

CONFESSIONS.

Nina was head saleswoman in the cloak department of a store, Marie was a library attendant, while Louise was proud of a little office of her own and was working hard toward the highest rank in the stenographic profession.

Nothing had been further from their thoughts than the idea that they should run a flat together and keep house, but one evening after the lecture when they were lounging in one of the pretty parlors of the Noon Day Rest, Nina, yawning, said:

"Oh, I hate to go home. It's work hard all day, and then go home at night to the hall bedroom of a boarding house, with nothing pleasant or cheerful."

"Or comfortable," added Louise. "I envy the girl with a home."

"Why don't we leave the boarding houses, then, and make a home for ourselves?" asked Marie, the inventive one of the three.

"Let's count our resources, and let that decide it," said practical Louise. As a result of this evening's conference, in less than a month Nina, Marie and Louise had set up in housekeeping for themselves.

On the evening after dinner, as they were sitting around the table talking, Nina and Louise engaged in some light needlework, while Marie read aloud from Lillian Bell's "From a Girl's Point of View," the girls jestingly interrupted the bright paragraphs to contrast their more fortunate condition with the lot of so many unhappy wives. But Nina resumed the story, and after awhile laid down her sewing and turned to the piano. She played an old fashioned love song, but suddenly the music broke off, and she said impulsively:

"Girls, will you tell me why it is that three young women, each handsome enough and possessed of the average and accomplishments and ability—why it is that we should not be each the mistress of a happy home, instead of cheating ourselves into the belief that we are happier as independent bachelor girls?"

The force and suddenness of the question startled her companions, while Nina went on:

"I do not believe that any girl lives until she is, say, 25 years old without having some sort of a love episode that at one time promised to be the reality of her life. Girls, I am going to tell you my love story."

Marie let Miss Bell's book fall into her lap, while the dabbles and butterfies in the centerpiece Louise was embroidering grew faster and faster into their colors of blue and gold.

"You know, I have not always been a city girl," said Nina, "but grew up in a little country town called Haverhill, and my earliest playmate. He was three years older than I, but I kept up with him in school—indeed, could have outstripped him a little; but, like Whittier's little maid, 'would not, because I loved him.' I was fond of music and was so proud when I could play the organ in the village church and help lead the choir. Then Ralph went away to St. Louis to find employment. He wrote me such beautiful letters of the new life in the city and how different it was from the country, and how I would enjoy it. Some one heard him sing in a big hall, and became interested in him, and then he wrote me that he was going abroad to entice his voice. The next letter was postmarked Berlin. After that the letters were less often, and the village seemed so little and lonely that I could not bear it. I knew, too, that when Ralph came back he would find me, and not find a congenial country life. I was a trained village maiden, so I determined to come to the city, where I would improve myself so much that he would not be ashamed of me. That was my one idea, to be a suitable wife for Ralph."

"In spite of my parents' opposition I came to Chicago and found employment as a clerk. I worked hard in the daytime to please my employers, and in the evening I studied music and French and German and attended university extension lectures. I watched eagerly the beautiful ladies who came into the store and tried to make my manners and speech as pleasing as theirs. Oh, how hard I worked, hoping that Ralph would be proud of me. I had not had a letter from Ralph for more than a year, when one day I saw in the paper a notice that he had sung before a critical foreign audience with great success, but that his engagement to return to his own country was broken, and he waited, moved alternately with hope and fear, and when at last his company was announced to appear at the Auditorium I was ill with excitement. I sent a little note to the hotel, giving my address. The answer came promptly. It read:

"Dear FRESH NIXA—My wife and I are stopping at the Hotel Jerome, New York. We are so pleased to have you call on my wife. Yours sincerely, RALPH HADLEY."

"That is my love story," said Nina, turning again to the piano.

Marie and Louise listened in sympathetic silence as she softly touched the keys. At last she said:

"He was not worthy of you, Nina, and it was very much like a man. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' about sums up a man's constancy."

"You judge too harshly, Louise," said Marie. "All men are not like that."

"Yes," said Louise emphatically. "Yes, I loved a man once and promised I would be true to him, but when I found out that he cared more for another girl than he cared for me, why, I put him out of my mind, and now I work and work and work every day and never think of him. There's as good fish in the sea as has ever been caught."

"There was nothing in it, not practical."

"And yet," said Marie, "the woman who is happily married is best off. I don't quite agree with Lillian Bell in expecting so much of a husband. Because in the stress of business life a man forgets his courtship intentions that marked his courtship in the most significant way, just as true a lover and perhaps a very much truer one. Indeed a husband and wife should understand each other so well and be so sure of one another that they could say, with Mrs. Browning:

"The blame of love is sweeter than all praise of those who love us not."

"You ought to have been married, Marie," said Louise bluntly. "And I should have been, dear, except for my pride and folly."

"You proud or foolish?" exclaimed both her friends.

"Yes," said Marie sadly. "When the time came for me to choose between a true man's love and a career for myself, I proudly chose to attain the career. I would be independent, and now—"

"Yes," said Marie—Exchange.

The Watch in the Dark. Two women looked from a window in the gathering darkness of a day. Each was watching for some one. "Do you see a man coming this way?" asked one.

"Yes."

"Is he anything in his hands?"

"No."

"Then he must be my husband. He always comes home that way."

"Which way?"

"Empty handed."

"Then the other woman kissed her and said in a sad way, 'I love you.'"

"How happy you should be. Better come empty handed than to come loaded."

"And two heads bowed in the darkness."

—New York World.

THE FATHER'S SHOT.

Though it Blinded His Son, It Did Not Swerve the Boy from His Purpose.

"Never mind, father, blindness shall not interfere with my success in life," said the young law student, Henry Fawcett, when his father reproached himself for carelessly destroying all his son's prospects of advancement.

"One pleasant day in 1858 the two had gone hunting together. A flock of partridges flew over a fence where the father had no right to shoot; but as he was moving forward they flew back toward his son. The father, so eager to bring down a bird that he did not think of his son's danger, fired. Several shots entered Henry's breast, and one went through each glass of a pair of spectacles he wore. In an instant he was stone blind for life.

"But within ten minutes from the time of the accident which deprived him of eyesight forever this boy of iron nerve had determined that even blindness should not swerve him from his purpose.

"Will you read the newspaper to me?" were his first words to his sister when they carried him home.

"He was obliged to abandon law, but he began the study of political economy with a zeal rarely equalled, meanwhile having friends read to him in his moments of leisure the works of Milton, Burke, Wordsworth, all of George Eliot's novels, and a wide course of general literature, for he was determined that his blindness should not limit the breadth of his culture."

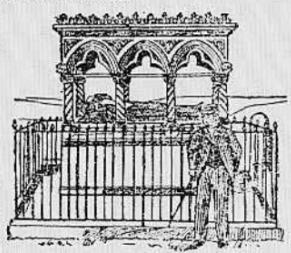
Cannibalism in the West Indies.

Lady Edith Blake writes in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly: We can picture the depredations caused by the incessant marauding bands of these ferocious cannibals, and the terror they must have excited in the minds of the milder islanders. Peter Martyr tells us that in his time alone more than five thousand men had been taken from the Island of Sancti Johannis to be eaten. Even after the Caribs had abandoned cannibalism they continued a fierce and desperate people, shunned and dreaded by Arrows and Europeans alike, and when cannibalism had ceased to be an everyday matter it would break out every now and then when occasion arose.

The establishment of a Spanish rule and the disappearance of the Arrows must have been the main factors in the decline of cannibalism, but before such was the case the Caribs seem to have given up the practice in some places. Thus Herrera says that "those of St. Croix and Dominica were those addicted to predatory excursions, hunting men," but not long before he wrote the Caribs of Dominica had eaten a poor monk, "and he so disagreed with them that many died, and that for a time they left off eating human flesh, making expeditions instead to carry off cows and mares."

Grace Darling's Tomb.

Every one has heard of Grace Darling and her heroic deed during a terrible storm on the northern coasts of England, when, with the aid of her aged father, she rescued some shipwrecked seamen.



THE TOMB OF GRACE DARLING.

When she died, a monument was erected over her body in Bambro' churchyard. The stone, which had crumbled in many places, was recently restored.

The figure in the picture is that of her brother, the sole surviving member of the family.

A Wishing Searcher.

The colored maid, who is a replica in spongy of the celebrated Mrs. Malaprop, had been told by her mistress to get the afghan and place it in the baby's carriage before taking the son and heir of the family out for his afternoon airing.

In a short time she knocked at the door, and, receiving a summons to enter, came in with her dark face the picture of gloom.

"What is it, Annabelle?" asked her mistress.

"Please, ma'am, I done looked ev'rywhere, but I caln't fin' dat African nowhere," was the distressed maid's reply.

"Ha!" cried Uncle Dick, his face as serious as a study of Thought, "there's an African in the woodpile here, sure enough!"

Unheeding the smothered laughter the maid hurried from the room.

"No, sah," she cried, returning a few moments later; "I done lif' mes ev'ry stick, an' de African wasn't in de woodpile nowhere, sah; but hit may be in de preservatory somewhere. I go look."

German Working Women's Hours

German clothing manufacturers are not permitted to employ women more than eleven hours daily, and on Saturday the time is curtailed one hour. Neither can they be engaged to work later than 5:30 p. m. on Saturdays or the day immediately preceding a holiday, nor between the hours of 8:30 p. m. and 5:30 a. m.

"The new missionary," said the King, as he plucked a bit of wool from beneath a splinter on his club, "is a strange sort of person, I hardly know what to make of him."

"Soup," suggested a voice, at which the King brightened visibly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Change For It.

The best description of a counterfeit dollar we have ever heard was that given by a saloon-keeper in a trial at Wichita, Kan., the other day. He said: "Well, Dawson threw a piece of money on the counter to pay for the drinks and I could tell by the sound of it that I did not have the change."

MRS. MANNING WON.

NOW PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Result of the Seventh Continental Congress of Famous American Women Recently Held in Washington—How the Society Was Founded and Its Objects.

The election by the Daughters of the American Revolution at the seventh continental congress held in Washington resulted in the selection of Mrs. Daniel Manning, of Albany, N. Y., as President-General of the society for the coming year, succeeding Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson. Her majority over Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, was decisive, Mrs. Manning receiving 395 votes, Mrs. McLean 110, and Mrs. Brackett 23. When the result was announced the crowded house burst into applause. Mrs. Manning made a brief speech of thanks.

Other officers were elected as follows: Chaplain-General, Mrs. C. A. Stakeley, Washington, D. C.; Recording Secretary-General, Mrs. Albert Acker, Washington, D. C.; Register-General, Miss Sae Hettzell; Treasurer-General, Mrs. Mark B. Hatch; Assistant Historian-General, Mrs. Robert S. Hatcher; Librarian-General, Mrs. Gertrude Bacon.



MRS. DANIEL MANNING.

The new president-general is the widow of the late Secretary of the Treasury. She traces her lineage back many generations. She was a Miss Fryer, her father's family being Holland Dutch. On her mother's side she is descended from Robert Livingston, first Lord of the Manor of Livingston, and among her ancestry are Philip the second Lord, and Robert, the third Lord of the Manor, Col. Peter R. Livingston; Gov. Elip Van Dam, Abraham De Peyster, Olaf Stevenson Van Courtland and Col. Peter Schuyler.

The Daughters of the American Revolution is not the oldest of the patriotic societies of women, but it is the largest and most influential. The condition for membership in the organization is that an applicant shall be descended from an ancestor who, "with unflinching loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor or as a civil officer in one of the several colonies or states" of the united colonies or states. The applicant of course must be acceptable personally to the society.

The only patriotic women's society which antedates the Daughters is the Society of the Colonial Dames of America. That was organized in New York in April, 1890, with the object of securing relics and preserving the history and traditions of the heroes of the war of the Revolution and the fathers of the republic. The Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in Washington, Oct. 11, 1890. This was in the Harrison administration, and many of the women whose husbands held prominent positions under the government interested themselves in the society. Mrs. Harrison was made president general, and she held the position until her death. After her Mrs. John W. Foster was president general for a short time; then Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, wife of the then vice president of the United States, was elected, and she held the office until the election of Mrs. Manning.

The founders of the society were Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, Miss Eugenia Washington, Miss Mary Desha and Mrs. Ellen H. Walworth of Washington. The first suggestion came in a published article from the pen of Mrs. Lockwood, and the work of forming the organization was done by the four women named. Since the society was formed several others of a similar character have sprung into existence, among the Daughters of the Revolution, the National Society Colonial Dames of America, the Dames of the Revolution and the General Society of the United Daughters of 1812. Of these the Daughters of the Revolution is an offshoot from the Daughters of the American Revolution. It owes its existence to a split in the Daughters of the American Revolution, growing out of a controversy over the qualifications for membership. At the outset the Daughters of the American Revolution adopted a rule that only lineal descendants of men who fought for freedom in the Revolution should be admitted, but when the question of Miss Eugenia Washington's membership arose it was agreed to suspend the rule and admit this one collateral descendant of the greatest Revolutionary hero. Immediately other candidates for suspension of the rule presented themselves, and a war of the "collaterals" and the "lineals" was inaugurated.

Girl of Three in the Choir. Vera Caldwell, a little girl of three, sings in the choir of the Presbyterian church of Maryland, Mo. According to "The St. Louis Republic," her voice can be heard in every part of the church.

"I am," said the girl, "at the close of a discourse on theosophy, to which his audience had listened with the deepest attention, 'in accordance with my usual custom I shall extend to any person present who cares to do so the opportunity to ask whatever question may be in his mind. I wish to leave no point obscured if it is in my power to make it clear.'"

"There's one thing I've always wanted to know," said an earnest-looking man in the audience, rising as he spoke. "I've asked a great many men, and none of them could ever tell me. Why is it that you always find a picture of a goat on a book bear skin?"

BASHFUL.

Rural Legislator Gets in Remarks, Even if Uncalled For.

"I can't help saying to you," remarked one of the old members of a more or less august legislative body to a rural recruit, "that some of the remarks you made yesterday were uncalled for, entirely uncalled for."

The other looked intently at his colleague and, removing his hat, mopped his brow with a red handkerchief.

"Looky here, friend," he proceeded after thinking for a quarter of a minute, "do you realize that I am on the minority side of this here house?"

"Yes."

"And that the place is chock full of people who are full up to the necks with speeches they want to get delivered?"

"There are many such."

"It's occurred to you, mebbe, that there is a limit to the time that a man has in this life for doin' things."

"That hasn't anything to do with your remarks yesterday."

"Yes, it has. You find fault with 'em because they were uncalled for. But I want to tell you something, 'er I had started out in politics as a shrinkin', modest violet I wouldn't even have got a nomination. An' with all them people, with both hands in the air, tryin' to git a word in edgewise, I can't afford to take no chances. I know them remarks was uncalled for, but I leave it to you as a fair minded man, if I held onto remarks till some of you fellers got up and clamored for 'em, what would my constituents think had become of me?"



An Eye to Business.

"Yes, sir. Yer right; there ain't no money in farmin' no days, an' th' only thing feryou en me to do is to go to New York and marry one of them there rich leachesess."

Decided to Wed Mr. Dukrats. "Why, Ethel, what are you doing with that big medical work in your lap?"

"Well, Arabella, you'd never guess, I am quite sure."

"You are not going to make a physician of yourself, are you?"

"Not at all. I am trying to find out which of my two suitors I love enough to marry. What do you think of that?"

"How can a cyclopaedia of medicine help you?"

"Well, it's this way. Mr. Spoudulicks is fifty-seven years of age. He is worth \$100,000, and has consumption. Mr. Dukrats is sixty-five years old. He is worth \$500,000 and has incipient gout. I thought, perhaps, this medical book would help me to make up my mind. I have about decided that I love Mr. Dukrats the better. Which would you love?"

A Disseminator of Poison. Henry Hoglot.—So ye think ole Alvin ought to be expelled from our society? What's he been doin'?"

Samuel Stubble.—Why, he's an infidel!

Henry Hoglot.—Infidel! What's that? What does an infidel do?"

Samuel Stubble.—He don't believe in anything. Now, ole Alvin said las' Fall that the cornhusk an' hog-melt theories for prognosticatin' hard Winters was all bosh; then he said that a man might as well grub up briars in the light of the moon as in the dark. But the last time I saw him he fairly put the cap-sheaf on the shock.

Henry Hoglot.—Do tell! What did the blamed fool say?"

Samuel Stubble.—Why, he said that a woodchuck would no more think of wakin' up for groundhog day than he would for Sunday school!

His Retort. "Here's a queer case," she said, looking up from the newspaper.

"Is it?" he returned, for he was not feeling in particularly good humor and didn't care who knew it.

"Yes, it is," she replied. "It's a case where a bride was given as a german favor."

"Rather a stretch of the imagination to call it a favor, I should think," he said.

Of course she got even with him later—they always do; but this is not a continued story.

One Way. Rev. Longnecker—I wish I could think of some way to make the congregation keep their eyes on me during the sermon.

Little Tommy—Pa, you want to put the clock right behind the pulpit.

Useless Worry. "I'm afraid Wizey thinks a little hard of me."

"You're foolish. There's a man that can't think hard on any subject."

A Dream of Home. Oh, it's nice to write of farming, Of the boeing of the corn; Of the driving cows to pasture, On an early summer morn.

Of the cutting down of timber, When the snow is all about; Oh, it's nice to dream about it, But to do it—leave me out!

A Trait in Common. Mrs. Yeast—Have you ever seen anything in the moon which reminded you of a man?

Mrs. Crimsonbank—Oh, yes; when it was full, I have.

Before and After. Crimmins—I see the sweetheart of a St. Louis peroxide blonde has shot her Bozer—What did she do?

Crimmins—She dyed.

How He Gets It. Browne—Old De Soaks seems to have the wisdom of the serpent.

Towne—Yes; the result of constant association.

CHIEF RED CLOUD.

EPISODES IN THE CAREER OF A VERY MISCHIEVOUS INDIAN.

He Was the Most Indifferent Medicine Man During the Last Uprising—How He Used His Power—His Shack on the Ogallala Reservation.

Red Cloud is the single survivor of that famous coterie of Sioux Indian leaders of which Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull helped to make history on the western prairies. It cannot be truthfully said, however, that "Old Red," as he is familiarly known, was as powerful in war or debate as the three great chieftains who have been mentioned. He possessed all their craftiness, and it cannot be denied that he enjoyed certain elements of personal magnetism which marked him as a leader among his tribesmen. He was pre-eminent in planning mischief, but he was, as a rule, mysteriously absent when his plans were carried out according to his mapping.

Perhaps the most atrocious piece of work in which he took a hand was the Fort McKinney massacre, in which over a score of United States soldiers were led into ambush and slaughtered. That was when he was a vigorous young buck. Before this lamentable tragedy "Old Red" was a common maurauder, full of devilment and it is probable that he took many a scalp from the wagon trains then on their way to Utah and the land of gold beyond the Rockies.

But for the last thirty years Red Cloud has led a comparatively peaceful life. While his crafty counsel was often sought by his tribesmen, and his rank among them was that of a leader, the government did not clothe him with the dignity of chieftain, but reckoned him only as Red Cloud, pow-

erful enough without a title, and yet too dangerous to be its possessor.

When the Sioux and Cheyennes rebelled against the invasion of gold seekers in the Black hills in 1876, Red Cloud did not go on the war path, although many of his band cast their fortunes with Sitting Bull, Gall, Grass and Rain-in-the-Face and were finally forced to sue for peace on the British line. But while Red Cloud was at all appearances a friendly Indian his heart was with the hostiles, who were crimsoning the grass along the Little Big Horn with the blood of the Seventh's troopers. Red Cloud, however, was too cunning to leave his agency for war.

It was in consideration of "Old Red's" absence from the theater of conflict that the government built the warrior a substantial two-story frame house at Pine Ridge and painted it white. It is to-day the most pretentious dwelling on the great Ogallala reservation. The building stands near White Clay creek, rifle shot distance from the agency buildings, and at the foot of a long range of buttes.

Red Cloud watched the construction of his house with satisfied curiosity. He figured that it was a sort of payment for his ponies which the government confiscated during a time when the soldiers were at war with the Sioux and for which he had never received a penny. This bit of robbery, for it amounted to little else, rankled and still rankles in the breast of the old fellow. Always a bitter enemy of the whites, this wholesale swoop on his herd forever sealed his hatred. When the house was finished, the carpenters erected a pole in front of the house and hoisted the American flag. The spectacle of the emblem flying above his own abode so angered Red Cloud that he cut the halyards and tore the flag into strips as soon as it fell fluttering to the ground. The staff still stands in front of the house, but no one again tried to float the emblem from its towering peak.

Red Cloud was a very old man when the Sioux war of 1890 filled the west with alarm. Those who were in that campaign well remember him as bent and tottering, wrapped in a long, faded purple overcoat and baggy trousers, the legs of which fell upon a pair of poorly decorated moccasins. His face, deeply creased with the age and woefully shrunken, was made doubly repulsive by a huge pair of blue goggles, which he wore because of his fast failing sight. Red Cloud wore neither paint nor feathers. He looked like the veriest "coffee cooler" of the agency—a red gnome, a desiccated, ill-smelling savage, who seemed ready to be crunched by the hand of death any time. That was over seven years ago. There is now little left of the Indian who for over three generations has been a bloody, crafty yet interesting character of the Sioux nation.

Ironical Ha. If a man is down with the smallpox he is to be pitted.

If a man isn't sober he should never attempt to walk a tight rope.

If you would successfully argue with a woman just keep silent.

If fish is good brain food, it seems a pity in some cases to waste so much fish.

If one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, the other half is just as ignorant.

If a man is too proud to beg and too honest to steal, the only thing left for him is to get trusted.

A MIXED BLESSING.

Why the Telephone Had Its Drawbacks for Mrs. Goldsborough.

"Oh, you have a telephone in your house, haven't you?" exclaimed Mrs. Gazzman, who was calling upon Mrs. Goldsborough, when the bell went ting-a-ling on the staircase.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Goldsborough, "we had it put in week before last. George thought it would be a great convenience. Will you kindly excuse me while I answer the ring, for the maid has not yet learned how it works."

"How very convenient you must find it," the caller went on, when her hostess returned. "You can talk to your husband at any time during the day, for one thing. I think that is so nice. It really makes him nearer to you. Sometimes I wish most earnestly that I could speak to Frank in the middle of the day. He is gone from home for nine or ten hours, and I feel when he leaves in the morning as if I felt when we were engaged and he used to come to see me at my home in the country, perhaps once in six months, for it was a long way. When he would start for the train I'd think that I had lost him, and now it's the same when he leaves the house in the morning. Then, the telephone is useful in many other ways. You can order groceries and other supplies and you can talk to your friends."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Goldsborough, "the telephone is very useful, but it has its drawbacks. In fact, I'm sorry that ours was put in."

"Why?"

"You knew Nellie, the maid I had for so many years, didn't you?"

"Certainly. Isn't she with you yet?"

"No, she isn't, but she would be if it were not for the telephone."

"How was that? Did she object to answering it?"

"That was not the trouble. One day while I was out Mrs. Ricketts called her up and offered her \$5 a month more than I was paying her and Nellie accepted the offer. Mrs. Ricketts wouldn't have dared to come to the house and coax my maid away, but she used the telephone. And so I say that it has its drawbacks."

A Lake of Wine. It recently took two powerful steam pumps a week to fill the largest wine reservoir in the world. Properly speaking, it is a lake—a lake of red wine 104 feet long, 34 feet wide and 24 feet deep.

Of course it is in California, that State of big things, that this wonder is to be seen—down at Asti by the Russian River valley, and the lake itself is the blending of the juices of grapes from a thousand vines. As a system of blending wine it is in this respect as much a wonder as in point of quantity and place of keeping.

It is another proof also that necessity is the mother of invention, for if it had not been that the colonists could find no way to dispose of their wine in a profitable manner, owing to its abundance, it is probable the lake would never have been created and another wonder thus lost to the world.

The tun of Heidelberg, which the last generation, and even some of the present, learned to think of with wonder, is but a child beside a full grown

Manuel Bermala, who "rode the mail" from old Fort Ewell to Twohig, was armed, as were all mail carriers in that day, with Winchester under knee and revolver buckled to his waist. He saw a javalina standing in the road, shot it, incautiously dismounted to examine it, and was surrounded in an instant by fifty of them that smelled the blood and poured out of the chaparral. His frightened horse plunged away. He managed to gain a hulsache tree, and climbed it. He used up all of the cartridges in his revolver and in his belt and slew ten of the besailing animals. How long he remained perched in the tree no one knows. He must have moved about in the branches, for a rotten limb broke with him and he fell. When he was found only some scattered bones and fragments of clothing remained of him. The mail bags had fallen from the horse, and they, too, were ripped to pieces. The incident attracted no particular attention. It was one of the many unimportant tragedies of the southwest. A new mail carrier was hired, who let the javalinas alone.

Chasing the javalina is a favorite diversion of the southwestern ranchman. He has little to do save watch the increase of his flocks and roll shack cigarettes, and welcomes anything that promises to break the monotony. The wild hog is swift and untiring and frequents only the roughest and most inaccessible country. He emits a strong scent, which even a coarsely bred dog follows easily, and is expert at all devices for throwing his pursuers of the track, doubling frequently, making his way through underground passages known only to himself, and even taking to the water when forced to it. When brought to bay he is certain to afford the liveliest kind of fight to anything less than a dozen dogs. His curved tus