THE VALLEY OF CUZCO

The Fortress That Defended the Ancient Peruvian Capital.

WONDERFUL ENGINEERING

In the Building of the Immense Walls About the City—The Museum of San Andres—A Freak of Nature—A Few Facts Concerning a Wonderful People.

From The Star's Traveling Commissioner.

CUZCO, PERU, 1891.

AMONG MANY REMAINS OF ANTIQUITY which the pilgrim to this Peruvian mecca must not fail to visit perhaps the most important are those found on a near-by hill, called Sachahuaman. Here was not only the fortress that defended the ancient capital, but the palace of Manco Capac, the first Inca. By the way, the word capac signifies "powerful" in the Peruvian tongue, and was applied to several of Manco's successors—as was Yupanqui, meaning "rich in all the virtues." Inca means king or monarch.

In the old days Sachahuaman had several terraces, each four yards high and proportionately long, reached by a stairway passing through a sort of tunnel. This opening led to a vast inclosure surrounded by walls twenty feet high, which contained numerous narrow niches, like cupboards. The fortress, said to have been built about the year 1113, is a remarkable piece of work, and held the same relation to Cuzco that "the Rock" does to Gibraltar or the Acropolis did to Athens. It consists of three terraces, 767 feet higher than the city, reached by a winding road, which was so constructed that it could be easily defended. Military men say that its walls were built in accordance with the best engineering science of modern times, its only assailable side being provided with salients, so that its defenders could cover every point by a parallel fire.

WALLS OF IMMENSE LIMESTONE BLOCKS.

The walls were composed of immense blocks of cut limestone, and each salient had one of these at its end. Blocks measuring fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide and ten feet thick are common in the outer walls, and there is one great stone twenty-seven feet high, fourteen feet wide and twelve feet thick, piled upon another of almost equal dimensions. Remembering that these enormous masses were hewn from the hills and fashioned into shape by a people ignorant of the use of iron; that they were brought from distant quarries without the aid of beasts of burden, raised to their elevated position on the sierra and adjusted with the nicest accuracy without machinery, one is filled with astonishment. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed for fifty years on this great structure, and it was but part of a system of fortifications which the Incas established throughout their domains. There were three towers on Sachahuaman, each some distance from the others; one most elaborately carved, for the use of the Inca, and the others held by a garrison of Peruvian nobles, commanded by officers of royal blood—for the position was considered of too great importance to be intrusted to inferior hands. Below the towers were several subterranean galleries communicating with the city, now mostly obstructed by fallen debris.

ITS DEFENSE ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Cuzco was also defended on the other side by a single wall of great thickness, 1,200 feet long, and in another place by two semi-circular walls of the same length, separated a considerable distance. All were built of heavy blocks of cut limestone and, though no cement was used, the enormous stones were so carefully adjusted that to this day a knife blade cannot be thrust between them.

The best idea of how the old capital must have looked before the conquest may be gained in the street now named Triunfo. The remains of several ancient palaces are incorporated into its modern houses, among them the House of the Virgins of the Sun. There is a sort of crescent-shaped platform, which is believed to have been the principal altar of sacrifice in the Sun temple, and the famous Piedra Haroada or "stone with cuttings," which shows seats, steps, basins and altar, all hewn out of one immense rock. Near by is the Roadero, or "place where the sun was tied up"—a gigantic stone ring, which shows the meridian of Cuzco. The old aqueduct, which brought water to the city from Lake Chicheros, twelve miles away, was partially destroyed by the Spaniards; and there is another, even more curious, which leads down from the lofty fortress, mostly by underground passages.

THE MUSEUM OF SAN ANDRES.

Among the sights of modern Cuzco which the tourist must not neglect are the Museum of San Andres; a wonderful arch and some spiral steps in the church of La Compania; a comical, but much venerated painting, representing purgatory, in the church of San Francisco; a pit filled with water behind the high altar of the cathedral, which is believed to have been an Inca bathing pool, fed by unknown springs; the Casa of Senor Don Silvac, wherein the Spanish soldiers played with dice for the golden sun stolen from the temple; some remarkable arches in the inner court of the convent of La Merced; a beautifully carved pulpit of jet black wood in the Church of Santa Ana, representing on twelve panels the lives and acts of the Apostles; in short, wherever one turns something strange and interesting evokes admiration.

Remains of many other temples, fortresses and palaces may be found in the neighborhood of Cuzco. There are villages whose people live in stone casas that were erected five or six centuries ago—their walls unchanged, though the thatched roofs have been many times renewed. In other places the lazy half-breeds have built little huts of cane and straw by the side of the more substantial dwellings of their ancestors rather than to take the trouble of renewing the larger roofs.

DELIGHTFUL SUBURBAN EXCURSIONS.

Various delightful excursions may be made from Cuzco without incurring great fatigue. It is a pleasant horseback ride of only twenty-four miles to Lake Huaipo, on the road to Urubamba. The latter Indian town, as well as Yucay and Huaylirba, is quaint enough to repay a visit. They lie in the valley of Ucayali, where both climate and scenery are the most perfect on the face of the earth. In this Peruvian Eden are natural groves of fruit trees—figs, apricots, mangoes, chirmoyas, &c.—and immense fields of wild strawberries. Yucay was the ancient bathing resort of the Incas and their courts. There are exhaustless springs and pools and sparkling rivers, fed from the eternal snows of the mountains, and many basins of hewn stone that probably served for private reservoirs. A good pedestrian may walk through this charming valley and enjoy every mile of it. We rode, carrying no outfit but the inevitable kodac, and everywhere met with most hospitable entertainment from the poor but kindly people.

A CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

From Urubamba to Ollataytambo is twelve miles, under the shadow of wide-spreading trees which during half the year are a mass of scarlet blossoms, while a mountain river ripples on each side of the way. Just before entering Ollataytambo one sees, high up on a wall of sandstone, the colossal figure of a man outlined in veins of iron oxide. Of course it is a freak of nature, but many superstitious stories are told concerning its origin, and no native will pass the place without taking off his hat, crossing himself and repeating an Ave Marie. Close by this apparition are three stone houses, now stained yellow, which appear to hang like birds' nests on the very brink of a precipice, high up the mountain side, and are said to have been Inca hospitals.

One may spend a profitable week in Ollataytambo examining ruins and fortifications and will be sure of a welcome in the house of the curate. The village is doubly interesting from having been the stronghold of Ollanto, a dusky noble who fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Inca Tupac Yupanqui and stole her from the House of the Virgins of the Sun in Cuzco. He kept her, too, in spite of all the hosts of the empire, for five long years, until captured at last by strategy by a warrior whose unspellable name means "Man with the stone eyes," when he and his sweetheart were burned alive in the great square of Cuzco.

UNCERTAIN HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE.

One would like to know something definite about the several millions of remarkable people who were ruling nearly one-quarter of the western world almost up to the time when our northern half of the hemisphere began to attract the attention of Europeans, and whose descendants, mixed with the blood of their conquerors, still occupy this region. They left no records, except such as were carved in stone, and those the Spaniards did their worst to efface. Yet when one comes to search for it there is a mass of literature, principally in the Castilian language, bearing upon the subject; but so mixed is it with romance and speculation that one finds it impossible to distinguish truth from fable.

Perhaps the best authority is that early author, Garcilasso de la Viga, himself a descendant of the Incas and their conquerors, though his geography is often faulty. He says that the ancient empire of Peru extended from about the second degree north latitude to the thirty-seventh degree south, embracing all the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chili. Its western boundary was of course the Pacific, but its eastern has never been clearly determined. In some places it spread out far beyond the Andes, and in others the territory of barbarous tribes came down to within a few miles of the coast. The authority above mentioned states that its widest portion was not more than 360 miles across.

THE WISDOM OF THEIR INDUSTRY.

Certainly the Incas must have been a very wise and industrious people; and perhaps the secret of their power lay in the wisdom of their industry. The topographical aspect of most of the country appears so unfavorable to purposes of agriculture and internal communication that one wonders how so vast a population could have found support. Nature works on so immense a scale in these parts that it is only when viewed from a great distance one can faintly comprehend the relation of the several parts to a stupendous whole. The Andes rarely run in a single line, but more frequently in several parallel or oblique chains. The numerous huge volcanoes that look to the voyager on the Pacific like independent masses are all peaks of the same magnificent system so often called "the backbone of the hemisphere," that, coming northward from the Straits of Magellan, attains its loftiest elevations near the equator; then gradually subsides as it nears the isthmus, rising again in the picturesque mountains of Central America, the Sierra Madras of Mexico, the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas of the north.

The early Peruvians dubbed these stupendous heights "copper mountains," Antes, (meaning copper) being the original word, which the Spaniard corrupted into "Andes." Their western steps, with splintered and precipitous sides of granite and porphyry, and the higher regions wrapped in snows that resist even the equatorial sun and melt only under their own volcanic fires do not offer a more encouraging field to the farmer than the deserts, where rain seldom falls, that stretch between them and the ocean.

EVERY ROD WAS UTILIZED.

Yet every rod was utilized, and in order to waste no available inch of soil they buried their dead in caves and built their own dwellings upon rocks. They terraced every hill and mountain to its summit, the terraces being often narrow as the steps of a stairway and walled with stones, and they filled every crevice in the rock with soil where there was room for a stalk of corn to grow. These evidences of their patient toil are still plainly to be seen, and often the aerial gardens lie on such steeps that one wonders how anybody could have found foothold to cultivate them. In order to utilize the deserts—which seldom exceed fifty miles in width and sometimes narrow down to four or five—they excavated great areas in the sand until they reached sufficient moisture for vegetation, and then brought guano from distant islands of the Pacific. Their irrigation system was perfect, their ditches extending hundreds of miles and curving around the hills, here sustained by high walls of masonry, there cut through the solid rock or carried over the valleys on enormous embankments. Massive dams and reservoirs were built to collect the floods that came from the melting snows of the mountains, and this supply was conducted to rainless localities.

ROYAL ROADS IN MOUNTAIN PASSES.

One would think that communication would be impossible between the different parts of the long, narrow Inca territory by reason of the wildness of the mountains with their awful precipices, furious torrents and numerous quebradas, or "breaks," whose depth the traveler, winding along a pathway far above the clouds, vainly endeavors to fathom. Baron von Humboldt says: "There are crevices so deep that if Vesuvius or the Puy de Dome were seated in the bottom of them they would not rise to the level of the surrounding ridges." Yet an industrious population lived along the ridges of the loftiest plateaus, while towns and hamlets, in the midst of orchards and gardens, seemed suspended in midair. The populous plains of Quito are nearly 10,000 feet above the sea, and there are even higher valleys and plateaus. Intercourse was maintained between these numerous settlements by means of the royal roads that traversed the mountain passes, opening easy communication between Cuzco and the remotest parts of the empire; and the old roads are better today, though never repaired, than any the Spaniards have since made.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE INCAS.

The government of the Incas, however arbitrary in form, was truly patriarchal in spirit. The policy they pursued for the prevention of evils that might have disturbed the perfect order of things is exemplified in their provisions against poverty and idleness. In these they discerned the two great causes of disaffection in a populous community and wisely guarded against them. The unremitting industry of the people was secured not only by their compulsory occupation at home, but by their constant employment in those public works which covered every part of the country, and which still bear testimony, even in decay, to their primitive grandeur. By the Inca laws human labor was regarded not only as a means, but an end. Their manifold provisions against poverty were so perfect that in their wide territory, so much of it bleak mountain and barren desert, no man, however humble, suffered for the necessaries of life. Famine—a scourge so common at that period, not only in every other American nation, but in the civilized countries of Europe—was an evil here unknown. How different today, when the country swarms with beggars, and nine-tenths of the population are absolutely idle, though half naked and often hungry! Most of the early Spaniards came to Peru merely in quest of gold, intending to return with their loot to the mother country; and though circumstances compelled many of them to remain, they made made no effort to improve upon or even to preserve the works they found. Their descendants are still searching for treasure among the tumble-down palaces of the Incas and the visitor to any ruin is sure to find some out-at-elbows half-breed digging among the rubbish for buried gold.

EXTENT OF PIZARRO'S PLUNDER.

Exactly how much plunder the conquerors under Pizarro secured can never be known. Robinson, Prescott and other historians tell amazing tales of the wealth of the Incas—how Atahualpa's faithful subjects piled the room in which he was imprisoned full of gold to the very top in vain efforts to satisfy the avarice of his captors, and all agree that the precious metals torn from the temples of Cuzco alone amounted to more than $90,000,000. It is known that the 20 per cent, which the Spanish king claimed as his share of the loot, was enough to restore financial credit to impoverished Spain. Millions more went to the church; enormous sums were expended in the erection of convents, monasteries, palaces for the viceroys and other public buildings, and enough remained to enrich every impecunious adventurer who came to the coast.

FANNIE B. WARD.

A Party for Sir Doggy.

From the New York World.

Very nice people do very odd things at times, if the fad takes them. Lap dog parties are the delight of the nicest women of fashion during the Lenten season, when piety forbids out-and-out dissipation. The lap dog may be a new one which friends are invited to inspect as they drink tea, or the puppy may be an old family favorite in whose honor a party is given. Several attempts were made to have these parties bona fide dog parties—amateur bench shows, so to speak. But this was most unpopular from the very beginning, for it was proven at one trial that so many petted and pampered darlings could not spend an afternoon in unity and peace with each other and with their mistresses. Little Skye Fido would snap at Mr. Spitz, while St. Charles Spaniel snarled at Sir Collie, who, in turn, growled ominously as if about to put an end to the lives of half the little pups present. Then, too, the presence of Miss Greyhound Cleo caused such a rivalry among the dogs that the meeting was prematurely adjourned.

Dog parties are popular, but only one dog figures at them. He is beautifully beribboned and scented, and, if his size will permit, he is passed around from lap to lap to be loved, petted, kissed and admired.

A certain society swell who was present at a lap dog party was heard to say:

"I'm glad I'm not a goose and I don't want to be an ape, nor an ass, nor a chump, don't you know. But, b' George, I'd like more than deuced well to be a puppy."

And all the fellows who heard him joined in the chorus of the college song: "So say we all of us."

Drunk in the Second Degree.

From the Philadelphia Times.

John Tierney yesterday pleaded guilty in the new court house to the theft of an overcoat and a suit of clothing from William Kidd. The victim testified that he met the prisoner on West Callowhill street one night and was persuaded to go to a lodging house, where, when he awoke he had nothing to wear.

"Were you drunk?" asked Mr. Finletter.

"No, sir; I was intoxicated."

"Drunk in the second degree," suggested Judge Arnold.

The Hindoo Girl's Advantage.

From Texas Siftings.

In India little girls wear gold rings in their noses. One of the advantages of this fashion consists in the fact that the ring wearer does not have to take off her gloves to parade her jewelry.

TRICKS WITH TOOTHPICKS.

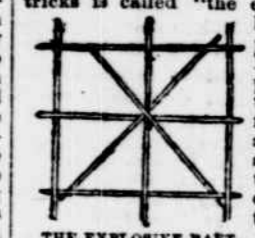
"The Explosive Raft," "The Monogram," "The Cross" and "The Window Sash."

From the New York Herald.

One good way to "kill time" can be found in trying to demonstrate the possibilities of the toothpick. Few people have any idea of the number of mystifying tricks and puzzles that can be done with a few of those little splinters or the amount of enjoyment there is in this novel pastime.

In the first place the picks must be of wood and as pliable as possible—in fact, the more pliable the better. If toothpicks are not handy matches may be substituted, but there is an objection to the use of the latter because they are unclean and break before they bend.

One of the more picturesque of the toothpick tricks is called "the explosive raft."



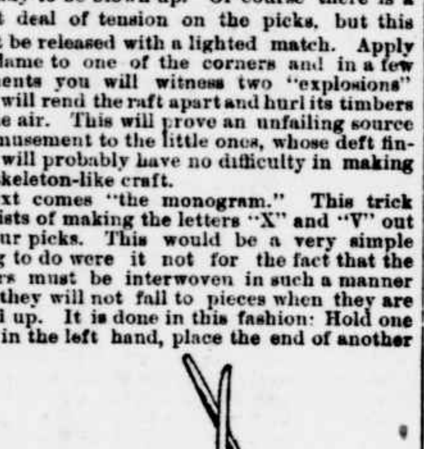
THE EXPLOSIVE RAFT.

It can be formed with eight picks in this manner: First, cross two picks, place another pick on top, and hold the three firmly with your thumb and forefinger; then insert another pick under the two at the top and over the one in the center, and do likewise with those at the bottom. Then the raft is half completed. Turn it around, place another pick across the center and wedge two more sticks under and over the ends of those at the sides.

READY FOR TWO EXPLOSIONS.

Then the work is finished and the little affair is ready to be blown up. Of course there is a great deal of tension on the picks, but this must be released with a lighted match. Apply the flame to one of the corners and in a few moments you will witness two "explosions" that will rend the raft apart and hurl its timbers in the air. This will prove an unfailing source of amusement to the little ones, whose deft fingers will probably have no difficulty in making the skeleton-like craft.

Next comes "the monogram." This trick consists of making the letters "X" and "V" out of four picks. This would be a very simple thing to do were it not for the fact that the letters must be interwoven in such a manner that they will not fall to pieces when they are lifted up. It is done in this fashion: Hold one pick in the left hand, place the end of another

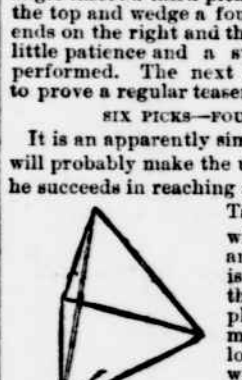


THE MONOGRAM.

on it near the bottom, inclining it upward at an angle of about thirty degrees; at the same angle insert a third pick under the first near the top and wedge a fourth under and over the ends on the right and the deed is done. With a little patience and a steady hand it is easily performed. The next one, however, is likely to prove a regular teaser.

SIX PICKS—FOUR TRIANGLES.

It is an apparently simple proposition, yet it will probably make the uninitiated tired before he succeeds in reaching a solution. Here it is:



THE FOUR TRIANGLES.

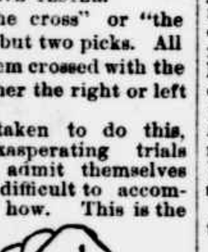
Take six toothpicks and with them form four triangles. That is all there is to it. You may place them in any position you please, but the figures must be good, honest looking triangles, otherwise you fail to do the little feat. If you chance to find the solution without aid you will be surprised to see how pretty a figure it makes and will very likely wonder why you failed to do the trick more quickly.

It is done in this manner. Lay three picks on the table in the form of a triangle. Then put the remaining picks in the corners of the first figure, elevate them and bring the ends together. This also demands a steady hand, but when you succeed in making them stand alone all the triangles will be visible.

"THE CROSS"—A NERVE TESTER.

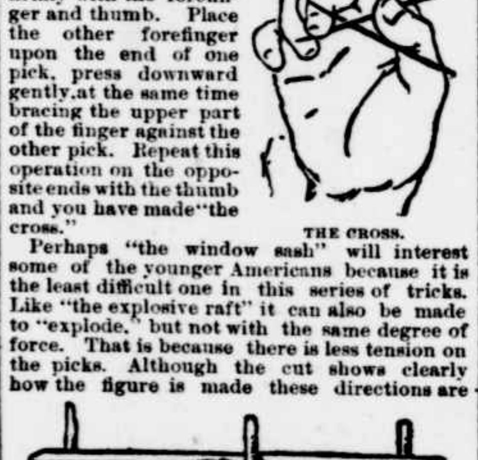
Another nerve tester is "the cross" or "the double brace." This needs but two picks. All you have to do is to hold them crossed with the thumb and forefinger of either the right or left hand.

Many people have undertaken to do this, but after long and exasperating trials have been forced to admit themselves defeated. Yet it is not very difficult to accomplish—if you only know how. This is the way it is done: Cross the picks and hold them firmly with the forefinger and thumb. Place the other forefinger upon the end of one pick, press downward gently, at the same time bracing the upper part of the finger against the other pick. Repeat this operation on the opposite ends with the thumb and you have made "the cross."



THE CROSS.

Perhaps "the window sash" will interest some of the younger Americans because it is the least difficult one in this series of tricks. Like "the explosive raft" it can also be made to "explode," but not with the same degree of force. That is because there is less tension on the picks. Although the cut shows clearly how the figure is made these directions are

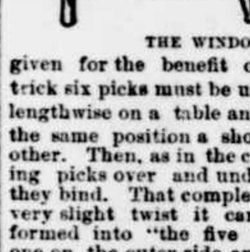


THE WINDOW SASH.

given for the benefit of the young: In this trick six picks must be used. Lay the first one lengthwise on a table and place two others in the same position a short distance from each other. Then, as in the cut, insert the remaining picks over and under their fellows until they bind. That completes the sash, but by a very slight twist it can be instantly transformed into "the five diamonds"—the large one on the outer side and the four little ones within.

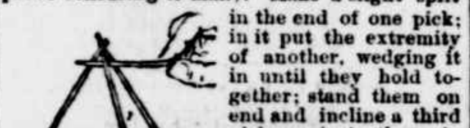
LIFTING THREE PICKS WITH ONE PICK.

"The lift" is the next problem. It is a "catchy" little affair and will undoubtedly prove confusing to many. Make a slight split in the end of one pick; in it put the extremity of another, wedging it in until they hold together; stand them on end and incline a third pick against them in such a manner that they will not fall. The trick is to raise all three at one time with another toothpick. The fingers must not come in contact with the pile. All that is necessary to be done is to thrust a pick under the loose one standing erect and press against the others until the end of the first falls clear; then permit the crotch to return, catch the free end of the loose pick and you will be able to elevate the three at will.



THE LIFT.

Here are two puzzles in squares. With twenty-four picks make nine squares, all touching each other. Remove four picks and leave five squares. This can be done in two ways, which, although the diagrams tell the story, it may be



Original Form. First Solution. Second Solution.

well to explain briefly. In the first instance take away the four central picks, thus leaving the large outside square and a smaller square in each corner. In the second case remove the middle pick on each of the four sides and the deed is done.

FROM HAND TO HAND.

In performing the next trick the novice will meet with trouble. It is called "twist and pass" and requires but two picks. One is placed next to the left hand thumb and held by pressing it against the hand, and the other is similarly secured by the right hand thumb. The trick is to transfer them from one hand to the other and return them to their original positions. First, with the right forefinger and thumb seize the ends of the other pick, the

THE TWIST AND PASS.

forefinger being uppermost, then with the left forefinger and thumb seize the other pick, the thumb being at the lower end. It is absolutely essential that the latter point should be observed, because it is the key of the situation. In order to place the thumb in that position give the hand a sharp upward half turn and then thrust the thumb forward and downward until it meets the end of the pick. Grasp it firmly, separate the hands and you will of course see that you have transferred the pick.

In order to return them to their former positions you must reverse the process just described. If the directions are not implicitly followed the picks cannot be transferred, for they will catch upon each other in transit.

If the trick is done with dexterity the picks are made to exchange places almost as if by magic. It also heightens the illusion somewhat to blacken one of the picks in order to convince your friends that there is no deception about the work.

BUSTER, THE ORACULAR MULE.

He Was Blindly Trusted, but Has Put His Friends in a Hole at Last.

A Wellsboro, Me., special to the New York *Sun* says: Buster has done it at last. The hands of the law have closed upon him and woe sits by the hearth at Uncle Morg Binder's, in the Pine Creek region.

Buster is a mule—a little mouse-colored mule—that has been in the Binder family so many years that his age is forgotten. He was the autocrat of the Binder premises. His chief duty was to haul Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy when they wanted to go visiting or to town to trade. That is, Buster hauled them if he hadn't made up his mind to a different course. They never knew whether the mule was going to take them or not until they got into the wagon. Then Uncle Morg would take up the lines and say:

"Now, then, Buster! What 'o ye think about it?"

If Buster pricked up his ears and started off that was as much as to say that he thought it was all right, and he would take Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy wherever they were going, and fetch them back home slick as a greaser. But if Buster replied to Uncle Morg's inquiry by laying his ears back on his shoulders and scowling, they knew that the mule thought it wasn't all right, and without another word Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy would dismount, unhitch the mule and turn him out, and go contentedly into the house to wait until some day when Buster was willing.

"Make him go agin his will!" Uncle Morg always exclaimed when asked why he didn't force the mule to go. "W'y, man, sumpin' 'd happen surer'n 'tater rot if we sh'd go away agin Buster's idee 'o the matter! Buster knows!"

It was the same way with persons. Buster's opinion of an individual decided Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy. When he folded his liberal ears back and threatened a rush upon any person under his scrutiny that person could do no business with the Binder family. "Buster knows!" was always the emphatic remark of his two loyal subjects after the mule had given his opinion, and that in spite of several queer judgments the arbitrary Buster had put on record. There was the case of the man who drove up to the Binder place once when the railroad was building. He started for the house, but Buster blocked the way. He not only laid back his ears and threatened the man with his front, but turned about and let his heels fly so viciously and so rapidly in the direction of the man's head that the stranger backed away and shouted to Uncle Morg, who stood on the stoop, to call his mule off.

"I've got some business with you!" shouted the man.

"No y' hain't!" replied Uncle Morg. "Ye hain't got no business with me, fer Buster's agin ye, 'n' Buster knows!"

The man went off in a huff, and, come to find out, he was the agent of the railroad and wanted to contract with Uncle Morg for a big lot of ties. The consequence was that other parties got the contract, which proved to be one with big money in it.

"Don't care!" said Uncle Morg. "The chances is th't if I'd ha' took the contract I'd ha' put the money in a bank 'n' the bank'd a busted! Buster knows!"

Then there was the new preacher in the district, the Rev. Absalom Dubbs, the meekest, mildest and most harmless of men. When Brother Dubbs went to make his first pastoral call on Sister Binder he was bounced off the premises by Buster so quick that he never knew how he got out in the road. It saddened the hearts of Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy to know that Brother Dubbs had been weighed in Buster's balance and found so lamentably wanting. But there was no getting around it. Brother Dubbs was under suspicion, and Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy stayed home from meeting all that year. Their faith in Buster's wisdom was not shaken a bit by the fact that the dominie quit the district with a spotless record.

"The world hain't come to an end yit!" said Uncle Morg. "Preachers is doin' some tur'ble queer things these days w'en ye hain't s'pectin' of it. Buster knows!"

But the oracular little mule is suffering greatly in prestige now. Uncle Morg's and Aunt Peggy's heretofore unwavering trust in Buster has been rudely shaken and their calm philosophy does not serve to sustain them in their painful awakening. Two or three months ago one of the nicest appearing young men who had ever been seen in that part of the Pine Creek country stopped his horse at the Binder farm and got out of the wagon. Buster took to him on sight. He put his nose on the stranger's sleeve and walked him right up to Uncle Morg's door. Buster even seemed to want to follow the man into the house, he had taken such a fancy to him. That was all the recommendation Uncle Morg and Aunt Peggy wanted for the stranger and he didn't dilly-dally in presenting the business he had in hand. In less than fifteen minutes he had Uncle Morg's signature to a contract to act as agent in that district for the Grab Quick Stump Puller and Lightning Chuck-hole Filler. Last week the contract turned up in the shape of a cut-throat judgment note for $150 and Uncle Morg was called upon to settle. He kicked and they levied on property of his, including the oracular mule.

"If I hef to pay the swindlin' note I will," says Uncle Morg. "'Taint the money I mind, but to think th't arter we've let Buster hev the run o' the place fer twenty year 'n' better he'd turn to 'n' steer us agin a bunco game is w'at's breakin' us all up!"

A Bereft Family.

From Judge.

Miss Grumper (in the window)—"Just look at that horrid Mrs. Atchison, Louise. I always thought that ulster was trimmed with catskin, and now I'm sure of it."

MURDERED, BUT BY WHOM?

The Mysterious Fate of Banker Cowles' Wife.

A special to the New York *Sun* from Clarkes, Neb., says in regard to the mysterious case which has excited so much interest, the arrest of S. B. Cowles, president of the Pacific Bank of this city, charged with the murder of his wife, has created a greater sensation throughout Nebraska and the northwest than any crime ever committed in this state. The prominence of the man in commercial and political affairs and of the wife in society, the character of the crime, and the motive which may have impelled him to commit it, if he did commit it, make a thrilling story. The murder was committed on the morning of February 4 between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock.

According to Mr. Cowles' story, the family, consisting of the father, mother and five-year-old son, had retired about 10 o'clock in the evening. About midnight Mr. Cowles was aroused by a noise in his kitchen. Getting out of bed and putting on his clothes, he proceeded to investigate. From the bed room he entered the dining room, which adjoins, and in which was a stove, the fire shedding a dim light. From the dining room a door leads into the kitchen. This door Mr. Cowles opened and immediately received a blow on the head from a man standing just inside the kitchen. He fell senseless. Before the blow, however, he saw that his assailant was a man of medium height, with a dark overcoat and a slouch hat, and wearing a mask which covered his face from the eyes down. When the banker came to his senses he was almost frozen. Staggering to his feet he rushed to his wife's room, and found her dead. Almost crazed he rushed out and summoned the neighbors and medical aid. When the physician arrived he stated that Mrs. Cowles had been choked to death. Indeed, the blue marks of the murderer's fingers were plainly visible. There were no other marks of violence. All this time the little boy lay peacefully sleeping.

In the course of the investigation which immediately followed it was ascertained that a pane of window glass in the kitchen had been broken, the catch unfastened and the window raised. This gave the burglars admission to the kitchen. At the door of that apartment they were confronted by the banker, whom they struck down, it was supposed, with a pair of brass knuckles. Stepping over his prostrate form they had apparently proceeded to the bed room, murdered Mrs. Cowles, and then proceeded to ransack the bureau drawer for money. Jewelry was evidently not wanted. Two gold watches, a pair of diamond earrings, a diamond finger ring and several other valuable articles which were on the bureau in plain view were left untouched. Out in the street a jewel case, with the jewelry remaining in it, and Mr. Cowles' empty pocket book were found.

There was no satisfactory clue to the perpetrators of the crime. No suspicious characters had been seen in the town, and the authorities were greatly puzzled. The banker offered a reward of $1,000, which he subsequently increased to $5,000, for the capture of the murderers. But no one could be found who could even be suspected of the crime. Gradually grave rumors began to be circulated connecting Mr. Cowles with the tragedy in a way that had not previously been thought of. It was hinted, in short, that he had deliberately murdered his wife, and had arranged all the other details in order to divert suspicion from himself. It was hard for even Mr. Cowles' enemies to give credence to these ugly reports. His integrity had never been questioned, and he was in every way considered a perfectly upright man. His affection for his wife was so well known that, as a prominent physician states, he was held up as a model husband by all the wives in the town. How could it be possible that he had murdered her?

Several days after the murder the coroner's inquest was commenced. A verdict was not reached until the 14th. During the week the jury was considering the case some startling evidence was laid before them, which was, however, of so indefinite a character and so conflicting that the case was referred to the city attorney, with the verdict that the deceased was choked to death by persons to the jury unknown. The testimony of detectives before the coroner's jury did much to strengthen the suspicions against Cowles. In the course of their investigations they had found the $50, which Cowles said had been stolen, hidden in a can in a closet; the window was found to have been opened with a hatchet, and the hatchet was discovered in the stable. The wounds on the banker's head, which he declared rendered him unconscious, were shown upon examination to have been mere scratches, which could easily have been caused by himself. The discovery of this fact was what caused the suspicions that he was the murderer of his wife. The night of the murder it was noticed that his clothes were covered with blood. The physicians who examined his head expressed doubt that all the blood on the person of the banker could have come from such small cuts. It was also ascertained that Cowles had taken out a $5,000 life insurance for his wife in the Legion of Honor, and the authorities looked upon this as a possible motive for the crime.

When Cowles discovered that he was suspected he was terribly agitated and requested the closest scrutiny. The city attorney, when the case was referred to him, had stated that he would prosecute no suspected person unless some citizen would voluntarily sign the information. Monday at noon Cowles boarded the train bound, ostensibly, for Omaha. Immediately thereafter Robert Gregg, ex-sheriff of Saunders county, went before the city attorney and filed a complaint charging the banker with the murder of his wife. A telegram was sent ahead and Cowles was intercepted at Columbus and brought back. He immediately retained four of the best lawyers in the country and expresses confidence in his acquittal. To a *Sun* correspondent he said:

"I have no fears as to the outcome of this case. I know that a trial will result in my vindication, and as nothing but a trial will relieve me from this weight of suspicion I am anxious for it to come. My only concern as to the charge against me is the stigma it will cast upon my little boy. My wife had been troubled with heart disease for four or five years and during the past year it had grown worse. She was frequently rendered helpless by an attack of it, and it was necessary to use camphor to restore her. She had a severe attack the night before her murder. Dr. Robinson told me that in case of a sudden shock the disease would terminate fatally. On the night of the murder we retired at 10:20 o'clock, and my wife then appeared to be in as good health as usual. When I next saw her it was about 1:30 o'clock and she was dead. I have had a detective working on the case ever since the murder."

Mr. Cowles stated further that the insurance on his wife's life was taken out ten years ago and could, therefore, have no connection with her death. It is charged, on the other hand, that this money was needed to tide him over a financial crisis. There is nothing to show, however, that he is in need of funds.

Cowles came here about six years ago from Genoa, Vance county, and before that time he had resided in Saunders county. He was for seven years an officer in the Union Pacific transportation service and is a prominent Odd Fellow and Mason. His banking institution is one of the largest in the state. Its business has been transferred to the Merrick County Bank of this city, that concern assuming all liabilities.

AN INFANTILE JOAN OF ARC.

A Little Russian Girl Who Led the Mob in Odessa's Streets.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sergius Stepniak is a splendid conversationalist, and he tells stories of cruelties to political convicts to friends or chance acquaintances with evident pleasure.

One story especially illustrates the means a government will employ to keep itself at the top, even by the punishment of children too young to know of an offense against the nation.

"At Odessa in 1878," began Mr. Stepniak, "a great riot was precipitated by the arrest of Sergius Koralsky for a political offense in which the people were especially interested. The police were unable to do anything with the mob, and it held full control for hours. A little girl named Gukorsky, yet under thirteen years of age, seemed to be inspired by the sights and ran hither and thither urging the men to greater deeds of violence. While on the outskirts of the crowd she was seized by one of the gendarmes, but immediately mounted a huge stone and made a speech to the crowd, calling them cowards if they did not rescue her from the police. Men soon surrounded the officers and beat them back, carrying away in triumph their little heroine.

"But the police knew her too well and not long after she was arrested and sent to prison. She had no trial, for in Russia no one gets a trial for a political offense. She was taken before an officer, but was not given a chance to tell her story. She was simply put in jail and could not even communicate with any friends to tell them where she was located. She was taken from one prison to another for two years, and at last in 1881 she was imprisoned in the miserable jail at Krasnoiarsk. Feeling that nothing could be done for her, she grew despondent, and in March of that year committed suicide, after only having reached her fifteenth year. A child so young as she certainly could not wilfully break the laws and such cases as these only spur on nihilism."

QUEER PEOPLE IN RESTAURANTS.

Men Who Are on the Lookout for Would-Be Swindlers.

From the New York Tribune.

"Five! ten! fif-te-e-n!" chanted the boy with a white apron, as he turned the crank of a register that clicked off a ticket bearing the figures of the purchase. "Fif-teen!" he drawled out again, as a man who looked like a "sport" sauntered up and asked for a 15-cent ticket. In the big crowd of hungry, gobbling men in the restaurant, intent only on satisfying their own desires, there were two keen-eyed and well-dressed, who were watching the "sport." When they heard the boy call out "fifteen," one of them quickly stepped up to the "sport" and said something to him in a low tone. The "sport" started and then looked defiant.

"I owe this restaurant just 15 cents," he said in a loud tone. "Don't you suppose I know what I have eaten?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I do suppose that you know what you have eaten. But I do know that you don't intend to pay for what you have had, unless you are compelled to. You owe us just 40 cents. You had a Hamburg steak, which is 25 cents; a cup of coffee, a boiled egg and a piece of apple pie, five cents each, which makes a total of 40 cents. Now, see here, you got the steak at the hot-dish counter from that fat, red-headed waiter, and after you had eaten it you walked over to the sideboard opposite and helped yourself to a hard-boiled egg and a piece of apple pie. Then you came to the coffee-stand and drank a cup of coffee. See? Don't I know what I am talking about?"

The "sport" now looked crestfallen. He simply turned to the boy with a white apron and said in a subdued voice: "Forty cents," and the boy, with a knowing grin at the keen-eyed one, chanted "forty cents!" turned out the check to the "sport," who quickly paid it and hurried away from the curious eyes that were watching him. Then the keen-eyed men began to circulate uneasily around the big restaurant. It was a down-town buffet restaurant and, being noon, was crowded. On one side of the room were sideboards loaded with sandwiches, pies and cakes of all kinds. On the other was a hot dish, a cold luncheon and coffee counters. In the center of the room were circular tables. On the walls were signs: "Help yourself," "Everything on this Counter 5 Cents," "Ask the Boy at the Registering Machine for Your Check and Pay it to the Cashier," "We Trust Our Customers." Every man was helping himself and it was hard to get around. Men were crowding by one another holding cups of coffee high in the air. One man had his teeth fastened into a sandwich, carrying a cup of coffee in one hand and a plate of pie in another while pushing his way to a circular table. Waiters were slamming dishes around and yelling orders, but above the din sounded: "Ten! fif-teen! twen-ty!" from the boy in the apron, while the keen-eyed men moved around in the crowd, and made rapid mental notes of every new customer who elbowed his way into the crowd. Several times they "induced" customers to call for checks different from those which they had asked for. When the restaurant was empty one of the "spotters" was asked how he managed to keep track of so many customers and tell what they had eaten.

"It is a matter of practice, I suppose," he said, "but perhaps it comes natural. I am pretty observing and when my living depends on my keeping my eyes open I never close them. My chum and I work systematically and it is very rare that a 'dead beat' gets away from us or a 'skin' cheats us. I walk up and down one side of the room and my chum on the other. We take in at a glance what men are eating and listen for the boy to call the checks. Of course, we cannot tell what all men eat here at the busy hour, but plenty of men who come here don't need watching. We have a large number of regular customers, whom my chum and I know by sight, and I could tell you almost to a cent what many of them buy. Men are mostly creatures of habit and you would be surprised to know how many men come in here day after day, week after week and month after month for their luncheon and eat a roast beef sandwich, a piece of apple pie and drink a cup of coffee without variation. Chum and I catch onto these fellows. We believe they are honest because they are methodical. But we have to watch the fellows who skip from one counter to another. My friend and I have to move quietly, because people don't like to know that they are being watched. We depend somewhat on a man's face and general appearance and of course the waiters keep their eyes open, too, and put us onto a man they think is 'crooked,' and we keep track of him. The unobserving men are, as a rule, honest, and they don't notice us. But the 'sharps,' who are always on the lookout, generally 'tumble' to the fact that I have an eye on them and either they don't attempt to cheat us at all, or 'lower the ante' only a few cents. So it is that our usefulness does not depend entirely on actually detecting men trying to defraud the restaurant, but really in preventing them from attempting to do so.

"We have some curious customers occasionally. There is one absent-minded old gentleman who usually dines at noon at a hotel near by. When he is in a hurry he takes luncheon here. The first time he came here he forgot to pay up. Fortunately, there were some gentlemen here who identified him. The next time he came I saw him eat a meal that cost exactly 15 cents, but he wanted to pay the cashier $1. Probably he was dreaming that he had eaten his table d'hote dinner. The old gentleman was greatly surprised when I told him exactly what he had eaten and he thought that I was very smart to remember it all. I afterward learned that he always carries his napkin home when he dines at his hotel. His wife has it washed and returned the next day by mail."

FIVE WIVES AND FIFTEEN FIANCES.

Said to Be the Record in Lovemaking of a Young Man Called Claude.

From the Cleveland World.

A young fellow called at the probate office about noon Tuesday, accompanied by a pretty young woman. The young man asked for a marriage license for Claude Irvine and May Elliott and when Mr. Chandler handed him the document the young man asked if it couldn't be be kept out of the papers.

Chandler explained that sometimes, when it did the public no good to know of the marriage and might be very inconvenient for the couple to have the public know they had procured a license, the reporters were requested to skip the names. Young Claude said it was a case of that kind exactly, and Chandler said the usual request would be made.

The young people tarried in the hall of the court house after the license had been granted and Claude "chucked" his intended bride under the chin with the precious document and both acted like a pair of turtle doves, according to Recorder Anderson, who happened in about that time and caught the giddy youngsters at their cooing.

It turns out that the pair eloped from Allegheny and that Claude is very much married and is apt to come to grief in his matrimonial escapades.

The following special from Pittsburgh will explain that part of it:

"Claude Irvine, who eloped with Miss May Elliott of Allegheny five weeks ago, is found to have four other wives living. Two of them are Elia Kaufman of Chillicothe and Maggie Davis of Cleveland. Letters are in possession of Mrs. A. H. Campe, the missing girl's mother, which reveal these facts. The matter has been placed in the hands of Detective Philip McDonough and Constable Lloyd of Allegheny, who are working on the case.

"Mrs. Campe has not heard from her since she left with Irvine, and she decided a few days ago to have Irvine's trunk searched and the letters were discovered. The most important of them are now in the hands of the police. Those seen and read, however, were of a very affectionate character. They showed that the gay Lothario was engaged to no less than fifteen women."

A Satisfactory Duel.

From the Youth's Companion.

It is hinted that nowadays, when the French authorities hear of an impending duel, they distress themselves only over the violation of the law, not having much reason to apprehend any loss of human life.

A French satirist professes to have overheard the following fierce conversation:

"We will settle this with the sword!"

"Very well, but you are the better swordsman. We will equalize the chances thus: You shall mount a velocipede, I will mount the platform of a railway train, and thus placed we will charge upon each other sword in hand!"

A Witty Acknowledgment.

From the Youth's Companion.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was thirty years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing today and another thing tomorrow."

A man never fully realizes the wealth of information he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.—*Elmira Gazette.*

JOSEPH SMITH'S "SEEING STONE."

A Green Pebble That the Mormon Prophet Credited With a Wondrous Property.

From the Syracuse Journal.

The germ of Mormonism originated in this city. About the year 1818 a teamster in the salt works by the name of Joseph Belcher found a peculiar stone, or a stone that the owners claimed contained great powers. Soon after Belcher and family removed to Susquehanna county, Pa., where Joe Smith was engaged as gold hunter, prophet and treasure hunter. Belcher called his find a "seeing stone." It was green, with brown irregular spots on it, and about the same shape and size as a goose egg. In those days the country was very wild and the people very superstitious and strange stories were told of lost animals and children that were found by the aid of this stone. The modus operandi was to conceal the stone in a dark place and Belcher's little boy could then see from its unnatural powers the exact location of any object he desired to find. Joe Smith heard of this miniature information bureau and soon sought out Belcher, secured the stone and renewed his researches.

In 1825 Joe had in his employ a set of men who were called money diggers, and his occupation was that of seeing or pretending to see, by means of this stone placed in his hat, and his hat closed over his face. In this way he claimed the power to discover minerals and hidden treasures. It is said that he was insolent, poorly educated and very careless in appearance. One story told of Smith is that a straggling Indian, who was passing up the Susquehanna river, had told of buried treasure. Joe hunted up the Indian and induced him to tell the place where it was buried. The Indian told him at a point a certain number of paces due north from a certain point on the river. Joe's exchequer was very low at this time, and so it became necessary to get a well-to-do farmer by the name of Harper to assist him in the scheme. It seems that farmers were "taken in" in those early days as well as now. They commenced digging on a farm near the river and continued as long as Harper's cash held out. Smith now declared to Harper that there was an enchantment about the place that was removing the treasure further off; that Harper must get a perfectly white dog and sprinkle his blood over the ground, and that would prevent the enchantment from removing the treasure. Search was made all over the country, but no perfectly white dog could be found. Joseph said he thought a white sheep would do as well. A sheep was killed and the blood sprinkled as directed. The digging was then resumed by Harper. After digging for several weeks more and an outlay of $2,000 more of the farmer's sheckels Harper refused to "come down" any further and the digging was abandoned.

Joe now said that the enchantment had removed all the treasure; that the Almighty was displeased with them for trying to palm off on Him a white sheep for a white dog. He would sit for hours looking into the hat at the round stone, and tell of seeing things far away and supernatural. On one occasion a neighbor had a piece of corn planted rather late and on a moist piece of ground, and, feeling a little doubtful about its ripening, got Smith to bless it. It happened that it was the only piece of corn killed by the frost in the neighborhood. When the prophet's attention was called to the matter he got out of the difficulty by saying that he had made a mistake and put a curse on the corn instead of a blessing.

About this time Smith procured a box of plates, which it is supposed he brought from Palmyra, N. Y., where he lived for a short time, which he kept carefully locked. They were alleged to contain a great quantity of characters and hieroglyphics which no one but himself could interpret. From these plates Smith, with the assistance of Martin Harris and Oliver Cawdry, produced the manuscript for the Book of Mormon. The book was compiled in a small building on the Susquehanna river, about two miles from the side-hill village of Susquehanna, and was printed in 1830, the manuscript being taken to the printing office each morning and, together with the proofs, &c., taken away each night. The first account we have of Joe and his followers trying to start a colony was in the year 1831, in a remote corner of Luzerne county, where the climate soon got too warm for them and they vacated. Their next colony was near Painesville, Ohio.

The most prominent of Joe's diggings is on a farm near Susquehanna depot. The excavation was 150 feet in circumference and twenty feet deep, and although it has been under cultivation for several years now, it is easily discernible and often visited by the curious. The old house where the manuscript was produced is still standing and is owned by one of the ex-officials of Susquehanna county.

LINGUISTICAL BOTHERATIONS.

A Flock of Misnomers, a Host of Terms and a Drove of Names.

From the Ashton (Eng.) Reporter.

The English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them looking at a number of vessels, said: "See what a flock of ships." He was told that was a fleet, and that a fleet of sheep was a flock, and, it was added, for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that a flock of girls is called a bevy, and a bevy of wolves is called a drove, and a drove of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of warriors is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a pack, and a pack of swans is called a whiteness, and a whiteness of geese is called a gaggle, and a gaggle of brant is called a gang, and a gang of ducks is called a team.

A team of widgeon is called a company (or trip), and a company of teal is called a flock, and a flock of snipe is called a whisp, and a whisp of bitterns and herons is called a sedge, and a sedge of plovers is called a flock, and a flock of larks is called an exaltation, and an exaltation of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of soldiers is called a corps, and a corps of sailors is called a crew, and a crew of robbers is called a band, and a band of bees is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd.

A THREATENED BOYCOTT.

A Very Mad Passenger Resolutes a Dire Revenge.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Hold up your hands!"

The passengers in the car were taken by surprise. The train had been stopped at a lonely place in a far western forest. Masked men stood at each door of the car with leveled Winchesters. It was useless to resist. Every hand went up.

"Go through 'em, Rube!" said the same harsh voice and one of the outlaws obeyed the order. In five minutes he had relieved the terror-stricken passengers of their watches, jewelry and money.

"The first man that puts his head outside of this car within a quarter of an hour will have it shot off!" proclaimed the leader, as the bandits tumbled their booty into a sack and made off with it.

For fifteen minutes there was silence in the car. Then one of the passengers rose up.

"Gentlemen," he said, his face aflame with indignation, "shall we submit tamely to this robbery, this indignity, this outrage?"

"No! Never!" was the unanimous shout.

"Then," exclaimed the speaker, his voice rising till it shook the roof of the car, "I hereby declare, in the name of outraged justice, that unless this loss is made good to the uttermost farthing every passenger in this car will boycott the world's Columbian exposition to be held in Chicago in 1893!"

The Loved Flower.

From the Lewiston Journal.

It will be a busy spring when we fail to call your attention to the primrose, and there is a very good reason why the little annual suggestion in this newspaper should not be omitted. Many, oh, so many people love the primrose. To them, probably, it has its own suggestions and particularly to English-born people whose poet made it famous, but yet even the youth seem to love the sturdy little flower and they certainly never saw it by the river's bank when they were boys and girls. Of course a man loves his youth time and he is justified in it. If a primrose makes him think of laving his bare toes in the limpid waters of the stream in the drowsy day when he was only ten or twelve and had a world before him why let him love it on forever till he dies. In that event, once each year at least, when he sees the flower he will be a boy again and that will do him no harm if he were a good boy and loved the fields. If you doubt this sentiment you need to watch people who are glad when the primrose comes into the stores. Most of them enkindle. Some matronly looking dames take it up tenderly and kiss it and say, "Bless the dear." "Hey, Martha, Martha, here's the little mon—the little primrose," said another. And it is so sturdy in its uprightness and so openfaced a plant that you may forgive a sigh for vanished days as you watch the good folks and their solicitude for the flower that suggests so much.

"JIM" AND HIS OLD PARTNER.

A Quarter Begged for Whisky, but It Went for Food.

From the New York Recorder.

"A quarter ain't much to you, mister, but it's a heap to me just now." The speaker was a tramp, shabby, unkempt, unwashed and blear eyed, but there was a ring of desperation and a tremor of expectation in his voice that made the listener stop for an instant and reconsider his determination to pay no attention to the too frequent appeal. "If I give you the money what will you do with it?" he asked.

"Jim's sick an' he's got to have something warm pretty quick, or I'm afraid he'll shuffle. Jim's me pardner, mister, an' I ain't goin' to giv' him the shake now he's down. We've been all over the country together, Jim an' me, an' when he was well fixed he was no slouch. He got a chill sleepin' last night, an' he's in bad shape now. Say, mister, don't say no."

"Why don't you call the police and have him taken to the hospital?"

"They'd throw me out or lock me up or laugh at me, and I don't want to take no chances. Besides, I'm going to git a doctor."

The man handed the tramp a quarter and watched him disappear toward a saloon.

"I thought so," he said, but in a moment the tramp emerged and hastened in the direction of Pell street. His manner betrayed so much anxiety that the donor, impelled by curiosity, followed him. Passing on through the scenes of filth and degradation, pushing aside blear eyed men and ragged-looking women, "Jim's pardner" made his way to a near-by hallway, walked rapidly up the rickety stairs and, pausing, fumbled in his pockets. A lighted match flickered in one hand and he lighted a piece of candle held in the other. The now interested stranger moved noiselessly toward the dim light. The tramp entered the room, which seemed barren of furniture, and proceeded to a corner, his footsteps sounding loud on the bare floor.

"See Jim, old man," said he, kneeling beside what seemed a bundle of rags. "I've got something to warm ye. Brace up an' take it, an' I'll go out and hustle for a doctor."

There was no response from the rags.

"Come, brace up a minute, old man; it'll do ye good. Wake up."

The stranger standing in the shadow at the door heard no response.

"Wait a minute, Jim, an' I'll lift ye up a bit so ye can take it more comfortable like."

He placed the piece of candle on the floor and had partially lifted a form from the floor when a cry escaped him, a cry of bitter anguish.

The form fell back on the rags without response. "Jim" was dead.

THE OLD MAN UNDERSTOOD.

He Knew Just How to Get His Wife to Assist the Artist.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Chugwater, arrayed in her best gown was sitting for her photograph.

"Your expression—pardon me—is a little too severe," said the photographer, looking at her over his camera. "Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Wait a moment." He came back, made a slight change in the adjustment of the head rest, then stood off and inspected the result.

"Now, then. Ready. Beg pardon—the expression is still a little too stern. Relax the features a trifle. A little more, please. Direct your gaze at the card on this upright post and wink as often as you feel like it. All ready. One moment again—pardon me—the expression is still too severe. Relax the—"

"Samantha!" roared Mr. Chugwater, coming out from behind the screen and glaring at her savagely, "smile, darn you! Smile!"

Lenten Sacrifices.

From the New York Sun.

The most unique penance yet heard of for the Lenten season is that put upon themselves by two young, beautiful and vivacious Brooklyn ladies. These young ladies, it is claimed by their friends, are nothing if not original. They have decided that during the Lenten season they will swear off having the gas lighted when their very best beaus call. This in a measure will save dear papa the expense of the gas and they insist that this in itself is a true sacrifice. Of course they would like to see the young men in the light and they would also like to show their pretty gowns, but above all consideration for their personal predilections they say that dear papa must be thought of, and that this Lenten sacrifice on their part should be followed by other young ladies. Some of the skeptics say that this penance is like unto some of the chaps who swear off drinking water with their whisky during Lent.

Maligned Society Girls.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The modern "society girl" is a much maligned creature. People are generally taught to believe that the dainty, bewitching beings have no time for anything but dinners, dances, theater parties, balls, teas and receptions, and the absurdity of this notion is well illustrated by a West Philadelphia young lady, who not only "goes out" a good deal, but is also interested in church work, athletic sports, and finds time for real work on the piano and mandolin, besides executing dainty bits in black and white. Since September 1 this girl has carefully read all of the works of Thackeray, Dickens, Shakespeare, Jean Ingelow, Tennyson, Moore and Burns and portions of Byron. She also finished the Bible, carefully studied Guizot's "England" (six volumes), Motley's "United Netherlands" (three volumes), Addison's plays and poems, "The Faerie Queen," "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," Robert Herrick's verse, Ward McAllister's "Phenomenon," half a dozen light novels and Dr. Holmes' "Over the Teacups."

Boston will please haul in its banner.

A Great Girl.

From Puck.

"I love that girl."

"Why?"

"What do you suppose she sent me for a valentine?"

"I don't know."

"The receipted bill for all the flowers I sent her last year. It's taken a load off my mind, I can tell you."

An Empty Threat.

From the Brooklyn Life.

"If you insist on breaking our engagement Miss Ficken, I shall make your letters public."

"You are welcome to do so, Mr. Scamper; there is nothing in them that I am ashamed of, except the address."

How Distance Failed to Lend Enchantment.

From Judge.

I.

Officer Feeney—"Oi've been an th' foorce now go'n' on tin year, an' Oi niver yit seen a man wid a mug loike thot."

II.

McGallister was one of those close-featured men, which explains Officer Feeney's surprise.