

"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, You shall not crucify mankind upon this cross of gold."—W. J. Bryan.

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April girl with April eyes, Glimmering with a shy surprise, We assert When you smile as laughing by, Since you smile and since you sigh, You're a flirt!

Lady herald of the spring, Birds and bees and birds you bring, Promise, too, Of the shining summer hours; April girl of sun and showers, Halt to you!

OSTARA, GODDESS OF EASTER.

She has Given Her Name to One of the Greatest Events in the Christian Year. Ostara, the Goddess of Easter and of Spring, is one of the most attractive personages in German mythology, which is also the mythology of what we are in the habit of calling the Anglo-Saxon race.

This heathen goddess has given her name to one of the greatest events in the Christian year. The name is a form of the modern German "Ostern" and of the English "Easter." The early Church found it wise to adapt to Christian purposes many institutions and customs of a pagan nature which had become established in the affections of



THE HEATHEN GODDESS.

the people. So the observances which in heathen times honored the advent of Ostara, the Goddess of Spring, survive to a certain extent in the Christian celebration of the Resurrection.

Apart from the religious services however, those observances with which the heathen Teutons honored Ostara still linger in their primitive form in many parts of Germany and possibly of England. In New York and other centres of Anglo-Saxon civilization they have assumed a more complex character.

The German rustic's feasting at Easter time, according to a German mythologist, represents the ancient sacrifice to the goddess. That sacrifice is offered by the urban American in the form of fine raiment and a bonnet, which his wife wears. When he has to pay the bill for these things he may console himself by remembering that he is helping to perpetuate an observance of primeval antiquity.

New clothes, however, are not appropriate for woman alone at Easter time. Man also at this season begins to notice that his winter garments are shabby and, if he can afford it, replaces them in honor of Ostara.

Ostara is represented in mythological art as a dazzling maiden, simply but beautifully clad. She is surrounded by winged babies, birds, flowers, rabbits and other things emblematical of Easter and the springtime. The sun, it is reported, used to take three jumps for joy at the appearance of Ostara on Easter Day.

Easter eggs are supposed to be laid by no common hens, but by Easter hens. The goddess Ostara was especially favorable to hens, which are usually to be seen with many eggs in her pictures. Easter eggs should be red, because red was the favorite color of the Thunder God, and the first thunder storm of Spring was sacred to Ostara.

The Easter fire which German peasants make is the funeral pyre of the Winter God. Into it they sometimes throw a stuffed figure containing snow shovels and sleds. That once represented the defeated giant of winter, but the Church substituted Judas Iscariot.

Curious Feature of Easter.

A curious feature in the services of the Roman Catholic Church on Easter Sunday is the paschal candle, a huge wax candle, richly painted and decorated with flowers. It has, moreover, five spikes inserted in it, which are filled with spice. They represent the wounds of Christ, and the candle itself when lighted signifies His resurrection. In the Greek and Armenian churches the paschal candle is divided into three branches, to represent the Trinity.

The Roman Easter.

In Rome Easter Day is observed with much pomp and ceremony. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo, and in the evening the dome of St. Peter's is illuminated. After morning mass the Pope appears on the balcony in front of the Cathedral and bestows his benediction on the crowds assembled below.

SULTAN'S EUNUCH DEAD.

He Was Not Pretty, but Was Rich and Had Great Influence. Abdul Hamid has just sustained a severe loss through the sudden death of Yaver-Aga, the kizlar agassy or chief of the eunuchs of the imperial seraglio, who throughout the present reign had been one of the most influential figures in Turkish politics, a personage to whose advice many of the most shrewd and clever devices of the Sultan in dealing with the foreign powers were justly attributed. By virtue of his strange office he was entitled to be addressed as your Highness, and ranked immediately next to the Grand Vizier, and before either the Cabinet Ministers or the great military dignitaries, even Khedive Abbas of Egypt and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the latter in his capacity of Turkish Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia, being compelled at Constantinople to yield the pas to the hideously ugly monster, for Yaver-Aga was frightful to behold, being almost 6 feet 6 inches high, coal black, with a small head, narrow shoulders, an enormous stomach and the squeaky and shrill voice peculiar to his class. His official title was that of "keeper of the keys of paradise," the Oriental idea of paradise being a place peopled with houris as lovely as those of the Sultan's harem.

Yaver-Aga had been for the past two and twenty years in absolute control of the latter, the despotic master of the whole feminine portion of the household of the Sultan and responsible to the latter for the safekeeping and fidelity and the discipline of every one of the women, no matter whether Sultanas or mere odalisques. He was probably the only man in the whole of the Ottoman Empire whom the Padishah implicitly trusted, and whose advice was usually directed against the European powers. Yaver-Aga was a Mohammedan of the most fanatic and bigoted type, and there is much at Constantinople to indicate that he was one of the principle instigators of the Armenian massacres. As chief eunuch of the harem, it was his duty to attend to the punishment of those women who had offended the Sultan, and many hundreds of fair ones have, by his directions, been sewed into sacks and pitched, under the cover of night, into the swift-flowing waters of the Bosphorus.

There are several hundred eunuchs employed in the imperial seraglio, two-thirds of them coal black and the remainder white. But they constitute a form of luxury which is slowly but surely disappearing from modern Mohammedan life, as is also polygamy, most of the leading Turkish dignitaries, pashas and beys at Constantinople nowadays contenting themselves with one wife, by which matrimonial rule they not only comply with the requirements of their marriages but try to avoid all those harem intrigues, jealousies, and disputes that constitute the curse of domestic life in Mohammedan countries. The chief eunuch of the Sultan's eldest married daughter, Princess Zekie, has been nominated to succeed Yaver-Aga as the second dignitary of the realm. Yaver's colossal fortune, part of which he owed to the prerogative of his office of charging 10 per cent. on everything entering and leaving the seraglio, and to the costly gifts he received from native and foreign dignitaries, has been confiscated by the Sultan, the Aga having left no heirs.

His Two Hearts Don't Beat as One. A colored man giving his name as "Dr. William King" has been mystifying Pennsylvania doctors. He enjoys the distinction of having two hearts which he can control in their positions and beats at will.

He has been examined by several Bradford county doctors and they have been nonplussed. King carries a certificate from a Philadelphia medical college stating that he has been operated upon by physicians to determine the freak nature of his heart, and big scars across his body are a further testimony to his truthfulness.

Apparently King has two sets of ribs, one outside and overlapping the other, and by stroking his chest and by muscular contortions one set of ribs can be drawn down to cover his stomach.

His two hearts, one on each side, can be plainly felt to beat. Listening to the right heart, and with a hand on the left pulse, the observer is startled to have the pulse stop and the heart beats continue, yet such is the case.

Jefferson's Papers Discovered. In the course of the removal of the books and papers of the Congressional Library to the new building in Washington, an unexpected find has been made in the shape of a large box of papers written by Thomas Jefferson.

These were found stored away in a little room next the entrance to the library, which had been under lock and key for many years. They are entirely public papers, a note among them stating that all private papers with the lot had been returned to the writers or contributors. It is believed that these particular papers came to the Congressional Library through John Randolph. The papers have been transferred to the State Department, where they will be examined and filed away with other State papers by Librarian Allen.

A STRANGE RACE.

THE RAMAPO MOUNTAINEERS AND THEIR PECULIAR TRAITS.

Living Within a Score of Miles of New York City is a Tribe of People as Distinct from the Average American in Their Ways as are the Red Indians.

People who have never been up in the Ramapo Mountains, in New York, can have little idea of how strange a race of people live back in those high and rocky hills, miles from any village, and with not a rod of road by which there huts may be reached by wagon. In other words, it is not generally known that within thirty-five miles of Broadway, New York City, there is a community, as curious, almost, as can be found in the remote mountain recesses of Tennessee or North Carolina. It is a sort of lost tribe, or, rather, an amalgamation of two lost tribes. If one can imagine what sort of hags would result from more than a century of intermarriage of American Indians and Guinea negroes, with an occasional dash of white blood added to the mixture, he may form a notion of the people that live back in the rugged hills that rise about Suffern, Ramapo, Sloatsburg, Woodbourne, Tuxedo, and other places in the Ramapo Valley. But it would take a pretty brisk imagination to picture some of the queer specimens of humanity that have resulted from this mixture. Albinoes of the milkiest haired and pinkest eyed variety are common, and the dime museums recruit their curio halls in that line from among these mountaineers, as did the great and only Barnum before them.

Back in the last century and during the first quarter of the present century slaves were common in that part of New York State and the adjacent region of New Jersey. These slaves were treated no better by their old Dutch masters than were their fellow bondsmen in the South. They were worked long and hard, and the lash was not spared. Consequently runaway slaves were many. These runaways invariably sought the fastnesses of the surrounding mountains. It is a very difficult thing to make one's way up and among the Ramapo Mountains, even at this day, and it was almost an impossibility in the slavery days. As a result, when a negro once succeeded in hitting there he was as safe from recapture as if he had gone to Canada, although he might be with- out sight and sound of his master's home. Scores of runaways in time peopled the inaccessible hills, and in the spots where they threw up their first sheltering huts of bark or fallen trees or found refuge in caves their descendants dwell to-day.

The woods had their Indian dwellers already and the two races mingled. These are the strange people who are seen now and then in the little villages along the Erie Railway in Rockland and Orange counties, and whose homes are far back in the hills. A characteristic of these people is that the names of the old Dutch families in which the original blacks were slaves have been retained by them, generation after generation. The most numerous family of the race goes by the name of De Groat, but there are De Freeses, Van Heovens and many others Des and Vans.

In the summer time you might climb and clamber and stumble up the steep sides and over the rocky summits of the Ramapo Mountains all day and not see a solitary sign of a habitation, although there would be many on all sides of you. They are so deftly tucked in among the rocks and hidden by the trees and foliage that only one acquainted with the ways of the mountaineers could find them. In the fall, when the trees are bare, the huts stand revealed to any one who may pass that way, and such are few, for although there is no better ruffed grouse shooting anywhere than in these mountain fastnesses, the weary climbing necessary to get to the haunts of these birds is more than the average sportsman cares to undergo. There is no ground that might grow anything about any of these huts; not a chicken nor a fowl of any kind; not even a pig. But there are dogs without limit—kongerl, wolfish-looking dogs, such as might hang about Indian camps, and always from one to half a dozen half-bred, aerial, fish-looking children, who, at sight or sound of stranger, scamper to cover in the hut, in the brush or among the rocks, disappearing as completely as a startled brood of young quail.

How do these people subsist? They are the best hunters and fishermen in the land, and game and trout are abundant all about them. They hunt and snare grouse and rabbits and catch trout for the market during the season. The women and children pick berries. For the products of the forest, streams and berry patches these people obtain store goods at the villages, both the luxuries and the necessities—the latter being chiefly whiskey and tobacco; the former flour, meal and cheap dress goods. For their own home providing the "possum and the coon are plentiful at their very doors and the chicken coops of the outlying farms and villages are not entirely inaccessible. Now and then a De Groat or Van somebody or other will hire out to do work by the day, but he is looked upon by his fellow mountaineers as a degenerate. Some of the female children grow to be extremely handsome and shapely young women, but it is rare that there are any marriages among these people outside of their own race.

Saved. It was at an afternoon tea and the crush was simply horrid. It seemed that nothing would save the few men present, when one quick-witted woman exclaimed: "Ladies, please remember there are gentlemen in the crowd!" It was all that preserved the pool of water from a horrible fate.

LORD'S PRAYER BY BOOTH.

How the Actor Entranced a Coterie of Diplomats in New York City.

"I think," said James O'Neill, in his talk about the Booths, "the most thrilling experience I ever passed through was in New York city one time, when quite by accident a number of foreign diplomats from Washington, a few American statesmen, some prominent New Yorkers, and one or two of us professionals were gathered together in a smoking room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when somebody asked Booth, who by the merest chance happened to be there, if he would not repeat the Lord's Prayer for the assemblage. I was sitting not far from the tragedian when he fixed his eyes upon the man who made the request. I think that it was Lord Sackville West, at that time British Minister to the United States, and I shall never forget the peculiarly searching expression that Booth shot out of his dark eyes. They seemed to penetrate the very soul of the man at whom they were directed, and then, as if satisfied, resumed their wonted vacuous density.

"We were all breathless with anxiety, at least I was, for seldom would he ever recite off the stage, but at length he arose, walked to a little cleared space at one end of the room, and began a recital that even after all these years makes me thrill through and through. He said 'Our Father,' and never before had those two words been clothed with the majesty and reverence with which his look and tone enveloped them. And then he carried us into celestial regions, our spirits seeming to leave our bodies and to follow his behest; he lowered us into depths too dark for Dante's genius to conceive or for his pen to portray; the power exerted over us was simply unnatural. His musically resonant tones sounded slowly through the room, and as he swayed his little body we unconsciously followed his motion. It was something horrible, beautiful, terrible, fascinating—I can not find words in the language to express it. There are none.

"I would not go through the scene again for a thousand worlds, and yet if I had the opportunity I would brave any danger to hear it once more. Do you understand? Those few score words as delivered by Edwin Booth were the most powerful argument for Christianity that I ever heard, and could every being on the face of the globe have heard them there would no longer be atheism. Booth strode into the room when he finished, and a simultaneous sigh of relief arose, while without a word we stole away singly and on tiptoe, and I do not believe that any of us think of that thrilling evening without a shudder. He was a great man, a great man."

Woman's Way of Keeping Accounts. A famous evangelist recently told this story of a woman's way of keeping accounts the other day: They had begun in the right way, determining to keep track of every penny and to save a little if possible. He bought her an expensive book and told her how to keep it and she faithfully scrawled her accounts every evening like the thrifty housewife that she was. One evening the young husband asked to see the book. His wife beamed with pride as he glanced at the red lines and the next array of figures. Every few days this cabalistic sign appeared, "G. K. W., 25 cents," or "G. K. W., \$1," or "G. K. W., \$2." The sums varied, but the initials were always the same and they appeared with astonishing regularity. The young husband was disturbed. "My dear," he asked, "who is this G. K. W. and why do you give him or her so much money?" The bride laughed, "Why, that isn't any one, Tom," she said. "You see at the end of every week there is always a certain sum for which I can't account, so I put down 'G. K. W.'—goodness knows what don't you see?"

Another bride, who began keeping accounts soon after her marriage, made the following entries in her account book: "Jan. 2. Received from Bertie, \$85. Jan. 7. Spent it all."

True to His Colors. A few years ago an Irishman, fresh from the "ould sod," secured a position as porter, messenger and man-of-all-work in a New York store. It happened to be the last day of the month, and the merchant was making out his statements.

"Here, Pat," he said at noon, "go out and post these bills. Where? Oh yes; I forgot that you were still a little green. There's a mail box on the telegraph pole at the corner. Post the bills there."

Pat soon returned and laid the bills on the merchant's desk. "O! may be a little green yet, sor," he said, with a cunning leer, "but be the sivin slapsers, O! m' post 'em thim bills wid a big Irish perlice-man watchin' the box."

"Not posting them? Why not? What about the policeman?" asked the astonished merchant. "That's all right, but ye'll not be foolin' me if O! am grane," Pat replied, with the same cunning leer. "Shure, didn't O! see the sign on the pole over the box—'Post no bills under penalty of the law'?"

GERMAN MIMIC WAR.

AN ELABORATE SYSTEM OF DUMMIES REPRESENTS THE FOE.

Vast Tracts of Land Are Appropriated for the Operations, and Shot and Shell Are Used Just as in Actual Battle—Remarkable Military Shooting.

Though the German soldiers do not get the steady practice in real fighting that the British troops have, the Kaiser is not allowing his men to rust. Periodically bodies of German troops are dispatched into some part of German territory that presents as many difficulties as possible, with orders to attack or defend certain positions under all the conditions of real war.

If the cavalry has orders to charge, the charge must be made with the desperation and recklessness of men who are riding through deadly fire. Artillery is hurled headlong into country that often is difficult for infantry. Men and horses go down and accidents are common events of the routine. Only occasionally are they made public, as, for instance, the great one of last year, when two bodies of heavy cavalry rode into each other at full speed, killing and wounding many men.

Great areas are "reserved"—practically seized—for the purposes of these evolutions. A circle of sentries is posted around the reserved territory, and the people who live in it are ordered to leave their houses and to remain outside of the lines until the practice is ended. In artillery practice, particularly, this clearing of the territory to be used is done with particular care, for the artillery fire is genuine, service shot and shell being used.

A remarkable feature of German artillery mock battles is the use of movable wooden figures to represent the enemy. They are exact copies of infantry, artillery and cavalry, and are worked by an elaborate system of wires. An official German eye witness describes an artillery attack as follows: "The terrain has been cleared of all except the military. In long columns the guns crowd a ravine, the last covered before they go into action. Six great horses draw each gun. A messenger comes galloping from the front with the order to move. 'Mount! Trot!' command the officers. The long lines thunder up the ravine, officers fresh from reconnaissance clatter down the lines and report to battery chiefs that there is no cover where the artillery must go into position and that swift movement of the guns is necessary to bring them into action with the least possible loss of men, as the enemy's fire controls the place.

"By this time the upper end of the ravine is reached. 'Battery, gallop—march!' and with furious speed the heavy cannon go into the open—into unknown, snow covered country full of trenches and deep cuts. Perhaps this is the most exciting manoeuvre of the day. Last year an ensign with his battery rode over the snow-hidden edge of a hill and disappeared with horses and men, wounding many seriously. Snow-covered water-courses and drainage canals cut the country up. A horse falls. Riders and gun thunder on top of it. Axes break and men fall beneath iron hoofs.

"Now there is pale lightning in the misty distance. Then, even during the reckless charge, the artillerymen must mark the direction from which the shots come, for the flame is the only sign of the whereabouts of the enemy.

"Quickly the batteries form in line, the battery chiefs, far ahead, stand high in their stirrups and raise their arms to signal 'Halt!' In an instant the cannoners are out of the saddle, and almost at once the first shot booms from the right wing. A great crowd of smoke and snowdust shows where it has struck, but the dim flash of the enemy's gun through the vapor shows that it has fallen short. The next shot comes from our left wing, and this time we have dropped it into the woods that cover the foe.

"Now we have him caught between the lines of our fork shots, and closer and closer we crowd him with the ever-concentrating fire of our whole batteries. At last we throw a shell into the woods in just the right place. As the white smoke rises it makes a shining background, against which the dummies, representing the enemy's artillery, are plainly visible for a moment. Merrily the shrapnels fly now and smash into them.

"Then, moved from the sides with long wires, infantry and sharpshooters appear here and there. The batteries must direct their fire in all directions in quick changes until they have made the whole line of woods untenable.

HIS HAIR FOR AN OFFICE.

Had to Sacrifice It Before Senator Allison Would Present Him to the President.

One of the brightest lights of the editorial profession in Iowa has entered the consular service under the auspices of the present administration. He is as tall as a young sycamore and as straight as a hemlock. His face is long, his features are large and his skin is tawny, as if his race had been bred under a desert sun. His cheek bones are high and his dome of thought projects over his eyes and throws a shadow upon the lower part of his face, like that of a North American Indian. This resemblance has given ground for a legend that the blood of the noble red man pulsates in his veins. To accentuate the likeness he formerly wore his glossy hair so long that it hit the collar of his coat and fell upon his shoulders like the water of a brisk cataract.

The editor's appearance was peculiar and very much admired by the people, but there were some exceptions. It made him a conspicuous figure in every assembly that is honored with his presence, but there are those who prefer the commonplace and Senator Allison is one of them. When the editor came to Washington in search of official honors and emoluments and asked to be escorted to the White House and be presented to the President, Senator Allison said emphatically: "I won't present you to anybody until you cut your hair." The editor sighed, took a long last look at himself in a mirror and sought a barber shop. Like Samson, he may have been shorn of some of his strength, but he got an office and occupies one of the best consulates in South America.

Shearing 50,000 Sheep by Steam.

A force of expert operators did the work of shearing the 50,000 sheep penned in the yards of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad at Montgomery, Ill., this season. The shears used are operated by steam power, and the lambs and sheep alike are shorn at the rate of nearly a thousand a day. The members of the local Humane Society have protested to President Shortall of the Illinois Humane Society against the shearing of the sheep in winter, and Mr. Shortall to-day notified the shearers that he would interfere in the matter as a violation of the law relating to the proper protection of animals from heat or cold. The sheep men claim that the animals are kept in a warm shed after being shorn, and are there less than a week before being shipped to Chicago for slaughter. They also point to the fact that the sheep fatten more readily after losing their wool.

A Pathetic Letter.

The secretary of agriculture at Washington, has received the following pathetic communication from Bell county, Texas: "Dear Sir: I want to ask you a question. If my vest on the horse trough the money in the innerest. A young horse of mine eat up \$30 of green back notes last night. We picked up a few bits of masticated money to-day. I carelessly left my vest on the horse trough the money on the inside pocket hence the result. Is there any way for me to have the money replaced? If you can tell me to some one who can as I need the money bad and have to work hard to support my family. I anxiously wait your answer."

The secretary of agriculture proposes to refer this matter to the committee in charge of the bill to retire the greenbacks.

A Wedding Ring in a Horse's Hoof.

Some woman is wondering where her wedding ring is and also whether she will ever regain possession of it. Stephen S. Cook, of St. Paul, Minn., ordered his driving horse Major, a smart-looking brown gelding, brought to his office at the Bryan Hotel. After taking a drive Mr. Cook instructed his man to take the animal to a blacksmith shop to be shod. The blacksmith found wedged in between the frog and the diamond-shaped caulk, on one of the shoes with which the horse was shod, the ring, bent up into the shape of an ellipse. On the inside of the ring is engraved "F. P. B., Oct. 20, '87." That the ring was not in the least scratched or injured, beyond the bending, is rather remarkable.

His Tomb a Living Tree.

Lumbermen cut down a large oak tree on the Baker farm, near Dunkirk, Ohio, that had probably been standing for over 100 years. They discovered, after the tree was down, that it was hollow, and they cut several feet off the end. They had not gone far until they came across the skeleton of a human being. From the growth of the tree it is apparent that this man, who is supposed to have been an Indian, had crawled into this tree at least seventy-five years ago and had died, the tree having grown over him. The bones were in a good state of preservation.

An Alligator with Slanting Teeth.

A big alligator was caught recently at the mouth of Salt Creek, in the Osage county, Oklahoma. Its mouth was full of teeth and they all slant upward. One of the Franklin boys had his coat caught in the gator's mouth and came very near being a victim of the big fish. He measured about six feet in length. The gator was brought to town by Mr. Northup.

The Turks believe amber an infallible guard against the injurious effects of nicotine, hence its extensive use for the mouthpieces of pipes.

FIERCEST OF BRUTES

ODD TRAITS OF THE JAVELINA OF THE NORTHWEST.

Colloquially He is Known as the Wild Hog—He Ferociously Ignores the Word and He Will Fight at the Drop of the Hat—The Fate of a Mail Carrier.

The wild hog of the southwest, writes H. S. Canfield, is known to naturalists as the pecary and to Mexican herdsmen as the "javelina," so called because the spines upon his back are like spears or javelins. The animal kingdom does not hold a more cunning, malicious, stealthy and patiently ferocious brute. He is not pretty, but his appearance is as good as his disposition. He has no morals, no love of home or family, no gratitude, no self-respect, no liking even for his own kind. He will eat anything he can swallow and steal anything he can eat. Next to inflicting useless and causeless injury, he would rather fight, and, strong numbers, he will fight anything from a 2-year-old Mexican bay to the chaparral to a puma that has gone a week without food. Like any other corsair, however, his name is linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes: He will kill rattlesnakes. He is fond of their flesh. Certainly no desire for the betterment of the world leads him to slay them. He is not in peril in his combats with the deadliest monster of the west. The poisoned fangs are sent deep into his body, but he goes away and eats of an herb that he has been wise enough to find and returns to dine upon his late foe's remains. If everything has its use in the grand scheme of creation, the use of the javelina is to kill rattlesnakes. He is not good for anything else. His meat is not edible to anyone save a starving man. His hide is valueless. Like other wild animals, the javelina has been beaten back by the advancing waves of civilization. Twenty years ago herds of 150 to 200 were not uncommon in southwestern Texas. To-day the largest band does not number more than fifty. He will not stand close contact with the works of man. He detests the wire fence and will break it down when he finds it. He has a peculiar enmity to the domesticated dog. Woe betide the ranch hound that meets him and his comrades in grill. The javelina slays him forthwith and then of course eats him. He will root up anything which he finds planted. Being an omnivorous feeder, he will destroy newly dropped calves and lambs. He is a terror to children who live in lonely localities. Ten of him will not hesitate to attack a man. Providence has been unkind to him in that it has not gifted him with power to climb a tree. But for this defect there would be no escaping him. The javelina is quick to anger. Indeed, he is in a state of chronic irritation.

He objects on principle to things as they are. He is against the government. He is a four-legged anarchist, hating water and order and restraint. His home is any cave in a mountain side or hole in a river bank that he discovers. If it be a large cave, he is content. If a hole in the river bank be too small, he will enlarge it with a good deal of art. He digs out separate chambers and connects them with galleries and halls. The whole is not unlike the underground dwellings of the termites, but much larger.

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

Chasing the javelina is a favorite diversion of the southwestern ranchman. He has little to do save watch the increase of his flocks and roll shackles of cattle, and welcomes anything that promises to break the monotony. The wild hog is swift and retiring and frequents only the roughest and most inaccessible country. He emits a strong scent, which even a coarsely bred dog follows easily, and is expert at all devices for throwing his pursuers of the track, doubling frequently, making his way through underground passages known only to himself, and even taking to the water when forced to it. When brought to bay he is certain to afford the liveliest kind of fight to anything less than a dozen dogs. His curved tusks are as sharp as daggers, and he uses them with wonderful rapidity and force. The dogs never escape without serious wounds, and frequently they are dismembered. There is no reason why the Anglo-Indian sport of pig-sticking should not be popular in the southwest, but it is not.