



SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SUNSET ROUTE.

DAILY TRAIN SERVICE WITH BUFFET SLEEPERS BETWEEN
NEW ORLEANS, MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA
 DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE BETWEEN
 New Orleans, Houston, Galveston and San Antonio.
SUNSET CENTRAL SPECIAL
 FREE CHAIR CARS between Houston and
 Denison Via. Houston and H. & T. C. R. R.
 and Chicago via New Orleans to Pacific Coast Points and return
 All Trains connect at New Orleans for New York, Washington,
 D. C., Atlanta, Memphis, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago.
 S. F. B. MORSE, Pass. Traf. Mgr. **HOUSTON, TEX.** L. J. PARKS, G. P. & T. A.

For a third of a century an exile from his home in Kentucky, through fear of an avenging hand, Felix G. Stidger found mercy at the hands of Judge Kohlsaat at Chicago because of the part he took in breaking up the famous "Knights of the Golden Circle" during the civil war, thus doing the country an invaluable service.

The defendant had pleaded guilty to indictment for writing improper letters to persons in Crawfordsville and Goshen, Ind., and was awaiting sentence.

"This man rendered good service to the cause of the union at a critical time," said District Attorney Betha, and on this recommendation the court suspended a fine which he had imposed. Stidger's service in the war of the rebellion is a part of history. His name is enrolled among the government secret service agents who were detailed in 1864 to learn the plans of this notable organization of southern sympathizers.

Stidger says he was followed for two years by a hired assassin, Bob Spruce, and that his life would be in peril if he were to go to Kentucky, his former home, as surviving members of the "Golden Circle" would kill him.

"I served in the United States army from Oct. 8, 1862, to Feb. 14, 1864," said Stidger, "when I was honorably discharged on a surgeon's certificate of disability, having taken part in the battles of Chaplin Hills, Ky., Stone River and Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. May 6, 1864, I was employed by the provost

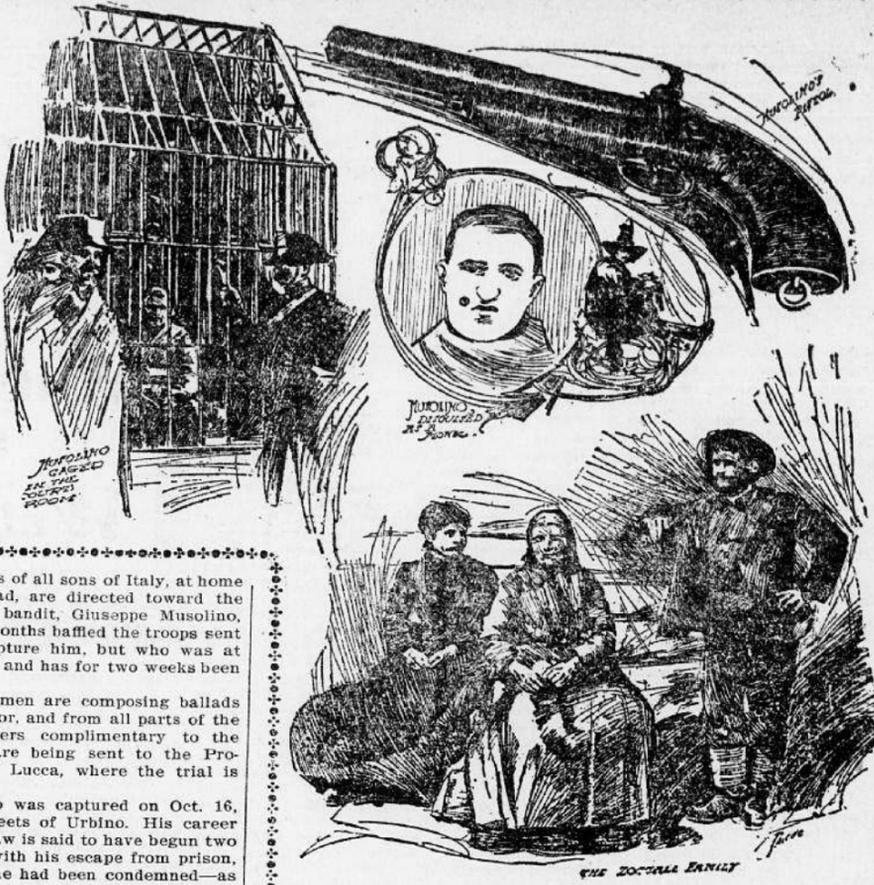
marshal general of the district of Kentucky, United States army, to learn the designs of the 'Knights of the Golden Circle,' of which Clement Vallandigham of Ohio, then residing in Canada, was supreme head. I became grand secretary of the order for the state of Kentucky. The officials revealed to me the exact details of the proposed assembling of members of the order Aug. 16, 1864, for the purpose of liberating rebel prisoners at Indianapolis, Chicago, Rock Island, Johnson's Island and Louisville.

"The plan was also to seize the government arsenals, arm the rebel prisoners, and, together with the members of this organization, put forward a force of 75,000 armed and drilled men for the rebel army in August, 1864. Your own judgment will tell you that this would have prolonged the civil war at least two years, and added to the cost in treasure and lives.

"I was the only man to whom the active head of the order in the United States revealed the plans in detail. To others he gave the detailed instructions in regard to their individual parts. Every move contemplated by the traitors I reported fully to the commanding officer of the United States forces in Louisville and to Gen. Carington and Gov. Morton in Indianapolis daily—often hourly. In this service Secretary of War Stanton in an official communication stated that my help had been worth as much to him as any battle that had been fought during the war."

Italy's Notorious Bandit Is Proud of His Record.

MUSOLINO, HIS FAVORITE WEAPON, AND SCENES AT TRIAL



The eyes of all sons of Italy, at home and abroad, are directed toward the notorious bandit, Giuseppe Musolino, who for months baffled the troops sent out to capture him, but who was at last taken and has for two weeks been on trial.

Fair women are composing ballads in his honor, and from all parts of the world letters complimentary to the prisoner are being sent to the Procurator of Lucca, where the trial is held.

Musolino was captured on Oct. 16, in the streets of Urbino. His career as an outlaw is said to have begun two years ago with his escape from prison, to which he had been condemned—as he held, undeservedly—for the murder of a man who had stabbed him. He vowed, it is said, to kill the judge and prosecutor, and the fifteen witnesses who had procured his conviction, and he is charged with the death of 11 of them.

For months he held a large tract of Calabrian territory in his grasp. His mountain stronghold was blockaded, but by the aid of the peasants, with whom he was very popular, especially with the women, he made his way through the cordon of guards. Disguised as a priest on his way to see the bishop, he chatted affably with the soldiers, and offered to execute commissions for their officers.

Now, after four months of imperturbable stolidity, the bandit has told the story of some of his exploits.

"I became a bandit," he said, "because I was cruelly wronged. The injustice done to me has taught me to feel a hatred toward all mankind—a just one.

"But I am not a brigand bent on plunder, gentlemen. No, I am an honorable bandit who kills his man because he hates him; because he has been injured by him; because he is the enemy of his clan.

"When I escaped from prison I went into the mountains and joined a band of brave fellows. On the death of their captain I was unanimously chosen to command. Chosen for my merit, I governed them by opinion. They knew that I was brave and prudent. I had many times an opportunity of showing that I had all the qualities that constitute a good general. Had I commanded an army, like Napoleon, I should have been invincible.

"Once we were besieged in the upper ranges of the Abruzzi by a company of those maledetti Carabinieri. We were enclosed on three sides by the troops, and on the other was a precipice of many hundred feet, which plunged, without a shelf or ledge of rock, into the plain.

"I had eight companions, but access

to the crag on which we bivouacked was so narrow that only one could mount the pass at a time. This our enemies knew, for several of them were wounded in making a reconnaissance.

"But our provisions failed us. We were on the point of giving ourselves up, fearing starvation, when I discovered an eagle's aerial. To the wonder of our foes, we contrived, by plundering it of hares and kids, to support nature for many days. At last the eaglets flew, and then our distress returned. With it came the thought of surrender.

"I recollected, however, that opposite to where a single sentinel had been posted there was a chasm, a deep ravine, the top of which was covered with wood. One dark night, leading my little band, I crawled on hands and knees, without being perceived, and poindared the vedette. He fell without a groan.

"We then, after overcoming incredible dangers, reached the brink of the abyss.

"My troop eyed the fissure with terror. It was narrow, but at the bottom roared a mountain torrent which at its immeasurable depth looked like a silver thread.

"I came provided with a rope, to which when he dared not go into the plain, we were in the habit of attaching a basket, which we lowered to the peasants for provisions. To this rope I adjusted a heavy dagger and hurled it across the chasm. By good fortune it was entangled at the first throw among the brushwood and stuck fast between two of the branches.

"Having drawn it tight I fastened it to a tree on our side of the ravine. My companions watched me with anxiety, wondering what next I was about to do. I spoke not a word, but suspended myself over the abyss. Hand over hand, I reached the opposite bank in safety. All followed me, with like

success, save one, Pietro Pentucci, whose strength or courage failed him. He unhappily sank into the boiling gulf, but he was dead long before he reached it, so that his sufferings were less than had been taken by the Carabinieri.

This is but one of the many exploits Musolino recounts with pride.

His long and bony, yet athletic, form might have served as a model for a gladiator, for the muscles protrude like one of Michael Angelo's anatomical figures, his cadaverous, sallow countenance was pale with crime, his eyes deep sunk and overhung by thick, bushy eyebrows, emitting a gloomy light as within caverns. His thin and straight upper lip with the lower underhung like that of a dog-fish, fitted him well for the bourreau of Musolino.

"Have you no remorse for all the murders you have committed?" the court asked.

"Remorse," replied the iron-faced wretch, as though he did not understand the meaning of the word. "Ought not a good soldier to obey the word of the commander? Whenever the captain said 'kill' I killed."

"Did you kill many?" was the next query.

"Si, signor, moltissime (yes, sir, many)," he replied, with the greatest nonchalance.

His eye lighted up, as he spoke, with gloomy joy.

Profound silence reigned in the courtroom. The judges shuddered and turned from him as from a basilisk.

Statue of Richard P. Bland.

The bronze statue of Richard P. Bland, which is to be erected at Lebanon, Mo., his old home, has been completed and will be mounted as soon as the pedestal can be completed. The figure is posed as addressing the people, with the right hand upraised.

WILD ANIMALS TAMED BY HUNGER

Mountaineers and Farmers in West Virginia Are Feeding Them.
 All kinds of wild game in the mountains of West Virginia are in danger of almost total destruction owing to the heavy snows which for months have covered their feeding grounds. The deer, bear, wild turkeys, and smaller game have been unable to get at their feed of roots, herbs, seeds, grubs, etc., and in a great many instances the animals and birds have either been frozen or starved to death.

The mountaineers and the farmers living in the valleys have done what they could to feed the game. Some of the farmers in Randolph, Webster, Hampshire, Nichols and other mountain counties, are actually feeding deer, wild turkeys, pheasants, partridges and other game birds as regularly as they feed their stock. Hunger has made the wild things tame, and on one farm in Randolph county, a Mr. Arbuckle is feeding ten head of deer, twenty wild turkeys and as many pheasants and several coveys of partridges in his barnyard daily.

On some of the farms the deer have become as tame as the cattle and horses, and the wild game birds show no more fear than the chickens. The farmers draw the line at coons and catamounts, and many of the latter have been killed most at the doors of the farmhouses.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Correspondence New York World.

Whitney's Many Palaces.

A writer in the World's Work says that the princely character of William C. Whitney's hospitality, the number and extent of his places of residences, are part of the gossip chronicles of the day. Mr. Whitney has on Fifth avenue, New York city, a house only opened once when a ball was given, which is said to have the most artistic interior in America. Another house, among the most important on Long Island, is surrounded by about 1,000 acres in what are known as the Wheatley hills at Westbury. On this estate is one of Mr. Whitney's training stables. At Gravesend, near the Coney Island Jockey club, he owns the old Garrison place, and there keeps his racing stable during the meetings of the Brooklyn and Coney Island Jockey clubs in the spring and fall. These, however, fade into insignificance before the records of the land office at Albany, which say that Mr. Whitney is the largest individual land owner in the state.

Rival for Biltmore.

The famous residence of George Vanderbilt at Asheville, N. C., known as Biltmore, is to have a rival erected by a man who but a few weeks ago was a day laborer. Michael Minke-wicz is the name of the new capitalist, and he has fallen heir to \$2,000,000 through the death of a relative in Germany. He has gone to claim the money, but before leaving secured an option on one of the most beautiful tracts of land in the suburbs of Asheville. It includes several thousand acres, and runs out in the neighborhood of the famous Switzerland dairy, which George Vanderbilt tried hard to buy before he purchased the Biltmore estate. The plans of this upstart, as he is called, have thrown the Vanderbilts into a state of consternation, and there is promise of a serious social upheaval. An attempt is already being made by friends of the New York aristocrats to secure the violation of the option secured by the German-Pole.

Lord Roberts Carried His Point.

Archdeacon Wilberforce is conducting daily services in Westminster Abbey for workmen engaged in preparing the venerable structure for the coronation. The men sit on either side of the cloister during their dinner hour and listen to the service, enjoying their pipes the while. The archdeacon told them a story one day about Lord Roberts and the Afghan war. A chaplain named Adams saved two troopers who had been badly wounded and Gen. Roberts recommended the preacher for the Victoria cross. The war office demurred that there was no precedent for giving that coveted decoration to a clergyman. To this Lord Roberts replied: "You give Parson Adams the V. C. or I resign my command in India." The workmen cheered with a will at this and broke into still more vigorous applause when the archdeacon added: "I need hardly say that Mr. Adams received the cross he won so gallantly."

The Spread of Smallpox.

The outbreak of smallpox in the United States, which has made itself to some extent felt in Canada, is attributed to the presence of so many American soldiers in the Philippines and Porto Rico, and the consequent traffic that has grown up between those countries and the republic. The receipt of letters, curios, and various articles from these infected islands brought smallpox to the United States.

His Guess.

A good story is going the rounds in the house of commons, says the Candid Friend. A friend is supposed to have met Sir Wilfrid Lawson by chance and to have asked him: "Well, Lawson, and what do you feel about the war?" After a pause Sir Wilfrid replied: "I try to feel about it as our Captain Christ would wish us to feel." "Ah," rejoined the friend tartly, "I might have guessed that you'd be a pro-Boer!"

SNAKE BROKE UP PICNIC

Photographer Plays a Mean Trick on a Party of Macon, Mo., Girls.

A horrid snake broke up a picnic that was given near Macon, Mo., a few days ago by the Bachelor Maidens' club of Macon county. It was not a real snake either. That was the worst part of it. The reptile was one of the mechanical kind that quirm and twist in a manner that would put a real snake to shame.

The bachelor maidens might have overlooked the joke and even laughed at it, but for one terrible circumstance—the whole thing was a plot put up by a photographer. This same camera artist is charged with having, with malice prepense, arranged the toy snake so that it would scare the maidens in order that he might get a snap shot of them while they were having hysterics.

It was during one of the sunny days of last week that the bachelor maidens decided to execute a long cherished ambition. The director general issued a call for a spring picnic, and fifteen members of the club responded. Each member brought a basket of provisions or something needful.

While the women were unpacking luncheons near a stream they discovered something that caused them to

shiver with horror. Across the creek was a big, rude man in a flannel shirt and with a disgusting pipe in his mouth. He had a package under his arm. They told him to "scat" and he grinned and moyed on. Then the work of unpacking was resumed.

The Bachelorissimo labored earnestly with a huge jar which was supposed to contain ginger. Finally she loosened the lid, but just as she was removing it a big snake jumped out and flopped out among the viands, sizzling and hissing like an engine. The bachelor maidens tore off yard upon yard of agonizing shrieks, and their cries brought the rude man upon the scene. He picked up the snake and then guffawed.

"Why, it ain't real, at all," he said. "Very well, then," snapped the Bachelorissimo, "you may go about your business." The man left, but after he had departed one of the maidens found a card bearing the name of a photographer, and they are positive he had the snake put in the jar and took a picture of them when it jumped out. They are now looking with nervous apprehension for a picture illustrating the club's first outing.

DOGS LIKE THEIR MASTERS

Association Causes the Brute to Imitate the Human Being Who Owns It.

One of the most curious traits to be found in the animal nature, said an observant citizen, is that which grows out of the unconscious imitativeness of creatures of the lower order. I have observed many instances of where the creatures of a lower order have taken on the characteristics in some noticeable degree of members of the human family. One might know, for instance, the beggar's dog, just from the look of the dog, from the droop of the eye, to the pathetic hang of the lip, and a certain general air of despondency and hopelessness which seem to speak in the very nature of the animal. I mention the beggar's dog because it is a familiar example. The beggar's dog never looks cheerful, never smiles, nor frolics, but simply sits by his master and broods, and begs for whatever charity may give.

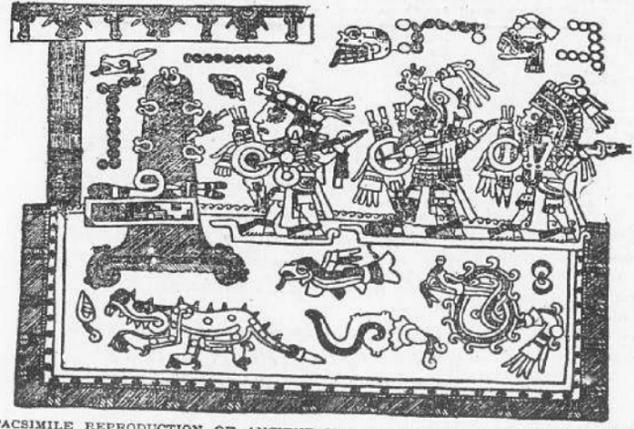
I have seen the dog character molded under happier influences and the dog become more cheerful. He was a light-hearted, free-and-easy sort of creature and seemed to get something of the sunnier side of things. I am almost tempted to say that if you will

show me a man's dog I will tell you what manner of man the owner is, with particular reference to temperament and his moods. The melancholy man, the man who grovels mentally along the gloomier grooves, the pessimistic man, who is always looking at the dark side of the picture, all the men who come within these unhappy classifications rarely own a cheerful dog. The dog unconsciously takes to the ways of his master, and in his moods imitates the master's way of thinking. But turn to the dog of the jolly, cheerful fellow. Watch him show his teeth in laughter when the master approaches. He is darting across the yard and dancing and frisking around the master's feet in the happiest way imaginable, but he is up to all kinds of pranks and does all kinds of little things to indicate the good nature that is in him. He does as his master does and seems to take the same general view of life. These are small things, I guess, but they show just how important one's actions are in life. Even one's way of thinking may influence one's dog and change his whole view of life.

Most Remarkable Book in America.

The most remarkable volume ever issued in this country has just been published by the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology at Harvard. It is an exact facsimile, in the colors of the original, of one of the finest and best preserved ancient Mexican manuscripts in existence—the long lost codex owned by Lord Zouche of Harynworth. This facsimile reproduction has been named the Codex Nuttall, in honor of Mrs. Zella Nuttall, an honorary assistant of the museum, who discovered the existence of the original after it had been lost to view for centuries, traced it to its present English owner, spent months in a careful study of its contents, directed the work of reproducing it and has written a careful introduction which explains its peculiarities and text so far as they are explainable in the light of modern archaeological science.

The Codex Nuttall, like the other examples of the same kind of picture-writing, is painted on strips of prepared deerskin which are glued together in such a way as to form a long folded band, and so lasting are the colors employed—which were made by a secret process that the native artists refused to disclose to their Spanish conquerors—that even now, after



FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION OF ANCIENT MEXICAN MANUSCRIPT AT HARVARD MUSEUM.

more than 400 years, they are still bright and fresh.

There is a belief among archaeologists that the codices were not complete records, but rather in the nature of notes which were used to preserve legends, and perhaps history, for bards and poets, who recited their

epics or ballads in impromptu song or verse as they traveled about the country, much as Homer is supposed to have first told his story of Ulysses.

The average American citizen is willing to die for his country—in office.