TO ATTAIN NIRVANA.

WHAT HINDU FANATICS WILL DO TO REACH IT.

Horrible Sufferings They Voluntarily Undergo—Walking Barefoot in Fiery Lava—They Tread the Fire to Music.

Blasts of trumpets, ringing of bells, the sounding of innumerable tom-toms, ecstatical ravings from 10,000 throats, all simultaneously and executed with all possible fervor—these are the preliminaries of the gruesome spectacle known as the fire-walk of the Hindus, which took place at Mauritius, in the Indian ocean, recently described by Eugene Wolff in a foreign periodical.

"I had stayed expressly to see it," he writes, "being persuaded to do so by the glaring advertisements of the railroad companies that ran special excursion to Pitre-booth mountain, at the southern slope of which the lava was to be spread. It's a humbug, of course, I said to myself. The genuine fire-walk has long been abandoned. They will give us a fake show with the aid of Chinese fire. These clever Hindus and the English company which presented them with steam cars, as usual, will reap the benefit.

"But thoughts of the unreality of the thing vanished quickly as I neared the roped arena of fanaticism. The racecourse strewn with live coals and separated from the highway by stout ropes is twenty-one feet broad from the entrance to the embankment of the rivulet where the priests are stationed, with their pots of ointment and healing salves. As I approached the tribune, the caretakers had just finished the work of spreading the red glowing charcoals over every inch of the allotted ground, for in order that the sacrifice be complete there must be no break in the chain of self-inflicted horrors.

"Charcoal had been obtained by charing an immense pile of wood and distributing its contents, while yet ablaze, over the track on the mountain side, the firemen being Hindu priests and adepts. Now they drew up in front of the scaffold, where I, with others, was putting civilization to shame, and viewed their work. The imaginary road to heaven they had built was one mass of red hot embers, glowed to and fro with the vibration of its own heat. The priests contemplated the horizontal pyre with satisfied looks, paying no attention to the burns received in the work. Three or four of the old men lost their sandals in preparing the lava bed. The hair, eyebrows and beards of all were partly singed or partly burned off.

"The heat of the atmosphere was terrible, and, combined with that emanating from the fiery road, almost unbearable. I wore an Indian teral hat consisting of two thick felt hats, one spread over the other, and in addition guarded my eyes with a smoked glass, but even, notwithstanding, my head burned as with fever, while tears rolled from my eyes incessantly. There I sat a prisoner, not two feet from the lava bed, held captive on the other side by a surging mass of 10,000 sightseers, who grew more excited every second, while, at the same time, their ranks were swelled by new comers, on foot and by rail.

"Aside from myself and two other Europeans no one in the vast crowd seemed to mind the poisonous vapors arising over the lava; they got into my lungs and soon caused nose-bleeding and intense pain in the head and eyes. You must sit still and await the horrible ceremonies which the railroad had advertised circus fashion and which, for that very reason, I had thought to be a chimera of the past brought back to unreal life for money-getting purposes.

"Alas, there is the procession formed before my eyes by the subjects of her British majesty—Defender of the Faith she calls herself. First a gang of a half hundred urchins of both sexes, naked but for the flowers in their hair. They sing and dance, filling the air with exclamations of joy and agile arms and legs. Then follow the music, kettle drums, gongs, clappers and castanets, the orchestra dividing upon arriving at the show place and taking positions on both sides of the lava bed, half a dozen of them being kind enough to place themselves between me and the fiery oven.

"Surprise upon surprise! The white helmets of a dozen police, officers under a lieutenant appear marching at the head of the natives. Two are left to guard the tribune for distinguished foreigners; the rest form a cordon alongside the lava bed, 'to maintain discipline,' as the lieutenant expressed it.

"The Hindus! One hundred men wearing only a thin linen cloth about their loins, the long, black hair loosened and falling upon the shoulders, sandals of thongs and wreaths around the forehead, neck and breast. In both hands they carry large flower pieces, holding them aloft as offerings to heaven. Their eyes are fixed upon the sinking sun, they walk slowly and deliberately in single file, one after the other, paying no attention to their surroundings.

"Now the first enters upon the fire-walk without altering his gait in the least, moving charcoal severs skin and flesh from the leg hardily, mechanically; he is followed by others in the same manner; the glowing bones of their naked feet, singes their locks, brows and eyelashes.

"A horrible spectacle! The eyes of the poor, deluded fanatics protrude from their sockets, the muscles of the face contract, they lock their teeth, their bodies sway in painful convulsions. Twelve, fifteen times they must sink their feet in the bed of fire, then fall into the arms of the priests standing ready to receive them at the rivulet.

"If my eyes have not betrayed me the majority of the fire-walkers were half unconscious with pain upon reaching the embankment. They had to be dragged into the slimy water, where their feet were bathed and treated to a coat of ointment. After a little while they seemed to have momentarily recovered, only to become subject to another fit of religious delirium.

"Nirvana they call it, a condition which, according to the Buddhist doctrine, precipitates the total extinction of desire, passion and unrest, a state to which the professors of Buddhism aspire to the highest aim of life.

"'Nirvana,' they cry, 'Nirvana,' and, though hardly able to use their feet, these unfortunates drag themselves back to the entrance of the lava bed, singing and shouting. Their appearance is sickening. From their bleeding feet and ankles hangs the flesh in shreds; their bodies are covered with blotches and dust. The mass of sightseers, however, feels no mercy; all these people adhere to the Nirvana theory, and though most of them are too refined to indulge in such tortures themselves they religious spirits rise at seeing others do so.

"They applaud wildly, encourage the musicians to new exertions, and bring their children and women to beg the fire-walkers to make another trial for their sake. The men readily respond, for while their physical pains bring their imagination leads them to believe they are in paradise. Twice, three times some brave the flames; two of the latter fall on their knees after walking half the distance, and for a moment I think they will roast to death. But the fanatic shouting of the on-lookers makes the Hindu spring to his feet and drag the terrible task with a bound or two.

"Alas! poor creatures; this last performance, more horrible than the others, will not help them to achieve Nirvana. The Hindu must walk slowly and deliberately through the fire, says the book of Buddha.

"The mob grows more furious with passion; frenzied prayers are heard on all sides; the number of voluntary fire-walkers has trebled. 'Women, children,' is the cry now.

"I see several Hindus ready to enter upon the work and place babies on their bare shoulders. 'Lieutenant,' I shout, 'unless you hinder this sacrifice I will report you to the governor.'

"The official and his eleven men—twelve men against 10,000—run to the entrance, and, taking each other by the hands, form a ring around the natives with the children. The mob advanced upon the group threateningly; a moment later and triumphant cries announce that the police have been pushed aside, that they have ceased to offer even a shadow of protection.

"Meanwhile the lava has cooled off somewhat; the coals, in spots, present a blackened appearance; white caps show here and there that the cinders have burned out. 'Women and children prepare for heaven' shout the priests.

"Beautiful girls, mothers and crones, the lower part of their bodies naked, with bare breasts and flowers in hair and hands, now seek the doleful path, preceded by fathers and brothers, carrying the children, a homogeneous hecatomb, frenzied, jubilant, hopeful. After their wounds have been dressed by the priests all throng into the temple to prostrate themselves before the All Sacred.

"This is the Tinnery festival as it was celebrated in the year of our Lord 1895, on the Christian island of Mauritius, sometimes called the Isle of France, the scene of 'Paul and Virginia.' The island has belonged to the British empire since 1810, and is that was under French rule for some 200 years. The British governor is powerless to prevent such scenes of native fanaticism, having only a few hundred policemen and one battalion of the Scotch Black Watch at his disposal.

"Before I came to Mauritius I stayed a few weeks in Reunion, where I witnessed hundreds of cremations of victims of typhus, cholera and consumption at the embankments of the holy river. The nude bodies were placed on a small pile of wood and the latter fired, a horrible spectacle [illegible] the barren parts of the country, [illegible] crocodiles waiting for the bones. But the Reunion performance paled into insignificance by the side of the fire-walk on the island of Mauritius.

"I travel to learn and see, but I wish to God I had never read the circus advertisements of the railroad company that caused me to witness the Tinnery festival."

SMUGGLING WITH SNOWBALLS.

The Novel and Successful Ruse to Hoodwink the Czar's Soldiers Along the German Frontier.

From the New York World.

Until within recent years the Russian frontier on the German boundary was guarded in a surprisingly weak manner for a nation so completely under military rule as the czar's great empire. But now there is a strong cordon of garrisons only a few miles apart and a careful patrol service between them. The chief duty of these garrisons is to prevent smuggling and the introduction of Nihilist literature into Russia. The duty is hard and monotonous and the czar does not like to have his best trained and most effective regiments sent out along the boundary line.

For the most part these garrisons consist of young recruits from the eastern and central provinces of Russia. They are seldom expert soldiers, and the lax discipline they are under is further weakened by their excessive drinking. Their small pay is doled out to them twice a month, and every kopeck of it is immediately expended in vodka. After the vodka is gone they employ their spare time in making raids across the boundary line into German farm yards to supplement their meager rations.

Along the entire boundary line between these two countries there is a series of great, open plains. Over these an icy east wind blows in winter, and the only way the soldiers can keep alive on their patrol is by the building of wood fires between the posts. Even then the patrols frequently have their limbs frozen in their monotonous marches to and fro. Hence it is not at all difficult to smuggle across the boundary, and indeed it is suspected that the soldiers often add to their small pay by making deals with the smugglers and turning their heads the other way when they pass by.

Two exceedingly novel attempts were made last spring by the smuggling fraternity, both of which proved successful. In one case late one night, a band of men in Germany began snowballing some villagers on Russian territory, and the Russians returned the attack. In the snowballs thrown from Germany, however, yards of fine Brussels lace were concealed. This method proved most successful, for even the secret police did not discover it, and the guard of the frontier certainly had no idea of what was going on. Quite as efficacious was the bringing in of thousands of Nihilist proclamations through Silesia under the very eyes of the garrison. These proclamations were in the hollow staves carried by a body of men who passed themselves off as pious pilgrims entering Russia on a sacred journey.

MINED BY KING SOLOMON.

An Engineer's Romantic Story of the Rio Tinto Mines, in Spain.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Alexander Hill, of London, Lisbon and Cordova, consulting engineer of the rich and ancient Rio Tinto copper mines of Spain, and who is identified with mining the world over, is at the Palace. He has been examining and reporting on the Iron mountain mine in Shasta county, the sale of which has just taken place.

Mr. Hill is full of information regarding the unique and strange in mining. One thing brought out by his conversation was that the Iron mountain would be worked principally for its copper, and not for its gold and silver, the minerals that have given it its highest rank heretofore. This will sound strange to California. Mr. Hill explained it yesterday in this way:

"It was all made clear to me by the Rio Tinto mine, the property worked 2,000 years B. C. by the Phoenicians, and from which King Solomon is supposed to have obtained the copper for the Temple. The Rio Tinto is an immense body of sulphide of iron, running two and one-half per cent in copper. Well, the Iron mountain is the nearest thing like it I have ever seen, though I have examined mines in nearly all parts of the globe. But, beside this, it was considerably higher than the Rio Tinto in copper, and also has some silver and gold.

"This ancient Spanish mine near Cordova has developed marvelous things. In it are found from time to time water wheels of oak, completely covered with sulphate of copper, and by it perfectly preserved. The copper covers the wheels in some instances an inch thick. These wheels were used for raising the water from the depths below by a series of tanks, one tank being placed above another till the surface was reached.

"In the mine, to this day also, are found clay lamps used by the Romans centuries ago to light the gloom when they were toiling away in the ground. The clay lamps were filled with oil and were placed about in the interstices of the rocks.

"And anyone who thinks they did not understand mining in those early times would be astonished to see how their tunnels, drifts and stopes were run. The Phoenicians were magnificent engineers, as good as any we have at the present day, and carried on their work on the most scientific principles. Their tunnels and other workings were, however, a little narrower than those of our time. Some of the timbers are yet preserved in the Rio Tinto. There was no shoddy work, I can assure you.

"It is particularly interesting to note how those oak wheels are preserved by the copper sulphate. When the sulphate is taken off they are found perfect. We are now working 12,000 men in the Rio Tinto, and $100,000,000 worth of ore has been blocked out by diamond drills in the mine. About $30,000,000 has been taken out in the last seven or eight years. About the old mine, which has seen so many nations come and go and so many dynasties rise and fall, has been built up a town of 30,000 people. Though this queer mine is so old, it is even now but 400 feet deep below the surface."

Mr. Hill is also consulting engineer of the ancient Spanish mine, the Tartar, of several of the great mines of South America and other countries. He is represented as a very cautious and careful engineer. He will leave for London this evening.

SI SCOTT'S BEAR HUNT.

One of the Toughest Yarns Yet Turned Out From California.

From the San Francisco Post.

"An' you never heard about ol' Si Scott's b'ar hunt?" inquired an old hunter from Humboldt, evidently surprised at the ignorance of Si's exploits. "Why, he's the oldest b'ar hunter in the state. Well, one day he was out on his little jackass, a-lookin' for b'ar, an' not findin' any, concluded to take a rest. He tied the burro to a tree, laid his ol' muzzle loader down on ther grass and went down by ther bank of a creek to feed. Now, a-sittin' there cuin' out ther slices of jerked yer'son when he heard a terrible 'smashin' in the brush. He started for his gun, but a big b'ar came a-amblin' out o' ther brush right along side of it. He whirled around an' run out on the limb of a rotten ol' cottonwood over the creek, which was about forty feet to where the rocks stuck up through the water.

"This was jest nuts fer the b'ar. He walked up to ther tree, sniffed it a time or two, clambered up on the limb and commenced movin' to'ds Si, a-smackin' his chops an' gruntin' satisfied like. Si saw he was in a pretty tackle, an' he crept out as far as he could, a-hopin' ther b'ar would consider the limb shaky an' stop. But he didn't. He kep' comin'. Si saw somethin' had to be done. He couldn't drop without killin' hisself, an' he had never practiced b'ar fightin' on a tight rope. The only thing he could do was to set up a terrible squawkin'.

"'Go back! Go back!' he yelled. 'Go back an' eat ther jackass, you blamed fool. This limb'll break an' kill us both.'

"'I think that b'ar must understood him or concluded that Si was tougher'n the burro, for he turned arouin' an' used his appetite on the jack."

The Highest Commendation.

Unsere Gesellschaft: "I will take some of this material—but will it wear well?"

"Oh, it is indestructible—untearable—everlasting—it will wear till you pay for [illegible] made up of sheep in Turkey, and they [illegible] probably be largely converted in [illegible]

ODDITIES OF CRIMINALS.

OFTEN ARE PUZZLING TO THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

The Debatable Borderland of Stupidity and Madness—Question of Responsibility—Incorrigible Vagrants—Frenzies of Passion.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

During the last congress of the International Peace Society an American delegate expressed the belief that Mansion insisted that of war would even now be regarded as enemies of the human race if we could only agree upon a few simple rules governing the question of responsibility.

That question, however, will always vary with individual notions of an adequate cause, bell, and our common law courts often find the solution the most puzzling of moral problems. What is the difference between "emotional insanity" and reckless violence, and what constitutes an "unbearable provocation?" The proof of a tendency to transient fits of mental aberration has acquitted more than one murderer. It prevents the execution of a murder that happened to result in the commission of evident absurdities; but in 1865, when General Weitzel's army corps was stationed on the Rio Grande, a court-martial, convened at Fort Brown, Tex., passed sentence of death upon Robert Rodgers, a private soldier of the thirty-second regiment, for having killed a military surgeon in a fit of passion.

It was proved that Rodgers had been on the sick list in consequence of a sunstroke, and had always been subject to fits of vindictive rage, but thus far his manifestations of ill temper had been limited to verbal extravagances, and there was nothing to establish the judge advocate's theory that the prisoner's foible might have been pecuniarily aggravated by a brain affection. The provocation had been ridiculously small, but that circumstance was only held to aggravate the offense. Under circumstances, and Rodgers was executed as a dangerous ruffian. Only a month before the commission of the fatal act he had been reckless enough to insult that dispenser of intermittent bestitude, the pension office, and had been made to "swallow his own words."

Frederick the Great once advised a Berlin police court to discharge a prisoner who had found a pocketbook on the street, and appropriated the contents under the impressions that the treasure was the direct result of a prayer to a saint, whose promise of a speedy relief had been communicated in a dream. "Let him go this time," said the Prussian Solomon. "All we can do about it is to warn him not to accept any more presents from his patron saint."

But the sage of Sans Souci himself might have been nonplussed by a case which recently occupied the law courts of Valcarcel, in Western Bolivia. A woman had been arrested on a charge of sorcery and slander, but the prosecuting attorney, after getting her fined a few reals for defamation of character, had consented to a nolle prosequi on the much graver indictment. The neighbors of the prisoner had then convened an indignation meeting. To their mind the weight of evidence in the one case seemed as damaging as in the other.

The state attorney was considered the most learned individual of the district; but was it not possible that he had been bribed? His peremptory refusal to examine some of the principal witnesses appeared certainly suspicious, and the excited relatives appointed a committee of investigation. Private inquiries strengthened the impression that the suspected functionary had an old debit—"a weak eye," an itching palm, as we would express it. His income was small and his mode of life expensive. He was known to have spent money for imported stockings, and even for foreign newspapers. It was notorious that on one occasion he had refused to press the government's case against a duelist, a young man of loose principles, offset by a steady income. The defendant in the present instance was poor, but pretty enough to have influential friends. On the whole, it seemed a clear case of ojo debil, and considering the predicament of law abiding citizens of a primitive community, the committee recommended a revision of the verdict by an appeal to the court of Judge Lynch. The defendant, a young woman of great beauty, at first protested her innocence, but finally more than half admitted her guilt, and was beaten within a centimeter of her life before she was rescued by the timely arrival of a party of government surveyors.

Few of the would-be witch killers would have denied that trial by process of law is preferable to such justice, but the legal forms have been tried and found wanting, and respect to the official tosacry and unprincipled officer could not be permitted to weigh against the duty of obedience to a plain Scriptural behest: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." What had the Valcarcelinos citizens of Valcarcel do San Pablo to do with the controversies of foreign skeptics?

Utter mistrust in the rectitude of the public magistrates has also developed a penchant for bribery which, on the German-Russian frontier, often leads to amusing results. In one case a small country town of the Prussian province of Posen, two Hebrew refugees had been arrested on a charge of buying a bundle of stolen dry goods. "It's all a mistake, so help me gracious," he assured the constable. "Just permit me one word with this gentleman (the informant). You will see I am right"—though he wasn't, judging from the noise of a scuffle in an adjoining room. "What's going on here?" inquired the bailiff. "The idea!" screamed the indignant witness. "He offered me a dollar to revoke my statement—just one dollar! Never mind him, please, let's start and notify the interpreter," whimpered the prisoner, "there are two witnesses for the defense, but they do not talk a word of German."

"All right, come; it's on the way to court anyhow," said the constable, but found himself obliged to terminate the private conference of the two linguists.

"Sorry for you, but my functions are transacted under oath," he had heard the interpreter's voice, in reply to a protracted whisper.

"If I go through this alley, please," said the prisoner, almost dragging his escort along, "it's just as short to the Court house square, and——"

"And what?"

"Well, we might just as well settle it right here," continuing his capture into a vacant stable; "how much will you take to let me go and say I ran away? Would $——?"

"Are you crazy? Get out of this"—declaring the temptor, "I'm a poor man, but I'll make it two and a half—oh, don't, what are you kicking me for—stop! Let me wait a minute—three and a half, I meant to say, four five," till additional negotiations were cut short by a more impressive kick.

Before he was arraigned for a preliminary examination he had attempted to bribe a deputy constable, a letter carrier, a doctor, a jailer and a jailer's assistant, and was just going to corrupt a court house watchman when the judge ordered him to be searched and have his unrighteous money returned to the safekeeping of the police clerk.

"You wouldn't treat me that way if you knew what I have to say," he repeated till the court granted him the favor of a private interview, but anticipated his purpose with a marvelous ruse. A two-dollar note from an inside fold of his breeches.

"None of that, Isaac. How dare you? Put that away, and hurry up, now, if you really have any important communication."

The prisoner clutched his head in despair. "There was $15 in that wallet they froze on to," he moaned. "It isn't my fault, judge; but them five is really all I have left now."

"Didn't I forbid you that topic first now? Have you anything else to say? Yes or no?"

"It's all I have, so help me Javeh—unless you will accept my check—"

"Shut up, now, or——"

"Convey! We could arrange it to have it cashed this very day if you will let—" "I never saw such people in my life," he muttered, as the bailiff drained him away. "They won't give a man a chance to explain."

He had made his studies of human nature on the Russian side of the border, but miscalculated the scope of their application, like Walter Savage Lander, who had often tested the venality of the government officials in the Dutch of Panama, and is said to have got himself into serious trouble by trying his business method in the city of Florence. "There's the boodle," said he, forcing his way into the breakfast room of the jury; "but, gentlemen, I'm in a hurry, so, close, let me know what it will take to bribe every d—d one of you." The most massive cases, however, are those of big-headed witnesses, whose stupidity can seriously compliate their own case without securing them the privileges of actual insanity.

"You borrowed that mule to ride to Pumpkinsville," says the court, "wanted to see your girl, and forgot that you must not enter a stable without the permission of the owner, but did you mean to keep the mule?"

"Yes, sir, you are right."

"Wanted to steal the mule?"

"Yes, you are right, sir."

"You surely misunderstand me. Did you mean to borrow or steal the animal?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, you don't seem to know what you are talking about."

But the defendant's replies go on record all the same.

"Now tell me why you let that mule destroy a lot of truck farm produce? Did he break his halter, or did you turn him loose on purpose?"

"Yes, sirree."

[illegible] come before that meeting.

W. H. SEEGER, C.

Did you turn him loose with a malicious purpose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't he break his halter and get away in spite of you?"

"Yes, sirree."

"But you said the very contrary a moment ago—don't you know that you are under oath?" cries the judge, at last losing his temper in a very pardonable degree; then, after some reflection—"your only excuse is possibly a natural reluctance to implicate the other donkey."

OMENS GOOD AND BAD.

Ex-Senator Ingalls Will Never Commence a Journey on Friday—His Fads and Fancies.

Atchison, Kas., Dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

That ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, is one of the most picturesque characters of this day and country goes without saying, as does also the assertion that he is one of the most peculiar. But there be those who say that this professor of the English language affects his idiosyncrasies and that he only assumes to be the embodiment of superstitions and the incarnation of fads and fancies—things that have made him talked about for and wide as well as at home.

Now, that he is making the fight of his life to be returned to the scene of life's former consciousness in the senate chamber, which he did a sad far well to five years ago, his peculiarities are again the theme of social gossip and of newspaper comment.

That Senator Ingalls is a believer in the virtues of the horseshoe can be taken without any grains of allowance. Away back in the fifties, when he was a young and friendless lawyer, he found a cast off horseshoe in the middle of the road and hung it, points up, above the door of his dingy office, and there it remained through many years, which brought him renown and wealth. By and by business necessities required the razing of the old one-story building and the erection on its site of an imposing brick block. Heedless workmen carted away the horseshoe and its fellows, along with other rubbish, into the Missouri river.

The senator became president of the bank, but no horseshoe was nailed above its door and it failed, causing ruin to many and serious financial loss and mental perturbation to the president.

The senator's residence, which is always a seat of hospitality, shelters as happy and contented a family as can be found anywhere. Is it because they "never take the horseshoe from the door?"

Whether the ghosts and goblins ever seriously disturb the serenity of the senator may not be known, but it is a fact that a haunted house has caused him great annoyance and pecuniary loss. This house, which was purchased by him along with some other property, was among the most venerable houses in Atchison, and quite a rower story structure, been woven about it. It was originally a boarding house, and it overhung a deep ravine that emptied the debris of that part of the town into the Missouri river hard by. One night near bedtime a stranger knocked at the door and craved admission and a room. He wanted the front room, but hastily lighted him to a little room in the upper story, where he remained noiseless for hours, looking out into the night and down into the deep chasm below. Meanwhile a sudden storm burst upon the sleeping little city.

Then the deluge came down in a huge deluge; the sheeted lightning rent the inky blackness of the sky to the brightness of noonday splendor; the thunder bellowed like great guns; the wild wind sang mournful requiems among the nodding trees, and the little rivulet in the valley below the house became swollen to a mad river.

The alarmed sleepers in the house sprang affrighted from their beds, and clad in hastily clutched wraps were standing at the windows viewing the rushing waters below and the terrible grandeur of the awful night. When hark! A shriek that chilled the blood, a crash of falling timber of the elements, and the form of a human being was seen rushing through the space intervening between the veranda above and the swollen tide below.

A splash in the water was heard, and rooms, and mysterious lights and shadows upon the wall intruded to the horrified spectators. It was the face of that mysterious guest. The seething, rushing flood soon carried the frail bark of humanity from sight, and to this day no tidings from it have been received and the mystery of the stranger's sudden taking off will sorrowless remain a mystery until the sea shall give up its dead. Ever afterwards that night the old house was "the haunted house."

Strange noises were heard in its tenantless rooms and mysterious lights and shadows. The senator could not rent it. Renters shunned it as a plague spot. He invoked the aid of costly repairs and paint and whitewash, but these were unavailing to obliterate the reputation that clung to it for many years. But recently he had it torn down, from turret to foundation stone, and upon the site there stands a neat, modern residence, which is a source of revenue to him.

Some people may believe that one day is as good as another, but Senator Ingalls draws the line at Friday. Once when he was at home on a furlough from the senate he received a pressing dispatch to return in one day to Washington but, although party necessity imperatively demanded his presence in the senate chamber, and he was extremely anxious to go, he nevertheless postponed his departure twenty-four hours, in order to avoid starting on his journey on Friday.

Just after his famous "vindication" by the senate he contemplated a tour of the eastern states, but when the appointed term he was eager to return to Kansas to deliver his terrible philippic against Chief Justice A. H. Horton and General W. W. Guthrie, whom he considered his vilest traducers, and he made hasty preparations for his departure. After he had progressed on his journey as far as Baltimore, he discovered to him that he had made the start on Friday. He immediately about-faced, returned to Washington, and postponed his departure for Kansas until the next day.

It is not known that the senator secretes a rabbit's foot in his trousers' pockets, but he once decanted upon the virtues of his friend Blair, the rabbit's foot, and that gentleman is supposed to wear the talisman constantly, else how could he have laid up treasure? The senator may not believe as does the gambler that it is lucky to rub the back of a hunchback, but he has been seen to affectionately stroke the back of little Johnny Ashe. He may not believe that it brings good luck to take the black cat in, when it comes scratching at his door, but an ebony pussy purrs upon the family hearthstone. He may not believe that if he sneezes before breakfast he will die ere before supper, but it is quite certain that he never chirps before the matutinal coffee is discussed. He may not believe that to catch the first glimpse of the new moon over his right shoulder means that good luck will guide his footsteps, but he has been detected in stealing right shoulder glimpses of young Luna.

He may not believe that, if thirteen people sit down to a table, one will die within the year, yet it is certain that exactly that number never sit at his board. He may not believe that unseasonable cockcrowing is an omen of trouble, but it is known that it annoys him. He may not believe that if a dog howls in the dead of night some one is going to die, but it is known that he shot a bullet in bowlings of one unfortunate canine. He may not believe that if he can't cut a ace through in a single sweep of the knife it means bad luck, but it is believed that he handles pie with a fork.

He may not believe that if one finds a four-leaved clover he'll find good things, but he has often been seen with the children on his lawn searching for the quadruple plant. He may not believe that a diamond battles mystical arts, but a gem of the purest water sparkles upon his immaculate shirt front. He may not believe that "At Easter let your clothes be new, or else be sure you will rue," but it is as certain that he will be at church on Easter morning clad in new and costly raiment as that the woman with a new bonnet will be there.

TO JAIL IN A BLANKET.

Los Angeles Woman Refused to Dress, but Was Arrested Nevertheless.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

It is not often that the habitats of the city police station are treated to the sight of a woman, supposedly in her senses, answering to her name in a condition bordering on nudity, but Mrs. F. Koch, of 243 Anderson street, Los Angeles, prefers that method seemingly to being clothed. Mrs. Koch was brought to the police station yesterday afternoon in her night robe. Some time ago the woman was arrested and fined $50 on conviction of disturbing the peace. She was given a certain time in which to pay the fine, but instead of her doing so, it is said that she, on three different occasions Judge Owens ordered the police to bring her into court. Yesterday Officer Dyke went to the woman's house and found her in bed, she claiming she was a very sick woman. The court was not satisfied, and ordered Officer Dyke to fully investigate the affair, and, if it was found that she was trifling with the court, to bring her in at all hazards. Dyke in the afternoon took up his watch and was rewarded by seeing Mrs. Koch hanging out a good sized washing in her back yard. He made a break for her, but she managed to elude the officer, where she stripped and went to bed. She locked the doors, but Officer Dyke had his orders and was soon inside. She fought like a tigress and refused to dress, whereupon Dyke and his assistants wrapped a blanket around her and brought her in. She now occupies one of the women's cells, and refuses to dress herself for the court, and Judge Owens is at sea as to what to do with her.

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The Sacrifice of Sam.

Being the Story of a Cowboy's Love and What It Led Him To.

Bald-faced Bill stumbled, almost fell, recovered himself, then stood stock still, and, turning his head, looked appealingly into his master's eyes.

"What's th' matter, Bill?" asked Sam. "Cast a shoe? Jam' I ye hain't," he continued, after dismounting and examining the foot the horse held up for inspection. "Nought t' ye had ye fixed up there's two weeks back, ole pete." He took out his knife—a sort of pocket blacksmith and carpenter shop—deftly removed the rest of the nails by which the shoe hung to the hoof, put the shoe in his pocket, then stood up and scratched his head.

This was serious business. Here he was, over sixty miles away from home (and in a hurry to get there), in a sparsely settled portion of the country, and without the slightest idea of where or how he was going to find a place where he might get that shoe reset. True, he had no business riding an animal that required the services of a farrier; but Bill was not a native horse, and, having worn shoes when Sam first got him, he had been kept shod ever since.

It was twenty-odd miles back to Taborville, whence Sam had started that morning, and he disliked the idea of returning that distance just to have a shoe set, so, after some minutes' meditation, he decided to go ahead and trust to luck, and after walking about three miles (a painful task for a cowboy), he "metup with" a man traveling in the other direction, who, much to his relief, told him that there was a crossroads just ahead in the timber, with a store and a blacksmith shop close by.

Sam thanked the man and jogged on, but presently, much to his surprise, the stranger turned and galloped back to him. "I thought I'd tell ye," he said, "bein' as ye're a stranger, th't ye'd best not dally 'round that place nuther an' don't drink nothin', Ye see," he went on to explain, "they's a feller hangin' 'round there mighty thick (was heard of last, right 'bout here). Nothin' wa'n't ever proved, but it's a purty good place f'r f'ight shy of, I reckon."

"Good! You bet I'm right glad ye tol' me—I am. I don't think I'll dally nuns whatevah." Then Sam and the friend by stranger parted, and Sam found his way to the crossroads.

The blacksmith was at work when he came along, but assured him that he would attend to Bill "in a jiffy." Four or five men were loafing about the place, and they at once proceeded to take note of, and comment upon, Bill's good points—a fact that Sam would have duly appreciated had he been able to convince himself that their comments were altogether disinterested. As it was, however, he viewed with suspicion all their overtures toward striking up an acquaintance, and found it difficult to treat them with the civility that Southwestern courtesy demands—albeit they were, to all appearances, just as honorable and upright citizens as himself. In fact, they looked just like the average frontiersman, whose time, for the moment, hangs heavily on his hands, and but for the warning of the friendly stranger Sam Stires would doubtless have "mixed 'round" with them. As it was, even, he inadvertently admitted that he was going to El Rio, and was in a hurry to get there; so he sensibly refused all invitations to "liquah" on the ground that it didn't agree with him.

The blacksmith's "jiffy" lasted until almost 6 o'clock, and whilst he was engaged on Bill's foot, the loafers disappeared up the hillside, presumably in the direction of a house, and this reminded Sam that it was supper time, and that he was hungry. "Right late f'r time, stranger," said the blacksmith, as though divining his client's thoughts. "Hadn't ye bettah come up an' graze with we-all, an' let th' jog go f'r a bit?"

"Cain't do it, pardner," Sam replied, somewhat hastily, thereby confirming the other in a certain suspicion he had regarding Sam's calling—that he was a marshal's or sheriff's deputy—"cause, ye see, I got t' be a-movin' right peart, an' gettin' t' Rio, 'bliged t' ye, all th' same. I'll jes' go ovah t' th' store an' git a snack wile ye finish th' job."

There was a little, faded, sharp featured woman behind the counter in the little store, and her keen black eyes studied Sam critically as she proceeded to serve him with the cheese and crackers he called for. Presently a tall, big, square shouldered fellow came in and stood by the door, and the woman went out and joined him. They conversed in low whispers for about a minute, and Sam, dimly suspicious, glanced at them two or three times. Then the woman, with a half laugh, shrugged her thin shoulders and said, aloud, as the big man turned to go out:

"Galen sahe? Guess so, sahe!"

The debate in the big man was gone, however, she hastened to the back of the store, looked into the barroom, apparently to make certain it was unoccupied, then came up to Stires, who was hastily gobbling his lunch, and asked, in a whisper: "Stranger, be you a deputy?"

"Hey? No, of course not. What——"

"Ole pete," said the woman, with an impatient gesture, "I might 'a' knowed ye wouldn't say so, if ye was. Look yere," she went on, hastily, coming closer and laying a hand on his arm, "Yo're in danger, mister. Let me tell ye, while ye got th' chance, th't ye'd bettah git out of this real quick—an' say, don't take th' Rio trail fur, leave it a mile out, an' cut 'cross to'ds Amity Fo'ks—heah me?"

"Yes'm, I sho' do; but what——"

"Don't stop t' ast no fool questions. That big feller ye saw jes' now is yer'n. Were a hangs out a lot. They'll git ye, if ye don't look out. I'm tellin' ye this, 'cause—'cause—well, nevah min'. Only, git a move on."

Sam lost no time in seeing that Bill was properly shod, and, getting started, he took the strange Amity road, which led toward Amity Forks, thereby preserving, no doubt, a whole skin. He asked himself, many times, why the woman should have taken the trouble to warn him, but was unable to find any reason for it.

As a matter of fact, the woman herself could not have given no reason beyond that essentially feminine "because."

* * * * * * *

The face of Ned Flynn haunted Sam. Why, it is impossible to say, for Sam Stires knew not of his family, nor was he of a fanciful imaginative. There was nothing remarkable about the face of Flynn, the outlaw, excepting the fact that it belied the character of its owner, being a square, honest face, with two clear, honest, blue eyes, while Flynn—well, everybody knew what a hundred times he had been told that he was a "bad lot." Nevertheless, that face bothered Sam all the way home and for two or three days afterward, and he could think of no reason for its constant appearance before his mental vision until, one afternoon shortly after his return home, he recalled the fact that the Huston place to see Mat. Then, as he fended a creek near the Huston ranch, he remembered the man he had met there one time, who, he had been told after his arrival in the house, was Harry Armstrong, his much-feared—but never-to-forgiven rival for Mat's affections. And he remembered now that the stranger's face was the face of Ned Flynn, outlaw and "rustler."

After making this startling discovery, he rode more slowly, in order to recover his mental equilibrium. He was in doubt how to act in the matter, for he was by no means absolutely certain that he was correct, and he knew that to tell Mat of his discovery and then find that he was mistaken would jeopardize, if not ruin, his own chances with her. Therefore, he resolved to proceed with caution, and to assure himself that he was right before going ahead.

"Say, Bart," he asked, in a confidential tone, of Mat's brother, who rode a mile or two with him on his homeward way late that night, "who's this yere man Armstrong, anyways?"

Bart Hudson laughed. "Gittin' scairt of 'im, Sam, jest 'cause he was worryin' you so, didn't he? Well, I didn't."

"Oh, I don't car' p'tic'lar," said Sam, hastily, with a gesture of depreciation. "Only, I'm jes sort o' cur'us 'bout 'im, that's all."

"Wa-al, fact is, I d'no's I know much about th' feller, confessed Bart. "Seen 'im onest, didn't ye? Wa-ah, all I know 'bout 'im is, th't 'e's got a ranch ovah on th' Pecos, an' 'nothch one oveh h' th' Two-Mile—ol' Watrous place, ye know. Say's 'e's goin' t' sell aout th' Pecos place, an' move oveh t' this country, an' 'e's like 'e got dough. He's some eddicated, too."

"M-hm," grunted Sam, as though it was immaterial, all this information about his rival. And he said nothing more to Bart on the subject, but certainly "kept a-thinkin' a lot," as he would have expressed it. He must make sure that his surmise was correct, and then—well, Mr. Armstrong, or Flynn, or whatever his name was, would not only be decidedly out of the running, but was in a fair way to conclude one of his visits at the Huston place at the end of a flaka.

But before Sam had time to think out the best plan for assuring himself of "Armstrong's" identity with Ned Flynn, he learned that that gentleman was expected, in a few days, on a visit to Mat; and this information, volunteered by Bart, whom he met on the range, decided Sam—who had been at the point of deciding for about two years—on a course of action, and the very next day he rode over to see Mat.

As he rode up to the house, he noticed it looked singularly quiet, and (so far as he by this time) he almost hoped [illegible] were all away, and that he [illegible] postpone asking Mat the question [illegible] fearing, to ask. But Mat herself met him at the door.

"Why, howdy, Sam!" she ejaculated. "I'm right glad I' see ye! Didn't know, f'r sho' but what 'twas some one a-comin' f' carry me off!"

"I've a right good notion t' do it," said Sam, with what he considered remarkable audacity—and then he failed to follow up this opening, but asked: "Be ye all alone, Mat?"

"I ah'd say alone! Maw 'n' paw's gone t' town, Jart an' ovvy han's sent on th' range, an' even o' Mammy's dose skipped—went wash on th' creek to a Greaser fun'ral. But go an' put Bill up an' come in. We'll have suppeh, right soon."

Sam soon returned to the kitchen and sat there, with eyes and mouth open, watching Mat