BEYOND THE MIRAGE.

A Study of Life on the Mojave Desert.

By JOHN R. SPEARS.

CHAPTER I.

When the people of Daggett, the ragged little mining camp standing near the sink of the Mojave River in the deserts of California, awoke, late, as usual, on the morning of Dec. 23, 1891, they found themselves smoked in by one of the fiercest sand storms they had seen since the end of the summer season. A westerly gale was tumbling over the peaks and down through the gulches and cañons of the inviable San Bernardino range. Boiled by the dust of broken lava as it flooded across the arid mesa, it filled the whole valley with surging waves that tossed their gritty spray a thousand feet in air. The rising sun showed as a great white disk that faded and brightened by turns through an ash-white haze. The houses of the camp cast vague and at times scarcely discernible shadows, while objects across the street were seen through a yellowish mist that was driven along so swiftly that its myriad particles seemed to form in horizontal strata. In the west a dense brown fog blotted out the landscape so effectually that Black Butte, standing but a mile away, seemed only a more substantial nucleus of the pulverous storm cloud, and the scrubby grease and sage brush clumps of the mesa were wholly hidden from view when more than a quarter of a mile away from the spectator.

From time to time came miniature tornadoes, whirling gusts that gathered the brown fog banks into the semblance of water spouts at sea—into veritable sand spouts, slender, sinuous forms, often a mile high, that twisted and swayed and sagged away down the gale to vanish unexpectedly, leaving no trace behind, not even a momentary thickening of the clouds through which they had been waltzing.

It was a weird and fasinating spectacle, but one not to be gazed upon save by well-protected eyes. For the driving gusts that made the storm picturesque above picked the grit of lava, and even the pebbles, from the mesa and the street and hurled them with marvellous power against every opposing object. The rough board walls of the shanties were weather-beaten in a sense unknown save on the desert, for they were worn away by the attrition of the wind-borne dust of this and other storms, and even the glass of the windows was ground down by the sand blast until only a sickly light filtered through.

No man could face that gale unless clothed as if for a blizzard, and with goggles over his eyes at that. Nevertheless, as 1 o'clock in the afternoon drew on, a man was seen leaving a house here and there and making his way slowly or swiftly, according as he was opposed to or walking with the gale, toward the depot of the railroad that in this part of the desert follows the course of the Mojave River. For the passenger train from the East would soon be due, and some must needs meet it because of business affairs, and others because of the relief it afforded to the utter monotony of idle life in a desert camp.

These to the number of a dozen or so soon gathered on the lee of the big red building that served the purposes of a passenger station, a freight warehouse, and a general store. There they all lounged about in silence, and all chewed tobacco to keep the dust as far as possible from their throats, and all rubbed their eyes at intervals to relieve the burning and itching sensations that were inevitable, in spite of precautions, on such a day as this. So it was a weary wait, even though the train were almost on time, and when at last a black puff ball of smoke arose above the abrupt ridge a half mile east of the station, to show that the locomotive was beginning to climb the hill there, the stir among the men under the shelter of the station was enlivened by remarks that, though for the most part profane, were significant of mental relief.

A little later the locomotive, somewhat indistinct because of the haze, and looking remarkably low and squat because the eye involuntarily compared it with the steep ridge beside it, came into view around the curve with the usual string of cars behind it. The long roll of coal smoke above the cars was whitened by a burst of steam from the whistle. The sound of the blast came faintly to the ears of the waiting loungers, who, with heads bent to the wind, gathered on the platform. Then, while they were twisting about to find the position that would be the least unpleasant, the train, with a suddenly heard roar, drew up before them, and the conductor stepped down with his back to the gale.

Glancing along the train the loungers noticed the usual tumble of the mail pouch from the front end of the baggage car, saw the usual package or two handed from the door of the express car, and then observed with an interest amounting almost to animation that the baggage man was throwing two substantial-looking leather trunks from his open door. It was very rarely that any passenger other than one with a miner's outfit left the west-bound train at Daggett, and everybody turned quickly toward the sleeping car at the rear end of the train, assuming, perhaps, without considering the matter especially, that any passenger who could afford leather trunks would, as a matter of course, pay the extra fare for the privilege of enjoying the increased comfort afforded by that car.

It happened as the loungers had expected. A tall, well-built young man followed the colored porter down the car steps and instantly "jack-knifed to the gale"—ducked his head and turned his back to the sand blast the moment he reached the platform. But, quickly as his motions were made, the loungers noted not only that he was tall and well-built, but that he was dressed in a fashion betokening a tailor of the far East, that he wore fine gloves, and that his bearing was different from that of even the wealthy capitalists with whom they were familiar.

They further noted that the porter showed respect as well as gratification in delivering up the valise he had brought from the car, and then the stranger came "cornerwise" along the platform and stopped in the lee of the station house where he could look around with somewhat less danger to his eyes.

The loungers who had come for diversion rather than business eyed him with increasing interest as he walked along, but made no other move than to turn their heads toward him until he had reached shelter. But once there they joined him to a man, while one of them—it was the owner of the camp's livery stable—said to him:

"Dolly Varden or Windy Peak?"

"I beg pardon," replied the stranger.

"Eh? Oh! Which of the properties are you interested in, Dolly Varden or Windy Peak? I run the stable—have an outfit ready to take you to either before you've swallowed your dinner."

The stranger gazed from one to another of the group, and was about to speak again when another of the loungers interrupted with:

"Sim, here, thinks you're one of the owners of stock in our desert mines here, and that you've come on from the East to inspect."

The stranger smiled good-naturedly.

"Oh, I see," he said. "But I don't own a share of stock in anything—I wish I did—that is, I should wish I did if I knew anything about mining."

The livery keeper turned away, but the rest gathered closer.

"Ah-h!" continued the lounger, who had just spoken, dwelling slightly on the exclamation as if he were pleased by what he had heard. "You don't mean to buy any pretty picturs 'less they represent metal, eh? If all you men of means showed as much caution there wouldn't be so many wildcats floated, and if you hold on in that trail you'll not tumble into no barren prospect holes what a plenty will be aiming to dispose of to you. If you let a man that has been twenty odd years on the desert advise you, you'll stick to your trail, though you won't find another in the camp to advise or help you to do it besides me."

A chuckle was heard from a couple of the group as the man talked, but no one seemed to pay attention to it, and the stranger said:

"I guess there is no great danger of any one selling worthless stock to me, for I haven't enough money to buy a mule, I might say. I don't need to tell you men that I'm a tenderfoot, but I've come here to learn the business of mining, and I want to learn it practically. I should be greatly obliged to any of you that could put me in the way of getting work at either of the mines mentioned just now. I can't earn my salt at first"—he spread a pair of muscular but soft white hands before the group—"but I'm strong enough, and I'll get used to it in time."

The lounger nodded approvingly, glancing slyly the while out of the corners of his eyes, first at the other loungers and then at the stranger.

"You've made a study of mining books, I reckon?" he said, looking at the stranger.

The stranger smiled faintly.

"Yes," he said, "at the best school of mines in the East, but I am not so foolish as to suppose that that made a miner of me. I guess it will help, after I have learned the practical work. But I must get in doors or I'll lose my eyes. I'll be obliged to you if you'll recommend me a miners' boarding house where I can get a room and a bath."

The lounger once more glanced at the rest of the group.

"I reckon Mother Swinzer's Beloit House over yon is the one you're lookin' for," he said, pointing to a two-story, rough board building, with corrugated iron roof—a huge barn of a house that stood end on to the wide street, of which the railroad was the centre line. "There hain't no bath there exactly, but the gents from 'Frisco all stops there. You don't find things exactly like they are in—in—where did you say you come from, Mr.—ah——?"

The stranger smiled in a way that would have shown a keen observer he was amused.

"I did not say anything about it, but Hale is my name," he said, "Enoch Hale, and I am from Silver Creek, New York."

"Just so," said the lounger. "Just so. My name's Theron Havershaw, and I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. As I was saying, you won't find things over at Mother Swinzer's exactly as you've been used to in New York—not exactly, but they're fair to middling clean, barring the dust—you may have noticed it's a wee bit dusty here, Mr. Hale. Things are clean there, considering, and you'll get used to the dust while you're sizing up the undeveloped properties around the camp. Most likely you won't enjoy much peace of mind for a couple of days, for everybody in the house, from the madam to the Chinese cook, has properties for sale, but if you stick to that trail you was telling about, and get some one of experience to show you how to prospect for yourself, they'll see you're not an apple jonathan for their dinner, and at the end of a week you'll be free to invest your money on the ground floor, where there's no subcellars under it."

There was another chuckle among the listeners, and this time the stranger observed it. But he did not appear to hear it, and picking up his valise, he started out into the blast and made his way across the street to Mother Swinzer's Beloit House.

CHAPTER II.

During the three days following his arrival in Daggett, Enoch Hale was the busiest and most interested man in the camp, for he had come from a little agricultural and manufacturing town, where thrift, orthodox piety, and culture (in the order named) were held in the highest esteem, and he found himself in a community that was like the one he had left in no respect whatever, save that the number of inhabitants in each was about the same.

Within an hour after Hale had registered in Mother Swinzer's Beloit House the gale had ceased absolutely. The devil may not be able to make a rope of sand, but the spirits that ride on the desert storm hang curtains of fine-spun lava dust in the air, and only after hours have passed are these curtains gathered down once more upon the mesa. Enoch Hale followed his fellow boarders from the hotel into the street as soon as the wind had ceased to blow, and gazed through these curtains with growing curiosity.

Daggett was a town of one street, practically; a street that was 300 feet or more wide, and held the railroad tracks along its centre line. On the side where he stood in front of the hotel was a row of houses, fifty or sixty in number, standing shoulder to shoulder, nearly all of which were one story high, and every one built with rough board walls and peak roofs. To Enoch Hale it seemed that but few of the houses were as yet completed, even though they were weather-worn, for many of the roofs were made of tarred paper, and he wondered why shingles or metal had not been added.

Over the way, beyond the railroad, was another row of houses, but these were scattered along at intervals, and in a few cases had fenced-in yards about them, with a few cottonwood trees in the yards. Moreover, these houses had some, if faint, resemblance to the cottages of the East, in that they were not all built on the barn model. With the picture of the room to which he had been conducted in the hotel in mind—a room that was seven by twelve feet large, and was lined with thin muslin in lieu of plastering, and with his thoughts running thence to the layer of dust on his bed and the dust on the table at dinner, and the grit that was on every mouthful of food that he had eaten, Hale half sighed as he gazed at the better looking of those cottages. He would have been glad to apply at one of them for board, only that he had come fully determined to rough it. He did not know that the best of them, the one where Mr. John Terry, one of the mine superintendents of the camp, and his charming wife lived was as full of dust at that moment as was the hotel behind him.

Then, while he hesitated as to what he should do next, the voice of Theron Havershaw, who had talked to him over at the railroad station, was heard just behind.

"How d'ye find things in Mother Swinzer's?" he said. "Pretty tol'able dusty I reckon, eh? The dust is always bothersome to a—a—to those who ain't used to it. But you won't mind it long, Mr. Hale. When you get to comparing ores and waiting for assays, and more 'specially when you find your development shaft is between the walls for fair—um! You won't stop even to wipe yer eye, 'less it's to get a better squint at a thread o' wire silver."

Havershaw noted that while Hale replied to this with the air of one who did not expect to see wire silver or any other valuable ore very soon, he was, nevertheless, interested in what had been said, for he remarked that he should have to learn to handle a drill before he could think of development work, and when he had learned the practical work of a miner he should be glad to see what he could do as a prospector.

"That's the talk," said Havershaw, "but meantime, seein' Christmas is nigh on top of us, and not much work'll be done till after New Year's, most likely you'll be anxious to get the lay of the camp, and the properties that's operated. An' I was going to say, if you would, it'll be a genuine comfort to show you around."

Hale had forgotten the way the listeners at the railroad station had chuckled when Havershaw was talking to him earlier in the day, and he showed his appreciation of the offer at once.

"By Jove, that's good of you," he said, "but I don't see how I can allow you to leave your business to guide me, for I am in no position to return such a favor as that."

"Who said anything about returning favors? Why it'll be a favor to me if you go. Ain't you right from the East, and won't I make the boys think I'm in swell company? Huh! Besides, Colonel, I'm just back from the prospecting in the Panamints, where I'd the damnedest best luck, if you don't mind my swearing over it, an' I feel just like taking the run of the camp. Still, if you think you're imposing on me, we'll agree that I'll be guide and you'll be the swell, n' pay for the drinks when it's necessary to be polite in some places what we'll visit."

On this basis Enoch Hale started in to "do" the camp, and a very thorough job he made of it, for that was the way Enoch Hale did everything he undertook, whether it was a matter of business or pleasure or of both, as it was in this case. Nothing escaped him. He saw the mines over in the Calico range, where the low-grade silver ore was found in such quantities that it was "a mere quarrying proposition." He looked into the tunnel that a tenderfoot had driven in barren rock. He went to the pump in the river bed that supplied the camp with water sucked from the sands below. He lingered long in the mills where seventy-five stamps roared day and night seven days in the week, grinding the Calico range ore to powder. He called at the swell home of Superintendent Terry (he visited Terry alone), and at the hut a Chinaman had built of tin cans filled with sand in lieu of brick or stone for walls. He inspected the general miners' supply store and the saloon run by a woman, where the only drinks were whiskey and beer. Gambling houses, dance halls, and all other sorts of resorts known to a mine camp got at least enough attention to enable a tenderfoot to understand the life there. Moreover, it was the season when the life of the camp was in its most vigorous state, for the one season of all others that stirs the desert man is that when the crisp air of early winter and the cheering thoughts of holidays in other regions combine to inspire him.

Beginning on the day before Christmas, every public house, and the majority of the private houses, were "wide open" day and night, and they so remained until the morning of the 26th. There was never a moment when some one was not drinking at the bars. There was not an hour when the voice of the floor manager in the dance halls could not be heard calling, "Pardners for a quadrille, gents. Old-fashioned Yankee quadrille what any one can dance, an' if ye can't the ladies'll learn ye." There was not a moment when a dealer at the roulette tables was not saying to the spectators, "Make yer bets while the ball goes round—all down, gents." The people of the camp were "holding high jinks" and they drank and danced and sang and howled, and for emphasis they fired revolvers and rifles and exploded gunpowder between anvils taken from the blacksmith shops.

Enoch Hale looked upon every variety of the "jinks," and where it was necessary took part in them—necessary in order to keep the riotous merrymakers from thinking he felt himself too good to associate with them. He was intensely interested—he would have been even delighted with the utter novelty of it all but for the presence of the mine camp women and the part they took in all the doings, and especially those in the dance halls.

He pitied these women at first, for he could not think it possible they were there except through some kind of compulsion, but as time passed and the liquors they drank alternately roused and overpowered them, he became so filled with disgust that he scarcely could bring himself to even look at their doings.

There was one woman who especially attracted his attention. When he first saw her he noted that she was reading the latest New York magazine, and that she had a noted musical periodical in her lap. Her dress, though not of better material than that her companions wore, fitted and looked better. She was by no means handsome, and never had been, but she sat on a stool with an easy grace that made him think of one who was far removed in manner of life from this one, as she was separated from contact with her by miles of desert and prairie and forest and fertile fields. Because this woman made him think of another he felt particularly sorry for her at first, and called Havershaw's attention to her.

"Who is she?" he said.

"That? She's the desert linnet, Muddie Lee. Want a knock down to her?"

"I beg pardon."

"Eh? Oh! Want to be introduced?"

"I? God, no. I was just feeling sorry that a woman who seemed to have been refined—what's she going to do?"

"Have a smoke, I reckon."

She had stepped to the bar and was taking a cigar from a box the barkeeper opened for her.

Hale turned away without a word. He had heard of women smoking cigars in Spanish-American countries, but to look on while a white woman smoked one, even in a desert mine camp, was more than he could stand.

His soul was to receive a still greater shock the next night. He had observed during the afternoon of this next day (it was Christmas) that a family of Indians had come to the camp, and some one told him they were Piutes from the Walker River reservation. They were the dirtiest, greasiest family Hale had ever seen, but, like many others of the camp, he looked them over pretty thoroughly. The man was the greasiest of them all, for he had painted himself for the occasion, but he was a stalwart, muscular fellow, and Hale could not help thinking that here was a man who could give a good account of himself were the state of civilization what it had been twenty years or so earlier. As for the rest, the squaw was homely and dirty, and the children were not much better, save that they had big brown eyes that were wonderfully expressive, and one, a girl of perhaps fifteen years, who was apparently half white, looked as if she might become a very respectable woman if she could have the advantage of a course at Carlisle.

Having noted so much, Hale went his way, and forgot them until night came. Then, as he was passing a dance hall, he glanced in just in time to see the dance hall woman he had pitied—Muddie Lee—going out of the back door beside the greasy Indian, and wearing the Indian's blanket over her head and shoulders, while the crowd laughed uproariously and made comments that were shocking.

Hale had seen enough and more than enough of "high jinks" in a desert camp, and bidding Havershaw good-night, he went to his hotel room, shook the dust from the pillow and spread, and went to sleep to dream, not of "high jinks," but of standing on a ledge of rocks and trying to pick gold nuggets from the breccia in a vein that traversed the cropping, thinking the while of the pleasure he should have in making a necklace and bracelets from the big yellow lumps if only he could get them out of the breccia that was holding them fast.

When morning came Enoch Hale was not only weary because of the unusual excitement of the days he had passed, but the repulsive features of what he had seen were those most firmly fixed in his memory. The room in which he slept, the atmosphere he breathed, the food he ate, the whole camp, and the very sports of the people, were, literally or figuratively, of the arid desert. Instead of interesting him now they repelled him, because for the first time since he had left the old home on the shore of Lake Erie he was homesick.

Leaving the hotel after breakfast, he wandered about aimlessly for a time, with his eyes on the sand under his feet, but eventually he found himself standing in front of the Coronado dance hall, where he had seen, with so much disgust, Muddie Lee and the Indian. He recalled the scene perfectly, and he was little less repulsed by the memory than he had been by the occurrence. Nevertheless, instead of turning away he walked up to the door and entered the hall.

Within the two days last past Enoch Hale had noted that among all the rattling, whirring musical entertainments that the camp had afforded, those given at the Coronado had alone been softened and humanized by an instrument of a tone that was sweet and pure, and of a volume suited to the room in which it was played. The hour was still early, considering that it was the day after Christmas in a mine camp, there was no one in sight along the street, and Enoch Hale walked into the dance hall confident that now, if ever, he could sit down at the instrument, for a time, and remain wholly undisturbed.

A sleepy bartender was mechanically rubbing glasses behind the bar in the corner of the room. He joined Hale in a glass of plain soda, and then, when Hale mentioned the piano and his desire to try it, he said:

"Why, cert. Most likely you'll drum up some of them for cocktails. Play all you want to."

Walking to the rear end of the room, where the piano stood on a little raised platform, Hale removed the rubber-cloth cover, threw open the keyboard, and, sitting down, gently pressed the keys, first with one hand, then with the other, and then with both. With the thrill of the first chord he forgot his weariness and discomfort. The realization of the presence of the wretched building and the degraded man at the other end of the room vanished away, and he seemed once more, as if by magic, in his old home—down on the wide beach of the lake just east of the mouth of the stream—walking to and fro in the growing shades of night—glancing at the moon that was sinking in the mists of the west—noting the faint white line where tiny rollers from over the lake came in with lap and mellow crash to wet the sand and periwinkles. He could almost hear those little waves as they broke, and feel the cool breath that was wont to fan in from the waters on any warm, still evening. There, as in no other place, he had drawn near to nature and found peace.

As he dreamed his fingers wandered to and fro aimlessly for a few moments, and then, with but little thought of what he was doing, he began to play Schubert's "Adieu" as it had never before been played upon the desert—played as if with a broken heart, until he struck the notes where the other voice takes up the refrain, when he stopped short, lest he become unable to control himself. But in a minute more he began again, this time on the "Serenade." He had not observed that the uncultured bartender had stopped polishing the glass to listen, nor did he see when Muddie Lee came staggering in for a morning drink, only to stop half way to the bar and then glide silently to a bench behind him, where she sat down and gazed at the floor. He saw nothing but the pictures of his dream, and heard nothing but the melody, until, bending with moistened eyes above the keys, the last notes, faint and low, died away.

Then a man who wore hobnailed boots crashed into the room from the rear door, a pistol was fired behind him, and, leaping to his feet, Hale turned and saw Havershaw and Muddie Lee in a fierce struggle, the woman with a revolver in her hand, which Havershaw was striving to wrench from her, while the bartender was coming on the run to take a hand in. A moment later the bartender had the woman by the throat with a grip that made her tongue protrude. Her fingers relaxed, the revolver was secured, and then, with a rude shove, the bartender threw her full length on the floor, where she turned her face into her bent arms and wept aloud.

For a moment the bartender, with his hands on his hips, gazed at the woman in silence. Then he nodded his head up and down slowly and said:

"Well, I am damned."

CHAPTER III.

Had Enoch Hale guessed ever so faintly what would follow on his seeking for relief from homesickness at the piano in the dance hall he would have fled the town afoot before he would have opened the instrument. In the afternoon of the day following that episode he walked over to the home of Superintendent Terry and knocked at the door. Mr. Terry had received him cordially when he had called while seeing the sights of the town, but now as the door opened Hale saw the superintendent standing very calmly and gazing keen-eyed at him. Instead of giving an invitation to enter, Terry stood in the door and said impassively:

"Well?"

Very much astonished, Hale stammered and cleared his throat before he could reply.

"I beg pardon," he managed to say eventually. "I came to ask you if you would give me work at anything about the mine. I shall not be of much use to you—" here he held up his hands—"but you will find me strong and more than willing. Of course, I shall not expect a man's wages, or any wages, for that matter, at first."

Terry looked him over for a moment, and then said:

"You didn't hold down your first job very long, did you?"

"I beg pardon?" replied Hale. "I don't understand you. You see, I am a tenderfoot through and through. I haven't even asked any one for a job until this moment."

"Maybe it isn't so," said a woman's voice behind Mr. Terry. "That editor is always joshing somebody."

Terry's face relaxed a little. "That's so," he said, with his head half over his shoulder. "Have you seen this week's *White Arab*?" he continued, addressing Hale.

"No, sir. That prospector, Havershaw, called me as I was coming here, and said he wanted to show me something in it, but I am getting tired of him—not but what he was clever in showing me around—and I didn't stop."

"Right you are, Mr. Hale. Come in. That Havershaw's a regular grubstake eater. I reckon I owe you an apology, and you owe the editor a licking. Sit down and take a look at the paper."

Hale walked in as invited, greeted Mrs. Terry, and, taking the paper, sat down. In a moment his eye fell upon the following:

"ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

"The new musician at the Coronado is no rawhide when it comes to making the piano wires quiver, even if he is a tenderfoot. His name is Enoch Hale, and he "hales" from Silver Creek, New York. How he happened to stray so far from home we haven't learned yet, but we shall inform our readers all about him at first chance, for he's sure to be a noted citizen. He was put on the morning shift at the Coronado yesterday morning when business was slack so that he could get his hand in easy like, and started in by playing a creepy sort of piece, allowing that that would be the proper caper to awaken a thirst for cocktails in the neighborhood. He plugged the bullseye at the first shot, too, though not exactly as he had expected. It appears that Muddie Lee was the first one to come in for a bracer. She was needing it bad, but the moment she heard the music the cold chills began to run up and down her backbone, and giving Swizzle McGrath, the Coronado's morning-shift ginslinger, the go by, she slid over to the bench behind the tenderfoot and sat down there entranced. Swizzle says he didn't blame her any, for it was working him queer, too, but just as the end of the piece was coming Muddie slid off the bench to her knees, and then up she jumped, and pulling a gun, was just going to put a bullet where it would settle her shivers for keeps when Grubstake Havershaw waltzed in and blocked the game by knocking the pistol to one side. We congratulate the Coronado on its new acquisition, and our advice to Muddie is that she brace up. Cast your eye at the musicianer, Muddie. He's as big as the Injun and a heap better looking."

Enoch Hale read the article from the first word to the last. As he reached the lines that gave his name and address, his face paled, but otherwise he showed no mark of special interest. When he finished he glanced once more at the title of the article, and counted the lines down as far as his name. Then he got up from his chair, and bowing to Mrs. Terry, said:

"I hope you will excuse my intrusion and permit me to thank you for believing that the paper had libelled me." Then, turning to Mr. Terry, he continued: "I came here to learn the practical work of mining, and if you will allow me, I will come back after I have settled this matter with the editor and ask you for work again. This is such an outrage that I cannot think of anything else at present."

He backed out of the door as Mr. Terry was saying, "Why, of course. There will be work enough if you're in condition to do it after you're done with Foster." But Hale did not see the significance of the remark. A minute later he was almost running across the wide street toward the two-story building, on the top story of which he had seen a sign which read, "The White Arab—Job Printing." He was so excited that he was carrying off Mr. Terry's copy of the paper without knowing it.

So it happened that Mr. Jacob Foster, who was the editor of the *White Arab*, saw him coming. So did two or three other men who were lounging in the street in front of the building, and all instantly divined where Hale was going, and also his frame of mind. The loungers with one accord ran up the stairway and into the room occupied as a printing office, where they arrived just in time to see Mr. Foster pump a cartridge into a repeating rifle. Then they gathered on one side of the room, well away from the line between Mr. Foster and the door, and with broad smiles on their faces awaited the coming of the tenderfoot.

The time was somewhat longer than they had expected, for the sand was deep, the sun was hot even though it was at the end of December, and Enoch Hale made hard work of his hurrying, but after a little they heard his feet coming, two steps at a jump, up the stairway, and the next moment he appeared in the doorway with the paper still in his hand.

At that moment Editor Foster raised his rifle and fired. The bullet knocked splinters from the door frame into Hale's face, and then as a second cartridge was thrown into the barrel Foster aimed the rifle at Hale's breast and said:

"Hands up!"

(To be continued.)

MR. ROOTERBY'S RESOLUTION.

Made on New Year's Morning, and Kept Forever, Too.

Mr. Rooterby was a jack.

That was what everybody said, and, of course what everybody says is true is true, whether it is or not.

Nor was Mr. Rooterby a Jack because his first name was John, and all Johns are by the rule of diminutives Jacks.

Not at all. Mr. Rooterby was a jack because his ears were abnormal, and he showed other signs of an ineradicable stupidity.

"Bein' as you air the best boarder I've got, ever did have, or expeck to have," remarked his landlady many times during the years he had been ocupying her second floor front, "I won't say as how you air a plumb silly, Mr. Rooterby, but I'd be most sure to if you wasn't the kind of a gent you air in every other respeck. Indeed, I would, Mr. Rooterby, and the good Lord knows I ain't the woman to deprive a man of his just deserts, seein' that my poor dead husband was one of the Lord's chosen. I don't care if people did say I had to keep boarders so's we wouldn't starve to death or go on the country."

Some of the boarders were much more emphatic in their remarks than was the landlady.

"If Rooterby," said the prominent politician who sat across the table from him, "wasn't such a d——d fool, he would have married a rich woman long ago, and been a member of Congress from this district. He would have also had a comfortable home instead of plugging away in a beastly old boarding house. If I had his chances for about seven minutes you bet I'd corner the convention and get the nomination or break a bank in the attempt."

So it would appear that Mr. Rooterby was a jack, or a silly, or a fool, with the accent on the profane penultimate, all on account of his persistent celibacy.

Let us examine into the testimony against Mr. Rooterby. A man of fifty, so well preserved that he didn't look it by ten years; a man of affairs and a comfortable competence; a man of good habits and good family; a man of domestic tastes and somewhat sedentary life; a man of some personal pulchritude and of excellent education; a man considerably above the average in all that makes a man worthy of the name, except in respect of the persistent celibacy referred to above.

This being a fair presentation of the testimony in the case of public opinion against Rooterby, the jury will return a prompt verdict to the effect that Mr. Rooterby is guilty with evident malice aforethought prepense.

"I vow," said Mr. Rooterby solemnly in the presence of witnesses, "that I wouldn't propose marriage to any woman on earth. What the dickens"—Mr. Rooterby was a vestryman and could not be too emphatic—"do I want with a wife, I'd like to know? Here I am past 40 years of age"—Mr. Rooterby was just a shade sensitive on the subject of age, and still didn't want to appear silly about it—"living serenely and comfortably, with nothing to disturb me and no one to question my movements or my motives. What I have is my own, and it is not constantly undergoing a process of drainage to meet the extravagance of people for whom I would be to a large extent responsible. In fact, I am monarch of all I survey, as a bachelor, and if I were a married man, there's no telling what kind of a slave to a woman's foibles and fancies I might be called on to be. Therefore, when I am perfectly satisfied and as happy as a man can be in this vale of tears, what in thunder is the use of trying to change the conditions?"

What a stereotyped old argument it is truly, and yet it serves its purpose finely, and is an armor of defence behind which more bachelors hide than any other, perhaps, unless poverty be considered as one.

At Christmas Mr. Rooterby had given the pretty typewriter in his employ for two or three years a present of a handsome street gown, for Mr. Rooterby was practical, and she had needed it so badly that when she told the cashier about it the tears came into her eyes, and she said she thought it such a pity 'so dear and good a man as Mr. Rooterby did not have a wife, and a home and children, and all those happinesses which go with matrimony, and there was something in the typewriter's tone that made the cashier wonder what Mr. Rooterby had been saying to her anyhow.

The cashier and the typewriter were the only occupants of the office except Mr. Rooterby, and it was not surprising that the cashier should wonder what Mr. Rooterby had been saying to the typewriter, seeing that he (the cashier) had been saying a great deal of importance to her himself, and with some hopes of success, unless distracting obstacles were thrown in his path, and Mr. Rooterby was a distracting obstacle, beyond peradventure.

Nor did the fact that he had presented a fine suit of clothes to the cashier as a Christmas souvenir make it any clearer in the cashier's mind why he had a right to be saying things to the typewriter when he (the cashier) was in the office with her three hours to Mr. Rooterby's one, and thought more of her in a minute than any other man thought of her in seven years by the watch.

"All I've got to say is," responded the cashier to the typewriter, when she spoke to him about the matrimonializing of Mr. Rooterby, "all I've got to say is that he ought to have been married twenty-five years ago and got out of the way."

Which seemed so bitter and unkind that the sweet little typewriter opened her blue eyes in surprise and ejaculated in almost a tone of horror: "W'y, Charley, how can you say that?"

After that the life of the cashier seemed to grow narrow, and he never saw Mr. Rooterby come into the office that he didn't begin to think of those mysterious murders in the Rue Morgue, which Poe tells of, and wonder what was the price of man-eating monkeys and how long it would take him to teach one to climb up to Mr. Rooterby's window and eliminate Mr. Rooterby from the emotional problem which was slowly but surely undermining the mental equilibrium of the cashier.

Mr. Rooterby, unconscious of what was surging and throbbing in the bosom of his cashier, grew more polite, if that were possible, to the typewriter day by day. Indeed, his manner to all women was changing. He seemed to be so gentle, when before, while he was always courtesy itself, he was lacking in that ineffable gentleness which comes only from the heart of hearts. In other words, Mr. Rooterby impressed the cashier as a man deeply and dangerously in love.

Strange that the cashier should be so inscrutable, for no one else noticed that Mr. Rooterby was other than his old self.

Yet he was, and the typewriter knew something that few others knew. Certainly, the cashier did not know it, for his manner would have been very different had he known.

The typewriter, who was nineteen, lived in the same boarding house that sheltered Mr. Rooterby, notwithstanding the cashier had done all in his power to have her move to some other, and with her there lived her mother, a widow not yet forty, and so young and pretty as easily to pass as her daughter's sister. The women were confidantes, and all the typewriter knew the mother knew. Under the circumstances what other result could have been expected than that Mr. Rooterby was looked upon with favor?

As for Mr. Rooterby, he would have laughed to scorn so much as a vague hint that he was gradually succumbing to the mysterious power of the feminine over the masculine destiny.

It was New Year's eve. The cashier was calling on the typewriter, or rather, they had joined the "watch meeting" at the boarding house after the theatre, and the cashier was comparatively happy, for Mr. Rooterby was devoting himself to the mother, quite to the neglect of the daughter, and the daughter seemed to be comparatively happy in the company of the cashier. There was a sound of revelry by night, and all the boarding house had gathered then, its beauty and its chivalry, and they had a walhalla kind of a wassail until the clock struck twelve, when the festivities ended, and each member of the company, before departing, was called on to make one resolution for the year just ushered in.

Mr. Rooterby popped up first.

"Excuse my haste," he said, "but I want to resolve right now and here that I will not propose marriage to any woman on earth, just to show you folks who are everlastingly chaffing me that I mean business for the new year at the same old stand."

This was received with great applause, and the cashier glanced stealthily at the typewriter as if to assure himself that she was safe for another year, anyway. And the typewriter caught him in the act.

Then with a resolution to the credit of each one they said "good night," and in an hour the lights were out and the house was still.

It was 1 o'clock, the dead hour of night.

At three, came a terrific banging on Mr. Rooterby's door, accompanied by a scream, and Mr. Rooterby, before he was wide awake, was out in the hall in his dressing gown.

It was the typewriter in a cloud of white, and the hall full of smoke, and people below banging doors and shouting and a fire bell clanging around the corner.

"Mamma," she gasped, and down she went in a faint just as the cashier dashed in from his house in the next block, and Mr. Rooterby, dropping her in the most unromantic fashion, flew up to the fourth floor where the widow and her daughter occupied the front rooms.

There he found her just coming out of a faint, and as she caught her scattered wits, for the widow was a woman of rare sense and presence of mind after the first shock, she grabbed his outstretched hand and groped her way with him to the head of the stairs. A tongue of flame met them at that point, and for an instant Mr. Rooterby's heart failed him. He knew there was no fire escape at the front of the house, and access to the back was cut off by the fire which had taken possession of the stairway.

But the widow was in no wise daunted.

"Come," she said. "I have a rope escape in my room. We can go down by that. I had it built for two."

Mr. Rooterby had told her at first that her daughter was safe on the floor below.

The flames were yet some distance from the front windows, with a door shut between them and the outer air, and in a second Mr. Rooterby had secured the rope's end to the window and had adjusted the widow and himself for the more or less perilous trip to safety.

Whoever's make the fire escape was, it was a most excellent one, and before Mr. Rooterby had got to the second-story window he was perfectly at home in controlling the thing, and he stopped it twenty feet from the ground.

The widow, who was dangling below him, gave a nervous start, fearing some accident.

"What is it, Mr. Rooterby?" she inquired.

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Rooterby, with as much feeling as the circumstances would permit, "will you be my wife?"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped the widow almost losing her balance at the unexpectedness of it.

"I mean, will you marry me, of course. How else could you be my wife?"

This was a poser.

"But your resolution, Mr. Rooterby?" replied the widow, looking up at him as shyly as she could, considering her position.

"What resolution?" inquired Mr. Rooterby.

"Why, the one you made when the New Year came in, that you wouldn't marry any woman on earth?"

Mr. Rooterby was stumped, but for an instant only.

"That doesn't apply here at all," he said, confidently. "You are not on earth, and you never will be if you don't accept me right now, for I have wasted time enough, and the thought a few minutes ago that I was going to lose you in that frightful blaze——"

The widow had recovered her senses again.

"Mr. Rooterby," she interrupted, with some degree of asperity, "dont you see what a spectacle you are making of yourself? I'm willing to do anything to get down from this."

And it was even a more ridiculous spectacle five minutes later, when Mr. Rooterby, in his dressing gown, with his arm around the widow in a fluffy smoked wrapper, met the cashier in an overcoat and boots holding fast to the typewriter in something white, and the firemen trying to turn the hose on all of them.

Fully insured, and what a happy New Year it was to the cashier.

ONE BLANKET A YEAR.

The Beautiful and Patient Weaving of the Navajo Indians.

From the Land of Sunshine.

Exactly the most perfect blanket. Neither Ottoman fingers nor British machines have ever produced its peer. The only thing I know of to surpass it is to be found among the astounding prehistoric fabrics we have exhumed in the mummy mines of Peru, but they are not blankets. And this matchless weaving is the handiwork, not of some Old World craftsman, not of a trained heir of civilization but of a wild nomad, a dirty, foxy, barbarous denizen of a corner of the "Great American Desert."

The Navajo Indian of New Mexico and Arizona cannot vie with the modern Turk in rugs, nor with the extinct Yunca in fringes, but when it comes to blankets he can beat the world. Or, rather, he could—for it is nearly a generation since a Navajo blanket of strictly the first-class has been created. Here is a lost art—not because the Navajos no longer know how, but because they will no longer take the trouble. They make thousands of blankets still thick, coarse, fuzzy things which are the best camping blankets to be had anywhere, and most comfortable robes. But of the superb old ponchos and zerapes for chiefs—those iron fabrics woven from vayeta (a Turkish cloth imported specially for them and sold at $6 a pound, unravelled by them, and its thread reincarnated in an infinitely better new body), not one has been woven in twenty years. It is a loss to the world, but the collector who began in time can hardly be philanthropist enough to lament the deterioration which has made it impossible that even the richest rival shall ever be able to match his treasures.

There are still Navajos (20,000 of them), and there is still vayeta, and as there are people who would give $500 for an absolutely first-class vayeta blanket, you might fancy that the three things would pool. But that is to forget the Navajo. He is a barbarian, to whom enough is an elegant sufficiency. By weaving the cheap and wretched blankets of to-day wretched, that is, as works of art—he can get all the money he desires. Why, then, toil a twelvemonth over a blanket for $500 (which is more coin than he can imagine anyhow) when a week's work will bring $5?

The art of the Navajo blanket is as old as Plymouth Rock—and almost as bigoted. You can tell a genuine just as far as you can see it. It is a curious fact, known to the student that, when left to himself, the Indian never blunders in color. It is only when too long rubbed with our shoddy civilization and poisoned with the ease and cheapness of our accursed aniline dyes that he perpetrates atrocities. His eye for color is elemental and absolutely correct. Red is king—and no bastard magenta, mauve, or lake, but true red. Blue is good, because it stands for the sky, and green, because it is the grass; and yellow for the sun, and white for the clouds and snow—and these are the only colors found in a strictly perfect Navajo blanket. To the Indian color is a part of religion, and purples and pinks and other devil's colors he never can use until he is fully corrupted. The blanket of to-day is the most graphic witness to the falling off of the aborigine that ever came into court. It is full of hues that any decent Indian knows to be literally infamous. A generation ago a Navajo would have been put to death by his people if simply found in possession of one of these witch colors. But the true old blanket was as perfect in its color scheme as in its weaving—and I have blankets which have for seventy-five years done duty on an adobe floor.

Of course, at all times these gems were comparatively few. Not every Navajo weaver was a master, and not so many could afford a blanket whose thread cost $6 a pound as could "stand" the natural wool at 30 cents. But what has done most to make the old-time perfect blanket scarce is the fact that it was almost invariably buried with its owner. In the Christian graveyards of the Pueblos, in the barbaric lonely last cuddling places of Navajo Captains, the vast majority of the perfect blankets have gone to the worms. I myself have seen ponchos not three collections in the world could match to-day, swathed about the corpse and covered with six feet of earth; and you can fancy if that would make a collector gnash his teeth.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMPANINI.

De Vivo Recalls His Debut and Explains His Later Failure as an Impresario.

Poor Campanini died dramatically, heart broken, and I can say positively that he died also a very much disappointed man at not having succeeded in replacing Mr. Stanton at the Metropolitan Opera House and becoming the sole impresario in America. That was his ardent desire, and it was his resolute intention when he brought his splendid concert and opera company here in the season of 1887-88. Poor Campanini's delusion! He thought that as he had been the favorite tenor of the American public, the same public would support him as an impresario. But he failed in his venture. By the disastrous failure of the "Othello" season, in April, 1888, at the Academy of Music in New York, and in Philadelphia, he lost about $20,000, and he was in despair for two or three years. He fretted over it, no doubt, until his untimely death.

Campanini as an artist was a totally different man from Campanini as a business man and an impresario. As an artist he was great for a period of ten years in the seventies, but not the greatest of the age, as he used to say and even to write over some of his autographs. I had known Campanini since he made his début under Max Strakosch's direction, on Oct. 1, 1873, as *Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia," with Signora Maresi and Signor Nannetti, a splendid basso; and in "Faust" on Oct. 3, with Nillson Maurel, Miss Carey, and Nannetti. In both operas he scored a distinct success. On his return here with Mapleson, in the fall of 1878, I heard him in "Sonnambula" and "Lucia," with Gerster; and in "Carmen" with Hauk and Del Puente. Then I found that he had improved wonderfully, but he had not yet reached the zenith of his greatness.

But after a few years he was one of the great tenors, although not the greatest, for me, in comparison with the greatest tenors of the century, that I have had the pleasure of hearing since 1844. There were Basadonna, Fraschini, Ivanoff, Mirate, Sandi, Grazinni, Bocurve, Duprez, and Nourit, who replaced Duprez to sing *William Tell* at the Theatre San Carlo, Naples. Nourit was celebrated in that rôle, and was engaged with the intention to lessen Duprez's success; but owing, as he said, to a sudden indisposition, he was hissed. This fiasco worried him so much that after entering his apartment at the Piazza San Carlo, he became insane, and jumped from a third-story window to the sidewalk, killing himself. Then there were Malvezzi, the tenor of Louisa Miller, and Gunsco, the greatest *Ernani* ever heard, who helped to make the first fortune of Verdi's grand opera of that name. The opera was such a success that in less than two years it was performed all over the world. And besides these there were Roppa, Mario, Giuglini, Mario's only rival; Baldanza, Sr., Bettini, Nicolini, Steffani, Mazzoleni, Gardoni, Stigelli; the silver-voiced tenor, Brignoli, who for thirty years was the pet tenor of the society circles of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and the entire public of America; Fancelli, the tenor of *la bella voce*; Wachtel, who scored an enormous success here, and Tamberlick, the greatest dramatic and heroic tenor of the century, who with his "Ut de poitrin" in Rossini's "Othello" electrified all the musical world.

Campanini was devoid of business capacity, the quality most essential to the success of an impresario who has under his command an army of 100 to 200 or more people. He was severe, and had a rigid manner, with the Italian idea of being the padrone of the company, as he told me on one occasion. I told him that this country was not Italy, and had no padrones. "With smoothness and pleasant ways you can obtain all that you wish, not with imperative orders," I said to him. Finally he had not funds enough to meet losses, as he depended upon profits to pay his company. When the season was over he was in debt to all the artists, and to other creditors to the extent of over $2,000, which he paid in about two years' time, compromising with the artists except Mme. Trisolini, who compelled him to pay her every cent that he owed her.

I travelled as his manager from Nov. 13, 1887, when we left New York and went to Boston and thence to Western cities as far as California, and over into Canada, giving eighty-four concerts, until we came back here on April 8. In this long journey I worked like a beaver and attended to my duty faithfully and never was sick an hour, while Campanini was so afflicted several times with rheumatism in his leg that he could hardly walk. To my surprise, on April 11 I received a letter from him telling me that owing to my "weak physical powers" my services would no longer be required. I answered him in a sharp letter, telling him that the cause of his discharging me unjustly was his very weak financial condition, and that there was no other cause. The letter I read to his faithful friend and business agent, Signor Corsini. Poor fellow, he is dead too. He refused to deliver it to Campanini, and begged me not to mail it, as Campanini was in great distress in money matters, and the letter would distress him more. I pitied him, and retained the letter, which I have kept ever since.

As I was in good health and his stated reason for discharging me was a feeble excuse, I did not care any more about it. Not content with what he had done, he added to it an insult, telling many people that he had discharged me because I was too old, and saying that I had come here before Christopher Columbus—a saying which was published in some newspapers as the great Campanini's witty joke. I have forgiven him long ago, but I never forgot it. I am happy to say that, though I have been living here for over 40 years, I am still enjoying every day a good meal of *spaghetti à la Italiana* and a good glass of chianti, while, I am sorry to say, poor Campanini, who came to this country only twenty-six years ago, is gone before me to the elysium of Christoforo Colombo. Peace to his ashes! is the invocation of his old and forgiving friend.

DIEGO DE VIVO.

UP IN A BALLOON.

The Aeronaut Tells a Story Out of His Experience in the Profession.

Something or other suggested the subject, and the tall man, who sat at the hotel table where he couldn't see the man opposite owing to the caster which stood between, stuck his fork into a potato and began talking.

"I suppose," he said, "that when Elijah went to heaven in a hand-basket he liked it and it was all right, but, as for me, I'd rather go by land."

The man at the foot of the table looked up questioningly.

"By the graveyard, of course, I mean," hastily explained the talker. "You see this aerial navigation business ain't any good after you've had a 'rassle' with it that pulls all of a man's nerves out by the roots, twists them around a stump, and then begins to yank and saw on them. Y'understand what I mean? I used to be an aeronaut, I did. I guess I must have made a thousand ascensions. Out in my State for a long time no county fair was complete without me, and I got the topography of the State down so fine from my bird's-eye view of it that I could draw a map of the whole layout with my eyes shut. Great thing it was to be sailing through the air in them days, and I thought I never would get enough of it, until one fine afternoon a rope broke in a ticklish place, and it gave me a kind of nervous fit, just as it does a railroad engineer when he has an accident and isn't hurt that anybody can see. Just the same he is hurt, and so was I, but I kept on; so does the engineer.

"After that, though, I didn't go up feeling quite as sassy as I used to feel, and sometimes as I would go shooting upward I'd wonder how hard the ground was in case a man had to light sudden. I always done a trapeze act in connection with my performance, and, if I do say it myself, it wasn't any slouch of a trapeze show. And I didn't like that half as well after the rope broke as I did before, either. Indeed, I begun to think the whole dern balloon business wasn't what it was cracked up to be. I was thinking about tying a rope around my waist so as to catch hold of things if I fell, but I didn't like to do that, though there was about a hundred feet of rope I had hung out as an anchor, or grab, with a hook on the end to help me to land when the show was over.

"The day I retired from business there was a State fair going on that week, and I went up every day. It was a fine day, with just enough wind to move the balloon along majestic, as the papers said, and when I shot up I was so nervous that I actually said my prayers as I saw the ground dropping away under me. But I took a brace on myself, and begun my trapeze act, the balloon going up faster than I ever felt it. By this time I was up half a mile, and my turn was to swing with my knees around the bar, which looked mighty dangerous, but it really wasn't any worse than if I had been in a theatre without a net. Well, I give myself the swing, and I never did know why, but I lost my grip, and with a swish I felt myself fly out into space. The Lord knows what I thought about, but it wasn't for long, for I didn't know any more until I came to in the room at the hotel where I was stopping."

"Come off," interrupted the man at the foot of the table. "You can't tell this crowd you fell half a mile and didn't get killed. You are a plain, unvarnished liar, that's what you are."

"You're another if you say I said I fell half a mile," responded the retired aeronaut, and it looked as if there might be a scrap.

"What I did do," he continued, when peace was restored, "was to strike that anchor line within ten feet of the end of it as it trailed under me, and by some act of a merciful Providence the anchor flew around my body and caught the rope above, thus looping me in. There I hung until the balloon came down, and as everybody below saw the accident you may imagine that I had a big reception when I landed, though I didn't know anything about it. I did know, though, that I couldn't tempt Providence twice, and so I quit and went to editing a country newspaper, which is more lingering than falling out of a balloon."

THE TRUTH ABOUT GIANTS.

TRADITIONS OF NURSERY TALES SHATTERED BY SCIENCE.

Giants Apt to Be Weak-Minded and Good-Natured Instead of Strong and Wicked—Gigantism as a Disease—Only Four Certain Eight-Footers Known in History.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Dr. Thomas Wilson, curator of the department of pre-historic anthropology of the Smithsonian Institution, has about completed a very interesting investigation of the causes that produce giants, and is writing a paper on the subject of giants, ancient and modern. This study was brought about by continual inquiries of people in different parts of the country in regard to giants. There is very little precise scientific information on the subject, and not until within the last few years has it been looked into at all by ethnologists or physiologists. Prof. Wilson says that the giants of nursery tales excite the admiration and the fear of the infantile population, for they are described as strong, bold, cruel, and voracious. As a matter of fact, giants generally are weak physically, good-natured personally, and not overintelligent. They are often inactive and feeble, but rarely evil-minded.

There has for a long time existed in many quarters the belief, fostered chiefly by the tales of Sir Walter Scott and other writers about the times of the Crusaders, that the men of the tenth and eleventh centuries were gigantic in stature, and must have been so to carry their heavy armor and accoutrements. This idea also has been held in regard to pre-historic man, chiefly on account of early myths. Nevertheless the notion that the pre-historic man was taller or larger than modern man has now been entirely exploded. The bronze swords of pre-historic times have handles smaller than those of to-day; in fact the grip is too small for the hand of our average man.

The Bible uses the word "giant" many times, but Prof. Wilson says that upon an investigation of the use of the word it is found that it has been used ambiguously. The Greek word which has come to signify giant meant originally the races of men who were earth born, in distinction from those born of God, who had the divine nature. This statement of the modern scientists disagrees with previous investigations of the subject. Thus, in 1718, Henriot, a member of the French Academy, published a work on the great decrease in stature and physical conformation of the human race between the creation and the Christian era. According to his calculations at that time various personages of the Bible were of the following heights: Adam 123 feet 9 inches; Eve, 118 feet 9 inches 9 lines; Noah, 127 feet; Abraham, 20 feet, and Moses, 13 feet.

It was not until the investigations of Dr. Brinton of Philadelphia and Dr. Charles L. Dana of New York that any precise knowledge was had in regard to the cause of gigantism, which was stated by Dr. Dana to be a disease, a nervous disorder having its seat in the pituitary gland. The gland appears to furnish some material necessary to the proper growth and action of the nerve tissues and separates from the blood some substance having an important use in the human economy. In healthy persons, when the pituitary gland is not considered, there is one rule which seems to be borne out by experience, and that is a tendency toward mediocrity or average stature. Tall parents have children shorter than themselves, and short parents children taller than themselves. This rule does not, perhaps, extend in its application to the entire human race, but it appears to apply to each race, tribe, or group. The average stature in Patagonia will tend toward 1.85 metres; in England, to 5 feet 8½; in France, to 1.65 metre; among the Bushmen and the Papuans, as races, 4 feet 4 inches, and 4 feet 5.

Prof. Wilson speaks of the mythical giants of the golden age and the accounts of them given by Homer and Hesiod. Homer wrote about 900 B. C. and Hesiod about 600 B. C. They concerned themselves in that day, as many brilliant theorists do at the present time, in imagining the birth of the world and the origin of man. They described the giant gods and goddesses engaged in the laudable occupation of starting the infant world and peopling it with beings of great strength and stature and beauty of form, who were the representatives if not the progenitors of all the virtues and some of the vices that belong to mankind. It is not, however, until we come to the giants of mediæval times that there is any information which has a semblance of verity, and even here there are large discrepancies. Prof. Wilson has studied at some length the various authorities, and has made a list of the best-known giants of mediæval and modern times, which he has arranged chronologically, thus:

Name.	Date.	Height, feet.
Evans	1632	8
Melion	1605-1684	7.6
Miller	1674-1734	8
Blacker	1724	7.4
Cornelius McGrath	1737-1760	7.8
O'Brien	1760-1783	8.4
Murphy	1761-1783	8.10
Cottar	1802	8.7
Bradley	1798-1820	7.8
Eleizigue		7.10
Hale	1820-1862	7.6
Louis		7.4
Loushkin		8.5
Chang		8.2
Anak	1840-1865	7.8
Peruvian giant (died at New York, 1863; real height 6.9 feet)		7.6
Minnesota giant (Dr. Dana 5-6 giant and 1-8 acromegaly)		7.4
Marianne Wehde (Ranke)		8.4½
Austrian giant (Topinard)		8.4½
Winkelmeyr (Doubes)		8.6

The foregoing heights in the later recent cases are those which were advertised by the exhibitors. Dr. Dana said that an obliging showman once told him he should always deduct from three to five inches. Applying this rule, in historic times giants have varied in height from 6 feet 9 inches to 8 feet 6 inches, and in weight from 300 to 480 pounds. Diligent search of the literature relating to giants leads to the conclusion that there have been about 100 giants known whose measurements have been reported. Of these about twenty have been advertised as more than 8 feet in height, but when the measurements have been made by scientists of repute, such as Topinard, Ranke, Virchow, and Langhue, the number is greatly reduced. The two tallest men ever subjected to scientific measurement were an Austrian, measured by Topinard, whose height was stated to be 8 feet 4½ inches, and Winkelmeyr, measured by Doubes, and said to be 8 feet 6 inches tall. The largest woman known is Marianne Wehde, born in Germany in the present century. She measured, at the age of 16½ years, 8 feet 4¼ inches. The number of authentic eight-footers does not exceed four. Chang, the Chinese giant who travelled with Barnum, was massive as well as gigantic, but he was only 8 feet in height.

Prof. Wilson has a very interesting diagram showing the average height of different peoples. At 4 feet 3 inches he marked the race of Papuans; at 4 feet 9, the Bushman; at 5 feet, the Laps; at 5 feet 5, the average height of the human species; at 5 feet 8, the average Englishman; at 5 feet 10½, the Patagonian. Prof. Wilson says that it is an extremely difficult thing to give the correct average height of the various peoples. Certain scientists divide the human race into different classes and endeavor to arrange the races of men in groups. According to one scale, the taller people are as follows: Queen Charlotte Island, 1.82 metres; Comanches and Pimas (Bancroft), 1.80 metres; the Scotch of High Galloway, 1.79; the Polynesians, 1.76; Martiesans, 1.75; Scandinavians, 1.71; Finns, 1.71; Zulus, Eskimos, Chippewas, Omahas, 1.70. The French at 1.65 are the average height of the human race.

Prof. Wilson relates an experience he had in Louisville with a giant that shows the common tendency toward exaggeration. Along in the '50's a Nova Scotia giant was exhibited there. He was brought upon the stage before an audience, of which Prof. Wilson was a member, by the manager, who gave an eloquent description of him, dilating upon his great size and strength, and intimating that his stature was not less than 7 feet 8 inches. But the giant was not received with very high favor, for the crowd adhered to their local favorite, Jim Porter, known as the Kentucky giant. Porter, who had evidently been advised of the opposition, was present. He was called upon and stood up by the side of the exhibiting Nova Scotia giant. Cheers went up from the audience when it was seen that he was the taller of the two, and the stage was soon filled with people clamoring for a measurement. Prof. Wilson had a small ivory pocket rule with him. He brought out his rule and was mounted upon the table, and he pronounced Porter to be three inches and a half taller than the Nova Scotian. Porter was very proud, and in proportion as he manifested his satisfaction so was the contrary sentiment shown on the face of the Nova Scotian, who finally slunk away out of a back door. The Nova Scotian was 7 feet 4 inches tall, but Jim Porter was 7 feet 7½. Jim's rifle, which he was proud of showing, was as long as an average man is tall. His walking stick came to the armpit of an ordinary man, and his chair was as high as a table.

Another case of interest was investigated by Prof. Wilson more recently and proved, like many others, to be a fake. This was a giant mummy which was being exhibited for gain. It was laid upon its back in a box intended to represent a coffin, though it had a greater resemblance to the large watering troughs common at roadsides in the country. The coffin was about 10 feet long, 2½ feet wide, and 2 feet deep and was covered with glass. Prof. Wilson laid his rule outside the glass and found the body to be 8 feet 4 inches in length. It had every appearance of being genuine, and the skeleton had the appearance of a well-formed man with members in not unusual proportions. The mummy was at the bottom of the coffin, under glass, and no one was allowed to touch, feel, or weigh it. Although there was no opportunity to test the bones, skin, hair, nails, or other parts by the microscope or other method, the belief was general that it was genuine. Later it was found that the thing was a fake, and had been manufactured with many others for exhibition for money.