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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR. EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1900. VOL. LXV. NO. 16

IN MEXICO.

The cactus towers, straight and tall,
Through fallow fields of chaparral;
And here and there, in paths apart,
A dusky peon guides his cart,
And yokes of oxen journey slow,
In Mexico.

And oft some distant tinkling tells
Of muleteers, with wagon bells,
That jangle sweet across the maize,
And green agave stalks that raise
Rich spires of blossoms, row on row,
In Mexico.

Upon the whitened city walls
The golden sunshine softly falls
On archways set with orange trees,
On paven courts and balconies,
Where trailing vines toss to and fro,
In Mexico.

And patient little donkeys fare
With laden saddle bags, and bear
Through narrow ways quaint water jars,
Wreathed round with waxen lily stars,
And scarlet poppy buds that blow,
In Mexico.

In liquid syllables, the cries
Of far fruit venders faintly rise;
And under thick palmetto shades,
And down cool-covered colonnades,
The tides of traffic gently flow,
In Mexico.

When twilight falls more near and clear
The tender southern skies appear,
And down green slopes of blooming lines
Come cascades of cathedral chimes;
And prayerful figures worship low,
In Mexico.

A land of lutes and witching tones;
Of silver onyx, opal stones;
A lazy land, wherein all seems
Enchanted into endless dreams;
And never any need to know,
In Mexico.

Of life's unquiet, swift advance;
But slipped into such gracious trance,
The restless world speeds on, unfelt,
Unheeded, as by those who dwelt
In olden ages, long ago,
In Mexico.

—Evaleen Stein, in Kansas City Journal.

THE DESPERADO.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CY WARMAN.

The slanting shafts of the setting sun glanced along the level pools and gilded the ripples and shimmering shoals of the quiet river—the Green river—that lay along the edge of the Adobe desert, like a band of braid at the bottom of a woman's skirt. A moment later the red sun dropped behind the Wahsatch mountains, and the day was snuffed out like a candle.

Suddenly, now, a great black cloud raised its shoulders up over the hills behind which the sun sank. With majestic swiftness it lifted its head, spread out its dark wings, shadowed the waste and filled the wild canyons with awful gloom. Far out toward the foothills the unshod feet of a mountain cayuse were beating the hard face of the desert, urged on by the cruel spurs of his pitiless master. For more than six hours the horse and rider had been simmering in the summer sun, and now they welcomed the shadows, ducked their heads and dived in under the cloud; the horse eager for the cool, and the rider for the cover of night.

Across the desert another rider is urging his steed of steel, his pilot pointing into the storm-swept night. In a darkened day-coach, behind the little locomotive, a United States marshal and his deputies sit staring at the storm into which the daring driver is about to plunge. [illegible] beat upon the [illegible] it is falling fa[illegible] roof of the ca[illegible] light. The ir[illegible] are running ne[illegible] riders know th[illegible] river, and s[illegible] the cayus[illegible] he brac[illegible] The ti[illegible] mount, [illegible] the railroad bridge, which he knows must be near at hand, but glancing back he sees the light of the locomotive and changes his mind.

Just over the river stands Green River station, with its water-tank, where the iron horse will stop to drink. If the lone rider can reach the station before the train leaves he can leave the country which he does not like. As the locomotive comes nosing cautiously up the bridge the horseman drives his spurs into the cayuse, and the foaming animal plunges into the roaring river. The swift current carries him downstream, and the engine's headlight shines full upon him as he is swept under the bridge.

Beyond the bridge the engine is stopped, and the occupants of the dark car come out to look for the man and horse. Long before they reach the river bank below the bridge, however, the little cayuse has touched land, leaped upon the level bank and galloped up to the station.

While the men were still searching for him along the river, the weary traveler learned from the agent that the regular train had passed, that the train at the bridge was a special, that it would not be likely to stop at the tank, and if it did it would not take passengers.

And so, being weary and not wishing to be seen, the traveler tethered his tired horse at the rear of the hotel, secured a room and retired.

Presently the key began calling the agent at Green River, and when he hearkened it told him of a tragedy that had occurred at Coyote on the morning of that day. A lone desperado had taken the town, robbed the station, killed the operator (who was the agent also), stolen a horse and escaped. A special with a United States marshal had gone down the road to look for the murderer. The description that the new operator had gotten from the frightened people led the agent at Green River to believe that the desperado had been there but a moment before. When the special pulled up to the station and stopped, the agent told the marshal of the arrival of the stranger.

"That's our man," said the marshal, and he immediately surrounded the little wooden hotel, which was called the Palmer House. Then, having secured the number of the stranger's room, the marshal and one of his men went up.

They tried the door; it was locked. They knocked, and the man said, "Come in." The marshal said he could not, and asked the occupant of the room to come out; and the man answered, "Wait till I get my boots on," for he loathed to die half-dressed.

Suddenly the door flew open, and the hunted man leaped into the hall. Before the marshal or his deputy could raise a hand, the desperate man began unloading a couple of rapid-firing, six-shooters in the narrow hallway. The two officers retreated, for the first shot had jarred the hanging hall lamp out and left them in the dark. Covered by his own smoke, the desperado followed the men down the stairs, and before he had been missed he was already over the back fence mounting his horse. The horse was shot down by one of the posse, and the desperado was compelled to foot it.

Leaving the desert lands, he headed for the canyon, and at dawn rested where the trail touched the Green river. Here he found a brush hut, a sheepherder and a rude rowboat on the banks of the swollen stream.

"Ferry me over," said the stranger, as the shepherd came yawning from his hut.

"Not for your fleece, my buck sheep," said the boatman; "yon river's dangerous."

"So's this," said the man, flourishing his firearms. "Ferry me over P. D. Q."

When the boat had reached the middle of the wild river the desperado brought his gun out again and ordered the boatman to head her downstream, pointing out the way with his loaded revolver. The terrified sheepman tried to tell the fugitive that the river was impassable, even at low water—that a little way down the Grand joined the Green, and the two, forming the Colorado, went leaping, plunging, boiling and churning through the Cataract Canyon, through which (the Indians said) no white man had passed and lived. The hunted man only smiled and twirled his pistol.

The two men would dash through wild cataracts, over white foaming falls, and the next hour their frail boat would be drifting silently between the softly shaded walls that gave back, in echo, the faintest ripple of water, or the almost whispered words, few [illegible] below there was no escape. The little resting place on which the two men found themselves was filled with driftwood. Hanging to the rock that had wrecked them was a long rope that had been in the boat; this the desperado fished out.

"We'll build a raft," said the outlaw. He made the sheepman carry cedar logs, limbless and scarred, crossties and pieces of bridge timber that had drifted for hundreds of miles down the mad river, and were gnawed like the hitching post in front of a country church.

When he had lashed a lot of these together he told he sheepman to get aboard, and the sheepman said he'd die first.

"All right," said the smiling villain, and the wild report of his revolver filled the canyon, and went on and out through side canyons, thundering its echoes back to the two men there in the awful gorge. The bullet whirred past the shepherd's ear.

Once more on the breast of the boiling stream the men, now on the rude raft, were tempting fate. They lay flat down, hanging to the ropes, sometimes beneath, sometimes far above the mad torrent, leaping from the crest of high falls, shooting rapids and capering over awful cataracts. At the end of an hour they emerged from the narrow canyon and entered a long stretch of deep green water, slowly moving, sun-kissed and quiet. So still seemed the beautiful river that they were obliged to take markers on the shore to see if they really moved. Far away, at the end of the stretch of peaceful water, the river seemed to end. Across its path a wall rose, red and high. The water, running over, and flowing down the face of the cliff, had streaked and striped the red sandstone until it looked in the sunlight like a beautiful piece of tapestry, and the desperado called it Tapestry Wall, and so it has been called ever since.

The river, however, did not end here. Swinging in a long, graceful curve, growing swifter and swifter, it sucked into a narrow pass and became a raging, frothing cataract.

For some moments they saw nothing and heard only the awful tumult of the boiling river, and then with a slam the raft hung upon a big rock that split the current near the middle of the stream.

When the shepherd had wiped the spray from his eyes he saw that he was alone. The force of the shock had thrown his companion into the water. He had landed, and now came limping along the bank of the river.

The desperado smiled out over the foam at the helpless shepherd, who began to hope that the fellow would shoot him and end the awful suspense, but the fearless outlaw did nothing of the sort. To the shepherd's amazement, the man on shore—safe and free from the mad river—began to undress. When he had stacked his wet garments on a rock he walked a few rods along the bank and plunged in. Midway between the rock and the shore there was a whirlpool—a suck-hole, as the shepherd said—and it was to avoid this that the man had gone so far upstream. He was an expert swimmer, but he was weakened from overwork and the long fast, and so the current proved too strong for him. It carried him past the shepherd, and suddenly his feet pointed to the suck. Round and round, faster and faster, as he came at each turn nearer the neck of the funnel, the doomed man whirled, while the shepherd looked on, powerless.

As he drew near the fatal centre the force of the water stood him up; he waved his hand, smiled at the shepherd, and shot down to the bottom of the foaming river.

Knowing that to remain there was to perish, the shepherd succeeded in reaching the shore. Half starved he reached the cabin of a miner who was washing gold in the canyon of the Colorado. There we found him—a white-haired young man—while on our way to the San Juan goldfields in 1893, and from his own lips heard this story.—Saturday Evening Post.

INVENTIONS OF THE CENTURY.

Marvelous Changes Which Have Occurred in Land and Water Travel.

A simple enumeration of the great inventions of the century and the discoveries made in the sciences of medicine, surgery, chemistry, astronomy, biology and archaeology would be sufficient to show that in these hundred years the horizon of human thought and knowledge has widened out so far that the circle which bounded them before seems almost insignificant in the comparison. Take, for example, the marvelous changes made in methods of travel on land and water by the use of steam and electric motors. Up to the present century all the wit and ingenuity of men exercised through all the ages past had evolved nothing better for the purposes of travel than the sailing vessel by sea and the vehicle propelled by horse-power on land. No great improvement had been made in these things in thousands of years. But this century has witnessed the invention, the swift development and the general introduction of motive agents which have almost annihilated time and space, and wrought changes of inconceivable magnitude in society, industry, commerce and national life.

Equally far-reaching and revolutionary have been the applications of electrical science as seen in the telegraphic systems knitting all the world together, the telephone, electric lighting, and, in these latest days, wireless telegraphy. To this century also must be credited a vast extension of labor-saving machinery, of which the sewing machine, the reaper and the typewriter are prominent examples.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of it all is that the advance in every department of science and knowledge has inured so largely to the benefit and comfort of the people at large. Take as one simple instance the invention of the common match. [illegible] ...ould not do without it now, and wonder how our fathers managed to live under such privation. So in a thousand other things the comfort of the world has been greatly advanced, and today there is to be found in the homes of the great mass of the people comforts and conveniences, and even luxuries, the thought of which never entered the minds of our forefathers. And who will not say that for all this the world has been vastly improved, and the condition of its people infinitely bettered?

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A pet flea has been known to live six years.

Surgeons say that J. C. Orr, of Fort Worth, Tex., has a set of teeth in his lungs.

Illinois monument dealers want a law enabling them to seize tombstones for bad debts.

Nearly 8000 cats were received last year at the London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats.

The Red sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

At the last elections in Bavaria only 39 per cent. of those entitled to vote took the trouble to do so.

Malaga usually has about 16 rainy days a year, and at least 200 days when there is not a cloud in the blue sky.

The people of ancient Tyre were such experts in dyeing that Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day.

There was a superstition among the ancient Romans that it was unfortunate when starting on a journey to meet a frog in the road. In traveling from Rome to this country, however, the old superstition became twisted, as the old-fashioned negroes believe it a sign of good fortune to meet a "hoptoad" in their path.

In Waukegan, Wis., is an old church which has no steeple, because of a court mandate forbidding such a construction. In 1862 a severe storm swept over the town, hurling the original spire against the house next door and wrecking it. The owners of the house got out an injunction restraining the trustees of the church from building another spire, and this order has held for 38 years.

The goose was a part of every medieval feast in Europe. It is said to have been the first domesticated fowl, and was regarded by the Egyptians as sacred. At one time its use at feasts was restricted to those of royalty. In Greece their flight was regarded as an omen for which people watched anxiously. The breeding of geese was an important industry in some parts of Europe during the Middle Ages.

Cat That Prefers Her Fish Fresh.

Mr. Foster of Isleworth, Eng., owns an angling cat. Mr. Foster's garden fronts on the Thames, and ever since Ranje was a kitten he has caught small fish in the river by diving for them. One night recently while Mr. Foster was at dinner he heard a great commotion in the garden, and going to see what was the matter, he found the cat struggling with a large fish. With great difficulty the fish was taken from him and placed in a bath of water, living for two days. It measured 17 inches and weighed over two pounds.

WITHIN THE BOER LINES.

The Burghers in Camp and on the Field of Battle.

TOUCHING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

NOTHING has been more extraordinary in connection with the South African war than the lack of news that has come from the Boer side.

Of the foreigners within the Boer ranks, the most picturesque and one of the ablest is Count de Villebois-Mareuil, who won fame in the Foreign Legion, French Army, and who, it is said, threw up his commission and joined the Boers because he was not given the rank of Brigadier-General, which he felt he deserved.

But it appears that it was not personal ambition but genuine sympathy for the Boer cause that influenced him. Not only is Colonel Villebois-Mareuil a brilliant soldier, but a distinguished writer as well, and herewith are presented extracts from a letter contributed by him to La Liberte, of Paris. It gives much that is new concerning the Boers, from whose side little has been published.

Colonel Villebois-Mareuil writes:

"If you consider both men and things, here is a curious mixture of very ancient and modern methods. The concentration of troops was carried out by railway with the greatest ease and without a hitch, as with [illegible] who serves out provisions [illegible] liberality to which our commissariat officers have not accustomed me. The meat is admirable. Bread for the army is baked in Glencoe by a Frenchman named St. Croix, some of it in the ovens left there by the British. If bread should run out there is Boer biscuit, which is softer, more palatable and far better than ours.

"The Government still keeps the men supplied with tea, coffee, rice, potatoes and condiments; it is your universal provider, this Government—your tailor, outfitter, saddler, shoemaker, and all without the slightest fuss, without the bother of filling up forms. All you want is a voucher from the field cornet, who is responsible to his own conscience for the reasonableness of the orders he signs.

"With its marabout tents, its kitchen in the open air, its Irish stews, the Boer laager would give the illusion of an Algerian camp but for the enormous wagons, drawn up in line or in square; the multiplicity of animals and the silence and calm of the men.

"Guard duty is taken in turns by successive groups all night long. The tent of the general, the major or the field cornet serves as a club for any one who likes. The life of the chiefs is for me a mystery of physical and intellectual endurance in the midst of this continuous invasion.

"There are no punishments, no recompenses, no altercations nor coercive measures, everything being done freely at stated hours as a duty. Though there is no restraint, there is never a reprehensible act.

"The laagers have a commissariat department that works with admirably regularity in spite of the extreme strain that is put upon it.

"But after all the laagers are chiefly interesting for the spirit that animates them. An atmosphere of deep religious feeling pervades the camp, which commits everything to God—the fate of the Transvaal, the defense of its liberties, and the rights of its people against the aggressor. If you compliment a general he replies: 'God has permitted it.' The Boer, whose secret aspirations are thus encouraged, lifts eyes of faith to heaven. The pastors are among the men, living their life, present at their death, simple, like the others, although treated with special respect.

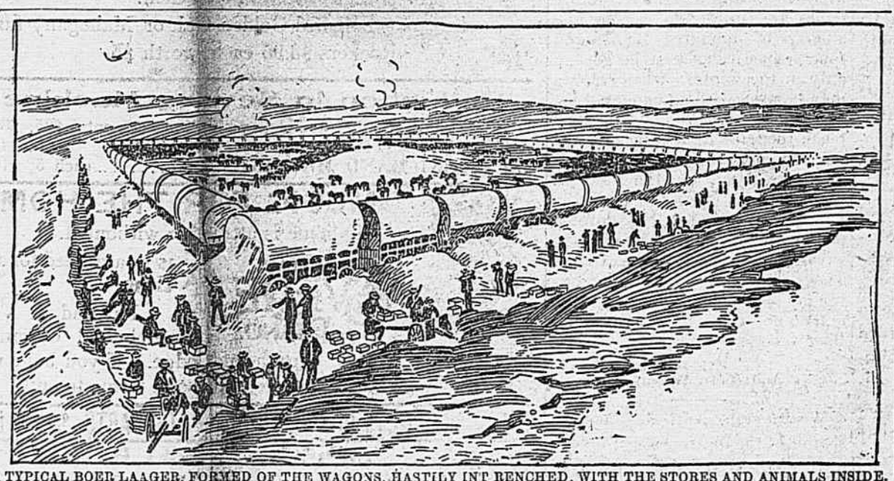
"Any man who has seen the Boers, night after night, gathered in groups, some on horseback, others on foot, punctual in all weathers, taking up their nightly stations, is constrained to bow before the superior power which can transform lives so free as theirs and mould them to the needs of warlike discipline.

"The rain is often heavy, night falls, but they press stoically forward without noticing it, and until the hour of dawn, crouching among the rocks along a slope, bogged in the mire or drenched in the flooded fields, they will keep vigil or sleep under the southern sky, offering their lives in continual sacrifice to their country.

"No man who has seen them in battle, their eyes ever on the alert, their deadly magazines rifles in their hands, quick to change their position or to strengthen a weak point, inflexible, and yet at the same time generous, stopping their fire as soon as it has produced its effect, refusing to pursue after the enemy has been put to flight—no man who sees them such perfect masters of their strength can fail to understand that they are a people apart, these extraordinary Boers—sure of their eyes as of their nerve, of their resolution as of their endurance."

George Lynch, artist of the Illustrated London News in Natal, who was taken prisoner by the Boers, describes a hymn service in the Boer laager behind Lombard's Kop, from which the Transvaal "Long Tom" daily bombards Ladysmith, as follows: "About fifteen men, mostly about thirty or forty years, were crowded into the tent, which was excessively hot. Two candles were stuck in bottles placed on empty cases; the men squatted around, two or three reading from the same hymnbook. They had laid their pipes besides them and their rifles were stacked about the tentpole. They sang well in lusty, clear voices free from any nasal twang. The effect was strikingly picturesque, the strongly marked, earnest faces in the candlelight thrown out against the dark background of the shadows behind. Similar scenes were to be witnessed at each laager every evening, sometimes in three or four tents at the same time."

A letter from Sir George White to General Schalk Burger was taken by Lieutenant Orlebar, of the Nineteenth Hussars, during the siege of Ladysmith. He was accompanied by an orderly with a white flag, and when he reached the Boer outposts he was blindfolded and conducted to the General, the orderly being left behind in charge of the picket. His eyes were not uncovered again until he was inside the General's tent, which was sumptuously furnished, there even being a big bed in it. When General Burger's answer was ready, the Lieutenant was again blindfolded and conducted back to the outposts.



A TYPICAL BOER LAAGER, FORMED OF THE WAGONS, HASTILY INTRENCHED, WITH THE STORES AND ANIMALS INSIDE.

"BLINDFOLDED:" AN ENGLISH OFFICER CARRYING A MESSAGE TO THE BOERS.

BOERS HOLDING A BURIAL SERVICE OVER BRITISH SLAIN.

(The correspondent of the Daily Telegraph with General French's column at Naauwpoort writes with regard to the burial of the unfortunate Suffolk men: "Our burying party sent out was received by the Boers sympathetically. They rendered assistance also to our men. Over the grave they sang a hymn, and some of the leaders made impressive speeches, expressing abhorrence of the war, regretting the heavy losses on both sides, and declaring the hope that the war would soon be ended.")

GENERAL JOUBERT, WITH HIS SON AND STAFF, AT BREAKFAST.

(The General is seated in the centre. The young man on the right, with hat turned up at the side, is his son, and the man in front of him is General Joubert's chaplain.)

RUBBER GATHERERS IN BRAZIL.

The U. S. S. Wilmington Explores the Amazon River.

"By studying on a map of Brazil you can see that the Para river extends almost due west south of the Island of Marajo, to a net-work of narrow streams, known as the Passes, which connect the Para with the Amazon. These numerous channels are from 70 to 150 yards in width, and some of them are navigable for vessels of 18 to 20 feet draft. These Passes are interesting enough to those traversing them in small craft, but to the officers and sailors of such steamers at U. S. S. Wilmington they are trebly so. At night there is little to arrest the attention other than the weird, dark shapes of the banks, which ever seem close aboard. The land being low and flat, and the trees near the water's edge, it seems as if the ship has forsaken her natural element and is running overland on invisible wheels.

"When daylight comes in a sudden burst of light like the unheralded flash of the theatre's illumination, there is revealed on each side of the narrow channel the forest's solid hanging vines, of creepers and foliage and branches brilliant with the multitudinous hues of tropical vegetation.

"There is a strange chattering of animal life and a whirr of winged insects. The discordant cries of myriad parrots echo from the trees. There is human life, too. Here and there embowered in the jungle can be seen little wooden huts, with thatched roofs and sides open to the cooling winds.

"These are the homes of the rubber gathers, who labor day in and day out collecting the milky sap of the Heves brasiliensis. This rubber gathering is interesting, and the Wilmington's crew watch curiously as the winding channel reveals little groups of natives at work along the edge of the stream.

"Those on board who have read the descriptions tell others of the manner in which the half-naked Indians labor, of how each family works what is called an 'estrada,' or street, a path through the forest, which embraces as many rubber trees as can be conveniently tended, of how these trees are slit with a machete and a cup fitted in the cut to catch the sap, and of the manner in which the owner makes his daily round and brings to his hut the collected juice.

"There is also interest in the description of its next stage, when the sap is dipped up by a stick and revolved over a smokey fire. The smoke causes each layer to coagulate on the [illegible] ...ired amount is [illegible]

SAVIN'!

Folks don't know what we've gone thru'
To lay by a dime or two!
Some folks think that we jes' love
Money more'n the heaven above;
Say we're stingy, an' thet "close"—
My; but thet's th' bitter dose—
You jes' throwin' fun away
Savin' fer a rainy day!

Other folks jes' goes along
Hummin' some ol' happy song,
Live like life wuz all a treat,
Wear goed clothes, hev lots ter eat,
Entertain ter take the cake,
Spend 'bout en'ry cent they make,
'N' you jes' ploddin' on yore way
Savin' fer a rainy day.

Goes all right ontel yore pile
Grows ter be somethin' worth while,
Then you think: "Wal, what's th' use?
Got th' means, an' oughter spruce
Upon a little round th' house,
Bein', ter say, no church mouse
Now," then go on same ol' way
Savin' fer a rainy day.

Ain't a picnic or a fair,
Don't find some folks goin' there—
You a-stayin' home, I jing,
Feared ter spend fer anything!
Comes to givin'—do yore part,
Though it kind o' breaks yore heart,
Hev' ter feel jes' thataway!
Savin' fer a rainy.

Love thet money? Not a bit!
An' it takes uncommon grit
Not to think it's jes' plum' wrong
Fer to stint so all along,
Losin' all the fun to gain—
Jes' a picnic in the rain!
Facts don't pint all jes' one way,
Savin' fer a rainy day.

—Charles W. Stevenson, in Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

"Clothes do not make the man." "No; but suits make the lawyer."

It is easy for woman to love her neighbor when that neighbor wears an older and cheaper looking bonnet than hers.

"Why were you discharged from your last place?" "Strangers took me too often for the lady of the house."

Enthusiastic Angler—I can't fancy any one not fond of trout fishing. Tender-hearted Maiden—Unless it be the trout.

Clara—What shall I sing for you, Jack? Jack—Have you a song with a refrain? Clara—Yes. Jack—Well, then, please refrain.

Young Mistress—This isn't a clean knife. Jane, New Servant—Isn't it, mum? I'm sure it ought to be. The last thing it cut was soap.

Ida—Miss Olde says every time she thinks of you she feels something gnawing at her heart. Dick—By joye! I'll send her a rat trap.

Stern Parent (to young aspirant for his daughter's hand)—Young man, can you support a family? Young Man (meekly)—I only wanted Sarah.

[illegible] the Mang[illegible]

[illegible] ...less [illegible]

Botanical Old Gent (in public gardens)—Can you tell me, my good man, if this plant belongs to the arbutus family? Gardener (curtly)—No, sir, it doesn't. It belongs to the corporation."

"I see," remarked the observant boarder, "that meals are to be served in Chicago street cars." "When," asked his neighbor, "will sleeping cars be put on the Philadelphia street railways?"

Newlywed—Why, I never thought of saving a cent until I got married! Bachelor—And do you now? Newlywed—Oh! yes, indeed! I'm continually thinking how much I might save if I wasn't.

"I don't think her father quite understood me when I called upon him last evening," said the suitor. "Why not?" "Well, I asked him for the hand of his daughter and he gave me his own."

"Do you think those two letters were written by the same person?" "I really couldn't say," answered the handwriting expert. "Oh, I see. You haven't as yet been retained either by the prosecution or the defence."

"And you feel sure that my daughter looks with favor upon your suit?" inquired the aged parent. "Well," replied the youth with frankness, "I don't want to be too sure about it. Of course you are aware that your daughter squints."

Mrs. Blinkers—What! Going away? Why? Servant—Yes, mum; when I came yesterday you gave me the keys to your trunks and drawers and chests and jewel boxes to keep for you. Mrs. Blinkers—Yes; I did that to show that I trusted you. What is the matter? Servant—Ther don't one of 'em fit.

Her Dream Was Fulfilled.

A young lady who lives in Boston was summoned to Portland a short time ago to attend the funeral of her father, a well known citizen who died suddenly from heart disease, the immediate cause of his death being overexertion. The morning his death occurred, the young lady was late in arriving at her place of business, and remarked, in explanation, that she overslept (an unusual circumstance), and had a dream in the morning which had caused her great distress of mind. She saw her father climb into a window, and then strike his head against a chair causing instant death. It is understood that the doctor attributed his death to his striking the side of his head against a chair as he entered the room by way of a window, a remarkable confirmation of the circumstances of the sad affair as indicated by the dream of his daughter.—Portland (Me.) Transcript.

Tests of Yellow Pine.

The civil engineering department of the University of Nebraska recently made an interesting test of the crushing strength of blocks of yellow pine. The blocks were about four inches cubical measure. One was placed on its side, and was crushed when the pressure reached 1215 pounds a square inch. The other block was placed on its end, and it was not crushed until the enormous weight of 10,507 pounds a square inch had been reached.

The Havre correspondent of the Petit Journal has made the discovery of a man who 30 years ago was the talk of everybody and everywhere. He is none other than Ernest Groult, who is now 62 years old. It was he who seized Berezowski as he was about to assassinate the Emperor of Russia. It may be remembered that it was on the day of the Grand Prix that Berezowski fired two shots at him. Groult, who was a waiter at the time, was carrying a telegram to the Marquis de Dampierre, and happened to be close to the assassin. Without a moment's hesitation Groult seized him. A hand to hand struggle took place between the two men. What followed is well known. Next day an aide-de-camp of the emperor came to congratulate the waiter and he gave him 500 francs and a watch. He wanted to take Groult to Russia but he refused. He was wrong, for since then misfortune and oblivion have overtaken him. He sent a petition to the Russian government setting forth his destitute condition, but it was rejected. The poor man is now a waiter in a small hotel in Havre, but he is unable to work any longer, and says he must go to the hospital. Berezowski was condemned and sentenced to transportation. So runs this version of the event. It does not appear to be quite exact.—London Globe.

More Than He Could Stand.

It is related of the Emperor William of Germany that, at a recent review in Berlin, he reprimanded old General von Meerscheidt for losing his presence of mind at a critical moment. "If your majesty thinks that I am getting too old, I beg of you to allow me to resign." "No, no," replied the Kaiser, "you are too young to resign. Indeed, if your blood didn't course through your veins quite so fast, you would be a more useful army leader." On the evening of that day the Kaiser and the general met at a court ball. The general was talking to some young ladies. "Ah Meerscheidt," cried William, "that is right—get ready to marry! Take a young wife; then that excitable temperment of yours will soon vanish." The old general, it is stated, bowed low before his imperial mejesty as he coolly retorted; "I beg to be excused, your majesty; a young emperor and a young wife would be more than I could possibly stand."

A Time-telling Pussy.

My cat Dick is very fond of my rocking-chair, says Mary F. Sleight in Our Animal Friends, but he has been taught that he must always give it up at 5 o'clock, and no matter how comfortably nestled in the cushion he be, at the stroke of five he resigns it without being spoken to. He has learned also that he cannot lie in my lap except when I have an apron on, so, while at other times he holds himself decorously aloof, the moment he sees me tie on my apron he pounces into my lap and begins to purr.

Ruling Apparatus.

A Colorado woman has designed a handy ruling apparatus, having a rigid guide bar attached to the upper surface of the ruler by brackets, with a pen support sliding on the bar to hold the pen out of contact with the edge of the ruler.

Monkeys and Music.

The keepers of the monkey house at the Zoological Gardens are disciples of Professor Garner in believing that monkeys have a rudimentary language, or at least a code of signals. One keeper declares that no matter what the monkeys are doing a peculiarly shrill call from one of them will send the entire number to the top of the cage in a panic, where they shiver with fear and only descend again with the most cautious movements and wary glances. A long drawn-out hiss produces similar results, doubtless from their inherited fear of snakes.

Some queer experiments were recently made upon the animals by a number of street musicians who visited the Gardens. One of them played a violin, and the monkeys showed every symptom of delight. They stopped their play and crowded the bars, sitting in silence with heads thrown back, seemingly in a state of perfect enjoyment. The shrill notes of a piccolo suddenly set them in a rage, and they flew around their cages chattering and screaming and shaking their swings until a flute player sounded a few notes on his instrument. That produced quiet again, but did not equal the violin in subduing the monkeys to complete attention to the music.—Philadelphia Record.

John Chinaman as a Workman.

When he is paid by time, the Chinaman does not work more than he can help. When he is on piecework, however, his affection for the almighty dollar, developed in his race to the highest degree, makes it his tendency to scamp his work, and very ingenious indeed can be his devices in this direction. Running a machine tool would seem, therefore, to be the work wherein he would be most effective, but even then he wants a smart shop foreman, not of his own race, to see that tools are running at an effective speed and cutters held up to their work. What can certainly be said at present is that it takes more of him to do an equal amount of work in a given time as compared with the European. It took eleven coolies to carry the luggage of a representative of Engineering from a hotel to a railway station, where one man and a handcart would have sufficed. This overplus of labor and infinitesimal coinage is responsible also for the terrible amount of theft of small loose parts, or even fixed parts, of the loose or fixed plant on the railways.—London Globe.

Buller's Friendship For the Krugers.

It is recalled that General Sir Redvers Buller was, prior to the South African war, on terms of friendship with the Kruger family, and that they were wont to exchange cards of good wishes every Christmas, their friendship dating from twenty years ago, when Buller had a regiment of Boers under his command in the war against the Zulus.