

LITTLE VASQUEZ'S NERVE.

The Last Hour of a Dreaded Mexican Outlaw.

The subject of the recent conviction of several of the notorious outlaws in the Southwest came up for discussion in a party of ranchmen and miners at the hotel in this place, the other evening. Every one in the party had had long and varied experiences in California, New Mexico and Arizona since the came across the plains with an ox team or across the isthmus in the '50's or early '60's, and, naturally, all had interesting recollections to tell of what they had seen of wild, lawless and irresponsible characters on the plains and among the mountains.

Col. Dan Fillmore, who is one of the principal cattlemen in Ventura county, and came to California in the '40 days, told the most interesting reminiscences of the early days.

"I reached Sacramento," said he, "in the days of the wildest and most bonanza-like days of gold-washing among the creeks and through the canyons of Central California, and in the forty-six years since then I have, as a mining prospector, and later, as a cattleman, seen a good bit of the genuine frontier life, and have had some dealings with desperadoes and outlaws. First and last, I have been a witness to the hanging of twenty-seven men and the shooting of several more. I think I have myself acted as an officer of the peace in the lynching of eleven or twelve of the most cruel, deliberate and scheming bandits that ever figured in flash literature. But, gentlemen, the calmest, coolest and most collected man I ever saw in the presence of an appointed and inexorable death, and one which seemed most indifferent to his doom, was that famous little effeminate-looking outlaw, Tiburcio Vasquez, who was hanged in San Jose fourteen years ago. I have seen many men go upon a scaffold and under the hangman's arm with an apparent carelessness of their fate, but I have heard men call that nerve but it was all summoned and exhibited for the last few moments only. Now, Vasquez had the genuine article, and while he appreciated fully that he had but a day longer to live, his constant effort was to make those about him as cheerful as possible.

"Tiburcio Vasquez was, as you remember, the son of a prominent family in Chihuahua, Mex. His grandfather was on intimate terms with General Tubide and Santa Anna and was rich seventy years ago. Young Vasquez was given a good education until he was sixteen years old and he was to be sent to Barcelona, Spain, for a college education. But he was born with a too wild, desperate, lawless and cruel disposition. When he was scarcely more than a youth he broke through all restraint at home and at school and became an outlaw. When but twenty-two or twenty-three years of age he had developed into the boldest and most ruthless brigand we cattlemen and miners along the Rio Grande region ever knew. In the summer of '73 I am sure that the Vasquez gang of Mexican cut-throats killed from eight to twelve men, and got, by robbing mining camps and a United States army paymaster, something over \$22,000. As he grew older he became bolder, and his field of operations for ten or fifteen years was all the way from Tucson, Ariz., up to Stockton, Cal. The Vasquez band was known all over the coast in 1876 and 1877. Part of the gang was lynched at Maricopa, Ariz., in 1877, and two of the bandits then confessed that they had taken the lives of over eight men and boys on the coast and along the Rio Grande in the course of five or six years. They did not know how many other men had been slaughtered by Vasquez and his followers before they came to know the chief bandit.

"At last Vasquez was caught and held so securely that he could not escape trial and sentence of death. None of his friends could save him, notwithstanding the money that was sent on to the lawyers who worked day and night in his behalf. That was in 1881. He was confined in the jail at San Jose, and, as I knew Sheriff Adams well, I went to see Vasquez, of whom I had many times been in terror, and whom I had great curiosity to meet. As I, in company with several ranchmen, went into the jail corridor the afternoon before the day of the execution, Vasquez was let out of his cell to chat with us. He was a little, dapper fellow, with bright, laughing eyes, a pleasant mouth and thin, clean-shaven face. He did not weigh over 120 pounds, and his dress was scrupulously neat. It was hard for many of us ranchmen in the jail corridor to believe that he was really the Vasquez of whose wholesale robberies, dreadful slayings of human life and unprecedented recklessness we had heard almost daily for over a decade. We had had cowboy and a seemed able to swallow that little fellow, but who had held even the name of Vasquez in constant dread.

"The little Mexican was writing farewell letters to his friends as we came into the corridor, and as he came out of his cell he tucked his penholder behind his ear and smilingly extended his hand to each in our party. 'I'm pleased to see you,' said he, 'but if I have not my wits at command please remember that for several hours I have been putting my brain to severe letter writing. When one comes to write the very last letters of all to his dear ones, you know, it is quite brain taxing.'

"We offered him a handful of cigars, and he said: 'Many thanks to you, gentlemen. I love to smoke, but I don't think I shall have time to smoke all these. So I'll leave some for the guards.' Vasquez was put out that there were not enough seats for all of us, and in whispers begged the guards to go and get a chair in another part of the jail, and he remained standing while we sat. He gossiped about the latest news from San Francisco, and asked a Mexican gentleman in our party for further bits of political information from the City of Mexico. He told a neat little story about a funny experience among the servants in his father's home in Chihuahua when he was a boy, and when the story drew forth a humorous tale from one of our party he laughed as merrily and genuinely as you can imagine. 'Ah, you Americans,' said he, 'in his smooth musical Spanish accent, 'you Americans have such a way of

seeing funny things. I guess I have missed a good deal of it by not being a Yankee, too.'

"Turning to me, Vasquez asked if I was not the Fillmore who once had a herd of cattle and a ranch down in the Gila river country in Arizona. Upon my answering yes, he said: 'Oh, now I know all about you, Mr. Fillmore. Your cattle outfit and my gang had some little disputes about property several years ago. I believe we had to shoot one or two of your men. Well, I am sincerely sorry, Mr. Fillmore, that I ever did you any harm; but it seems to me at this recollection we were in desperate straits when we were over your way, and we had to do something out of the ordinary in our line of business. Now, please don't harbor any ill will for me after I am gone to-morrow for those old bygones.'

"Vasquez said he believed he once got hold somewhere in Arizona of a blooded horse having my brand upon it, and that it was the best animal he ever had to realize when it must do its utmost at speed to deliver its rider out of danger. 'I'm sorry, Mr. Fillmore, you were so much a victim of my way of doing business,' said the young man, with the only tinge of sorrow that escaped him that day. He told of the pleasure he had in reading Bret Harte's stories in the last two weeks, and regretted that he had not known the fun and wit there were in Don Quixote in his early days.

"As he stood there, one hand on the arm of his chair, a newspaper in the other, and showing a courteous interest in the efforts of the bustling deputy to find seats for his guests he was far from formidable in appearance. However terrible he may have looked when, shotgun in hand, he rode up to the stage coach or the wayside store, the lonely traveler or the isolated ranch house, with his clattering, criminal cavalry behind him, as ready to blow out brains and cut throats as to take plunder, he was now but a short, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, pleasant-faced Mexican, with nothing forbidding about him. Indeed, his manner was engaging.

"I would rather talk of something else, if it is agreeable to you, gentlemen," he said to a reporter who had joined us, and began business at once by asking Vasquez about his mental condition.

"I am to be hanged to-morrow. Very well. I don't like it, but I have no choice. See?"

Two men bearing a coffin and followed by a black-coated undertaker, with a pair of trestles in his hand, came in. The coffin—a fine one, studded with silver-headed nails—was placed on the trestles, and the brigand, cigar in teeth, stepped up and inspected it with lively interest. He half squatted and ran his hand along the side.

"It's too short," he said, with surprise, looking at the awed undertaker, who assured him it was all right—that it should be measured at the top, not near the bottom.

"It's high," cried Vasquez, with a wave of his hand, pleased at the quality of the coffin, which had been provided by his friends. The undertaker thought he referred to the lid, which was rounded, and said that it was the fashion to make them that way.

"Oh, he doesn't fear that," said the editor scornfully. "What he means is that it's nifty."

"Yes, nifty," agreed the Mexican, glancing gratefully at the San Jose journalist for supplying the right word. "Yes, yes, it's nifty."

"He put his hand inside, felt the padding, pressed the little pillow, and, with an upward flit of his cigar, observed:

"Well, I shall sleep there very well."

"He turned away toward his chair. 'Devil take me, Vasquez, if you haven't nerve!' exclaimed the reporter, admiringly.

"What would be the use of being the other way?" he said calmly enough, but there was a sharp thrill in his tone that hinted of the agony in the caged man's heart.

"On the next morning Vasquez walked out into the small jail yard, climbed the steps of the scaffold, gazed indifferently at the gaping mob of men below, threw a wistful glance beyond the walls at the blue hills, on which he had ridden on many a fray with his cut-throats, and then gave all his attention to the ghastly business of the moment.

"They sought to unbutton his coat and collar. He waved them aside politely and did it himself. He assisted the hangmen in adjusting the straps and rope, glanced down to see that his feet were precisely on the crack, kissed the crucifix held out to him by the priest, and bore himself with patience and dignity while they drew over him a white shroud and placed on his head and shoulders a great black hood. 'I am ready,' he said, serenely, closing his eyes.



"It Too Short," Said Vasquez.

"And he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Do you feel that you deserve your fate?" solemnly asked the reporter.

"Well, that does not much matter," he answered, lighting a cigar. "While I never killed anybody myself I permitted my men to do so, and in the eye of the law that is the same thing, so I suppose I deserve what is going to happen. Since I cannot help myself I am content."

"Do you believe in a hereafter?" asked the solemn reporter.

"No—do you?" he asked in return, his black eyes twinkling.

The solemn reporter grinned, and so did Vasquez.

"The priest has been here. He says there is another world. He is a good man and believes it. Very well, I do not know. But seriously, I die a Christian, a Catholic, as I have lived. Will you pardon me, gentlemen, if I ask you to talk about something else than myself? I am glad to see you. I like company. The weather is pleasant, eh?"

"He leaned back in his rude chair with an animated countenance, ready to chat like one who wished to while away dragging hours. He had about fourteen of them left.

"The man's face was strong and firm. He was in the prime of life and in perfect health. His courage had been proved in many a bloody fight, and if by murdering all his visitors it would have given him one chance in a thousand to escape that chance would have been taken and God thanked for it. As it was, he smiled cordially, and accepted the inevitable with manly composure.

"His politeness was inexhaustible. The editor of one of the local papers came in, greeted him with a boisterous hilarity meant at once to cheer the condemned and display to the metropolitan journalists his superior intimacy with a celebrated character. The editor actually took a copy of his paper from his pocket, and, with the remark, 'I suppose you want to hear what I said about you to-night,' sat down and read to Vasquez three solid columns about his crime, preparations for the hanging and a minute description of the gallows, with mention of the other criminals who had stepped upon it.

"This performance appalled the reporters, but Vasquez bore it in silence, without a wince or a frown.

"Sheriff Adams appeared and the Mexican retired into the shadow with him. They whispered together, and the sheriff seemed to be trying to dissuade his charge from some purpose. But Vasquez was resolute, and the officer retired with a deprecatory shrug.

"Soon there was a tramping of feet without, the key turned and the iron doors were thrown open, clanging,

"And that was the last of Vasquez."—Philadelphia Times.

Letter Boxes That Don't Work.

"I suppose," said an old resident of Pittsburg, "that you sometimes mail letters in those street boxes, which open at the top? You put down the lid, lay the letters in flat, then let go? Do you ever look to see if your letters have dropped to the bottom? No? Better look next time. Let me tell you a little experience of my own. Last Sunday I had three letters which I was anxious should reach their destination the next day. I dropped them in a box on Smithfield street as I went to church. After letting the lid fall I peered in the slit, and there were those three letters stuck near the top of the box. I thought they would shake down when some one else mailed a letter, but after church I peered in the box again, and there they were still, with an additional one stuck near. I thought the carrier would get them on his rounds, and so I went home. On Monday morning, as I passed the box, I looked again. There were those letters still. I asked the policeman at the corner to tell the carrier about them when he opened the box, but the officer did not take any interest in the matter. At 4 in the afternoon those letters were still stuck, and I tried to dislodge them with a stick, but could not touch them. Then I went to the postoffice and reported the matter. A man there said the box had been emptied sixteen times that day, and he didn't see how the carrier could have failed to get them. However, he would tell him. I suppose those letters finally got started, for when I looked into the slit on Wednesday my letters were gone, but some in a different colored envelope had been caught in the same trap. That is not the only box I have had similar trouble with."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Lover's Forethought.

"That young man will make his mark in this world. His forethought is wonderful," said one San Antonio gentleman of another.

"What is remarkable about him?"

"Why, the very day he popped the question he stepped into a lawyer's office to know what a divorce suit would cost. He is, indeed, a remarkable young man, and never makes a mistake without stopping to consider the cost."—Texas Stripper.

The Grape.

"The enemy" shouted the courier, breathlessly, "is opening with grape-shot!"

The face of the warrior blanched. "Appendicitis," he gasped.

"Nevertheless, it was glorious to die in a great cause."—Detroit Tribune.

LASSING A LOVER.

By Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

Within a very short space of time—so short that few have noticed its disappearance—there stood a brick building in the suburbs of the city of Alameda, which was a wagon-shop and a smithy combined. The place had more than a local reputation, on account of the excellence of its work, the smith being especially proficient in his department, employing the art of a successful way. Nor had he his equal in the country for putting a shoe on a horse, the most fractious animal submitting itself to his skilled hand without demonstration. Indeed, his sibilant "P-s-t!" whistled through his teeth in an indescribable manner, acted like a charm on the most unruly equine spirit.

So Steve Damer's forge was glowing when others were dark and silent, and his rivals expressed their dislike for him, and his success in many ways. They sneered at him for a half-breed, and attributed his luck to the arts of savagery. The smith did not care. There was only one thing on earth for which he did care—that was his beautiful daughter Pauline, the stately girl, who would have graced the most refined home in the state, but who had returned from school with no higher ambition than to serve in her father's kitchen. There was little else in the whole abode, save the loft above, but it was as neat and dainty as loving hands could make it. None of the neighboring houses had such quaint decorations. The wings of brightly-plumaged birds crossed on the walls, and arrows tied with strings of wampum. Moccasins of soft skins, embroidered in rare patterns, with many-colored beads, unlike any work done by skilled American hands. For why? Pauline Damer was the daughter of an Indian princess, and inherited her right to do such work, for her instincts were those of her mother's picturesque people, the Tulitacs, whose name means "art," and who are neither nomads nor idolaters, but a people who are past-masters in all the arts and industries of the north.

When the dark-skinned young wife of Steve Damer died, he went back to civilization to find himself an alien and his bright-eyed baby squaw, his little woman, an object of impertinent curiosity.

"A marriage with a squaw is no marriage at all in the eyes of white law," said the good people who sustain missions for Christianizing the Indians and then they signified their willingness to receive the child-barbarian as a ward of the nation.

But Steve Damer was loyal to the memory of his dead wife and her people, and refused to part with his Pauline, or give her over even temporarily to the despisers of her mother's race. He did, however, send her to school, where she was treated well, even to the extent of being admired and petted for two reasons. One was that she was considered a sprig of nobility, however rough and rude for the branch from which she came; the other because phenomenal sums were paid for her expenses, and her father kept himself out of sight. The money was her mother's, a heritage her father used to make her a scholar and a lady, which last she was by birthright.

Damer was busy in his shop, for it was race week, and the horses needed careful preparation for the event on which so many thousands of dollars were staked. Bendemeer had been brought over from San Francisco to have his shoes refitted and Nankipoo was being shod anew on all fours, while Son-of-a-Gun waited his turn. Jockeys and hostlers and a few owners accompanied the horses. All the talent was on hand and there was the usual acrobatic betting, the stakes being of unusual importance. Little Tough had won a five furlong race in 1:01, the fastest time made by a 2-year-old, and Jordan had been fouled at the head of the stretch. So the talk went on until all had taken their turn and gone, with the exception of one man, an owner who sent his jockey around to have a confidential talk with the smith.

"Why doesn't Harlow Lincoln bring his chestnut here to be shod?" was the first question when they were alone.

"Ask him," answered the smith curtly; he knew his man and did not feel it was necessary to be civil.

"Have a swallow," said the other with a disgreeable smile, extending a handsome silver-mounted flask toward the smith.

"I know it ain't fixed?" asked Damer suspiciously.

"Great Caesar's ghost, man, have you no common sense? I want you to have all your wits about you if—Lincoln's Delight is to lose the race to-morrow. I should think you would want to be even with him for all his snubs and slights."

Damer took a long draught from the flask before answering. The subtlety of the liquor entered to his heart and brain. As long as he let liquor alone—and he knew it for a fact—he was a decent man. When he drank he became ugly and morose, and easily offended. It was long since his last spree. He had promised Pauline—ha! Pauline, the thought of her accelerated the work of liquor. Harlow Lincoln had slighted Pauline in some way. Damer did not know how, but on her coming there the young ranchman had shown her much attention, and she had almost admitted to her father that she looked upon him as a king among men, and then he had staid away, and ever since Pauline had lost her light-heartedness.

Damer heard too often the taunting couplet of his own people:

"The floods may pour from morn till night,
Nor wash the pretty Indian white."

He hated Lincoln for not returning his daughter's love, and this scheme to get even appealed to his worst nature. Put into speech, it meant that the smith should get access to Delight, the morning's race, and cripple the animal so as to prevent him from going on the track. To the little honor he had left, he refused money for the crime. He was willing, in his cups, to do the dastardly deed solely for revenge.

Neither of the conspirators saw a shadow cross the doorkill, and speed who had gone to the smithy to walk

home with her father, as she often did, leaving the supper ready to eat on the table.

Now she did not go home, but as straight as an arrow flies she sought the home of Harlow Lincoln. No blush of maiden delicacy stained her olive cheek. She thought not of herself, but of the two men she loved—her father and Harlow Lincoln, who had stolen her sweet possession of her young heart from her. She knew how much he cherished the chestnut Delight, and that a fortune awaited him should he win—and she would save her father from being a criminal.

But Lincoln was away from home. The bachelor menage was closed and no one about but the man who took care of Delight and the small jockey who on the morrow was to ride him, and he confidently believed, to victory.

The little jockey had heard of the Indian princess, but had never seen her, and he was so pleased with her beauty that he at once took her for his mascot, and begged a bit of ribbon to wear as his colors.

Together they visited the stables, and Pauline took a look around.

"Does some one watch here all night?" she asked.

"I do," said the jockey proudly; "I have my bed 'longside o' Delight and locks up, and I has pistols, and knows how to shoot."

The girl stood by the favorite, who had been watched and admired every hour of the day, and was as nervous as a woman. Pauline touched the silky skin, that shone in a hundred golden lights in the glare of the lantern which the jockey lighted. It was beautiful, but she belonged to a people that do not love the horse except as an article of diet. But she loved the horse's master.

Now that she admitted it to herself, I, as a relator of facts, may state what I know. The native delicacy of her Indian nature was tempered by the reserve of her white blood. Not for worlds would she have given Harlow Lincoln a foretaste of that love which could have made his heaven.

She went, leaving no message, and much troubled about the course she should pursue. Her father was not at the house, nor did he come later, and at last she could stand the suspense no longer. She determined to go back to the stable and warn the young man if he had returned, and if he were still absent, to caution the little jockey.

She waited long after coming to this decision, then taking down from the wall the coil of rawhide that hung there she hid it under the serape she wore and hastened away, light of foot but heavy of heart, to the rescue of Delight and her father.

There all was dark and still, except an occasional stamp of the impatient animal, or a low whimper, and Pauline called in vain for the boy or any attendant, and at last, finding a window high up in the stable open, she scaled the wall, and groped her way through the gloom to a place where she could see the floor below and Delight in his stall, with the jockey sleeping heavily beside him. The little fellow had been drugged, and would not awaken for some hours. Pauline was stricken with a horrible fear of the consequences to her father. She was afraid of him, too, when he had been drinking, and knew he would not listen to reason.

What should she do? Seating herself on a bale of alfalfa she tried to think when she heard a noise at a side entrance to the building. All the possibilities of the occasion rushed into her mind like a torrent. What if her father did not come, and Harlow Lincoln did? It might not be necessary for her to incriminate her father, but how then could she account for her own presence there. And the condition of the boy? And then the door opened, and the outline of a man appeared. It was her father!

He crept in stealthily—so unlike his usual free step—and quieted the excited horse with the familiar "p-s-t!" Then he dropped on one knee and took up the left hind foot. But he had no time to wreak his will on the poor brute. Something whizzed through the air in a black, snaky circle, and descending with unerring certainty, drew aunt around the neck of Steve Damer, stretching him out on the floor, where he writhed black in the face. At the same moment the frightened horse plunged and snorted, and screaming with fear, tried to break his halter. There was a moment's commotion at the door in the front of the stable which was broken from its hinges, and Harlow Lincoln, followed by several excited men, burst into the place.

It took but a moment to realize the true meaning of the scene, and then each man caught hold of the lasso, and gave it a twirl. But like a spirit, a form glided between them and cut the noose at the neck of the prostrate and unconscious man.

"I saved your horse—give me my father's life," said the girl, confronting the angry owner of Delight.

"You saved my horse?" he asked in scornful incredulity.

"Yes. You do not know how to care for precious things. The boy has been drugged, and your enemy—not my father—is at your door. My father was the tool of another man. Give me his life for your Delight, and win the race to-morrow. We will go where you can never hear of us again."

Damer had recovered his consciousness and was on his feet, but being sobered could not recall his part in the affair.

"Take him," said Lincoln, not unkindly, "and if you saved my horse I thank you, Pauline."

She looked like a young queen as she led the bewildered man away and one of the men made a slight remark about her "Injun blood" giving her a good aim, and measured his length on the floor before the speech was well out of his mouth.

"You will please speak respectfully of Delight's friends—and mine," said Lincoln, with a fierce gleam in his eyes.

The next day the little jockey was all right and figured to win, the woe of the ribbon of the Indian princess, and Delight ran from start to wire in the good time of 1:13, distancing all competitors.

When the owner of the winning horse counted up his gains he was satisfied to keep that which he had won from the morning's race, and cripple the animal so as to prevent him from going on the track. To the little honor he had left, he refused money for the crime. He was willing, in his cups, to do the dastardly deed solely for revenge.

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it to be an imperative duty to call on her and thank her again for the good luck she had brought him. Perhaps she would be his mascot for life.

He rode Delight, who was proudly conscious of a new outfit, and pranced accordingly, setting off the figure of his young master to its best advantage. There was no sign of life about the cabin, the smithy was closed, but the owner of the wagon making portion of the building said that the smith had taken his daughter and gone back to her mother's people on Big river.

To be foiled in his desire is the strongest incentive to a man to gain the object of his hope. Delight felt his master's spurs that day as never before.

Harlow Lincoln could hear the soft, low voice saying, "You do not know how to care for precious things," and he realized, as most of us do at some period of our lives, that blessings brighten as they take their flight. But he is a young man of enterprise, and the tightening of the lasso of love around his affections may yet lead him to the ranchero on Big river, which is not quite at the end of the world.

EIGHT MEN SHARED ONE OYSTER.

It Weighed Eighty-two Pounds and Was Two Feet Long.

An extraordinary oyster shell is owned by a Portland man. It is almost two feet in length and one and a half feet in width. The shell is very rough on the outside, and white and smooth and beautiful on the inside. It is at least three inches thick in the central portion and is very massive and heavy. It tips the scales at thirty-seven pounds. Of course the two halves of the shells would weigh at least twice that, or seventy-four pounds. These huge oyster shells are brought in from Ireland in the five-master schooner Gov. Ames, on the occasion of her last visit here some years ago. The oyster was secured alive in Japan and made a stew that was more than enough for eight men. The whole oyster, when alive, weighed eighty-two pounds. Leaving out the seventy-four pounds for the shell, and there are eight pounds that the oyster itself must have weighed.—Springfield Union.

Old Scottish Editors.

The death, this week, at the ripe old age of eighty-two, of Mr. James Chalmers, of Westburn, Aberdeen, who for forty years conducted the Aberdeen Journal, the oldest newspaper in Scotland, recalls some interesting incidents of the early days of that publication, which was founded by his grandfather. The first issue came out with a description of the battle of Culloden, which had taken place 100 miles to the northwest only two days before. This, as a piece of newspaper enterprise, was not surpassed for over 100 years. The old Chalmers—who, by the way, served his apprenticeship in London, along with Benjamin Franklin—was an ardent royalist, and, naturally, the account which his paper gave of Culloden was by no means pleasing to the discomfited Jacobites. Accordingly, on their way south, after the rout, they laid siege to the Journal office, and forced the inmates to flee for their lives.

Chalmers escaped by a back window, spraining his leg in so doing, and went southward. Reaching the bridge of Dee, two miles away, he went to take shelter in an outhouse. What was his dismay to find it full of Jacobite soldiery! Unaware of his identity, the men treated him kindly, and inquired how matters went in the town. "What is that rascal, Chalmers, doing?" they asked. Their frightened visitor retained enough presence of mind to reply that he was still printing the Duke of Cumberland's manifestoes. On that, some of the soldiers went down on their knees, and with drawn dirks, swore to have Chalmers' blood whenever they could catch him. Unwittingly, they then allowed their intended victim to escape, and he joined the king's army, of which he was appointed an assistant commissioner.—Westminster Gazette.

Russia's Free Theater.

The organization of the free theater was a notable event in our dramatic life. Early last year the first attempts were made to produce literary and artistic plays, and although the first regular company, the degree of success attained was gratifying. Among the plays produced were "Henry IV," and other Shakespearean dramas, Gerhardt Hauptmann's "Hannele," followed, and had to be given thirteen times, the audiences being large and enthusiastic. Encouraged by this sign of public favor, the managers leased a theater, organized a regular company, and inaugurated a series of remarkable productions of Russian plays, old and new. Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness" was given, and this alone was of great service to art as well as literature. The play was discussed widely and thoroughly, and created a sensation. The free theater also secured special permission of the authorities to produce a play by Peterkin. It is safe to say that neither of these plays would ever have been staged by private managers. A number of great foreign plays followed—by Ibsen, Sundermann, Mqeterlnck, Victor Hugo and others. In all, seventy-two performances were given, and the average receipts were 802 rubles (said to be unusually large for Russia.) Considering the great financial and artistic obstacles which the movers in the enterprise had to overcome, the record of the first year is excellent. The public willingly patronized the free theater, and, at all events, there remains the fact that a new private theater has been established which subordinates all considerations to the true interests of literature and the drama.—Novoye Vremy, St. Petersburg.

Crawfishing.

She—What did you mean by saying that I had a face that would stop a clock? You need not deny saying it.

He—I know I said it, but I didn't get to finish. I mean that even a clock would pause to hold its hands up in admiration when it saw your lovely countenance.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Ghost Got Drunk.

Thespian—How did the amateurs present Hamlet last evening?

Old Rounder—Rather tamely, it was and it wasn't a spiritless presentation Thespian—How so?

Old Rounder—The ghost got drunk, and didn't appear.—Adams Freeman.