertson.

The years glide by; stand strong and true,
The good thou canst, oh, quickly do!
Let gentle words soothe woe and pain,
We shall not pass this way again.

—Friend's Review.

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, Truths as

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That howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That if I slip Thou dost not fall.

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Let heaven be just above us,
Let God be e'er so nigh,
Yet howsoe'er He love us,
And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing that "doth not yet appear."

—M. J. Savage.

If a flower
Were thrown you out of heaven at intervals
You'd soon attain to a trick of looking up.

—Mrs. Browning.

FASHION NOTES.

Slender chain necklaces of platinum and gold, set with a single stone as a pendant, are worn by fashionable women.

House-waist, tea-gown and supper-jacket are not now considered la mode unless furnished with a large continental cravat of silk lisse.

Buttons are once more beginning to assert themselves on out-door jackets, and fortunate is the woman who has treasured up old and rare sets of them.

Gooseberry green, which, more poetically put, appears under the French title, "groseille verte," is a decidedly popular tone with fair-haired women.

A bodice especially adapted to a slight figure is finished about the edge with a deep frill of velvet veiled with the new black lace known in Paris as the Cleopatre.

Shoes alone seem to be exempt from the speckled craze which has captured feminine belongings. Everything, from underwear to hosiery, exhibits this particular fancy.

The half-girdle of silk or velvet, which has become a part of the French bodice, is now brought to a sharp point in the middle and finished on each side with a square pocket of the fabric.

All the dressy summer bonnets and toques are more or less transparent. If of straw or rushes, the plait is very open, and so reveals a space between. There are also fine gilt-wire bonnets, which are semi-transparent, and countless models made of tulle, net and crepe lisse, which leaves visible the arrangement of the hair beneath. Low crowns are universal, but no shape is special.

It is well to remember in the matter of linings that white or very light gray alone should supply all light-tinted fabrics, such as French challies, silk-warp alpacas, grenadines, china and wash silks. In attempting to use other shades, even in the non-washing materials, the dye of the lining is apt to run, giving to the dress between the shoulders that greasy, stained appearance that is so objectionable to a fastidious woman.

Some women will only wear the artificial blossoms at a season that find their natural namesakes in bloom, so that nodding daffodils, the gaudy tulip, orange-tipped crocus, and other spring favorites are in high favor. In the month of roses madam will bring out a tiny creation that adopts for crown and brim a single full-blown tea rose, with half its leaf-sprayed edge in velvety tones that adds a delicious bit of shading to the flower-like creation.

It is not likely that tea-gowns will ever go out of fashion. They are too comfortable, too graceful, and far too picturesque to be forsaken, at least until some garment with similar or greater advantages and attractions can be devised, and that creation has not as yet appeared. Most women never look so well as in flowing robes, that follow, though not too closely, the lines of the figure, and more luxurious and expensive fabrics and more daring color-melanges can be employed than would be permissible in an ordinary day-gown.

There are again awful and still louder rumors that crinoline, if not the hideous hoop-skirt proper, is looming up on fashion's horizon. It is certain that skirts are being made by leading ruling ateliers with accentuated fullness at the foot, produced by means of V-gores in the foundation skirt, and also by full rose ruchings, or fan insertions of silk or lace let in at the lower edge of gowns, while others are festooned with flounces at the hem, or "battlemented" or vandyked at the bottom with a silk pleating beneath. Skirts so distended have in times past led by degrees to further increase in volume, until there was a culmination in the ugly, grotesque wire cage, devoid of either grace or utility.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

A colored woman 105 years old is working daily in the cotton-fields near Marshallville, Ga., for 50 cents per day.

Out of five bushels of potatoes brought into Marceline, Mo., the other day, the smallest tuber in the lot weighed two pounds.

During the past year there were over 5,000,000 pieces of matter withdrawn from the mails because of incorrect or insufficient addresses.

Ten years ago Tennessee potatoes were unknown in the Northern markets. Now the crop annually brings into Middle Tennessee from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000.

Water has been discovered in the Sahara Desert at about 120 feet below the surface. This is the first time that a supply of water has been found in that locality at so slight a depth.

Three weeks ago a resident of Ten Mile Run, N. J., attempted to sit down on a chair on which there was a newspaper. Beneath the newspaper was the family cat. The cat bit him and he is dying.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad lanterns that are used in this country. The factories give employment to 1,100 men and boys.

A middle-aged Russian, who arrived the other day from Europe on the steamer Elbe, wore a long beard, one-half of which was pure white and the other half brown. It was a strikingly curious sight.

Every year a layer of the sea fourteen feet thick is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back through rivers.

The largest grapevine in the world is that growing at Oya, Portugal, which has been bearing since 1802. Its maximum yield was in 1884, in which year it produced a sufficient quantity of grapes to make 165 gallons of wine.

Oroville, Ala., has a boneless boy. He is four years old, weighs twenty-five or thirty pounds, cannot stand, as his bones seem to be like soft rubber; but he can scratch the base of his head with his feet or roll himself into a ball.

The Island of Hawaii, the largest in the Sandwich group, is constantly increasing in size, owing to the ever-flowing streams of lava, which run out to the sea and flow over, and make the shores of the island overhang the main stem of the formation.

The highest place in the world regularly inhabited is the Buddhist monastery Halue, in Thibet, which is sixteen thousand feet above the sea level. The next highest is the railway station at Galena, in Peru, which is located at a height of 15,635 feet.

It is asserted that the idea of the slot-machine is very old. In an inn in one of the rural districts of England the tobacco for the guests was kept in a box which was opened by an English penny; this box was certainly, so the landlord averred, 150 years old.

The cow of a farmer near Belding, Mich., swallowed her owner's watch last year. She was killed the other day and the timepiece was recovered. When taken to a jeweler he pronounced it in good condition, and proved his words by setting and winding it. It has since kept good time.

Chester, Pa., has a baby which is now three months old, and his exact weight is thirty-two ounces avoirdupois. The baby has never worn any clothes, but is kept carefully wrapped up in cotton. It blinks its wee eyes and crows; and when it gets angry its cry is no louder than the weak wail of a kitten.

A West Virginia man has a mule that, when thirsty, unties his halter, pulls out a pin to open the door, goes to the pump, and, taking the handle in his teeth, works it until he fills the trough, quenches his thirst and returns to his stable, shutting the door after him. He then enters his stall and brays until his owner comes to fasten the halter.

The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vaimainou, who hatched it in his bosom. He let it fall into the water, and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky; the liquid white became the sun and the yolk the moon, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars.

North German Lloyd steamships in 1890 covered 811,224 sea miles between Bremen and New York, 364,992 between Bremen and Baltimore, 604,500 between Bremen and South America, 304,680 on the East Asiatic service, 345,900 on the Australian, 44,200 on the Hong Kong-Japan, 65,100 on the Sydney-Samoa, and 48,360 on the Brindisi-Port Said. Total, 2,630,476 miles.

Some New Yorker who wishes to spend a little money for a fetching effect should adopt the scheme of putting incandescent electric lights on his carriage and horses. This has been adopted in the city of Mexico with much success. The lamps are hung about the carriage and horses in clusters, often in different colors, and are fed by a storage battery under the coachman's seat.

By careful experiments made at the United States Mint, it has been shown that $5 are lost by abrasion every time $1,000,000 in gold coin are handled. The experiments were conducted with bags containing $5,000 each, and it was shown that the mere lifting of the two hundred bags making up $1,000,000 to a truck to be removed to another vault resulted in the loss stated, and that their transfer from the truck again made a second similar loss.

Valley City, N. D., has a curiosity in horse flesh that is simply astonishing. He is a sorrel, stands fully nineteen hands, or six feet four inches, from floor to withers; his legs are three feet six inches before touching the body, and a small broncho can easily walk under him. A man six feet in height can't see over his back, even when standing on tiptoe. In length he is full thirteen feet, or seventeen feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. When standing with his head as ordinarily checked up a six-foot man, by standing on tiptoe, can just touch the base of the ear.

A dentist of Moscow is reported to have discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Znamensky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal. Holes are made at the root of the false tooth and also upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth; this growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

Ruined by Italian Cheap Barbers.

New York Press.

"The barbering business is not as good as it was when I began at it twenty years ago," said the barber as the reporter sank into his chair yesterday. "I used to earn $15 to $20 a week then, and with tips to the extent of $2 to $3 a week I was in high feather. Barbers nowadays get $13 to $15 a week. It's a mighty good barber who gets the higher figure. Thirteen dollars a week is more than most boss barbers can pay and prosper. You see the Italians have cut into the business with their 5-cent shaves and their 10-cent haircuts. There's many a fellow who will spend $5 roystering around of a night who will go into an Italian barber-shop to save 5 cents. Then, too, the invention of shaving apparatus has enabled many men to shave themselves who formerly would not have the bother of sharpening razors. Besides all that, more men wear full beards now than formerly, and take it all around, the barber's life is not a happy one."

Farmers Live Well.

New York Press.

While a reporter was chatting yesterday with L. B. Shepard, a prosperous business man of Omaha, about Western matters, he said: "There is one thing about the average Western farmer which the Alliance does not mention, but which is worth noting for the attention of the farmers themselves. It is that the farmers live on the best products of the soil. There is no other industry in which the people engaged live better or so well. The farmer produces his own meat and vegetables. He has the best. He raises wheat, but he does not take it to the mill to be ground as his forefathers did. He takes it to the elevator and sells it, and he goes to town and buys the best patent roller finished flour for his home consumption. The millionaire on Fifth avenue cannot get any better flour than the best, and the farmer buys the best as a rule."

A Matter of Necessity.

Harper's Bazar

"I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet."

"He can't help himself, madame. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."

MET A HEADLESS GHOST.

It Hypnotized, Knocked Down and Robbed Two Sober Georgia Citizens.

Atlanta Constitution.

Stories of "Headless Horsemen" are outdone by an apparition encountered a few nights ago by two young men of Albany, Ga. The story is that several nights since as two well-known young men of this city were walking in the neighborhood of the Baptist Church their attention was attracted to a tall figure that stood under the shadow of an oak.

Moved by some subtle influence they stopped and peered through the gloom at the tall figure, and then, with some misgivings, they advanced toward it.

As they neared the tall figure they sought to elicit some expression from it by badinage, but the tall figure remained as motionless and as silent as a statue, until the young men were within two feet of it.

Then with dismay they discovered that the figure was the headless trunk of a man, but before they could put their inclination to fly into execution the long arms of the figure smote each of them with terrific blows, causing them to fall like sticks at its feet.

When they recovered an hour afterward the ghostly visitor was gone, but there was no indication that violence had been done either of them, and they were not long in leaving the spot where they encountered such a strange adventure.

One of these young men, who prefers that his name shall not be given, for the present at least, was the informant of the story as related above.

He said that when struck by the headless figure he experienced no pain, but a sensation like the tingling of a slight electric shock passed through his frame, and then he became completely paralyzed. He did not lose consciousness, but could not move a muscle nor could he utter the slightest sound.

While in this condition the tall figure bent over his prostrate form and that of his companion also, and made a hurried search of their pockets. While doing this the headless neck was brought close to his eyes, and forever photographed itself upon his memory. When the figure had completed the search of his own and his companion's pocket a sigh of disappointment came forth from the orifice of its neck, and then laying a hand on himself and companion each of them became totally unconscious, and, as before stated, when they recovered the ghostly figure was gone.

From another source it was learned that for some time past some of the residents in that portion of the city where these young men had their strange adventure have been troubled at night by strange and unnatural noises around their homes, the mystery of which they have not been able to solve, but which are probably accounted for in the meeting which the young men had with the headless figure.

And the question now is, is that figure the body of some unfortunate who has lost his head in an accident of some kind and is now wandering in search of it? or is it some practical joker armed with an electric machine?

To solve the mystery forms a fine field for detective talent, but in the meantime those young men are steering clear of that portion of the city on dark nights, and one colored man who has a sublime respect for ghosts of any kind has become alarmed and moved to another portion of the city.

A Napoleon of Finance.

Puck.

Withers had been talking about 80-cent dollars for some time.

"As I understand you," said Jimson, "$1 to-day is worth 80 cents?"

"Precisely," returned Withers.

"Then, owing you $100, as I do, I, in reality, owe you one hundred times 80 cents, or $80."

"Well," began Withers, "you—er—well, yes. For the sake of my point, $80 is the value of my claim against you."

"Good!" ejaculated Jimson, counting out some money. "There's your cash, now give me a receipt."

"But there's only $64 here," said Withers.

"No; there are eighty times 80 cents—or $80, which, as you just said, is the value of your claim. That's $64. Receipt, please."

And then—Withers fainted.

A Competent Witness.

New York Recorder.

"Do you know," asked the police justice, as he was about to administer the oath, "what happens to little boys who tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young witness; "they get a whipping."