OH, FOR AUTOMATIC SERVANTS

THAT YOU COULD WIND UP OR RUN BY MEANS OF LEVERS!

Struggle Between the Literary Maid and the Unintellectual Cook—How a Washwoman Spoiled a New Girl Who Had Won Over an Entire Household.

"Oh, for the day of automatic servants," he sighed, "the machine handmaidens that one may wind up or start a fire under or press a button or adjust one lever marked 'cooking,' another marked 'dish washing,' and so on and then have no more bother."

The other women in the nearby hammocks sighed in sympathy. An effort was made to dismiss the subject, since it would assert itself all too soon and would not be denied. But every one was too deeply interested to let it pass, so the woman with the mechanical housemaid idea continued:

"I read the other day that they have in London an apparatus that cleans house for you, literally while you wait. You take the family visiting in the morning and when you come back at night it is all over. Think of it! They turn loose a big blower of some sort and clean the carpets, the rugs, the chairs, the mouldings and everything else in the room in a few minutes. After the machine moves on to the next room you can't find a speck of dust with a microscope.

"So I don't see why the servant may not be supplanted in some way, some day. We came to the shore this year a full month earlier than ever before simply because of the servant problem. Last January we got a jewel of a girl to do general housework. She was fresh from Ireland; a bright lass she was. She was well educated, too.

"Her father is a conductor on a steam railway in Ireland and he gave her a high-school education. It was very nice, that education, so we thought at the start, for the girl was so intelligent she could do all manner of little things that you never think of trusting to the average servant.

"But she was altogether too literary, and out of literature came her downfall, or rather ours. We take all the popular magazines at our house, and of course when they come we are interested in them. There was trouble at once, for when my husband would finish his dinner and light his cigar he would inquire for the new magazine he brought the night before—and it would be missing.

"The babies have a way of stripping the covers off all magazinees as soon as they get inside the house. All magazines look alike to the infants and they evidently want to make them look the same to us, as they certainly do, with the covers gone. So there would be a grand search and an overhauling of old magazines to see if the new ones had got in among the old.

"With the covers gone you have no idea how hard it is to find the magazine you want; it takes a long time, for you have to dig your way through the first twenty or thirty pages of advertisements before you come to the reading matter. If you don't strike the first page of reading matter you must go back and search for it, for some magazines print the month only on the cover and on the first page of the magazine proper.

"With husband getting hotter every minute it was a scene of some excitement, particularly if things had gone a little awry at the office during the day. Once or twice we had to give up the search altogether, and then we would have a real nice, quiet, sulky evening.

"But after a time I discovered where all the new magazines were, hidden under a little table in the kitchen. Our literary maid had them and apparently was gathering together a library of periodicals for kitchen use. After that I had to make a survey of the kitchen the last thing in the afternoon before dinner.

"Then there came trouble with the cook. The Irish maid did not have enough to do—or at least it often happened that she was idle when the cook was busy. The minute she was not busy the girl's head was in a book or magazine.

"This broke the cook's heart. It was hard enough, she said, to have to toil over a hot stove, but to do it with a big husky girl sitting close by reading while she toiled was not agreeable. The cook fretted and fumed and said sarcastic things, until it was a case of lose the literary maid or the unintellectual cook. Of course the maid went.

"The next maid, and so far the last, was a little Polish girl. She quite won the whole household. She was pretty in a way, and you could easily fancy her clumping about the fields in sabots with a kerchief around her throat, and so on.

"She was a new importation, four months over, full of physical strength and empty of all knowledge of the English language. But she was so demure and so willing, and so thankful for every little kindness, that we were delighted. Husband said very seriously that that girl was worth cultivating, and although grandmother shook her head wisely over the foolish indulgence of servants he persisted that this girl might be made our devoted adherent.

"He even drew a very pretty picture of this girl abiding with us until the children were grown up, their devoted slave. It was very nice, the way he put it, and I confess I got quite enthusiastic, too. I think we discussed the possibilities of that girl for a full hour that night, and we all went to bed feeling that we were on the eve of a new era in our housekeeping; all except grandmother, who, looking down the years, over a long, long line of domestic experiences, smiled and was sceptical.

"But the next day even grandmother was won over. It seems she helped the girl fix up her room a little, and the girl seized her hand and kissed it. That settled the old lady. She has been reading of royal families all her life, and she dotes on a novel dealing with the real, 18-carat nobility, with all the hand kissing and obeisances, kow-towings and so on. She had never had her hand kissed before, at least not for many years, since her courting days, and this little stroke of the new girl's took her by storm.

"The girl had never had a room of her own before, and she was more than charmed. She would stand in the middle of it, gazing about her with a dreamy look, as if she had at last come to the very edge of heaven, and it was a neat, pretty room. Then we could find her in the dining room, going about, softly touching the various objects, and the pretty dishes on the sideboard and so on.

"She had apparently never seen such things before. She worked like a horse, and never seemed to get weary. It was delightful for—well—for a month. Then, alas, the girl's true nature began to crop out. She was as changeable as Chopin—now moody and gloomy, and again full of life and cheerfulness.

"But the big black washerwoman, Mary, put in the finishing touches and dispelled our dreams of a lifelong servant. Mary told and a chronic sulk. She has spoiled more good servants than she has fingers and toes, and she glories in it. She's a sort of female Socialist and trouble breeder.

"Some one overheard her asking the Polish girl how much her wages were and when the girl told her there came a snort of disgust. 'That's not enough. They'll work you to death. You do too much.' The glamour on things about the house, the pretty room, and all that, had begun to lose its lustre, and Mary stepped in at just the proper juncture to ruin the girl. The effect of the washerwoman's teachings was apparent in twenty-four hours. You know the rest, all of you"—and there came a chorus from the nearby hammocks, "Indeed we do."

"Did she steal much?" asked one.

"No, $5 and a few silver knickknacks. Cried, took on terribly when faced with it; had the money in her shoe I think, anyway we couldn't find it. Got it out of the house somehow and then for a day she visibly exulted over us. You never saw a madder man than my husband. He had argued so eloquently that if you started in at the very beginning with a young girl, just fresh in this country, you could make a first-class servant out of her.

"If we could have kept the girl in a glass cage or in a cell, where no outside influence, where no socialistic Marys, could have got at her, all would have been well. But this is a free country, and—well, that's why I long for the day of automatic servants."

THE CITY'S STAR DRIVERS.

A Pretty Exhibition of Skill by Firemen in a Hurry in Sixth Avenue.

There is no better driving seen in city streets, or anywhere else, for that matter, than that done by the drivers of fire apparatus. They can turn, for example, without ever slackening speed, from cross streets into avenues in which elevated railroads run, rounding the supporting columns and getting in under the elevated structure with the horses on the run, and driving out the same way, without ever barking any of the pillars.

Fire drivers do this with seventy-foot hook and ladder trucks as well as with the much shorter fire engine. In the case of the truck, much help is given, to be sure, by the skilful steering of the tillerman, and all drivers of fire apparatus are now much helped by the modern rubber-tired wheels, which don't slide when the apparatus swings.

The fire drivers, of course, are helped by the coöperation of all other drivers. Let the whistle or bell or gong of a fire engine or truck be heard and all drivers and all motormen of street cars stop. For instance:

Here is the driver of a horse car going west along Twenty-ninth street. When he is half way across Sixth avenue, under the elevated structure he hears a fire engine coming toward him along Twenty-ninth street from the west.

The car driver doesn't have to deliberate before he decides on what to do. He sets his brake right where he is at the moment that sound catches his ear; and he couldn't be in a better place for the good of the coming fire engine. The fire engine driver can pass the car to right or left if he wants to keep straight on; he has the width of Twenty-ninth street to sweep in, before coming to the avenue, if he is going to turn north or south there, and the horse car is far enough back so as not to be in the fire driver's way if he wants to turn.

And standing there in the middle of the avenue the driver of the horse car can stop people approaching from either direction on the avenue. Now he holds up his hand, not hurriedly or excitedly, but calmly, and just sort of casually motions with it, to a motorman coming up the avenue with a car from the south, and then he does the same to one coming down from the north. And this easy, off-hand signal is enough. The motormen don't need to have somebody come along with a club, besides, to make 'em understand, and in a second they hear, themselves, the engine's whistle, at which everybody stops, all drivers and motormen, to give the fire driver the right of way.

And here he comes with the big team of three horses abreast a-booming. He turns the corner here, rounding into the avenue and in under the elevated structure with horses on the gallop without the slightest trouble; whistle screeching once or twice as he rounds in. This seems not now to be a note of warning, but just a little screech for pure fun as the driver thus swings the big engine in and straightens her out in the stretch.

A second later comes the white hose wagon, with its team a-lopin' along with it like a pair of big greyhounds, and their driver takes them in after the engine just as slick and easy as can be.

But the motormen and the various drivers halted all around, including the driver with his horse car occupying the centre of the scene, didn't all start up on the instant. They waited a second and then they heard the gong of another piece of fire apparatus coming along Twenty-ninth street, this one from the east. A truck, this was, and it came up, as the engine had done, with its great team at a gallop, the driver turning them in under the elevated structure, without the slightest difficulty or hesitation, the tillerman putting his end of this ponderous apparatus around just as slick and easy; and then they straighten out and away they go up the avenue.

"My! but they were birds!" said a man who stood on the corner and saw these three drivers make the turn. "They were birdies, I tell you, every one."

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.....5:10 | Sun sets...6:58 | Moon rises..11:42

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook.12:00 | Gov. I'd...12:32 | Hell Gate...3:35

Arrived—SATURDAY, Aug. 15.

Ss Celtic, Liverpool, Aug. 7.
Ss St. Paul, Southampton, Aug. 8.
Ss Boston City, Bristol, July 28.
Ss Buffalo, Hull, July 30.
Ss Monterey, Vera Cruz, Aug. 7.
Ss Niagara, Tampico, Aug. 6.
Ss Tiber, Deme'a-a, July 25.
Ss Kincaja, Santos, July 29.
SS St. Louis, Newport News, Aug. 14.
Ss Comanche, Jacksonville, Aug. 12.
Ss Princess Anne, Norfolk, Aug. 14.
Ss Rotterdam (tank), Aug. 3.

ARRIVED OUT.

Ss Lucania, from New York at Liverpool.
Ss Moltke, from New York at Hamburg.
Ss Postdam, from New York at Rotterdam.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS.

Ss New York, from Southampton for New York.
Ss Umbria, from Liverpool for New York.
Ss Kroonland, from Antwerp for New York.
Ss Friedrich der Grosse, from Bremen for New York.
Ss Rotterdam, from Rotterdam for New York.
Ss Minneapolis, from London for New York.
Ss Palatia, from Hamburg for New York.
Ss La Bretagne, from Havre for New York.
Ss Auguste Victoria, from Cherbourg for New York.
Ss Cymric, from Queenstown for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS.

Sail To-morrow.

	Mails Close.	Vessel Sails.
Monroe, Norfolk	.....	3 00 P M
Sail Tuesday, Aug. 18.		
Aurania, Liverpool	.....	1 00 P M
Saratoga, Colon	9 30 A M	1 00 P M
Comanche, Charleston	.....	3 00 P M
El Monte, Galveston	.....	3 00 P M
Princess Anne, Norfolk	.....	3 00 P M
Sail Wednesday, Aug. 19.		
St. Louis, Southampton	6 30 A M	10 00 A M
Majestic, Liverpool	8 30 A M	12 00 M
Ryndam, Rotterdam	7 00 A M	10 00 A M
Buffalo, Hull	.....	10 00 A M
Fontabelle, St. Thomas	12 30 P M	3 00 P M
Proteus, New Orleans	.....	12 00 M
Denver, Galveston	.....	3 00 P M
Jefferson, Norfolk	.....	3 00 P M

INCOMING STEAMSHIPS.

Due To-day.		
Kafir Prince	Barbados	July 30
Sicilia	Gibraltar	July 26
Louisiana	Stettin	July 29
August	Gibraltar	Aug. 1
Columbia	Glasgow	Aug. 8
Antilla	Nassau	Aug. 12
Blücher	Hamburg	Aug. 6
Caribbee	St. Thomas	Aug 10
Due To-morrow.		
Vaderland	Antwerp	Aug. 8
Minnetonka	London	Aug. 8
Germania	Naples	Aug. 5
Noordam	Rotterdam	Aug. 8
Proteus	New Orleans	Aug. 12
Caracas	San Juan	Aug. 12
Olinda	Havana	Aug. 13
City of Macon	Savannah	Aug. 14
Lassell	Brunswick	Aug. 14
Due Tuesday, Aug. 18.		
Denver	Galveston	Aug. 12
Kaiser Wilhelm II	Bremen	Aug. 11
Lombardia	Naples	Aug. 5
Queen Christina	Algiers	Aug. 4
Yucatan	Colon	Aug. 11
Hindoo	Hull	Aug. 5
Victorian	Liverpool	Aug. 7
Due Wednesday, Aug. 19.		
Oceanic	Liverpool	Aug. 11
Königin Luise	Bremen	Aug. 8
El Valle	Galveston	Aug. 12
Due Thursday, Aug. 20.		
Norge	Christiansand	Aug. 8

HOW BLACK KELLY MET DEATH

THINGS HAPPENED AFTER THE IVANHOE RAID.

The Fight at the Assay Office—Inopportune Appearance of Night Man—The Chase Out of the Canon and Across the Plains—"Drive On," Said Black Kelly.

From the Portland Oregonian.

When the assayer of the Ivanhoe Mining Company turned from his retort in obedience to a gruff voice behind him, he looked straight into the muzzle of a 44-calibre Colt's revolver, behind which was a tall and disagreeable-looking man. Farther back toward the door were two other men regarding him steadfastly through the sights of two more revolvers, and the assayer realized that he was playing a leading part in one of the hold-up dramas for which the West has become justly celebrated. Being possessed of considerable common sense, he promptly elevated his wavering hands into the air. Behind him in the big iron retort were 200 pounds of amalgam, quicksilver and gold. From this amalgam the quicksilver was being evaporated, and when this process was completed the retort would contain some fifty pounds of gold, representing the monthly cleanup or product of the mine.

The tall man stepped to the retort, lifted it, but found it still too heavy to carry away with any hope of success.

"We'll have to leave it awhile yet," he said to his companions. "It's too heavy to make a get-away with. We'll wait till it evaporates some more." And accordingly they stood the assayer against the wall, his face in the corner, and sat down to wait.

Had it not been for this annoying delay, or, even so, had Johnny Hanson, the night man on the concentrators, not decided to visit the assayer and have a little chat about that time, the hold-up might have passed into history as a most successful and smoothly conducted affair. But as it happened, Johnny, feeling lonely in the concentrator building, and knowing that the assayer was working late that night on the clean-up, took a final look at his machines and left them to run themselves while he stepped over to the assay office.

On entering the door he found himself glaring at three revolvers, as had the assayer, but being impetuous and young, instead of throwing up his hands, he grappled with the nearest robber and shouted lustily for help. The assayer, turning involuntarily from his corner, saw three desperate men trying to choke Johnny into silence, and so seized an iron pinchbar and struck wildly at the nearest foeman. In an instant the butt of a revolver crashed on the assayer's temple, and he fell like a stunned ox to the floor.

But now the camp was aroused. The superintendent of the mine, pistol in hand, was crowding in the doorway, and behind, more formidable, were burly men, the day crew of the mill. Then it was that the first shot was fired. Who fired it no one ever knew, nor could any one tell clearly afterward what followed. Crash after crash the reports rang out inside the little assay office. Fighting like wildcats, the tangle of struggling men surged through the narrow room; furnace and scales and lamp and glass flux bottles were swept in wreckage to the floor, and through the darkness leaped the long, red spitting of the Colts. The heavy, acrid smoke spread its suffocating wreaths around the storm of fighters; here and there a man spun from the whirling mass, gasped, clutched at his chest or head, stumbled and sank to one side. And then, somehow, the fight passed through the door into the open, and the miners were madly racing into the night after an enemy that had fled up the cañon, and whose whereabouts could be known only by the six quick flashes that told when the robbers turned to empty a revolver at random in the direct on of their pursuers.

The chase was soon abandoned, and under the direction of Big Meade, the mill boss, the assay office was inspected. On the floor lay Johnny Hanson, Munson, the superintendent, and Gilmore, the rockbreaker man, all dead, while the assayer still lay where he had fallen first, in a semi-conscious state. The bullets had cut long gouges in the walls and flooring, and caroming off again, had perforated the wooden sides of the building. On the sides of the iron retorts and quicksilver flasks were splashes of lead where bullets had found a harmless goal.

"They didn't do all this without getting hurt themselves," said Meade, grimly.

"No," said Sheehan, the boss packer; "I saw Munson get one of them. Shot him in the chest, I think, and then the fellow kicked Munson's gun out of his hand and dropped him. Munson wasn't used to a gun, and those fellows fought like timber wolves."

A hundred yards from the assay office, one of the miners, returning from the chase, found three horses tethered to a tree and a great joy filled the camp when the discovery was made. The pursuit, short as it had been, had been too close to permit the robbers to seek and untie their horses. They had been compelled to leave the animals, and so their ultimate capture seemed assured.

At daybreak the posse, twenty mounted men, started in pursuit. A light wagon followed, loaded with provisions for three days, and, significant of their stern purpose, a coil of manila rope lay upon the seat.

"They can't have gone over twenty miles or so," said Meade. "They surely went north through the cañon, and toward the railroad. We'll catch them this evening. And so the posse loped north through the cañon.

At its mouth, where it opened into the flat country, covered only with short grass not a foot high, Meade picked up a torn shirt. "They've stopped here to bind up a wound for one of them," he said. "One of them has taken off his shirt and used part of it for a rag. This is what was left. It shows for sure which way they came."

Hour after hour the posse galloped over the prairie. Its front was spread out like a line of battle for over ten miles, that the fugitives might not run to one side and thus escape it. And in such a way the great dragnet covered nearly forty miles. Ahead, a man could see clearly across the level prarie for five miles or more, and still there was no sign of a living thing. Meade, who was in the centre, reined in his cayuse and called to the men on either side. Down the line the cry was repeated until the endmost men had turned and were riding in toward Meade.

"We must have passed them," said Meade, when most of the riders had gathered around him. "We've come as far as they could have come without horses in this time, and we can see five miles ahead of us. They could see a man on horseback before we would see them, and I guess they hid in a bunch of grass somewhere and let us ride past."

"Let's figure on this thing a little before we ride back," said Sheehan. "It's 3 o'clock now and they got away about 12 last night. That would bring them pretty near this far. They'd travel fast. But if they did when they seen us coming, that would be eight or nine miles back of here. Now, five miles back there's been a big band of sheep this summer, and they have eaten the grass so close for a strip of six miles back of that again that a grasshopper couldn't hide in it from a blind owl. So, if they're not ahead of us, they are lying on their bellies near the edge of that bare strip, eleven miles or so from here."

Sheehan stopped and looked around for confirmation. The logic of this argument was clear, and accordingly Meade arranged that the posse should ride back, bunched together as though the pursuit had been abandoned, and on passing the bare strip that they should suddenly turn to the right and ride parallel with its edge, with the men not over a hundred yards apart, a total front of 200 yards. Under this plan it would be impossible for three men to lie in such short grass and escape observation.

Sheehan's calculations were nearly correct. The end man of the posse had scarcely ridden his 200 yards into the grass and made his turn, when, a quarter of a mile still further to his left, a man rose from the grass and ran stooping to a clump where the grass was a little longer. With a whoop the long line turned and galloped toward the hiding place. Before they reached it the fugitive rose once more with hands uplifted. After his revolver had been taken away, Meade asked where the others were.

"They went south in the cañon," said the captive, "over the mountain." The posse gasped with disappointment.

"Are you hurt?" asked Meade.

"No," answered the man.

"Then the other two are around here all right," said Meade. "Remember the shirt. This man hasn't used it. Tie him up and put him on the wagon." One man stayed to watch him and the rest of the posse scattered out once more. Within half a mile they flushed the two remaining robbers. Away out on the end of the line where Sheehan was, two men rose from beneath his horse's hoofs apparently and ran blindly, nowhere in particular, one of them firing at his pursuers as he ran. In the distance Sheehan's arm could be seen rising and falling as he fired in return, and presently one man stumbled and fell, while the other stood quietly to be taken.

"It's Black Kelly," gasped the breathless Sheehan as the remainder of the posse rode up. "He's shot to pieces, and I've just put another hole in him. He was shooting at me."

It was Black Kelly sure enough, the black-haired, dark-skinned, implacable Kelly, a slender, desperate, iron-nerved man not 30 years of age, whose prodigality with his booty and audacity in obtaining it had made his name notorious in the country where he lived. There he lay in the stubble grass, a rough, bloodstained bandage around his wrist, a red blotch on his shoulder where another shot had struck him, and a glowing stain on his trouser leg where Sheehan had brought him to the ground. His basilisk eyes blinked unrepentant at the posse, and his left hand snapped his empty and impotent pistol.

"Well?" he said.

Meade dismounted. "Bind up his leg, boys, before we get to business. Tie up this other man and put him in the wagon."

A leather strap was bound around Kelly's leg and twisted with a stick. Sheehan bent down to lift him into the wagon. "That's all right," snarled Kelly. "I'll walk." And, wounded as he was, he climbed into the wagon and sat waiting for the move.

"Better tie his hands like the others are," said Meade. "We want no more killings."

No one asked the destination, but Meade sat on the box of the wagon with the driver and the posse followed. They knew the grim finale was near at hand, but one cannot hang a man on the prairie. Two hours back from where the fugitives had been taken was a little clump of trees, not more than three or four, but then only one was needed. Through the gathering dusk the party moved in silence, and after the last glow of the sunset had faded out and only the stars shone through the darkness, the trees loomed in shadowy outline before them. The wagon stopped.

"Get out," said Meade, and as the three prisoners ranged themselves beside the wagon, Meade delivered the sentence.

"You fellows," he said, "killed three men. They were all good men, especially Johnny Hanson. Moreover, Johnny was married, and while he was killed protecting another man's property or rather the Ivanhoe Mining Company's property, it isn't likely that the Ivanhoe Company will support his widow nor educate his children. Our hanging the three of you, which we are going to do now, won't support or educate them either, but it will prevent you scoundrels making any more widows or orphans; and it will educate any others like you. There might be some excuse for robbery, but there's no excuse for killing a man—unless you're careful whom you kill, which we will be. And now who has the rope?" asked Meade.

Without answering a man with a rope end in his teeth began climbing the tallest tree in the group. Quickly the line was made fast to a stout, projecting branch, and the noose, tied with its long cylindrical knot, dangled in the air. Then the man who had been first caught was brought up and made to stand in the wagon behind the seat while his legs were lashed together. The noose was drawn down, placed in position around his neck and then the crowd fell back. Meade took out a notebook and stepped beside the wagon.

"What is your name?" he asked abruptly.

"William Hamilton," was the answer, almost inaudible.

"Have you anything you wish to leave behind you?"

"Please send my watch to George Hamilton, Ouray, Col.," said the doomed man. Meade jotted down the directions.

"Have you any message to send to any one, anything to say," he asked.

"I was led into this thing," began Hamilton. "I didn't do any shooting. I just tried to get away. It was Black Kelly done it. He put up the whole job. If you would only let me go this—"

"Drive on," said Meade.

The driver of the wagon jerked the reins, the wagon moved from under Hamilton, and the first of the trio was hanging in the night. A merciful shot from a Winchester terminated his sufferings, and presently the wagon swung in again from the darkness and waited once more beneath the ghastly noose.

To its suffocating embrace came the second man. He trembled a little as his legs were bound together with a rawhide thong, gasped as the noose fell around his neck and was adjusted there, and then once more Meade stepped forward with his notebook.

"What is your name?"

"Henry Braithwaite."

"Have you any effects or property that you wish to dispose of?"

"No, sir."

"Is there any one you would like to send a message to?"

The man was silent for an instant. The hand of death was already on his throat. He was already not of this world. In a minute he would be as one that was not, as the limp, amorphous thing that lay now on the ground beside the tree. He struggled to speak and finally, his voice unsteady and high-pitched, he began:

"Fellers," he said, "I don't see why you are hanging me. I didn't kill anybody. I have a wife away back East. A wife and two little children. I never done anything wrong before this. I've been an honest man, and if you'd only give me one more chance. Boys, if—"

"Drive on," said Meade.

And so Braithwaite paid his debt to justice, and the wagon circled in the gloom back to where Kelly lay silent, uncompromising and unafraid.

"Leave me alone," he snarled, as two man made to help him into the vehicle of death. "I can climb in myself."

Wounded and bound, the outlaw scrambled easily behind the driver, and when the wagon stopped for the brief halt beneath the dangling rope Kelly needed not to be turned or pushed into position.

For the third time Meade stepped forward, the recording pencil and notebook in his hand.

"Have you any message to send to any one, Kelly?" he asked.

Kelly's black eyes were gazing far into the infinity of the night. He never deigned to turn his glance.

"Drive on," he said.

The cold audacity, the sheer nerve of the answer sent a thrill of animal admiration through the men. The mountain iron in their blood rang to the spirit of the man as stern as they. Even Meade himself lost his self-possession and stood a moment speechless.

Red Sheehan broke the silence.

"You're good stuff, anyway, Kelly," he cried, and the men began to move toward the figure that stood silent and contemptuous of death in the wagon. Meade waved them back.

"We've got to have some sense about this thing, boys," he said, but the thirst for vengeance had passed in that brief minute. The tension that moved to stern deeds was loosened, the reaction had come, and no man had the heart to say "Drive on" once more.

After a short discussion, Meade turned again to Kelly. "Kelly," he said, "you ought to have been hanged first. You ought to be hanged now, but it seems as though your luck has got you one more chance. We're going to untie you and give you a one-minute start into the prairie. If we see you after one minute we'll shoot. You've got no horse, no gun, no grub, and you're pretty well hurt. It's 140 miles across to the railroad, there's no water this side of it, and there isn't a chance in a thousand that you'll reach it; but remember if we see you after one minute we'll shoot."

Kelly said nothing. Sheehan unbound his legs and arms. Meade led him to the edge of the crowd.

"There," he said. "Git. And may God forgive us for having mercy on your murderous soul."

Though no man saw, it is a certain thing that somewhere in the parched desolation that lies between the railroad and the trees the desert laid her hot hand on the parched throat of Kelly and the buzzards made merry on the morrow.

BROKER J. D. SLAYBACK TO QUIT.

He Has Been a Member of the Stock Exchange for 37 Years.

John D. Slayback, who has been a member of the Stock Exchange since 1866, and is a great favorite on the board, has announced his retirement from the Exchange and has posted his membership for transfer. Mr. Slayback was the board member of John Bloodgood & Co., which failed for several millions of dollars after the panic of 1893. He has had an office for some time with Pearl & Co., of which firm his son, E. F. Slayback, is a member. Mr. Slayback has operated independently for some years.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

Despatches from the West received in Wall Street yesterday said definitely that St. Paul and Missouri, Kansas and Texas interests had united in a plan for the control and operation of the much-sold Chicago Great Western and that General Manager Allen of the "Katy" would be traffic manager of the three roads.

Checks for more than $8,000,000, representing the ninth quarterly dividend on the preferred stock of the United States Steel Corporation, have been received by the 34,938 holders of the stock.

H. Clay Pierce, chairman of the board of directors of the Mexican Central Railway, denied yesterday the various reports of the sale of that property to other railroad interests. Mr. Pierce said that the road would remain entirely independent.

Imports of General Merchandise and Dry Goods.

Imports of dry goods and general merchandise, as reported at the Custom House, compare as follows with those of last week and the corresponding week one year ago:

	This week.	Last week.	Last year.
Dry goods	$2,538,960	$2,576,650	$2,677,192
General mdse	7,737,496	7,430,480	7,058,608
Totals	$10,276,396	$10,007,130	$9,735,800

From Jan. 1 to date they compare as follows with last year:

	1903.	1902.
Dry goods	$86,701,825	$79,202,370
General merchandise	$293,655,226	$272,094,948
Totals	$380,447,051	$351,297,318

WOMEN ARE DEFT MAGICIANS.

MANUFACTURER OF WIZARDS' GOODS DISCUSSES THEM.

How Their Secret Pockets Must Be Made—Women Who Have Been Conspicuously Successful—150,000 Amateur Magicians in the United States Alone.

From the Rochester Post Express.

"It has always been a mystery to me," said a manufacturer of magicians' goods, "why more women have not taken up conjuring as a business. Women nowadays are doing nearly everything that a man does in the way of making a living, and there is no good reason why they should not succeed, both artistically and pecuniarily, in the rôle of wizards. As a matter of fact, a woman is gifted by nature with the chief requisite of the art—that of misdirection, which is vastly more valuable than mere sleight of hand. Dexterity will come with practice, but the power to divert the minds and eyes of an audience, pretending to do one thing and in reality doing another, must be born in one and cannot be acquired. I know many men whose manipulation of cards and coins borders on the marvellous, but they could not deceive a ten-year-old child when it comes to creating an illusion. To a woman this psychological branch of prestidigitation is as natural as swimming to a duck, and though only moderately skilful in sleight-of-hand she is able to get a great deal more out of an illusion than most men.

"When I started in the business of manufacturing magical goods, twenty years ago, there were few professional women magicians. They could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Women amateurs were unheard of. In the last five years, however, conditions have materially changed. There are many women on the professional stage who are making handsome incomes as wizards, though there is only one where a hundred could make a good living. And on my books I have the names of many women who are enthusiastic amateur performers, and they buy a great deal of expensive apparatus. The number is increasing every year, and I am confident that in a few years there will be almost as many women amateurs as men. I have letters nearly every day from women who make inquiries abut taking lessons in the art, and my wife makes this branch of the business a specialty. She teaches sleight-of-hand and instructs her customers in the use of apparatus, and, what is a matter of even more importance, she fits her customers with the proper clothes in which to perform their tricks. To do this successfully requires considerable skill, for the dresses must contain a number of secret pockets, and feminine fashions change so rapidly that it is impossible to lay down exact positions for these necessary receptacles.

"As a general rule, however, one good-sized pocket at the back of the skirt just over the hips can generally be managed. If a belt or sash forms a part of the costume, it provides an opportunity for several little pockets which may be let into it of sufficient size to hold a coin or any other small object. If there are revers on the bodice, each may conceal a little pocket behind it. Sometimes straight or sinuous embroideries or tucks or flounces run across or down the skirts, and these will admirably conceal the openings of pockets of greater or less size. In evening dress a pocket may be let into each side of the opening at the chest. It is obvious that a great deal of ingenuity is necessary in order to clothe a woman conjurer properly. With men it is different. They wear the conventional dress suits the world over, and it is necessary only to insert a couple of pockets in the tail of the coat; a couple of big pockets are sewed inside the coat under the arms, and at each side of the back of the trousers is placed a small pocket just above the thigh.

"Among professional women magicians at the present time the most noted is Mme. Patrice, an English woman, in private life is Mrs. Lang Neil. She is a woman of rare culture, speaks and writes six languages perfectly and possesses great skill in sleight of hand. She is a favorite with the royal family and has appeared many times in private before King Edward and his family. She was the first woman in the world to present Dr. Kolta's famous illusion, "The Vanishing Lady," and it created such a furore that she was commanded by the King of England (then the Prince of Wales) to give a private performance in the ballroom at Sandringham. Patrice was assisted by Prof. Bertram, a celebrated English conjuror. On this occasion Mme. Patrice, when asked by Bertram to withdraw a shoe from a specially transported, was requested by the Princess of Wales to go to the drawing room and bring her a bouquet. She was seated as usual upon the chair, and hey, presto! in a flash she had gone. Inside of ten seconds she ran up the ballroom with a beautiful bouquet of flowers which, in a few words in German, she presented to her royal highness. This success at Sandringham established Mme. Patrice's popularity in England, where she is still in great demand. She has made a fortune out of her work.

"In this country Mme. Herrmann is recognized as the most skilful woman magician. The leading professional in Germany, the home of magic, is Eleanora Orlowa. She had the honor of appearing before Queen Henrietta of Belgium and Queen Victoria. Mlle. Nicolo is the leading woman conjuror in France, and Okita, a clever Japanese magician, has made a successful tour of the world.

"The most prominent as well as the most skilful woman amateur was the late Queen Henrietta of Belgium. She was a pupil of the famous Carl Herrmann, who, while taking the baths at Ostend, in 1882, was requested by the Queen to give her lessons in sleight-of-hand and in medical magic. For six months Herrmann was a guest at the royal palace at Brussels, and four hours were spent daily in drilling the Queen in the rudiments of the art. The royal pupil displayed a remarkable aptitude for the art. She was assiduous in practising the thousand and one details that are necessary to a mastery of the art, and when Carl Herrmann at length resumed his professional tours, the Queen was able to present a programme of magic almost as well as any professional conjurer in Europe. The Queen had a stage built in her palace, and in this little theatre she practised for the amusement and recreation of her family and attendants. Through all the pathos and sorrow of her later years, Queen Henrietta never lost her love for magic, and in it she found a never-failing solace.

"As an illustration of the increasing interest taken by women in the magic art it is significant that a school of magic was recently established in London, where woman are initiated into the secrets of the art. This school has a membership of 400 women. There is a similar institution in Berlin. In my humble opinion it will be only a matter of a few years before such a school is established in the United States. Those who say that the art is dead know nothing of the amateur side of the subject. There are 150,000 amateur magicians in this country alone, and the number is constantly increasing. There are two monthly publications devoted wholly to magic, and the literature of the subject is growing. Trade has never been better in magical apparatus than it is to-day, and, as my book will attest, each year the number of women who take an interest in the subject is on the increase."

GOULD ROUTE TO THE GULF.

Illinois Central Will Take West Virginia Coal Into New Orleans.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15.—Information was received here to-day by local railroad men that the Gould railroad interests have made a traffic agreement with the Illinois Central Railroad which will enable them to get West Virginia coal into New Orleans, if they so desire, and which will afford an entrance by way of Birmingham. The information indicates that the Illinois Central, which has been building into the Southeast, in the belief that it would be able to make exclusive traffic agreements with the Seaboard Air Line, has awakened to the situation.

BROKER LINCKS IN TROUBLE.

Short of Stocks in the Bulge, but Has Till Monday to Settle.

Announcement was made on the Consolidated Exchange yesterday of the failure of H. C. Lincks to settle his Clearing House differences. Mr. Lincks is a room trader, and was caught short on this week's bulge. About 200 shares were bought in under the rule for his account. He has until Monday to settle.

It was said yesterday at the Exchange that H. A. Patterson, another trader who was caught short of the market and who failed to settle his differences on Friday, had settled and would not be suspended.

Rich Tennessee Distiller Goes to Jail.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 15.—James Hay, the wealthiest citizen of Union county and chairman of the County Election Commission, has been sentenced to the workhouse and is serving his time for violation of the law in conducting his distillery. He was tried several months ago, found guilty and sentenced to four months in the workhouse. The workhouse sentence was suspended during his good behavior. A few days ago he was found guilty of defrauding the Government again, and was placed in the workhouse.

FINANCIAL.

THE N. Y. BANK LOANS

HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE.

See the news bulletins of Dow, Jones & Co., the oldest news agency of Wall Street,

Monday Morning, or THE WALL STREET JOURNAL Monday Evening or Tuesday Morning.

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