

A SUBJECT RACE.

They knew not whence the tyrant came. They did not even know his name. They compelled them, one and all, to bow in homage to his throne. And from their lips allegiance wrung. Although a stranger to their tongue...

FELIPE'S CHANCACA.

BY CHARLES F. LUMIS. (Copyright, 1894, by the Author.)

The great water wheel was trundling as fast as ever the white impulse from the old stone aqueduct could kick it along. The wheel, indeed, grumbled at so much hard work, but the water only laughed and danced as the big iron jaws of the wheel chewed up the yellow coils of sugar cane and spat to one side the useless pitch, while the sweet, dark sap crept sluggishly down the iron conduit toward the sugar house.

There four of the negro laborers were in sudden struggle with a newcomer from the quarters—a huge, black fellow, whose face was now distorted with drunken rage. He was naked to the waist and his dark hide bulged with tremendous muscles as he swung his four grippers to and fro, trying to free his right hand, which clasped a heavy machete. This murderous combination of sword and cleaver, which lopped the stubborn cane at a blow, had found new employment now, for a red stain ran down its broad blade, and on the ground lay a man clenching a stump of arm. Old Melito paused for no questions, but plucking up a heavy bundle of iron rods, he smote so strongly upon the desperado's woolly pate that the ironwood broke. The black giant reeled and fell, and one of the men wrenched away the machete and flung it into the pool below the wheel.

"He came very drunk, and only because Roque brushed against him with an armful of cane he wanted to kill him," said the man, who knotted their grimy handkerchiefs upon the wrists and ankles of the stunned black. "You did well to hold him," replied the administrator, "bring now the calabos and we will put him in the calabos till to-morrow. Then he shall go to Lima to the prison, for we can have no fighting here, nor men of trouble."

A slender, bright Spanish boy coming out of a few moments later from the great castle arch of the manor house saw four men lugging away between them the long bulk of the prisoner, and stopped to ask the trouble. "Ah! That had Coco. That he may never come back from Lima," said the young Spaniard named Felipe, earnestly.

"Now, you watch a little," said Don Melito, with rough gravity, looking at the boy's preoccupied face. "As for me, I must see how are the pallas," and he climbed the steps to the platform where the cubreros were missing with their new supply of sap. Felipe, thus left alone with the heaviest responsibility he had ever borne, knit his smooth brows very hard and peered into the vat as if the fate of nations hung in his eyes. For the first time he began to doubt them. He wondered if it were not worked enough, if he had not better stop the heels and get the molders to work. If only Don Melito would come back and decide for him!

against the wall. The molders began leading their buckets full and, in turn, filling the shallow mold. The color there darkened again as sudden crystallization set in; but Felipe felt a great load lifted off his shoulders. He was very sure that it was a good color—not a bit of the hateful underdone black, but a soft rich brown, shading to gold at the thin edges. Now he was free—the laborers could attend to the rest, as usual—and he would go and hunt for Don Melito. He ran up the steps and along the platform, and half way stopped short, as if he had run against a wall.

The rusty iron should never have been trusted to that giant's strength! They might do for some common men, but for Coco—as soon as consciousness came back to him, and with it the old rage, he had snapped them, and wrenching out the iron bars from the window of the cribbox, had come for his revenge. Even now he was shaking his wrists, one still hooped with the iron band, before the old administrator's face and hissing, "You did me this. And now I will do you!"

Don Melito stood still and gray as a stone, looking up into Coco's eyes. His hat was in his hand on account of the heat; but now he put it on as if scornful to stand uncovered before the fellow, put it steadily upon the curling gray hair that reached barely to his level of those great naked chest muscles. "I did strike you down and ordered you to be flogged, Coco," he said, quietly, "and I know you do not want to go to Lima to see me. Now I am going to send you to Lima. There is no place at Villa for people like you." But Coco leaped upon him like the black jaguar and clutched him with those long, knotted arms. Melito was sinewy and lithe as a cat, but he was no match for the huge foe. He fought for life, but Coco with the usual desperation of hate. Struggle as he would, he was borne back and back until his legs cringed from the glow of the pallas. At this he made so wild a lunge that it bore them back a few feet; but it was only for a moment. Inch by inch the negro urged him toward that bubbling roar which seemed to drown all other sounds, and even now with a wild chuckle, the giant doubled him backward against the edge of the pallas, with a black, resistless palm under his chin. Only an instant had Felipe stopped, frozen at sight of Coco; in another he had sprung to the rail, shrieking to the men below: "Juan! Sanchez! Quiro! Coma! And run rushing at the wild struggle, he flung himself as ferociously upon Coco as Coco had attacked Don Melito. But it seemed as if he were back in some dreadful dream. He hampered with futile fists upon that bare and mighty back and caught a fierce hold about one of those gnarled legs and tugged to trip it and kick it with great feet. Then it was all over, with the nightmare sense that he was doing nothing by all his efforts. Indeed, it is half doubtful if the infuriated Coco knew at all of this attack in his rear. What to him were the peckings of a 12-year-old boy?

Would the men never come? Felipe redoubled his kicks and blows, but with a sickening fear, Don Melito was weakening—already his head was thrust back over the steam of the pallas. Only for his arms locked about the giant's waist, he would go in. And now Coco's huge hand came behind and wrenched at the old man's slender ones, tearing open finger by finger resistlessly. In another moment it would be too late to think. Ah! Mr. Coco! The boy sprang to the second pallas and snatched the long-handled skimmer that leaned against it, and dipping it full from the caldron, and even now with a wild smile flitted across Felipe's face, and as Coco had turned his head to see what pleasant thing could be behind him, he got a glimpse of Pancho, the horse breaker, and something dark and wavy in the air. He ducked forward, but a rope settled upon his broad shoulders, tightening like iron, and he was jerked backward to the ground and a dozen men were upon him. That is about all there is to tell, except that Coco made no more trouble on the hacienda of Villa. At Lima he found the swift justice which sometimes happens in Peru. Don Melito was in bed several days, for he had been roughly handled in body and in nerves. The first day on which he could sit up a little Felipe brought him a cake of soap.

"Thank you," said the old man, laying it on the coverlet. Sugar was an old story to him. "But you must taste this, my administrator, and see if it is all right." "It is good," answered Melito, munching submissively. And then, with a sudden light: "It is very good, a good soap, I could have made myself. And I think you sent it to the molds at just the right time."

THE BOYHOOD DAYS OF THE GREAT SWISS NATURALIST. Boston, Oct. 7.—Far up among the mountains of Switzerland, on the shore of Lake Morat, two little boys, nearly eighty years ago, used to have the greatest sport imaginable. Louis and Auguste Agassiz were their names, and the latter, born in 1807 was the elder. Their father was a wise clergyman, believed a strong body and an important foundation for a good education. So until he was ten years old Louis had no school teachers, and most of his time was spent in an open air. With his constant companion, Auguste, he played and rambled among the shores of the lake, and in the winter skated for miles over his shining surfaces. Both boys had quantities of pets, hares, rabbits, field mice, guinea pigs and birds

of various kinds that they caught and tamed. But strangest pets of all were the fish that they found in the lake near the shore. They caught fish alive without a hook and line, hunted for them beneath the stones or in the crevices of the shore. They had many little arts by which they attracted the fish, and after a while they were skillful enough to catch them in their fingers in the open water. Louis soon started an aquarium in the large stone basin in the garden back of his father's house. The water in this basin came from a pure spring which constantly bubbled into it. Here little Louis studied the habits of his pet fishes, or played with his rabbits under the shade of the apricot trees in the orchard, or studied with his parents and his brother through the little vineyard. Like most Swiss boys, Louis, as well as Auguste, learned to do many useful things with his hands. He watched the visiting shoemaker who came twice a year to his father's house, and after a while he could make shoes for his sister's dolls. He knew something of tailoring, too, and from the traveling cooper he learned how to make a barrel that was usually used for carrying wine. When he was ten years of age little Louis Agassiz was sent to boarding-school at Geneva, twenty miles away, and there his brother soon joined him. Until this time their mother and father had been the sole teachers, but they knew much more than most boys of their age. They were fond of school and cheerfully worked the nine and ten hours required. When

On market day he used to visit the market, searching for fishes to add to his collection, and finally when he was little more than 21 he was selected by M. Martin to write a description of certain rare fishes collected in Brazil by another great naturalist who had lately died. This work brought a complimentary letter to young Agassiz from the great Cuvier and other scientists. It was a beautiful book with large colored plates, and it gave great pleasure to M. and Mme. Agassiz, who had not wholly approved their son's giving so much time to science. At the age of 24, with his degrees of doctor of philosophy and medicine, he returned to his quiet home, intending to practice medicine, and continue work on two books, one a history of fresh water fishes in Europe, and the other an account of fossil fishes. It would be interesting to describe the sacrifices he had to make to pursue his scientific studies. He was constantly employed to make the illustrations for these books. But we are thinking now only of Agassiz's youth, which may be said to have ended with his college days.

Soon after his return home he was offered a professorship of natural history at Neuchatel, and a little later his valuable collection of fishes was bought by the museum in the same place. To show you how natural he was, he and Auguste had begun at Mother, their early home, intending to study in the quiet of his boyhood Agassiz had laid the foundation for his great reputation. In his boyhood Agassiz had laid the foundation for his great reputation. In his boyhood Agassiz had laid the foundation for his great reputation. In his boyhood Agassiz had laid the foundation for his great reputation.

Why the Duke of Clarence's Death Was Opportune and the Reason Princess Alix Shrinks From Wedding the Czarovitch. "More strange, romantic episodes occur in the palaces of Europe than can be found in all the novels of a circulating library," said a man who had passed his life in confidential relations with royalty. "Apropos of the Prince of Wales' formal denial of the Duke of York's secret marriage at Malta," continued this gossip, "here is the history of the Duke's love and courtship of his present wife."

"No one here in America can imagine how completely Queen Victoria rules in her own family. Over her kingdom she may not rule, but merely reign, but in the circle of her own kinship she reigns paramount, and rules with a rod of iron. He knew something of tailoring, too, and from the traveling cooper he learned how to make a barrel that was usually used for carrying wine. When he was ten years of age little Louis Agassiz was sent to boarding-school at Geneva, twenty miles away, and there his brother soon joined him. Until this time their mother and father had been the sole teachers, but they knew much more than most boys of their age. They were fond of school and cheerfully worked the nine and ten hours required. When

holiday time came, the two little brothers would start at dawn on the first day of vacation, and would visit any number of miles toward home. The Swiss holiday season was always a merry one. At Easter there was always a week of the young people were kept busy the week before coloring eggs and making other preparations for the festival, and in the autumn the vintage festival, gave the boys many happy hours. Some of their holidays Louis and Auguste always spent with their mother's sister, who lived in London, and whose hospitable house was always open to his grandfather.

When Louis Agassiz was fourteen years old, he wrote to his father, "I am resolved as far as I am allowed to do so to become a man of letters, and at present I can go no further." Then after saying that he is anxious to advance in the sciences, he names a number of Greek, Latin, Italian and scientific text-books that he needs, adding "I should like to stay at Bienna till the month of July, and afterwards serve my apprenticeship in commerce at Neuchatel for a year and a half. Then I should like to pass four years at a university in Germany, and finally finish my studies at Paris, where I would stay about five years, then at the age of twenty-five I could begin to write."

His parents had intended Louis to be a business man, and this letter which shows such wonderful forethought of a boy of fourteen was written to persuade his parents to let him continue his studies. While at Bienna he studied faithfully, and he made full and careful notes of all his studies, especially natural history and science. These notes books sometimes contained several hundred pages and all written in a neat, small hand, though young with age, are still preserved by his descendants. Their lack of money had made Louis Agassiz's parents think of starting their talented son in business. But when he was fifteen the boy himself begged so hard for further opportunities for study, and his letters were so full of enthusiasm about his talents, that M. and Mme. Agassiz decided to give Louis two years more of school, and to send him to Zurich. There his teacher sympathized with his love of natural history, and he had a chance to visit a museum in the fine collection of specimens. Before he left Louisaime it was decided that he should be a doctor like his mother, and when he was Mayor, and he was sent to the University of Zurich to study medicine. Before this Louis and Auguste had

through the ravings of his delirium, how deeply his affections were engaged by the French exile, and how far matters had gone between them before the dictum went forth for his marriage with May. After a swift and fatal decline the lovers and playmates found the obstacle to their happiness removed beyond the reach of earthly disappointments and hopes, and they who had resigned themselves to life-long sorrow and separation reunited again upon a throne.

Of all the romantic happenings among the royalties, none has been more romantic than this love story of the Duke and Duchess of York, and those who tell this foolish tale about the secret marriage in Malta have small conception of what happiness the two young people who are some day to govern England have found in their longed-for union. So devoted are they that Prince George cannot bear to let his wife be separated from him for even a day. If duty compels him to travel, Princess May leaves even the dearly-loved baby behind and follows the sailor-prince wherever he goes—remembering how nearly their separation was for life.

This same gossip traveler, speaking of the meek submission shown by members of the royal families of Europe when the question of marriage is decided for them by their elders, said the Princess Alix of Hesse, Queen Victoria's Russian daughter-in-law, is said to be desperately reluctant to wed the czarovitch, although he is the most brilliant royal part in the world. Her reluctance is probably the fruit of her sister's Grand Duchess of Serbia's experience. She, before the development of Alix into womanhood, was easily the most beautiful woman in Europe, and it was considered a great match for this poor, pretty princess from the little obscure principality of Hesse to marry into the royal family of Russia. "The Grand Duchess of Serbia," said the gossip narrator, "Serge is the typical Russian, who requires very little and scratches himself to show the world. He has all the savage instincts of Peter the Great, and they are only kept very slightly in check by the opinions of a more civilized modern world. One would have supposed that any husband would have been adoringly proud of such a lovely wife, but the ugly tempered Serge chose only to be viciously jealous of her evident happiness, and coming behind her chair, where she sat beside Prince George waiting for her turn to play a card, he then being dined, he pinched her bare arm until the blood nearly spurted from the skin. Everyone knows how terrible is the suffering caused by nipping the muscles and flesh at the back of the arm and the Duke Duke Serge, like all of the czar's family, has fingers of iron. The poor girl gave a gasp and fell back in her chair almost fainting with pain. George made a motion as if to catch the malicious brute by the collar, but a glance from his cousin restrained him. Serge passed on, and the dance was finished somewhat abruptly. Prince George smiled and bitterly distressed for his pretty cousin; she white-lipped and desperate looking, as one almost at the end of her patience. When she left the ball-room as soon as the dance was concluded, her arm all down the back had already turned green as if from some horrible bruise. Now that Alix has grown up to be even more lovely than her beautiful sister, her fairness has opened to her a wonderfully brilliant future, if one considers it from a worldly point of view only, for to be Empress of Russia is a great rise in the world for a princess of Hesse. But it is common talk in Germany that Alix, knowing what her sister's private life has been, is very distrustful of all Russians, and enters upon her married life with many and great misgivings. M. M. DOYAL.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" kindly asked a lady of her friend. "Oh, I feel I'm beginning to look quite old," was the mournful reply. "Nonsense! What ever put such an idea into your head?" "Because," was the reply, "I noticed that whenever I cross Broadway the policemen never take my arm as they used to do."—Texas Siftings.

When Barnum's big circus comes to Madison Square garden, for then 109 of the trade fair employes are reveling just now in "Shenandoah," a great war play, a circus rider is seen in the midst of equestrian feats, being full of cavalrymen and cannon and war cries. Every night at 8 o'clock the circus parade down Madison avenue as proudly as the Seventh regiment. The riders on the backs until the intermission just before the big act, when thirty or forty horses are in the scene where Sheridan's army retreats and then rallies, as Sheridan and his cavalry come at full tilt across the stage to save the day. During the intermission the boys ride horses into the back of the stage and put the horses into the stalls. These boys all know "Shenandoah" and have named the horses they ride after each horse.

Each boy picks out his own horse and sticks to his favorite through the play. They have, as I said, named them after the generals, and one can hear them as they ride by exclaiming: "There an' there, with your mane, old chap!" or "Longstreet, if you can't keep up with General Lee or Stonewall Jackson, I'll give you a dose of lightning lightning when you get back to the stable." They never think of calling them by other than their war names, and the horses know their little ragged riders as well as they do the blue-coated cavalrymen who dash across the stage on their backs while the band plays "John Brown's Body" and the audience yell hurrahs and wave handkerchiefs. And some day, who knows, some of these boys may turn out great actors, as two French tragedians have done, who once sold papers in the foyers. H. HALLMARK.

THE IDEAL POPULAR LEADER. He is one who counts no public toll as hard as a glittering pleasure, one controlled by no man's haste nor swayed by gods of gold. With none but manhood's ancient order, Prizing, not courting, all just men's regard. Nor crowned with titles less august and old. Than human greatness; large-brained, Whom dreams can hurry not, nor doubts retard. Born a servant of the people; living still. The people's life; and though their noblest flower, In doubt reserved above them, save alone In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power. In the amplifier-vision, the seer who lives. And the fixed mind, to no light daily things prone. —William Watson in The Spectator.

THE RIDING SUPES. Boys Who Pick Up Pennies About the Stage Entrance. Whenever a great show employing horses is going on in New York a regiment of boys, some in rags and tatters, others respectably dressed, hang eagerly about the stage entrance. The first time I noticed this I thought it was the usual crowd of penniless lads waiting some day or stolen peep at the show, but they displayed little effort to further any such plans. They gathered at the side entrance of the theatre and were tolerated by the police and doorkeeper, getting very quarrelsome persons. "These boys," said the doorkeeper, "Why, they ride the horses from the stable to every performance and are now waiting for their charges to come out of the theatre. This is a regular profession among these little scamps," he went on, "who are known as the horse riders everywhere. They are given two pennies to ride the horses from the stable to the theatre and a couple of cents for the ride back. Most of them sell newspapers during the day and spend their evenings this way. It is a pleasure of prancing the horse all the evening in the theatre and doorkeeper. I think they would still be for places even if the pay should stop."

This boy, who shows now for months, the contract to ride the horses is not one to be despised, as with eight performers, including matinee, one would receive thirty-two cents a week—an extra work. Their great possibilities are when Barnum's big circus comes to Madison Square garden, for then 109 of the trade fair employes are reveling just now in "Shenandoah," a great war play, a circus rider is seen in the midst of equestrian feats, being full of cavalrymen and cannon and war cries. Every night at 8 o'clock the circus parade down Madison avenue as proudly as the Seventh regiment. The riders on the backs until the intermission just before the big act, when thirty or forty horses are in the scene where Sheridan's army retreats and then rallies, as Sheridan and his cavalry come at full tilt across the stage to save the day. During the intermission the boys ride horses into the back of the stage and put the horses into the stalls. These boys all know "Shenandoah" and have named the horses they ride after each horse.

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FIGHTING FISH IN SIAM. [From the London Field.] The two fish are placed in the same bottle. They proceed to take each other's measure, shoulder up to each other in schoolboy fashion, and back and push around the "ring," the small fins vibrating rapidly all the time, and each

tail. In twenty minutes or so these appendages, which looked so brave and bright as they went into the fray, are torn and fibrous. The fish's general appearance after the fight suggests that of a sailing ship emerging from a hot action, with her canvas hanging in streams of difficulty, masts shot away and her crew gasping for breath, but still ready to fight again. Flakal sometimes succumb to a long contest, but generally they only take superficial damage, and are immediately ready to feed. After a match they are always rested a week or more, according to the extent of their injuries, and most of the rest and cure are prepared by nature. Enthusiastic owners often wager \$5 or \$7 or more on their favorites, and many people earn a little money in this way by breaking fighting fish and then backing them against others.

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OUR AWARDS: Gold Medal, best ten boxes of Laundry Soap. \$25 Cash Prize, best and largest display of Laundry and Toilet Soaps. Gold Medal for best and artistic display of Home-made Goods at the Fair.

little being quivering with excitement and wrath. This goes on for some minutes, until, as the spectators are growing impatient, one fish suddenly flips his head around, makes a dart, and a considerable dent in his adversary's tail shows at once that he has got home. Henceforth there is no hesitation until one or the other cries "pass-cavi." In regular fish fights on which money depends the battle is continued until one fish turns tail and is chased around the bottle by the other. But this is usually an air of an hour, and frequently of three or four. The "pick-up" (circumvention of the fighters) are wonderful. The ordinary stream fish do not swim it nearly so much as those that have been bred and reared for the purpose. The tail is the part which shows most damage, for it is very easily torn, but a good grip on a side fin is more effective. When one pins the other by the nose a very exciting struggle takes place, the two locking fastened together like professional wrestlers, and then shaking each other backward and forward with might and main. They often swim extremely exhausted, but still fight on bravely, and sometimes a fish will suddenly twist its mouth, and also in suddenly twisting around and taking a piece out of his



AT THE STAG DOCK. G. S. P. M.

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RECOGNIZED AT HOME AND ABROAD. 1st PRIZE BEE HIVE SOAP EXCELLS. 2d PRIZE. Midwinter Fair 1894.