

MISS ANN.

Prim Miss Ann, with her straight black gown, With her two little antique curls, Walks down the street of the straggling town...

Prim Miss Ann, with her straight black gown, Hastens her errand late, There's a poor, quick pain in her eyes of brown...

Prim Miss Ann, that straight black gown Hides a tender old heart, I know; Else why does that worn face go cast down...

The Colorado Robbers

One tempest tossed night, weather bound at a small hotel on the stage route from Santa Fe, we met a fellow traveler in whom we became greatly interested...

Among others, my companion, a finely built, athletic fellow, narrated an experience of the previous season, which he said, "made every hair stand on tip toe."

"How?" we asked. "You were in great peril?"

"One of those imminent risks that meet you at every turn. Four of us came in the stage from Santa Fe, the last of June I think. A young lady—governess in an officer's family—her escort, a wealthy merchant, reputable, with a guaranty of honor described on every line of his earnest face, and myself, were acquaintances; the other was a horse-shoer of the company, bound for the stables at Denver."

"The lady—among the twenties—was so happy in the thought of going East and seeing her widowed mother—was so interested and full of life, that her joy rippled through our conversation like a merry warble."

"You'd like a personal description? Well, rather tall and willowy, eyes as black and full of sparkle as a frosty night, and hair commonly called red, but with a glint of gold in lines and dashes wherever the sunlight glanced across it. I saw it fully when she dropped her hat, and a stylish, neat affair it was, too—but I have not come to that yet."

"I'm sure you're aware of the brigandage for which that route is noted. I suspect the mountain passes of the Appenines hold no more mystery of crime than do the rocky passes of this fresh continent. Constantly facing danger, the pioneer acquires a hardihood that fits him for every fresh encounter of peril, however unusual. The periodic robbing of the stages has become so much of a fact that the express companies will take no more risks, and specie and treasures have to be taken East by private parties."

"As a government expert, I was well known to the bankers of Santa Fe. They never hesitated to intrust me with large amounts of gold, and this time was no exception. So I was loaded, partly by means of an inner belt around my waist, partly by a false bottom improvised in my valise by gumming strong wrapping paper over the precious parcels and inner lining of the bag."

"The day would have been intolerable but for the cool currents that swept down the declivities and through the mountain ravines. Frequently during the day, up the steep ascents, we would get out and walk. It rested us and relieved the tedium of the drive. The lady was most charming, rattling her words like fine shot against our sallies of wit and wisdom, and turning into sport and jest our serious fears. She became confidential, and told us 'she expected to return to madame, with a military escort—if she returned at all. Her fiancé was a lieutenant, stationed now in Indian Territory; but when he received his furlough—well, very soon, perhaps—then we might expect to hear the wedding bells."

"I would like to be a little richer," she added, with a sigh, "but we must take what the good God gives us, and my treasure happens to be gold!"

"How much of a dot have you?" said the practical merchant.

"She laughed merrily.

"Are you a bandit in disguise?" then added, "the fruits of my industry"

amount to the heavy weight of one thousand in gold!"

"You haven't it with you?" he inquired, so quickly and earnestly that I was surprised.

"Come, you are accounted shrewd. Just try and find out. I will answer all relevant questioning."

"He blushed and stammered an apology, and she sat for a moment on a rock that projected from the side of the road over the mountain edge. She had gathered stray flowers on her walk, diving under bushes and behind rocks, and was fastening them to her hat. A scarlet creeper ran around the base of the rock down the side of the mountain."

"Oh, that suits me. I must have it," she said, rising to her feet, and dropping hat and flowers in excitement. Just then a sudden eddy of wind came twisting round the corner of a fissure, and whirled hat and flowers round and round, lodging them beyond her power of recovery, on a narrow ledge of perpendicular rock, jutting out and inaccessible from the road."

"How, now, what will you do?" I said, half in sport at the possibility of a bareheaded companion for the rest of the trip.

"To my surprise, she looked the image of despair and grief; the color had faded out of her rosy cheeks, even her lips were ashy and pale. Her hands were clasped in the most agonizing expression, as she mutely gazed at the slender shape below, mocking her with airy grace of bloom."

"Oh, my friends! can't you recover that hat for me? Do, in pity, and I will thank you to my dying day!"

"No mother, appealing for her lost child, could have been more piteous, while tears stood in her eyes. I was half angry that any woman could be so metamorphosed by the loss of a hat. The merchant whistled, looked bewildered, but evidently didn't choose to risk his life. The driver and horse-shoer came to her rescue; they fastened a hook to the end of a coil of rope, saying:

"Don't fear, miss, nor look so anxious; we'll rig something and get your hat."

"The driver stretched at full length with only his head and an arm over the precipice, and anchored firmly by the rest of the party, threw his rope, harpoon fashion, with an unerring aim. It caught on the rim, the hat was drawn up carefully and restored to the young girl, who with exhilarating color and sparkling eyes, thanked the men profusely. They cut short her rhapsodies by jumping on the driver's box, and telling us to 'pile in.'

"Once inside, she said: 'As you are my friends, I must let you into the secret of my hat. All the money I possess is hidden in the lining—guilted in—and no highwayman would ever suspect the treasure hidden in such a cell, now would they?'"

"We, of course, praised her ingenuity. 'A good thousand, is it?' said the merchant."

"The very sum," she replied.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning. We were well out of the formidable passes, driving briskly towards the Canadian fork. The full moon lightened our way, making the bushes and trees adjacent cast sharp, decided shadows across the road. I had exchanged places with the horse-shoer. Inside they were dozing; but I was wakeful and alert. We beguiled the weary hours by story-telling. Suddenly I saw something moving in the shadow of the road beyond us."

"What is that?" I asked.

"The driver looked, his eyes round like the moon."

"Nothing but a burro!" referring to the pack mules that frequently strayed down the mountain side. It disappeared quickly in the shade, and from thence, instantly, as if by magic, jumped out into the road two men. They were hidden in huge slouch sombreros and army cloaks. The stoutest caught the saddle of the leaders, the other covering us with his gun shouted:

"Don't stir, or you're a dead man!"

"Advancing close, and keeping up within the range of his muzzle, he cried out:

"Pitch out the treasure box, quick! We are in a hurry!"

"The driver began to stammer a reply, shaking as if he had an ague stroke, but I hushed him with a whisper.

"Stop, stop! Let me talk to these men! There is no treasure aboard to-night. I answered coolly, at the same time swinging my body to and fro, backward and forward, to get out of the range of the muzzle; the man was evidently very nervous as well as very near."

"As I intended he should, he took me for an express messenger, and as neither driver nor messenger is supposed to possess any valuables, they are seldom molested by hold-up men."

"None of your nonsense," replied the bandit. "Hand out your treasure, or you will see trouble."

"The man at the reins evidently as-

joyed my endeavor to get out of range, for he squealed in a high, falsetto voice:

"Do them bar's look big?"

"Yes," I said, echoing the old joke current among the miners. "I can read all the advertisements on the wadding."

"Come, leave out that specie box," said the one man.

"I insisted that there was none."

"Here, look at the way bill; if there is any such thing aboard it will be among the items, and I made a move to get down, holding the way bill in my hand."

"Stay where you are, or I'll shoot you!"

"I threw him the way bill. He dropped his gun and picked it up. Profiting by this action, I undertook to slip my portmanteau into my boots, and moved my hands around to get into my pocket. The driver, misunderstanding the movement, whispered:

"Have you got one?"

"The man at the reins noticed the conferring and halloed to us. The other instantly raised his gun."

"None of that! Hands up!"

"We threw up our hands, and he again turned to the way bill. I hid manage, though, to secrete my money, slipping it into my boot."

"You see, there's no mention made of the treasure, and if it was sent it would be noted on the bill. However, you can look in the box and satisfy yourself."

"He hesitated but a moment and then jumped up and looked in the box; in so doing he kicked my valise."

"Open this," said he. I did so, taking out carefully its contents and letting him look inside; the wrapping paper deceived him."

"No," he cried, "there's no treasure on this stage, but we've sworn to have a hundred dollars to-night, and if we can't find it in the treasure box we may find it in the baggage. Who's inside?"

"Two men and a lady. None of them rich; one is a horse-shoer going to Denver to shoe the company's horses."

"We'll look out for 'em. Whatever happens, don't stir on your peril. We may find money on them or in their luggage."

"I felt terribly for the young girl. The perspiration stood in great beads of agony all over my body."

"It was evident they were sleeping. The man rattled the door and roused them out to be searched. They obeyed, half asleep. He placed them in a row."

"Hands up," he said. "Now for your pockets!" The horse-shoer had but two dollars in silver, the merchant's portmanteau showed but five, and the young lady showed nothing but her papers and a little change. The girl, I was sure, looked as if she would swoon.

"You're a mean crowd to have so little with you," said he, "and I've a mind to send you to heaven this very night. A hundred dollars we must have this very night, so we'll go for your baggage."

"The merchant then spoke."

"You'll find nothing of account in our baggage, but if you'll ask this young lady for her hat, and rip out the lining, you will find something for your pains."

"The girl turned toward him with blazing eyes and uttered but the one word:

"Traitor!"

"There was no escape; the hat was secured. After the lining was very carefully ripped out it was returned with thanks."

"In luck, in luck," said the highwayman. "Jump in, all. I'm sorry for your loss, miss, but we are bound to take whatever is sent us. We have no treasure, but this will do. Drive on."

"I want the way bill," I said excitedly, for the scene I had just witnessed increased my indignation to fever heat.

"He handed it to me, but it fluttered under the horses' feet, and again I demanded it. Mechanically he picked it up and handed it to me. Then, touching his hat to the lady, said:

"But for this lining you might have been lying in yonder ditch. No treasure on board. Come this way next time without it and we'll finish your accounts. Drive on."

"We gladly followed his advice, but could not find words strong enough to express our contempt for the meanness of the merchant. The driver swore at him in Spanish, and the young lady answered all attempts at consolation with hysterical sobs. The merchant alone preserved his cool equanimity of temper."

"Arriving at Denver, he begged the young lady very earnestly, with me as her friend, to grant him a few moments of explanation in a private parlor. He was so in earnest that the young lady yielded a reluctant consent."

"He closed the door and bolted it, which looked very strange."

"Don't fear," he said, as I fumbled for my revolver. Sitting in a chair, he pulled off his boot, and from the toe pulled out a roll of greenbacks. Said he: 'A few days before leaving, I was lucky enough to find an opportunity to exchange my doubloons for these. My poor child, let me make a restitution. Here are two thousand in bills for the one thousand secured by the robbers—handing her that amount—your lining was a godsend to me. If they had searched me further, they would have secured twenty thousand instead of one thousand. Concealed in my baggage are diamonds and other precious stones, which if they had secured would have beggared me.' Taking a solitaire from his vest lining, he presented that also for her acceptance. 'I should have explained in the stage, but walls have

ears, and why should I trust my secrets to others?"

"Of course, as it turned out, I was highly pleased at the sagacity of the gentleman; the more so as I recollected the responsibility of the specie I, too, had assumed. I need not tell you that the lady's tears transmuted into rare smiles and she was sent to her home rejoicing."—Pennsylvania Grit.

STILL TRAFFIC IN SLAVES.

Portuguese in West Africa Doing a Systematic Business.

Portuguese West Africa is one part of the world where the slave trade still flourishes, according to Harper's Magazine. The writer thus describes what he saw at Benguela:

A day or two before the steamer is due to depart a kind of ripple seems to pass over the stagnant town. Officials stir, clerks begin to crawl about with pens, the long, low building called the tribunal opens a door or two, a window or two and looks quite busy. Then, early one morning, the curador arrives and takes his seat in the long, low room as representing the beneficent government of Portugal. Into his presence the slaves are herded in gangs by the official agent. They are ranged up and in accordance with the decree of Jan. 29, 1903, they are asked whether they go willingly as laborers to San Thome. No attention of any kind is paid to their answer. In most cases no answer is given. Not the slightest notice would be taken of a refusal.

The legal contract for five years' labor on the island of San Thome or Principe is then drawn out and, also in accordance with the decree, each slave receives a tin disk with his number, the initials of the agent who secured him and, in some cases though not usually at Benguela, the name of the island to which he is destined. He also receives in a tin cylinder a copy of his register, containing the year of contract, his number and name, his birthplace, his chief's name, the agent's name and "observations," of which last I have never seen any. Exactly the same ritual is observed for the women as for the men.

The disks are hung round their necks, the cylinders are slung at their sides and the natives, believing them to be some kind of fetish or "white man's Ju-ju," are rather pleased. All are then ranged up and marched out again, either to the compounds, where they are shut in, or straight to the pier, where the lighters, which are to take them to the ship, lie tossing upon the waves.

The climax of the farce has now been reached. The deed of pitiless hypocrisy has been consummated. The requirements of legalized slavery have been satisfied. The government has "redeemed" the slaves which its own agents have so diligently and so profitably collected. They went into the tribunals as slaves; they have come out as "contracted laborers."

No one in heaven or on earth can see the smallest difference, but by the change of name Portugal stifles the embittered protests of nations like the English and by the excuse of law she smooths her conscience and whitens over one of the blackest crimes which even Africa can show.

SAILOR SIGNS AND TOKENS.

Many Strange Superstitions of Those Who Roam the Oceans.

There is a general idea that the sailor labors under more than the one superstition popular tradition assigns to each individual. J. D. J. Kelley, although he declares that "tars" are no more superstitious than any of their equals in training and opportunities, cites in "The Ship's Company" many of the signs and tokens in which those "who go down to the sea in ships" put their faith.

In the past superstition was a part of every ship; it entered into its keel, climbed to its flag, ran at its launch, controlled its crew and cargo, evoked portents and governed its ventures and arrivals.

A bit of stolen wood was always mortised into the keel to make a ship sail fast. A silver coin was placed in the mainmast step to insure lucky ventures. The modern christening by the wine bottle arose from the ancient libations poured on the deck by priests.

On a sailing ship lawyers, women and the clergy are looked upon with disfavor, as they are supposed to bring ill luck. Every black cat that comes on board "carries a gale in her tail." Whistling is much against the propitiation of sea life. If one whistles for a breeze he is only too apt to bring a tornado.

Ship bells are blessed and to this day if a mistake is made in striking one it is immediately struck backward to break the spell. The belief in the desertion of a sinking ship by rats is founded on reason, for rats like to be dry footed and when a vessel is unsafe it becomes leaky under deck and too wet for the creatures' comfort.

Figureheads were first images of gods, then of saints and sea heroes. Chinese junks bear two glaring eyes on their bows, for "No have two eyes, how can see? No see, how can go?"—Youth's Companion.

Underground Railroad for Japan.

There is to be an underground railway across busy, crowded Tokio. The distance is to be twelve miles and the cost of construction will not be less than \$225,000 a mile. The railway company will have \$37,500,000 capital. A uniform fare of 2 1/2 cents will produce a dividend of 8 per cent for the shareholders. The Electric Traction Company of Tokio plans to add sixty miles to its system.

CIRCUS DAY.



Carrying water to the elephant.



They've been to the circus. Cincinnati Post.

MRS. HENRY SIEGEL.

Once a Reporter, Now Mistress of Three Palatial Mansions.

The skyrocket career of Mrs. Henry Siegel is still the topic of many a conversation in the drawing rooms of New York. Here has been a romance that reads like fiction. She was a young widow, Mrs. Marie Wilde, petite, pretty and intellectual and employed by the New York Press as a writer of fashion articles. One day she was assigned to write up a Siegel-Cooper "opening."

While obtaining the facts for that day's "copy" she chanced to meet the head of the house, who has been alluded to as "the little man with big ideas." Their friendship grew and one day this Napoleon of the department store business offered the charming little widow a position which many an-



MRS. HENRY SIEGEL.

other woman had long desired—that of a millionaire's wife and a social queen, as well. So, the newspaper lost its fashion writer and she became Mrs. Henry Siegel.

Mrs. Siegel was a Southern girl, Marie Vaughan. She was married to George M. Wilde, who was a brother of Rear Admiral Wilde, U. S. N. One daughter, born of that union, is the wife of a brother of Prince Luigi di Frasso Dentice, of the Italian nobility. A step-daughter, Julie Siegel, recently married an Englishman of famous lineage, Tyrell, William Cavendish.

The Siegels have a house on Park Lane, London; a country home in Mamaroneck, Westchester County, and a handsome residence at Eighty-second street and Madison avenue, New York. Mrs. Siegel has won more than one blue ribbon for her saddle horses and is a most daring and accomplished horsewoman. She is a graduate of the woman's law class of New York University and the author of a novel. Socially she is as ambitious as is her famous husband along commercial lines.

THE ENGLISH SYSTEM.

Not a Hundred Persons Affected by a Change of Administration.

"All told, the government of England consists of only forty-six persons, and the transfer of political control from one party to another directly affects only these forty-six persons and a few great functionaries of state whose duties are purely ornamental," says A. Maurice Low, in Appleton's. "In all not 100 persons are concerned by a change of administration. Postmasters, government employes of every class, from messengers to ambassadors and colonial administrators, are not disturbed by the transfer of power. Clearly no political party in England can count upon patronage as a political asset."

"The principle on which the parliamentary system of England is founded is the rule of the majority, and the majority elects to surrender its power to one man—the premier. The power of the majority is so strictly recognized that the rules of the House of Commons deprive the minority of all power to initiate or shape legislation. When a majority of the electorate of the kingdom has sanctioned a policy represented by a political party that party is given free hand to put its policy into operation. In all legislatures the power of the majority is the control which it exercises to tax the people and spend their money. See, then, how absolutely is the power of the prime minister in his command of the treasury."

Keeping Chameleons Alive.

Chameleons can be kept alive for years by making a frame to fit over a plant in a flowerpot and covering it with mosquito netting, which must be long enough to tie with a string about the pot. Keep the pot in the sunniest window and water the plant every day through the netting. You will be surprised to see how eagerly the little creatures will drink the running water after they get over their fear. Set a wire fly trap for flies, which you can liberate under the netting. The chameleons will not be backward about helping themselves.

Yes, Indeed.

"Maine has a woman who is a professional lobster catcher." "If all tales are true New York has many of them."—Houston Post.

Invitation to Aeronauts.

The following sign is displayed by a firm of cycle and motor manufacturers at Hornsey, England: "To aeronauts; Drop here for patrol."