A WYOMING WEDDING.

The New Way Out West of Settling Old Wrongs.

BY H. R. HAXTON.

Jim Mason dismounted at Burton's Ranch, turned his pony into the corral, and strode heavily into the bunk-room. One of the riders of Burton's outfit said, "How!" and Jim gave him the same terse greeting.

"What's new over Crazy Creek way?" asked Long Pete.

"Nuthin' much. Is the old man here? Mat wants him to send over a couple o' you bucks to help swim them Northern cattle 'cross the river. We're short-handed."

"Better see him after supper. Got his two gal daughters out here now, and they're feedin' in the new shanty. Them two dude cow-punchers eats with 'em, an' they take a sight o' time."

"I don't hold with women and dudes on a cow ranch much," said Jim.

"Who does?" ejaculated Hairy Mike. "I'm goin' to quit Burton. With college chaps comin' out here an' swellin' roun', it ain't no place for a common waddy. I run cows in this country when the Injuns was runnin' us, an' I got no use fer fancy business. One o' the dudes he stacked up 'longside o' me on circle t'other day, an' he says, 'Fine mornin', Mike!' I says, 'Yes, it ain't; an' you'd better not monkey 'roun' me with yer cheap talk. I'm a six-shooter man from way back, I am; I eat snakes, an' I'm a wolf—you hear *me* howl?' That's how I throwed it into smarty."

"The dames is pretty slick dames," said Pete; "Ole Burton reckons to marry the plug-tooth dude to one uv 'em. Seems his ole man owns a railroad East somewheres."

"Maybe so. Plug-tooth 'ull fool him up a trip," growled Mike. "He's a no 'count sort. Reckon his people sent him out here to keep whisky out uv him. Durn him—keepin' some good man out uv a job."

"Kin he ride?" asked Jim.

"Ride nuthin'. Burton give him a string o' plumb gentle horses. Sets 'm soldier-fashion."

"Well," said Pete, "the dames think he's nicer'n a white-faced yearlin'. He's suregittin' in his fine work with the pretty one—Helen, or whatever she calls herself. There's slush a bollerin'. Well, we kin rustle grub if we don't eat with the dudes."

After supper Jim went over to the gaudily-painted house and discharged his mission.

"Did you see the gals?" asked Mike when he returned to the riders' cabin.

"Got a kind o' squint at 'em. Which one is it has the sort o' open mouth—short-lipped like? She's slick-lookin' as any o' them actresses 't come to Cheyenne."

"Helen, that is. She's the one the jay is after. What is it he answers to? Scranton, ain't it, Shorty?"

A man rather over six feet in hight looks up from the rawhide rope he is braiding and rolls a cigaret before he replies.

"Sounds somethin' like that. Goin' back in the mornin', Jim?"

"Rather. We gathered a raft o' cattle over there—rode all our horses poor. I ain't had my boots off three nights a week. Pound my ear to-night, though, pretty solid."

"You may's well crawl into my dog's-nest," said Shorty. "I got a pretty fat bed, I have. That fellow the freighters hung give me three pair o' daisy blankets. I'll roll her out soon's I get this strand drawed. Outside's best, I reckon."

"You bet you. I don't hanker after sleepin' in-doors—not without it snows. That's why the city chaps look so rocky—don't let the wind blow through their whiskers nights."

"Wonder who'll git to go over to the river with you," said Mike. "Camped down by the bend?"

"Yes."

"Is the company givin' pretty good chuck this year?"

"Way up. Mac makes 'em. There ain't any more dried apples on the wag'n, but ole Greaser Smith is cookin' fer us, an' his bread is the best round-up bakin' out. I hear them Horseshoe Y 3 men is gittin' condensed milk. Now, I call that civilizin' too much. Man can't drink straight coffee ought to quit singin' to the cows."

When the men were all in bed, and Shorty had thrown a boot at the candle stuck on the doorsill, Hairy Mike's raucous snore gave the signal for silence and rest.

At daylight next morning Jim Mason and two of the Burton riders started for the camp on the North Platte River. A few miles on the way Jim discovered that he had left his cuert at Burton's and told the other men that he would lope back for it and overtake them on the divide. Reaching the ranch, he searched the bunk-room for the cuert, and then went down to the barn to see if it lay where he had left his saddle over night.

Crossing the corral toward the barn-door, he was arrested by the sound of a woman's voice within the building. Jim was not a carpet-knight, and would have left his cuert more willingly than faced one of Burton's daughters. As he stood hesitating he heard a little cry of pain, and then a man's voice said sharply: "Don't be a fool, Nelly."

It was not old Burton who spoke; Jim was sure of that—it must be one of the "dudes"—and he listened. If anyone was talking roughly to one of those girls——

"But you promised, Arthur; you promised!"

"Precisely. And I probably told you that you were an angel. Men will use figures of speech under certain circumstances. Be sensible, Nelly. I believe this is all nonsense; but if you want to make a run for it I'll pay your fare East and see that you're comfortable. But as for marrying you, I can't do it—not yet, at any rate. If you see fit to make a scandal you'll be biting your nose off to spite your face, that's all. I'd be in a mess, certainly; but where would you be?"

"And if I went East?"

"If you let me manage it my own way you'll be Mrs. Scranton a year from now and nobody'll know the difference. What is the use of all this crying?"

"Oh, Arthur—I am so wretched——"

Jim Mason left the corral, and spurred after the men. He could not face the poor girl, and he dreaded making more trouble for her. But all the way to the mouth of Crazy Creek he was wondering what he could do.

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"Say, Mac," said Jim Mason to the Half Circle Cross foreman that night, "I got to go to town. Wouldn't leave when you're so rushed, on'y can't help it. I kin come out in a couple o' days."

Mac poked his pipe thoughtfully. "Well, be as quick as you kin. If the river don' go down it's goin' to be a job swimming cows. Take one o' them extry horses—your string is kind o' worked down. If you see any men, I want two'r three—no tenderfeet."

Next night Jim was in Cheyenne. He went to the house of the Crazy Creek Cattle Company's general manager, and said: "Mr. Gray, I want to git $100 right off."

"Why, Jim, this is a new trick for you, coming to town in the middle of work, and wanting to play faro."

"I had to come in, Mr. Gray—and it ain't faro I want it for."

"I haven't got that much, but I'll see if my wife has. Can't you wait till the office is open in the morning?"

"I'd ruther not; but I kin borrow it round town if you ain't got it."

Mr. Gray got the money, and told Jim to sign for it at the company's office the next day.

"All right—an' you know I asked you to look after my back wages fur me; there's about $600. I'd like that in the mornin'."

"Well, go slow with it, Jim. Mac is talking of going back East after this season, and we shall want you to take his place."

"I reckon I know the brands as well as most of 'em. But Mac is a nateral born cow-man. That rheumatiz is a pesky thing, ain't it. A man can't last no longer than a snowball in hell, ridin' with that in him."

"Cattle looking well?"

"Fairish. Range is gettin' pretty crowded. Well, so long."

"Good-night, Jim."

From there he went down to Wes Moyer's. The proprietor of the Diamond Palace Saloon was watching a monte game, but assented to Jim's proposition to "have a bottle o' wine."

Over the champagne Jim said: "Look here, Wes, I want a couple o' men to go out to Mac. Is there any good hands here?"

"Yes; there's Tex—he's broke already—and Heifer Jack; we'll about get *his* wages cleaned up to-night. He's playin' $5 chips."

"All right. Now I wan't you to put me onto a little racket, Wes, on the quiet. I want to run up agin' a busted preacher—a preacher that wants stuff pretty bad. Savvy?"

"I don't worry with that brand much. But most o' them bucks is pretty well fixed, Jim. There's that Noyes chap, though, him as the Methodists fired out o' Denver—he's up to Dyer's Hotel, an' if he's busted he's sober. Round him up, anyway."

"All right; I will. So long."

"See you agin 'fore you hit the breeze?"

"I reckon."

"So long."

The Rev. Mr. Noyes proved to be reasonably sober, and accepted the stranger's invitation to drink with alacrity.

"You're a preacher, ain't you?" said Jim.

"I have that honor. I am glad to look like it. Malicious men have hinted that my presence was not too clerical. Mine, sir, has been a chequered career—monk, spiritualist, nigger minstrel and canine surgeon"——

"Not interruptin'—do you want a couple of twenties?" asked Jim, displaying the coins in question with ingenuous sagacity.

The Rev. Mr. Noyes abruptly deposited his tumbler on the bar, and answered, "I should smile!"

"Kin I dicker with you, straight?"

"Go ahead."

"First off, preacher, my name's Jim Mason, Half Circle Cross outfit. I don't make no six-shooter plays, and I don't set up to be no bad man from the Meteetsi country, but this is money I'm going to talk to you, an' if you ring in any funny business you'll cough through your ribs."

"Go ahead."

"Will you stop budgin' fer two or three days, and take a trip out Fort Laramie way with me? It's $10 a day, and $10 extry for the wear o' your tools, Bible and sich."

"Go ahead."

"My sister an' her feller wants to git married. You're to meet 'em at an empty ranch an' hitch 'em."

"Shake."

"Only you see this feller he has a grudge agin' preachers. I reckon one of 'em sinched him playin' monte or somethin', an' I might have to hold him down, like, while you do the marryin', so he can't crawl your hump."

"I think we understand each other, Mr. Mason."

"All right. I'm going to sleep with you to-night, so's to know you ain't a drinkin', an' we want to start about half-past 9—I got to do a little somethin' here first."

"Don't you want to buy a wedding ring?"

"Yes, I reckon I do."

"Sell you the ticket for one cheap. Uncle Jake's got it, down by the railroad."

"Fix that in the mornin'. Come to bed now. I ain't slep' in sheets fer a tarnation time. I'll git you a stiddy horse to ride out, preacher."

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When the Rev. Mr. Noyes dismounted at Mountain Lion ranch next day he was weary and bruised, but cheerful. "Quiet sort of place, this!" he remarked. "You mightn't think it, Mr. Mason, but I was once a hermit. I set up a cell about three miles out of San Francisco, and people used to drive out there with offerings. In the flush times that was, and I've had as many as four boxes of cigars brought to me in one day."

"You wouldn't drive much uv a trade here," said Jim, grimly. "You see this cabin's on'y used when the outfit gits 'round here on the calf gather, and wants the corrals to brand in. Used to keep a ranchman here to hinder fellers from burnin' the corrals fer firin', but it's so out o' the way they don't do it now. I got the hotel folks to put up 10 lunches in this sack—one uv 'em is fur the gal, but you kin tackle the balance. I'll git a fire in the stove fur you, an' then I got to light out again. You jus' eat an' pound yer ear till I stir you up agin to-mor'. Ef anybody comes along tell 'em you got small-pox an' run 'em off. Reckon you won't be bothered. Give me that flask out o' your coat fust—'d yer think I wasn't onto it? Well, ther ain't 'nough there to git tight on, I guess. So long, preacher."

At midnight Jim reached Burton's ranch, turned his tired and hungry pony into the pasture and picked his way into the bunk-room through the group of beds about the door. Hairy Mike, who was sleeping by the stove, rolled over and saluted him with: "You back again? Stampede over there?"

"Stampede nuthin.' Where's them waddies' beds that went over with me?"

"In the corner where them bridles is bangin';" and Mike went to sleep again, while Jim unstrapped and rolled out a bed.

In the morning he waited about the corral until he saw Scranton, and then said: "Say, Plugtooth, was it you was wanting ter buy thet black horse o' French Charley's—the one as he broke ter leap fences?"

"Yes."

"Well, ef you're kind o' slick about it you kin git him fer fifty. French owes me some dust an' I got to git it. He's over ter Mountain Lion with the horse now; if you kin, come right over an' I'll git him to dicker. On'y he don't want none o' this Burton gang to know nothin' 'bout it till the horse is sold. He owes the ole man some stuff, I b'lieve."

Scranton's eyes glistened—the black horse was worth a hundred; and he hastily saddled a pony. They rode over to Mountain Lion together, Jim's horse beginning to need the spur toward the end of the journey. Entering the corral they dismounted, and as Scranton was about to pull the knot out of his ladigo Jim Mason tossed the loop of his riata over the "dude's" shoulders, drawing it up so that Scranton's arms were pinioned at his sides.

"Quit your fooling?" said Scranton, surlily.

"It's your foolin' I calkilate to stop, Plugtooth," replied Jim, as he drew Scranton's pistol from its scabbard and stuck it in his own belt. Then he wound the raw-hide rope round his hand, close up to the houdoo, and led his captive into the log house.

"Got some comp'ny for ye, preacher."

"Delighted!" said the Rev. Mr. Noyes. "As the *locum tenens* of the diocesan of Mountain Lion, I welcome you to its cloisters, my young friend."

"Are you one of the gang?" snarled Scranton. "So you've turned road agent, Jim Mason. Take the 50 and let me go—you're new at the business."

Jim plucked open the stove door with his spurred heel and thoughtfully spat in the fire.

"Violent language, my son!" exclaimed Noyes. "If you are sincerely curious as to the purpose of my presence here, I don't mind telling you that I am here to solemnize—a funeral, and that you are about the size of corpse required."

Jim looked up sharply, whistled a line of "Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door," opened the stove door with the other heel, pursed up his mouth tentatively, hesitated, kicked the door in place again, and said:

"Ez to the 50, I'll take it when I want it, Plugtooth. Ez to my havin' turned road agent, I ain't so sure what I *her* turned."

"Are you both crazy?"

"Oh, no, Plugtooth; we ain't been eatin' no loco. Look here, you're goin' to be left alone here with this gen'l'man, an' you're goin' to be tied up, which he ain't. Now, Plugtooth, I got a notion he's the sort o' ornery chap thet if you sass him will knock the stuffin' out o' you—so long ez yer tied up. An' if I was you, I'd be kinder perlite, I would."

Scranton swore savagely, and the Rev. Mr. Noyes expressed his reprobation of the practice of profanity.

"No use worryin' him, preacher," said Jim. "Now, I'm goin' to tie him down on thet bench, an' then I've got to quit you one while. Here's his pop, preacher, an' if he wriggles too much chuck a hunk o' wood at him, but don't shoot ef you can help it. An' you kin talk to him about anythin' not too excitin'. Savvy?"

"Perfectly."

"An' water him ef he gets dry."

When Scranton had been carefully secured Jim called Noyes to one side, and said:

"You don't want to try and square yourself with the dude, preacher. Never change sides in the middle uv a fight. Ef you do I'll follow you plumb to brimstone but what I'll get you."

"I quite believe it—you needn't worry about that."

"I don't worry much."

"When will you be back with the lady?"

"To-mor', I reckon. Don't say nothin' 'bout her to him. Jest kinder amuse him like; lies an' sich. So long, preacher."

Jim saddled the hired horse and rode over to within two or three miles of Burton's, and then took the bridle off, hitched the *macarte* on his wrist, and wrapping himself in his oilskin "slicker," slept soundly through the night, while the horse cropped the grass within the scope of his tether. In the morning, an hour after sunrise, he rode down to the ranch. The men were all out on the range, and after getting a cup of coffee from the cook, Jim awaited developments. By and by Helen Burton went down to the corral and he followed her. She said good-morning, absently enough, and Jim's heart failed him a little. But he pulled himself together.

"Miss Helen, do you know that Scranton?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, he's over to Mountain Lion, an' he wants ter know ef yer wouldn' like to ride over there with me?"

"Is he ill? Is——"

"Not 'zac'ly ill, but he's got a feller from town over there. I reckon he wants you to—well, I ain't sure, but seems to me he's a preacher! Anywise, he wants you to come and not to say nothin'. Will I catch up that little blue o' yourn an' clap your hull onto him?"

"Thank you, yes. Oh, it's a long way over. Can I get back——"

"Oh, that'll be all right."

Helen Burton's clever little blue pony gave the hired horse a stiff pull, and early in the afternoon they rode into the corral at Mountain Lion.

"Will you jist hold on here a minit?" said Jim, and entered the house, where he released Scranton.

"Now, Plugtooth, there's a dame comin' in here and the preacher is going to marry you. An' I'm goin' to look on through the winder. Ef yer make a kick or don't behave pretty to that dame you'll get them ears o' yourn reamed out with a forty-five. Savvy? I mean it, too, you little scoundrel. Git yer fixin's ready, preacher, and tie 'em solid and quick."

When Jim brought Helen into the cabin she ran toward Scranton and was about to speak to him when the Rev. Mr. Noyes interposed.

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, but for the moment we will consider this rude hut a place of worship. Here is the ring, Mr. Scranton."

In five minutes the ceremony was finished. The final injunctions which Mr. Noyes so unctuously delivered seemed to exasperate Scranton beyond all patience, and, turning to his bride, he said:

"I hope you're satisfied. If I don't——" Jim Mason's hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Excuse *me*, Mis' Scranton, but I want to speak to this gen'l'man outside. Preacher, you an' the lady wait here."

He led Scranton to the side of the creek, where a few box-elders made a feeble effort to shade its cattle-trodden banks.

Jim returned Scranton's pistol, saying: "Now I'll trouble you for that 50 for the preacher."

Scranton seized the weapon, a new self-cocking revolver, and fired almost in Jim's face. He was not successful, however, in his revenge; his rage was uncontrollable, and his aim bad.

Jim's reply was prompt. "I didn't think you'd try it," he said, and as Scranton was about to fire again Jim shot him through the head.

Helen, hearing the shots, tried to force her way out of the door, and had almost pushed by Noyes when Jim entered, his face flecked with whitish clots, and checked her.

"Ther's nuthin' thar now. You'd better marry me, I reckon, Widder Scranton."

Helen stood in the doorway, white and dazed, while Noyes, in compliance with a look from Jim, married them.

"Here's your money, preacher; git back to town."

As Noyes left the cabin Helen fell heavily on the floor. Jim wet his hand in the bucket and dabbled the water awkwardly on her head. When she recovered he led her to the corral, and lifted her into her saddle.

"Now, Miss Helen, you ride to Pine Bluffs. You know the trail. There's money 'nough in this wad to take you East; and then you write to Jim Mason, Crazy Creek Cattle Company, and lemme know wher' you are, so you'll git more. I'll see your ole man to-night an' make it all right with him. When you want a divorce, you *git* it. So long, Miss Helen."—[*Argonaut.*]

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great papers of the country. The best way to help all veterans is by getting it more subscribers.

AN ELECTRIC WOMAN.

Queer Things that a Bride Does Apparently Without Effort.

[*Memphis Avalanche.*]

Among the supernatural manifestations now exciting attention among the curious, the so-called electric women of Georgia are not the least wonderful. For several days past one of these ladies, Miss Dixie Haygood, has been in the city giving exhibitions of her power. A reporter of the *Avalanche* yesterday, by invitation of the little lady, assembled with several other gentlemen at the parlor of the Clarendon Hotel, to test these remarkable manifestations, and discover, if possible, their source and secret. Among the gentlemen present were Mr. Lawrence Lamb, Mr. Zeno Harris, Mr. Henry Walsh and several others. It is needless to say that the *Avalanche* man is a skeptic on all such matters, and does not believe in ghosts, spirits, or any other supernatural phenomena, and it was his determination, as also that of several of the other gentlemen present, to detect if possible any trickery or legerdemain that might be attempted.

Miss Haygood is of small stature, compact mold, and apparently muscular beyond most women, and weighs about 100 pounds. She has brown hair, blue or violet eyes, and a pleasant expression of countenance, but an air also of firmness and decision of character. The first two tests, viz, drawing a gentleman easily around the room by applying her hand to a chair or an umbrella held by him, or the third test of holding a billiard cue in her open palms at an angle of about 45 degrees with such firmness that a strong man, or even two strong men, could not force the point to the floor, were certainly remarkable in a women so small, but might have been accomplished by a woman of very great physical strength. Therefore the reporter felt disappointed to some extent, and argued with his companions that it was either a matter of sleight or else a remarkable development of muscular power.

But the next tests were different. One of the gentlemen present was requested to lift the lady by her elbows, held taut at the waist. This he did, but when told to try it again utterly failed to raise her an inch. Two strong men then raised her by holding her elbows on each side with the greatest ease, but on attempting it again they could not raise her weight a particle from the floor. This was a poser and was tried several times, the party offering many explanations, but none at all satisfactory. The fact remained unexplained that she could at will allow herself to be lifted as other people, and immediately thereafter bringing into play such a force without apparent effort, that two strong men could not move her 100 pounds of weight, try they ever so hard.

The next test was still more inexplicable. A chair was brought—an ordinary dining-room chair—and a gentleman weighing about 130 pounds was placed in it. Astride of his knees another gentleman of about 145 pounds weight was placed, and between the two a third gentleman of at least 150 pounds was seated. All raised their feet from the floor as the chair was tilted back and held balanced. The little lady then approached the back of the chair and placed her open palms along the arms or staffs supporting the chair's back.

Observing the reporter narrowly watching her, she requested him to place his hands between her hand and the chair to prove that no pressure was exerted. This was done, and only the lady's thumbs touched the back of the chair. Then, without an effort or the contraction of a muscle, or the slightest pressure on the reporter's hand, the chair and its living freight was raised about 14 inches from the floor. The weight, including the chair, was at least 450 pounds, and John L. Sullivan could not have performed the feat so easily accomplished by the little woman.

This test was convincing, but the next was no less so. Miss Haygood stood on one foot and holding a billiard cue horizontally before her at half arm's length, three strong men essayed in vain to push her, by throwing their combined weight against the cue, from her balance on one foot or press her arms back to her chest. The reporter offers no explanation of these strange exhibitions of hidden force. He saw the shapely womanly hands lifted the three great strapping fellows from the floor by simply touching with open palms his own hands placed on the chair back, and he saw the dainty No. two-and-a-half boot standing unmoved on the floor with the combined weight of the same three Memphis gentlemen thrown powerfully and persistently against the small figure of its owner. Explain it who can.

But in one respect, at least, the modest little lady is like other mortals, she has a woman's heart; and last night, at 7:30 o'clock, in the parlor of the Clarendon gave her hand confidingly to the man of her choice, Mr. Thomas L. Embry, of Cincinnati. The pair were quietly married by 'Squire J. J. Barry, without previous notice even to the hotel clerk, and a few minutes later went to the theatre to give the regular performance. The bride was richly dressed in velvet costume, and wore an exquisite corsage bouquet of white flowers without other ornament. The young husband has certainly a deal of temerity to place himself in the hands of one so capable of enforcing conjugal obedience, but seemed to be a very happy man.

CHAPTER ON BEARDS.

How Men Have Cultivated and Worn Them.

[*Cincinnati Enquirer.*]

HIRSUTE HISTORICAL HINTS.

Men wear their beards as they may please. The question, "Shall I shave?" is important only to the man who asks it, yet it was all the difference at one time between ostracism and being in the style, and at another of coming within the bounds of Mother Church and being a schismatic. No Mohammedan dares shave to-day unless he belongs to a certain sect, for it is a sufficient mark of contempt to call a man a "no-beard," and an insult not to be borne to threaten to tear it out, while you can wish the Moslem no better fortune than that his beard may grow. When Selim I, in the 16th century, dared to shave off his beard he shocked the Faithful more than if he had cut off the whole population of a conquered town. It was a bold act for him to smile at the Mufti's remonstrance.

It is a sign of the complexity of the differentiation of modern civilization. Herbert Spencer might say that every man wears his hair as he pleases or none at all, if he so choose. That the full beard is a mark of savagery was the opinion of almost all ancient civilized peoples. Consequently the young Roman shaved when he assumed the virile toga, and denominated all savages by a term from which we derive the word "barbarian," meaning bearded. The Romans who played that scurvy trick on the Sabine women were probably hairy fellows, but their refined descendants shaved off the hair of all the body except of the scalp. When the first barber landed in Rome from Sicily, about three centuries before Christ, the new practice of shaving no doubt was vigorously denounced by the old graybeards, stanch conservatives always, but, like all imported luxuries, it grew into favor. Those who shave closely have at least illustrious examples to point to.

They would hardly go so far as the ancient Egyptians, who shaved so far that even the hair of the head was not spared. This cleanly people abhorred hair—that is, natural hair; yet they wore wigs constantly, and artificial beards at times. When their artists depict a man with a beard of several days' growth they mean "this fellow was a sloven or of low degree." It was a mark of distinction on the face of the warrior returning from a campaign, for it meant he had had no chance to cut it off. Though they wore no beards and despised the long-haired and bearded Greeks, yet they had respect for this natural excrescence as a mark of manhood, and they wore at times an artificial beard tied to the head. A smooth-faced, bald-headed man can claim the Egyptian sculptures as his fashion plate.

He who clings to his beard may comb it daily with assiduous care, and even encircle it with a ring if proud of its length of filament; but he would hardly follow the Assyrian fashion and plait it in many rolls and bind it with ribbons, nor would he put it in a case, as the ancient dwellers by the Nile did their false beards. The Israelites who gathered at Jerusalem would be his exemplars, for they were proud of their unadorned beards, and retained them even in captivity among the clean-pated pyramid-builders. Joseph shaved himself before answering the summons of Pharaoh, that he might not be offensive to the mighty ruler, which is only an early instance of that capacity of accommodating themselves to circumstances which makes the Jew so powerful to-day.

The beardless face is the fashion of the gladiator and the prize-fighter for the same reason that Alexander's valiant soldiers shaved their chins by royal command, in order that they might no longer carry about with them a handle whereby the enemy could seize them. The reason was good, or there might have been hostile inquiries for the youthful conqueror on the part of his own army.

But men who grow beards are as proud of them as of their own children. Are they not their own product, and full of individual idiosyncrasy? Every crinkle means something, if it represents nothing more than a dime saved from the barber. Peter the Great knew human nature, and used his knowledge to extort money from his subjects. He laid a tax on beards, and at first raised more commotion than copecks. But the Government barbers began shaving off the beards of delinquents, and that tax was paid with expedition.

The mustache has been an object much solicited. The young man upon whose upper lip a constant shadow hangs is the one finds it most necessary to stroke it. It must be nursed and coaxed. Manhood has advanced its sign, and the boy's thoughts are always on it. With how much envy he looks on the next young man whose upper lip's crop has a year's growth! Its half-inch-long filaments he endeavors to twist to a point. He waxes it to make it lie down. The young man has done this in every age and clime where hair was not despised. To return to the ancient dwellers by old Nile—the young Egyptian was spared one of the most anxious periods of his life, for his father had shaved him constantly since he was five years old, leaving only a couple of locks to hold him by should he prove to be a renegade. Yet the mustache has been as much preached at as any sin man can commit. Englishmen of a century or so ago looked on it—that is, the mustache solus—as a French frivolity. The courtly Frenchman of the time of Louis trained this appendage of his face to unnatural length. Until recently the English prejudice still showed itself in regulations which prevented its display in the army and among the clergy. Just now, and among Americans, the mustache is the favorite form of hair upon the face. In its place it sets off the face, and doctors declare it is of great use in straining the air which goes into the lungs. Neither dust nor ordinary smoke will go through with it. When cultivated to excess it is valuable as a coffee strainer. The man who, when he takes a spoonful of soup, lifts his mustache with his left hand, and carefully depositing the side of the spoon on the edge of the cavern displayed beneath, tilts it over until the contents are spilt, is not a graceful object at dinner. In the name of all that is cleanly, the inveterate tobacco chewer should eschew either the long mustache or his favorite quid.

Englishmen and Irishmen to some extent affect side whiskers. Anglomaniac Americans do the same. Josh Billings, a close observer of human nature, says that nine-tenths of all the men who wear side whiskers are members of some church. Let the reader look around him this morning and judge if Josh is not about right. Side whiskers become some faces, but even Oscar Wilde would not defend a red face framed in pale gold whiskers as an object of beauty. There are two varieties of these species. One is the rather elegant affair which is long and slightly scanty of hair. The other variety is shorter, bushy, and has a curl forward. This is worn by cads.

The imperial was first cultivated in France. When it is full and has an elegant curl, it may be graceful, and is always rather becoming.

The goatee—popularly supposed to be named for the odoriferous animal which wears it—has a smack of humor in it. It gives one the impression that its owner is a jester, or, at least, a man full of quaint conceits. On a full face, otherwise shaven, it sometimes has a comical air.

How severe is the man who has his whiskers and beard clipped off square! He is square also in all his dealings, and measures other folks' morals by rule and plumb. He would reduce life to geometrical figures, and lay out the road to Heaven by a species of theological trigonometry. His is the "beard of formal cuts," which the melancholy *Jacques* describes man as wearing in the sixth or magisterial age. The pointed beard is an affectation of the past, and was the mark of a gallant. Not so the double-pointed beard, which is the sign of a cleft chin hidden under it. The hair does not part gracefully without this.

The beard is a mark of sanctity. Wisdom is thought to accompany it when long and whitened by the snow of age. Its cold color is proof that the fires of nature are declining and the ashes are appearing on the surface. The Hindoo sages, who, in the literature of that people spend long years in contemplation, are represented as wearing long beards which flow into their laps. Jupiter is always represented with a full and flowing beard as the accompaniment of wisdom and strength. Yet there are few of the great men of the world who were remarkable for their beards. The Grecian sages wore them, but a hasty glance through a portrait gallery of the great men of literature and science shows few full beards. Shakspere wore a mustache alone; so did Sir Thomas Browne, a man of contemplation.

Women and children love a full beard. They delight to run their fingers through its curving masses, and women know how easily a man is soothed by that sort of caress. When Vivian pursued Merlin, intent upon stealing from him the charm of the woven paces in the depths of the forest, she wooed him to notice her by casting herself down at his feet as he sat with his uplifted eyes under an oak, and combed his beard with her fingers and made a vail of it, in which she hid her lithe form. So she lulled the old man until he forgot his wisdom and told her the secret. And then the vixen wove the charm to his destruction.

Women sometimes have beards, but they are not proud of them. The appearance of one on an old woman's face marks a departure from full womanhood. Witches were supposed to wear them. Man has always had a horror of a bearded woman, but the slight mustache on the lip of the brunet beauty is thought becoming.

The inhabitants of England never could be brought to eschew the natural adornment of their faces, notwithstanding the regulations of the Church of Rome for the government of the clergy; and in the steady adherence of English priests to their beards and their wives lay the seeds of the Reformation. On such threads does history hang. On the other hand, there are races who cannot grow the beard, and consequently dislike or neglect it. Negroes and Mongolians seldom have anything approaching it. The Indian brave kept his face clean of hair, which only grew stragglingly, and the first step when a white man was adopted into any tribe was the removal of the hair on his face. This the squaws effected by scraping with an oyster shell. Rough, tear-drawing shaving! It brought out roots and all, and extirpated the hair.

Barbers are a product of civilization. Their importance has declined. They are no longer the surgeon and dentist of the village, but still maintain their character as news circulators. Barbers cut a larger figure in Oriental literature and that of Southern Europe than they do in the tales and poems of hardier climates. It seems strange that the barber should be an important member of society among a people who do not shave as a rule, but the barbers of Mohammedan countries are given to the comb rather than the razor. It is Moslem luxury to sit in a cool stall while an active barber laves, combs and perfumes the beard, accompanying his work with recitals of stories of genii and afrits and beautiful women, or selections from the poets.

Fashions have changed from time to time in beards. Now it was the pointed, now the T beard, and again it might be the mustache. But fashion has ceased to say anything about it, and every variety is worn. A count made at a place frequented by men in this city one day gave the following results: Twenty-five wore the mustache alone, five full beard, and nine the beard clipped; 10 wore full mustaches and clipped beards, five the mustache and imperial, and two the goatee; two wore side whiskers alone, an unusually small number; one the imperial, and two smooth chins, while four wore no hair. Thus it seems the mustache is the favorite in Cincinnati, the beard in some form ranking next. In Winter a larger proportion of beards would be found. These figures indicate the favorite styles here. They would not do as averages for all American cities.

Have you asked all your acquaintances to subscribe for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? If not, do so at once, to give the paper more power in championing the cause of the veterans.

TRAPPING A TIGER.

Showing How a Man-Eater was Caught with a Corpse for Bait.

[*From "A Showman's Experience."*]

We were astir at an early hour next morning. The tiger's lair was in a piece of woods to the west of the village, and very likely in a rocky ravine in the center of the forest. We soon found that he used one path in approaching the village, and as he had eaten nothing but human flesh for several months he might be expected to come and go by this path as long as anyone was left in the village. Midway between his den and the village we built a stout log pen just to one side of the path, and when it was completed the door was held up by a cord running inside to a spindle on which the bait was to be attached. We had everything ready by midafternoon, and then came the question of bait. Nothing but human flesh would do, but that did not worry the natives a bit. I think the head man would have ordered a sacrifice but for a piece of good luck.

An old woman died about noon, and we obtained permission to make such use of the body as we desired. It seemed a horrible thing to do, but if we were to rid the district of the beast we must entice him into the trap. The body was carried there, seated in an upright position behind the spindle and lashed to it, and then a dog was tied up in a corner of the pen. A second dog was killed and his blood scattered over the leaves and earth about the pen, and just before dark we returned to the village. After supper orders were issued for every person to remain indoors for the night, and to keep as quiet as possible, and by the time it was fully dark the village was as quiet as a graveyard. It was about 10 o'clock when we heard from the man-eater. There was a yell from the dog and a howl from the tiger in one breath, and we felt sure we had trapped him. It would not do to move out, however, and such was the suppressed excitement that no one in the village slept an hour.

Soon after daylight a couple of natives went on a scout, and in the course of half an hour they came running back with the news that the man-eater was safe in the pen. He had killed the dog and torn the dead body in pieces, and was reported in a furious rage. After breakfast the cage was carried up, and we had little difficulty in transferring the beast. When we came to get a good look at him everybody was amazed. He was the longest, heaviest, and tallest tiger any one of us had ever seen, and this was also the verdict of all others who got a peep at him. He was in his prime, with teeth and claws at their best, and a more ferocious disposition no beast ever had. He fatally clawed two natives on the way down the river, and killed a sailor while on the voyage to Amsterdam. He was sold to an English showman at a big price, but resold to the Royal Museum of Russia on account of his savage disposition and untamable nature. When a portion of the buildings burned about five years ago, "Satan," as this man-eater had been appropriately named, perished in the flames.

Have you done your duty in getting one more subscriber for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE? You should do this, for it is the best way to help your comrades.

Not Drawing Inferences.

[*Life.*]

He—I see that old Mr. Bently was buried yesterday.

Wife (shocked)—Why, is old old Mr. Bently dead?

He (who has just been "sat upon")—The paper doesn't say whether he is dead or not; simply that he was buried yesterday.

Another Great Raft.

James Leary, the owner of the famous log raft that went to pieces some time ago, is busy upon another one of even greater magnitude than the first, which was so unfortunate. The present intention is to build not exactly a raft, but more properly a gigantic, solid ship, composed of logs bound together by chains and spikes, but in the shape of a manageable vessel. The huge affair is now in course of construction at Finger Board, on the Bay of Fundy, and will not be ready for lanching until late in June or early in July, the period of highest tides in that vicinity. The huge log ship will be 700 feet long, 140 feet longer than the other raft, and will have six lofty masts, square rigged, like those of a ship, and carrying sail, which will be used as an auxiliary power to the towboat. In the mass 30,000 logs will be included, and the cost of the whole is estimated at from $55,000 to $60,000.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is the only champion the soldiers have among the great papers of the country. The best way to help all veterans is by getting it more subscribers.

Where Silence was Safety.

[*Boston Courier.*]

Jepson—I notice that you always speak well of me to my face, Jobson, and while I have no reason to believe that you do otherwise behind my back, I think it does not harm a man to be criticized by his friends—to be told his little faults. I know I'm not perfect, and I would be glad to have you remind me of the fact sometimes.

Jobson—Tell you of your faults?

Jepson—Yes; criticize me. Tell me what your honest, private opinion of me is. That's what I want.

Jobson—Jepson, you are six feet two, and I am five feet four, and you want me to give you my honest, private opinion of you? No, sir-ee. Jobson, my boy, I'm no fool!

Clerical Circumspection.

[*The Epoch.*]

Minister's Wife (whose husband is short of a sermon)—Here is an old one, dear, that you preached several years ago, before you accepted your present call; why not use that?

Minister—What is the text?

Minister's Wife—It's about the camel and the eye of the needle.

Minister—That wouldn't do at all. Don't you know that I preach to a $200,000,000 congregation every Sunday morning?

Every man who wore the blue, and every friend of his, should take THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. It gives more and better matter than any other family weekly paper, and costs only two cents a week.

Why Dumley Cut Brown.

[*The Epoch.*]

"Do you know if Brown is a man of ability, Dumley?"

"I don't know anything about Brown or his ability either, and don't want to know. He refused to lend me $25 six months ago, and I haven't noticed him since."

"He seems to be a man of financial ability, Dumley."

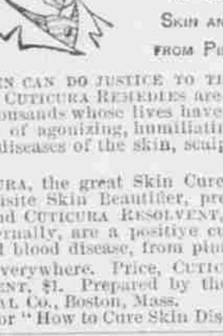
Positive and Negative.

[*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*]

Aurelia Bascom (who has had her photograph taken for the first time, comes in to see her negative)—Goodness, gracious! what a looking object! (Ready to cry.) Why, that can't be me!

Photographer, hastily—That's only the negative, Miss.

Miss Bascom—Well, for pity's sake, let me be a positive; I am sure it would become me better.



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