BARRIOS A CRUEL TYRANT.

MEXICO PREPARING FOR A DESCENT ON GUATEMALA.

The President's Probable Successor His Ardent Disciple—Zaldivar's Appeal to Mexico—Threatening Movements of Mexican Troops—Ancestors of Barrios.

CITY OF MEXICO, April 30.—Though the defeat and death of Barrios was a severe blow to the Unionists of Central America, it has by no means annihilated them. The spirit of revolution is born in the blood and bred in the bone of this hot-headed race; it is the ruling passion strong in death; an ancestral heritage, nurtured by all their traditions, folk songs, and scanty literature. To-day the people are up in arms to avenge the death of the ruler who was both feared and hated, yet whose dauntless courage compelled their admiration. Every man in the country has caught a war craze, on one side or the other of the questions at issue, surpassing anything in the history of modern Guatemala. Even old men are tottering to the front; students are forsaking the colleges and schoolboys their books, while the women press forward to cheer and encourage. This volunteer impulse has reached every hamlet, till rich and poor are imbued with the inspiration, and are flocking by thousands to the seat of war. The present head of the movement, Martin Barrundia, the deceased dictator's Minister of War, is a man of such decided popularity that the Assembly will no doubt declare him the next President of Guatemala. The two Vice-Presidents who are now scrabbling for preference—José Lizandro Varillas and Rafael Salazar—are debarred by law from succeeding Barrios, the Constitution of the country providing for a complete change of Administration. The present term expires next year, and during the interim it will be the survival of the fittest between the two rivals as to which shall take precedence. Though Mexico has no Vice-President, the Chief Justice of her Supreme Court acting in that capacity, all the small republics further down that narrow neck of land which connects the northern and southern parts of the hemisphere have two Vice-Presidents apiece.

Gen. Barrundia is about 45 years old, and was an ardent disciple of his predecessor. Indeed the political lives of this precious pair have been coeval, and since 1871 they have figured prominently together. In character and policy the new champion is what is miscalled a Liberal of the most pronounced type, a radical member of that party whose star is just now in the ascendant from the Rio Grande to South America as opposed to papal supremacy. Naturally his most bitter and implacable enemies are among the Catholics, and they are still powerful, though now the under dog in the fight, for priestly influence is subtly felt in every family. So anti-clerical is Barrundia that, although his wife is an ardent Catholic, he will not allow his children to be baptised, to the mother's undying sorrow, she firmly believing that purgatory must be their eternal portion without the blessing of the Church. In this transition state from Catholicism these countries have as yet found no religion to take the place of that which the crusading *conquistadores* forced upon their inhabitants in lieu of heathen idols. It is sad to contemplate millions of groping souls turning from the Church of Rome to atheism, while our Protestant missions there are doing little but quarrel with each other. We have an embarrassment of riches in the way of denominations in Mexico and Central America, but the majority of these three time is so fully occupied in fighting each other out of the field that, though the harvest is indeed ripe, the laborers are few.

The one burning thought which fires the heart of the Guatemalan masses—the union of all the Central American republics and revenge for the crushing death of their President—finds active allies in Honduras and among the Liberals of Nicaragua. Their present leader is the peer of his predecessor in bravery and determination, and his plan of action will be to carry out Barrios's policy to the letter. As for Diaz, he continues the war, the resources of little Guatemala are not so reduced as those of her big sister, Mexico, and already members of wealthy families have pledged to Barrundia all the money he may require. Although President Zaldivar of Salvador has gained a temporary victory, he is justly apprehensive that his triumph will be short lived, and that under their new leadership the Guatemaltecans will again press toward the frontier and overrun his country. For this reason he has urgently besought the intervention of Mexico in terms which reflect the great anxiety felt in Salvador. This Salvadran Minister to Guatemala has lately pictured to his Government the necessity of prompt action, and gives emphasis to the statement that the troubles of little Salvador are by no means ended. The reading of these messages in the Mexican Congress has stirred up the war feeling here to an unusual pitch. Yesterday the most prominent Deputies have gone so far as to draw up a petition begging Congress that due authorization be given to the Executive to declare immediate war on Guatemala. This proposition was referred to the Committees on War and Foreign Affairs, while the drift of deliberation and public sentiment points strongly toward war. The other day Diaz's Secretary of War, Señor Mariscal, informed Congress that 15,000 men, fully equipped, were already at the northern frontier of Guatemala, prepared for any emergency. The Mexican Government has taken steps which now warrant no half-way measures, and if the authorities of Salvador continues to be threatened by its belligerent neighbors, but one course can be pursued. Such action will be followed by rapid invasion, until Mexican troops will occupy Guatemala's capital, and it requires but half an eye to see that this ultimate outcome of such proceeding would be a glorious one, long already and needy Mexico of the whole of Central America, whose wealth and resources are needed to replenish her depleted treasury, retrieve her lost credit, and place her ambitious President high on the pinnacle of fame.

Had Barrios wished Guatemala not to persist in her wild designs he received the enthusiastic support of his Cabinet and the country. The revolutionary spirit, which is always bubbling up here and there in Mexico, and ready to burst forth at any moment, is quite willing to be diverted into this channel that promises all the excitement of war's alarms for which the people are pining. It now remains but for Congress to give the authorization and Diaz to declare war, and thus 15,000 soldiers will no longer tarry on the border, but advance to the capital of Guatemala. The Secretary of the Guatemalan Legation in Mexico, in an interview on the subject, said:

"We consider that Mexico's intention, in sending troops to Central America is to keep the peace. You cannot easily imagine what hundreds of thousands of men will do when fired by revenge and a sense of right, as the Guatemaltecans consider themselves to be. Blood is apt to flow in torrents when the troops of Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica meet ours. The Guatemaltecans fight under the inspiration of a dead leader, whom they consider the martyr of a national cause, and with a man in command who is absolutely fearless and intrepid. To avert this conflict with armies who fancy they are defending their political creed and their country, Mexico is sending her soldiers as peacemakers, I believe, and not, as some say, for the purpose of annexing our country to theirs."

"But what if Mexico should declare war against Guatemala?"

"In that case," replied the Ambassador, "We must look elsewhere for assistance."

Yesterday a Mexican Congressman said that although war has not yet been declared, it is liable to occur at any moment. President Diaz has extraordinary facilities, and when the time arrives will act with his customary energy. The secret session of Congress on the subject, and the recent appointment of Señor Joaquin Baranda, Diaz's Secretary of Justice and Public Instruction, to visit Central America in the character of Envoy Extraordinary of Mexico, has naturally caused much comment. A thousand wild rumors are rife in the Aztec capital, and, as usual, opinion is divided. It is generally believed that Diaz is nursing a project of annexation, and that Barranda's mission is to test public feeling on the matter. It is also reported that Mexico wishes only to cement friendly relations with her little Southern sister, and has sent the Envoy simply to tender congratulations to that republic on her escape from the Guatemalan tyrant. But this would be a rather expensive bit of neighborly politeness, considering the deplorable state of Mexico's finances, and that $30,000 were appropriated to defray the expenses of the expedition, in addition to which Mr. Barranda receives $15,000 per annum for his services.

The secrecy and haste with which this gentleman's name was sent to Congress and confirmed, in secret session, without an hour's delay, is ample cause for wonder in a land where mañana (to-morrow) rules, and where the popular habit is never to do to-day what can possibly be deferred. Already Envoy Barranda, with his secretaries and attaches, has gone to El Paso, Texas, via the Mexican Central Railroad, whence the party will proceed by the Southern Pacific and Sonora roads to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, where a Mexican war vessel awaits them. It is universally believed now the troops are on the spot and funds are so badly needed at home, that Barranda's mission is to arrange, peacefully, if possible, but forcibly, if necessary, payment for the damages inflicted by Guatemala on Mexico in 1881, and also for collecting expenses for mobilizing the army on the frontier when Barrios started for San Salvador. The friends of Guatemala declare this to be the height of injustice, and insist that if Mexico has damages to collect, she should first find out whether Guatemala is willing to pay them before sending troops upon her. says an attaché of the American Legation in Mexico: "Until I see that Guatemala is determined to repudiate any just debt my sympathies are with her. Mexico has no cause to declare war, unless she wishes to take advantage of the troubles of a weaker party for her own gain."

In relation to the boundary dispute between Mexico and Guatemala, there was considerable correspondence four years ago, in which James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State, at the request of Gen. Barrios, offered the United States Government as an arbitrator to settle the question. The Mexican Government declined Mr. Blaine's offer, on the reasonable ground that Mexico could not submit to arbitration her right to one of the States of her own confederation, since that was a point of her political existence. As to a union of the Central American republics, Minister Logan wrote Mr. Blaine, in 1881, that anything which had the appearance of interference by the United States would place fresh obstacles in the way of a union, because it would arouse the jealousy of the political leaders of those States, several of whom entertained the same ambition which actuated Barrios, to make a union with themselves at the head.

Last week 18,000 soldiers were reviewed in the City of Mexico, prior to joining those already on the frontiers, while battalions are constantly pouring in from every quarter, all booked for the same destination. In a country where regular soldiers receive but six cents a day and "find themselves," there being no sort of commissary department in Mexico, the poorest Government can afford an immense army—if fools enough can be found to recruit it! One thing is certain, that the troubles in Central America will stop railway construction for some time to come. Railroad capital, however, will hardly be invested in all Central America there have not yet been miles enough of road constructed to make tearing up the rails an object. For building her railroad, of which Barrios was President, Guatemala, or rather her dictator, adopted a novel plan. To raise the necessary fund, a tax of $4 per annum was put upon every man and woman in the republic who earns $96 a year, whatever his or her poverty, incumbrances, or conditions of servitude. In other words, everybody who earned only $8 per month was made per force a shareholder. Each share was valued at $40, and must be fully paid for in ten years. It was estimated that this system of per capita tax would bring into the hands of the directors not less than $850,000 a year, and on this fund President Barrios was building his road.

Certainly Guatemaltecans can comfort themselves with the assurance that, whoever comes in place of this arch tyrant, cannot be found than José Rufino Barrios. His ways of enforcing allegiance were as cruel as effective. He ruled by no law but his will, and the people, having borne the weight of tyranny for more than forty years, gave the most abject obedience. His Administration was called a constitutional monarchy, but was in fact, but by reality a complete dictatorship, surrounded by despotism and cruelty. The dead President frequently asserted that he despised the nation he ruled, and was convinced from experience that it could only be governed by severity. Forgetting the respect due to himself and his high office, he allowed full sway to his ungovernable temper, and became the executioner of Guatemala. An American gentleman who spent much time in that country says that when Barrios had any motive for imprisoning a citizen, whether an official or private individual, he, if a man of political or social station, he summoned the offender to his office; then, after stating in the presence of his aide-de-camp the motives or pretexts of complaint, he addressed insulting words to the victim of his displeasure and cut him across the face with a heavy riding whip he always had at hand. It frequently happened that the victim was prostrated by the heavy kicks and blows he received, and, after suffering such ignominious punishment, bore on his face the principal marks of shame and in his heart the conviction that only by silent submission could he hope to escape worse indignities. Invariably the unfortunate man received an order to present himself again on the following day. Usually he was left waiting a number of hours in the corridor, when the President, as if by accident, at last came out and asked, "What do you want? What are you here for? The terrified wretch would invariably answer, "To obey the order which you were pleased to give me," and it is needless to add that his spirit was thoroughly broken. Guatemala has seen thus humiliated an ex-Minister, a son of another official of equal standing, a wealthy old citizen, respected for his worthy conduct and social position, and the honest father of a family whose only crime was that one of his daughters refused an invitation extended to her by the Prefect of a Guatemalan province. Among other incidents the authority above referred to tells of a lawyer named Andrue, who was employed by the Government on purpose to defend poor men. He was applied to by a political prisoner who had been in jail fourteen months—no charge having been preferred against him during all that time, and who was advised when the new Constitution went into effect to make application and that Barranda's mission is to test public feeling on the matter. It is also reported that Mexico wishes only to cement friendly relations with her little Southern sister, and has sent the Envoy simply to tender congratulations to that republic on her escape from the Guatemalan tyrant. But this would be a rather expensive bit of neighborly politeness, considering the deplorable state of Mexico's finances, and that $30,000 were appropriated to defray the expenses of the expedition, in addition to which Mr. Barranda receives $15,000 per annum for his services.

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MODERN WALL DECORATIONS.

Decorations which Cost More than the Houses—High Art at a Discount.

Within the last five years wall decoration has advanced with rapid strides, and enormous prices are now paid for the interior decoration of houses. In fact, the interior decoration of a modern house sometimes exceeds in cost the building and material of the house itself.

A gentleman who has one of the finest houses in Jersey City went to a first-class interior decoration house in this city a short time ago. His house was a new one, and he desired to have the walls and ceilings treated in the latest styles. He was shown into a handsomely furnished room, and requested to seat himself on an embroidered, plush upholstered chair made of antique or bog oak, and valued at $600. After a few questions concerning the house, the size of the rooms, the light, and so on, the gentlemanly clerk said he would show him a few styles of parlor decorations, carefully adjusting a rack meantime, in order that the right amount of light should fall on it. A delicate paper, in which the pattern, wrought in harmonious colors, stood on a background faintly threaded with gilt, was placed on the rack. Another roll of the same pattern was placed beside it, in order to give a larger surface. A frieze to match and a deep gilt moulding between the frieze and paper, to break the monotony, completed the wall decoration. Then came a colored wood moulding above the frieze, to show in what color the base of the cornice was to be painted.

"The other parts of the cornice will have to be treated differently, so as to tone with the ceiling decorations," said the clerk. "Now I will show you some styles of frescoed ceilings to go with this side-wall decoration."

Several cards, with elaborate and beautiful paintings of ceilings, were now shown.

"That is a very pretty one," said the customer, selecting one.

"Yes, it will harmonize well with the paper, also."

"It seems to me the whole thing is perfect," said the Jerseyman, delighted at his success in finding what he wanted, and certain that his parlors would be the envy of his friends.

"Well, I am glad you like it," responded the clerk. "As I have now an idea of your taste I can easily fix the other rooms. Perhaps, however, before we go any further, you had better say how much you are willing to spend on the house. When I know that, I will go over and see your house and make measurements, and will then show you the styles for each room that we can give you at your price."

"I have two paper hangers over in Jersey City who think I had better do the work," began the gentleman, doubtingly.

"Oh, no; that won't do," replied the clerk. "It requires an artist to hang that paper so that it won't show the seams, and we would have to fresco the ceiling anyhow. All the work will be figured in with the cost of the job. It will only cost you the price of the board for the workmen extra. That will be about $3 per day for each one."

The Jerseyman's face fell a little. But he felt that he was in for it, and might as well see it through. He had been willing to pay $1,000 for the sake of eclipsing his neighbors. He would double that amount now.

"Well," he said to the clerk, who was carelessly twirling a diamond ring on his finger, "I am willing to be liberal in this matter. See what you can do for $2,000."

The clerk looked astounded. For a moment he seemed paralyzed; then going to the rack, he threw the mouldings on the floor, and, taking out a roll of paper, he said, coldly,

"I guess you have not got a very good idea of the cost of decoration. That ceiling you looked at would cost you $1,500 alone. This paper is a hand-made French paper, and is worth $12 a roll. It would take thirty rolls to do the ordinary sized parlors. It would take about 200 feet of this moulding at seventy-five cents a foot. Without charging for anything else your parlors would cost you $2,000 alone. You had better think it over and call again."

In former days the cost of decorating a parlor was greater than that of any other room, and often amounted to as much as all the other rooms together. But a modern dining room is finished in the most expensive of hard woods, and such decoration as is used is of the most costly kind. The halls and vestibules are decorated with marvelous hand-painted Lincrusta Walton or some kind of bronzed plaster work, which is even more expensive. Either dining room or hall would cost as much as the parlor.

The foremost interior decoration firms in this city vie with each other in obtaining new and elegant effects. They employ artists of all kinds, at enormous salaries, to assist them in this. With several of these firms, where the employees have shown themselves indispensable to the success of the business, they have been given a partnership in consequence. Such firms receive as high as $50,000 for decorating a single house. The fair price is $10,000, and they seldom go below $5,000.

But while these firms receive small fortunes for single jobs, the intelligent buyer of wall paper often gets a very pretty effect for a small price. The sale of wall papers and of interior decorations has grown into two distinct branches of business, and it is in the stores of wall-paper dealers and manufacturers that the bargains are generally to be obtained. An odd lot of paper and a small quantity of frieze are often sold for trifling sums. Occasionally the same bargains are to be had in a fine decoration store, as an instance of this, a salesman of one of the best-known houses in the city showed to a reporter of THE SUN twenty rolls of a paper he had sold that day.

"This paper," he said, "cost us $2.50 per roll. We sold some of it to ex-Secretary of State Frelinghuysen for his private residence in Washington a little over a year ago. It cost him $4 a roll. A gentleman came in to-day who wanted twenty rolls, and as we had just that amount of this on hand we sold him the remnant for $8. It is a French embossed bronze and a very fine office paper."

The Buffalo House is one of the most finely decorated hotels in the country. In the reading room there is an English paper on the walls which probably cost $2 per roll. A short time ago, while in a country town in Connecticut, a reporter noticed the same kind of paper pasted on the walls of a small store.

"Hello!" he said to the proprietor, "where did you get this?"

"Oh, I got stuck badly on it some time ago. I bought about forty rolls of it from some feller or other for 8 cents a roll. I couldn't sell it, so I used part of it for this wall and some I put under my carpets. I had a few rolls left, which you can have for 50 cents if ye want it."

High art wall paper, as the English is often termed, was not appreciated in that section of the country. The valuable imported papers are often found in country towns and sold at less than their cost in Europe. How they get there is a mystery.

A Soldier Dog who Ate with the King.

From the Copenhagen Nationaltidende.

Jacob is dead! All old guardsmen will hear it with grief. He was crushed to death yesterday in front of the King's palace in Amaliehorg square under the heavy wheels of a truck which with official zeal he was trying to turn from the forbidden gate. It is five years since Jacob was officially enrolled in the guard. Up to that time he had been a volunteer, putting in his whole time with the men, inspecting the sentries and making themselves generally useful. When the dog catchers caught him and took him to the pound the regiment clubbed together and bought him a license, and ever since a regular tax of a few cents per man has been levied yearly for Jacob's benefit. He was jealous of his prestige, and usually allowed no other dogs in the square. The routine of his life was that of his regiment, with the exception that he dined regularly with the King, who rarely forgot to bring him a bone from his morning meal. If the King did forget or was late, Jacob let him know of it in a way that left no doubt. Lying under the palace windows until he was heard and fed. The rest of the day he browsed about the guard house, where the soldiers shared their lunch with him. Unlike most other dogs he was a democrat by instinct, and preferred the company of the privates to that of the officers, whose quarters he condescended to visit only at long intervals and after much coaxing. From a profane standpoint Jacob's only vice was secrecy. It was the uniform that was the one all-absorbing love of his life. His best friends among the guardsmen he treated coolly in civilian's dress, and the day after the men had been told off on home leave he would take no notice of them in the street. But he looked upon a new recruit with friendly approval. In summer, when the men were constantly practicing exercises, he would go along and stay by their uniforms, permitting no ununiformed stranger to approach. Into the water he was never known to venture.

Henceforth Jacob will live in the guards as a tradition. He died in the guard house half an hour after he had been crushed under the cruel wheels, surrounded by his sympathizing comrades. This morning he was borne to the barracks, and at the palisades in the parade ground, adjoining the King's garden, he will be buried with military honors.

Experience with Imported Cutlers.

From the New Haven News.

About four years ago Col. Frary, President of the Bristol Cutlery Company, who was on a tour through Europe visited many of the cutlery establishments in Germany, Hamburg, and England. The manufacture of razors being in a primitive state in this country, he decided that he could do no better than to bring over some of the workmen to the United States. The workmen in Sheffield, England, were, as a rule, members of the trade-union, and Col. Frary had considerable difficulty in engaging the men whom he wanted. A few months later he had the satisfaction of seeing forty of them with their families sail for this country, accompanied by the Secretary of the trade union. In Germany and Hamburg he engaged sixty men, and at once shipped them and their families to this country. Separate rooms were fitted up for the newly arrived razor makers in the shops in Bridgeport, the Germans being in one part of the works and the English in another.

Col. Frary said: "I had a great deal of trouble with my men at first. I did not have much trouble with the Germans as with the English. The latter demanded a separate work room apart from all the others, so that no one in the factory, except one of the men in my employ wanted to enter the room while they were at work they would throw down their tools and would not resume their labors until the visitor had closed the door behind him. I was the only man in the entire shop whom they would let into the room without stopping work. A peculiar feature about them was that they would quit work after 6 o'clock mean on Saturdays. Whatever money was left after buying the week's supply the men would go on a spree with until the last cent was spent, which was usually about Tuesday morning. America's workmen are the best in the world."

Squirting Mud on a Fire.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Yesterday at about 1 o'clock the fire bells sounded. This time it was not a false alarm, as the department on its arrival found. The fire was burning slowly on the shingle roof, and did not seem to be in a hurry to make any headway, but worked faster than the water flowed, and gradually got the upper hand. The gutters were all choked up with the usual amount of rubbish and green stems, the water plugs did not respond so water could be had, and the hose only raised a thick stream of mud, so the flames spread through both houses.

NO MORE HERDS OF BISON.

HIDE HUNTERS AND SPORTSMEN HAVE WIPED THEM OUT AT LAST.

Millions of them Killed in Seven Years—Every One's Hand Against the Buffalo—Not Even their Bones Left on the Plains.

MILES CITY, Mon., April 24.—Less than nine years ago this spot was covered with the tepees and lodges of Sitting Bull's warriors, then at war with the United States. In those days this region was the very heart of the buffalo country. I remember accompanying the military expedition of 1877 up the Yellowstone River to the mouth of Tongue River, and encountering on the journey more buffalo than it would be possible intelligently to describe on paper. Figures carry but little idea of the vast number of animals, and were I to say that one herd we passed through, travelling for three days without being out of sight of bison during daylight, numbered far up into the hundred thousands, it would perhaps be falling short of the real number of buffaloes that actually composed that mighty mass.

When we had passed through this herd at the close of the third day, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the scouts reported another tremendous herd in the distance, coming directly toward us at full speed. Quickly our party sought the protection of the neighboring buttes, while a few of us climbed a rocky eminence on the open prairie, and awaited with interest the approach of the rushing mass. On they came, helter skelter, pell mell, and when the leaders reached the mound or hillock upon which we were perched the great herd divided into two parts and swept by us like the wind, half on either side. We gazed in wonder and awe at the sea of black, shaggy life rolling like billows at our feet. Far as the eye could see was an ocean of buffaloes, surging and swaying like the waves, while the awful rumbling sound and shaking of the earth made our heads a little dizzy. All that afternoon the animals kept up their flight, and it was not until the sun sank behind the tall mountains that their numbers began to lessen and left us free to escape from our temporary prison.

The herd which we travelled through for three days was not in motion, but was encountered in small scattered bands and lined every foot of the road we travelled. Nevertheless it was one single herd, as it was continuous, though broken. But the last herd, which was moving at high speed, was packed so thick that I believe it contained fully as many animals as the first herd. They flew by us for five hours on a dead run, and the horizon of our sight was bounded by nothing but the dark black hides of the noble animals themselves.

In 1877 the plains and prairies of Montana were the home of the buffalo. As long as the Indians remained hostile and at war with the whites, just so long was the salvation of the buffalo assured. When the Indians were captured and corralled upon reservations it left the bison to the mercy of white pot hunters and deadly repeating rifles, and the two together have done the business for them.

In 1815 the buffalo ranges extended as far east as Illinois, Minnesota, and Iowa; in short, the Mississippi River marked the eastern boundary of their grazing grounds. On the west the main Rocky Mountain range was the limit of their pastures, and between these two natural boundaries the buffalo roamed over the vast plains of the West, migrating with the seasons north and south from the shores of the Arctic to the Gulf of Mexico. They were at the mercy of the various Indian tribes, but the Indians were merciful, for from this one animal the red men drew the main necessaries of life. The hides furnished clothing, beds, and lodge coverings. The horns were used as ornaments, and also furnished various kitchen utensils. The flesh was their staple food, and their sinews became arrow cords. The Indians used the animal, but did not abuse it. The herds in those days south of the present international boundary line, strictly in the United States, must have contained not less than 5,000,000 animals. In what is now Manitoba, Assiniboin, Alberta, and Saskatchewan there must have been fully 5,000,000 more, as the Hudson Bay trappers who came south to trade with the Snake, Shoshone, and Mandan Indians always reported vast herds of bison in the neighborhood of Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes.

The Buffaloes were all right until about seven years ago, when the Indians were conquered, which opened up the country and let the hide hunters in. It took about seven years, beginning with 1870, to exterminate the buffalo along the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, which in the good old times could have been seen blackening the Platte River bottoms for miles. These poor silly beasts were so easily killed, and, from their abundance, offered so rich a reward to the hide hunter, that every idle fellow in that part of the country could make good wages by butchering them. The Union Pacific Railroad sold the hides one half, and left a moiety to the north and a moiety to the south. Those in Texas were soon used up by sportsmen and professional hunters; but the great northern herd, from Wyoming and Montana, where Sitting Bull and his braves took charge of and protected them until Uncle Sam's soldiers began chasing him around the country as well as the bison. From 1875 to 1880 fully 1,000,000 of these brutes were killed by soldiers and other white men. I heard of one enterprising pot hunter on the Yellowstone who actually had a contract to furnish the slaughter along. He employed no less than thirty skinners to tear the hides from the poor animals as soon as they dropped, and each skinner received a dollar for every hide he brought in at night. The skinned carcasses, as well as numberless unskinned, were left to rot where they fell. In 1881 the Indians surrendered, artillery kept ahead of his employees and provided them with more than they could attend to.

In those days the hide hunters began to pay attention to other brutes besides bison. In 1880 the number of buffalo bagged on the Yellowstone aggregated 120,000, 100,000. On the Missouri River and its tributaries the same number were secured, making about 200,000 in all. Sixty thousand antelope and deer skins were secured the same year on the Yellowstone and 107,000 on the Missouri. In 1881 the Yellowstone country yielded about 140,000 buffalo robes and 100,000 antelope and deer skins. The Missouri River districts sent nearly 100,000 buffalo robes to market during the season of 1881, besides seventy odd thousand antelope and deer skins. From January to December, 1882, about 80,000 buffaloes were killed near Miles City and Glendive in eastern Montana. The whole Territory yielded somewhere in the neighborhood of 185,000 robes. The number of antelope, deer, and elk slaughtered that year is not accurately known, as it was a period when the Nimrods, sportsmen, and professional hide hunters, all joined in the slaughter along. He employed no less than thirty skinners to tear the hides from the poor animals as soon as they dropped, and each skinner received a dollar for every hide he brought in at night. The skinned carcasses, as well as numberless unskinned, were left to rot where they fell. In 1881 the Indians surrendered, artillery kept ahead of his employees and provided them with more than they could attend to.

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In 1883 there was a marked falling off in the supply of robes and skins. Nevertheless, 100,000 buffalo robes were shipped from Glendive alone, and as many more from other points along the railroad. These, however, were a part of the previous season's slaughter. In 1884 the supply was almost nil, and in 1885 there can be none, as there are no living bison in the Northwest to furnish any more robes. In a word, the buffalo is extinct. There may, however, be a slight exception to this, as there are a few in the northern wilds of the Yellowstone National Park, a kind of quarantined buffalo, where the Government protects them from annihilation by stringent game laws and a corps of gamekeepers. There is still another small herd of these brutes in northwestern Montana, in the valley of Milk River, where J. G. Baker, the great cattle king of that section, has them safely corralled and carefully guarded by his cowboys. It is purely a speculative scheme on that gentleman's part, however, as the poor brutes are kept securely penned, and will be finally slaughtered when there is a corner in robes.

To sum the matter up, these figures of the hides and robes exported from this section represent about two-thirds of the actual number of animals killed. Fully one-third of all the great host decayed with their robes around them. Not more than two-thirds of the skins were saved. A traffic in their bones has sprung up, which will, in a year or two, clean up the great Buffalo cemeteries of the West, leaving not one remnant of a great race of animals in the country that was once their home. At nearly every station on the railroad last year could be seen piled up for shipment the chaotic anatomy of countless thousands of buffaloes. Cattlemen were paid $2 and $3 a wagon load for them. Cowboys with little else to do, and even lazy Indians with an eye to the almighty dollar, went into the scavenger business and collected buffalo bones for lucre. For months car load after car load, to the number of thousands, passed eastward to Minnesota, Indiana, and Illinois, where they were turned to account as fertilizers. Even the skulls and bones that surveyors have stood up as sighting points have been picked up and carried off, such is the demand for them. Delivered at the factories the frames are worth $25 a ton, the freight charges ranging from $8 to $10 per ton. Horns alone bring $40 a ton, and are extensively used by makers of umbrellas and fans. From a portion of the head glue is obtained, and the neck bones and shoulder blades are worked up into the popular buffalo horn buttons. A great many of our buffalo bones, horns, and hoofs are annually shipped to England, and, after being turned over once or twice by the cutlery factories of Sheffield, come back to us in the shape of fine knife handles and other articles of finished cutlery. England also imports great quantities of beef shanks for the manufacture of fertilizers.

There may be a few herds north of the international boundary line in the Canadian northwest, but either Riel's sharpshooters or Middleton's militia, or both together, will make short work of them before many months. There is no use of enacting any saving laws for their protection in our country now, as there are none to protect. The harvest of skins has ended. The American bison is an extinct animal. But if they can, let them take comfort in the reflection that, even though slaughtered and swept from existence by the white race, they have been of some use as buttons, fans, umbrellas, and the like to the generation of men and women that is dying with them.

CARL.

A STRANGE CLIENT.

He Describes his Adventure with a Rocket and Dumfounds his Lawyer.

The Hon. Arthur D. Williams was sauntering down Broadway recently when he was accosted by a cripple in cleanly garb. "I am told that you are a lawyer," the cripple said. "Mr. George Hoperaft of Franklin street recommended you to me."

Mr. Williams was unusually pleasant, fancying that he was securing a desirable client. "Yes," he replied. "I'm at your service." He took the cripple into his office, invited him to take a chair and a cigar, crossed his own legs, assumed a Chauncey Shaffer expression of countenance, and in a deep and forensic tone of voice invited the man to "state his case."

The cripple hesitated. He cleared out his throat, and began: "Mr. Hoperaft told me that you had invented a monkey wrench, and that you were interested in inventions. I would like to tell you a bit of the unwritten history of scientific devotion. There was once a young machinist's apprentice who worked hard by day to earn a living, and at night pursued his studies. After five years of steady application he was considered one of the best men in the shop, and was in position to lay by money to conduct those experiments on which his heart was set. His passion was the invention of projectiles for use in time of war, but his mind was especially bent on improving the modern rocket.

"While pondering over the value of rockets as signals he was suddenly siezed with a desire to know whether rockets could not be made large enough to rise a mile in the air, and—it was a wild thought—carry the weight of a man. He was fascinated by the idea. It was of little practical value, but the more he thought about it the more he became convinced that it could be done. "You will say that if it were possible for a man to rise up with a rocket he would be dashed to pieces when he came down with the stick. This thought also occurred to the young inventor, but he was ready to overcome that objection. He began by making an experiment by which he demonstrated that a common ten-ounce rocket which would rise to a height of 500 feet, when loaded with a rod of iron weighing eight ounces would rise 100 feet. Then he constructed a cylinder of the best sheet steel 20 feet long, pointed at the top, and 1 foot in diameter. To fill this he made a compound which would exert a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch on the air without; through the whole 115 square inches of which will call the muzzle of the rocket. In other words, the rocket would have a lifting force of 2¾ tons. The figures seem startling, but they are accurate.

"I should say here that the construction of this cylinder caused much comment in the shops where it was built, but as there are always numbers of inventors in every shop he was not interrupted. When his cylinder was completed, he placed it up against an unused wing of the shop. Instead of the ordinary rocket stick he prepared a slender piece of gas pipe, at the end of which was the main Rocky Mountain canal basket, with a wire grating across the bottom, through which a man could enter. Here was the place in which the inventor intended to crouch while the rocket shot up through the clouds.

"So far he had taken no one into his confidence, but when he was ready to fill the cylinder with the explosive and attach the basket with its basket, and the apparatus which was to ease his fall, he needed help. Two trusty comrades gave it. They helped him secure a parachute around the huge cylinder which was intended to open to a spread of forty feet as he fell, and they helped him place the explosive that was to send the whole flying upward, and when all was ready, hoisted the whole up so that it leaned over the top of the high factory just as a common rocket leans on a common guide. A long fuse ran down and came up under the basket, so that the inventor could fire it himself. The whole was left in view, completed at night, and the two tired assistants went home anticipating a wonderful exhibition in the morning.

"It was just midnight as the inventor saw his companions pass out through the yard gate and heard their footsteps die away down the street. It was a beautiful night, and the moon was right in line with the huge rocket Mars shone with unwonted beauty. The supreme moment of the inventor's life had come. He was to see the fruition of his labors alone, with none to share his success and none to taunt him if he failed. He lighted the fuse, dropped into the bottom of his narrow resting place and climbed in, drew a match down the steel rib of his basket, and fired the end of the fuse. It smouldered for a moment, and then the bright scintillations broke out and, sputtering, disappeared from the view of the inventor, whose throat with suspense, and then in a sea of flame and smoke the earth sank out of sight. Gasping for breath in the suffocating gas and delirious with pain, he crouched on his grating and prayed for death. An age seemed to have passed when at last the roar ceased, the smoke was gone, and the pure air of heaven was cooling his brow. He recovered instantly and for a moment, as the rocket of its own inertia soared aloft, he was able to look around. The city was a dark blotch seamed and checkered with the lighted streets far below. The rivers and bays were like the moon's face. Then he began to descend, gently for a time as the parachute caught the air, but a moment later his basket began to sway. He had forgotten to leave a hole for the escape of the compressed air in the apex of the parachute. It was useful. His basket was like a huge pendulum, increasing the motion with every one it descended. He was thrown from side to side, and jerked by the rapid motion. Then, in the hurried descent, as he began to distinguish the tall tenements of the east side, a new peril arose. He would be dashed sideways—

"The lawyer held up his hands. "The cripple hesitates, flushed slightly, and continued:

"Yes, sir, I am the man. The grating gave way when the basket struck. My arm was cut off as if by a knife, and my leg was broken. It has never been as good as before. My money went for doctor bills. I can no longer work at my trade. I have been disheartened, and only when looking at the triumphs of other scientific men do I feel a relief from the constant misery of my existence. If you could—— Thanks."

Mr. Williams had given the crippled stranger a quarter, taking his cigar from his mouth meanwhile, and saying, "Don't mention it." The cripple inquired the way to the elevator and disappeared.

FASHION NOTES.

All shades of green are in favor.

Skirts are no longer made narrow at the top.

Fancy mock jewels are more worn than ever.

Waistcoats, real or simulated, are very narrow.

It is fashionable nowadays to be unfashionable.

Byzantine models are sought for in fancy jewelry.

Mantelets and short visites are equally fashionable at the moment.

Brocaded stuffs grow more and more in vogue as the season advances.

Braids, galloons, and strings of big beads are the favorite dress trimmings.

Skirts, tunics, and polonaises are all made with pleats or gathers at the waist line.

Two fabrics are generally used in the small mantelets and visites now so much worn.

Fan formed bows of sumine canvas or scarfs of gold-shot stuffs trim most hats and bonnets.

Peasant waists, with facings in front over full white muslin waistcoats, are worn by little girls under seven.

Long traveling dust cloaks of mohair and ponjee will be the favorite overalls of lady tourists this summer.

Polonaises remain in vogue in spite of all the efforts to introduce more fanciful novelties in the form of basques and tunics.

Wooden, glass, porcelain, and lead, or imitation lead, beads of large size are the latest novelties in dress trimmings sent out from Paris.

Simple muslin dresses have a V tucked piece back and front on the full waists and full gathered skirts, falling below the knee at the next line.

Corsets and petticoats, at present, combine to set off the slenderness of the waist to the greatest advantage by exaggerating the size of the hips.

Mantelets are smaller than ever, and have very high shoulders and such shortness of sleeves that they are little more than shoulder capes with long tabs in front.

Chantilly, the most beautiful of all black laces, is fashionable again for scarfs, m