

FEW LOAVES FOR THE FISHES.

Gross Mismanagement and Misappropriation in the National Commission.

A RADICAL REFORM IS DEMAND.

The Institution Operated as an Annex to the National Museum—Scientific Inquiries Shamelessly Neglected—The Action of Congress.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—[Special to THE STAR.]—Undoubtedly there will soon be an entire reorganization of the fish commission. The recent agitation of the subject in congress and the proposed investigation have brought about some discoveries which show the wisdom of the proposition to transfer the commission to the agricultural department and put new men in charge. At present the fish commission is an independent body, reporting only to congress, and having no supervision from any superior body.

It is alleged that the fish commission has been materially deteriorating since the death of Spencer F. Baird, the incorporator of the commission and a man under whose charge it developed. It has been brought to a desirable standard, and it is charged that through error of conducting the commission as a detached bureau rather than a part of one of the regular government departments, certain abuses have developed that call for serious consideration. The government has already taken cognizance of the existing condition of affairs by the passage of a resolution reading as follows:

Resolved, That the committee on fisheries be, and is hereby, instructed to make early inquiry into the administration of the affairs of the United States commissioner's office, and especially to report on the changes in the force, compensation paid to employees, and any alleged favoritism or other undue administration, and report to the senate thereon. Senator Stockbridge is chairman of the committee. This session next week and the investigation will be searching. The resolution of inquiry is the result of a recent expose, charging nepotism in appointments and the distribution of money amounting to \$31,300 among seven members of the commissioner's family. This called for the resolution providing for the investigation of the office. Dr. W. H. Stejneger, Dr. Fox and others were successfully consulted, but they, too, were at a loss what to make of the strange malady. Eight months ago they ceased administering medicines, though they have continued their visits regularly on account of the doctor's fee. The poor woman has only occasionally been able to take a teaspoonful of liquid nourishment and no solid food whatever.

Mrs. Wuechter suffers pain in her head almost constantly and is subject to frequent attacks of neuralgia. She is thirty-eight years of age, but, owing to her extreme emaciation, she looks like a woman of sixty or seventy. The flesh of her neck is a mass of wrinkles, and the lines are drawn distressingly about her mouth and chin. Her hands are merely the dried-up remains of what once were the veins in them stand out with unusual prominence. She complains constantly of thirst, but every time she takes a drink she is seized with choking spasms and her teeth grate together. She is unable to eat anything, and she suffers withering with thirst. Christian fortitude and finds great comfort in repeating to herself texts of scripture and singing hymns and in receiving the visits of her pastor.

Dr. Seip says she may live as long as the doctor's fee will pay for her services. Her husband nurses the faster night and day and patiently welcomes the host of callers, who, through curiosity, besiege the house to look at the patient.

Agricultural department nearly all this expense will be saved, as the disbursements will be made through the regular channels and by the officials already employed in that work.

Another striking need for the placing of the commission under the department control is found in irresponsible expenditure of money by members of the commission, for which they are not called upon to account. Recently the commissioner and some of his assistants completed a costly piece of apparatus designed to demonstrate that they could carry live abal across the ocean. When the apparatus, which among other things included a large tank, was finished, the large steamships of the Atlantic were requested to allow the tank to be placed on board their vessels, but they and all related to accede to the request, and this costly apparatus was in consequence thrown back upon their hands. The expense of their costly short-sightedness was, of course, borne by the government, and no one was called to account. The large aquarium recently placed in the commission are said to have cost three times as much as was necessary, and should an investigation call for the bills for this and other items, the commission officials dare not show them.

Those interested in the investigation of the methods of the commission say that while the bill is pending the commission are taking it upon themselves to see that President Harrison fully understands the situation.

SHE IS BARELY ALIVE.

A Woman Who Has Eaten Nothing for Eight Months.

Lehigh county has within its borders a remarkable woman in the person of Mrs. Wuechter. She lives on a farm about five miles from here, who for eight months has taken practically no nourishment, and has not tasted a drop of water since Good Friday, April 4, seventy-one days ago, says an Allentown, Pa., special to the St. Louis Republic. She is a German, and lives in the local physicians here beyond measure and is attracting wide curiosity among the medical fraternity. She is barely alive and no more. Sixteen months ago she was taken ill of a mysterious disorder. Dr. G. W. Siegler was called in, but he was unable to make an accurate diagnosis of her disease. Drs. W. H. Stejneger, Dr. Fox and others were successfully consulted, but they, too, were at a loss what to make of the strange malady. Eight months ago they ceased administering medicines, though they have continued their visits regularly on account of the doctor's fee. The poor woman has only occasionally been able to take a teaspoonful of liquid nourishment and no solid food whatever.

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POOLISH AND FORGIVING.

The Foolish Old Man's Darling Had Over Him.

One day last week there came here by train from Binghamton an old man with hair and beard as white as snow, but still quite vigorous in mind and body, says a Cortland, N. Y., dispatch to the Globe. He was applied to by Deputy Sheriff E. J. Colgrove in hunting up his runaway wife. He told the official that his name was William C. Chandler and that he lived in Jackson township, Pa., not far from the New York state line. He owned four farms and an apple jack distillery there, and was well-to-do. He was in his seventieth year. His wife was a good many years younger than he, and was a buxom, good looking woman. She had run away with one of his hired men, a young fellow about thirty years old named Charles E. Lewis, and he had reason to believe that the fugitive was living together here. They had carried off in their flight three trunks full of clothing and other valuables, and he wanted to get back his wife and property.

Deputy Sheriff Colgrove had no difficulty in locating the errant pair in a room here, where they had set up house-keeping. Lewis was arrested and arraigned before Police Justice Bull on a charge of grand larceny in carrying off the old man's household effects. The woman stuck to Lewis like wax, and for a time scornfully refused to have anything to say to her husband. The old man was found of his good-looking young wife, and was ready to forgive her escapade if she would only quit her paramour and go back home with him. She obstinately refused to listen to his pleadings until she found that that was the only way she could save Lewis from prison. Then she relented and made up with her fond spouse.

The terms she exacted were that her husband should deed to her one of his farms and also convey to her the big stock of apples and other fruit on his place. Finally, he should "let up" on his faithless hired man. The dotting husband joyfully acceded to these conditions and set out for home with his recovered spouse as blithe as a bridegroom. No one appeared to prosecute the hired man whose handiwork had caused such troubles in his employer's household, and the police judge let him go.

WHO ARE THE LUCKY HUNDRED?

A Novel and Expensive Method of Advertising Real Estate.

Commencing Monday, June 30th, we will give away 100 choice lots to any one sending us their full name and address with 25¢ for return postage. These lots are 25x125 feet and will be worth \$250 each in less than three years.

The present population of Salt Lake City is 90,000. In five years it will be the largest city between Chicago and San Francisco. You are invited to send us a splendid lot and your name to the Salt Lake View addition company, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Local Railroad Notes.

Harry Palmer, superintendent of the west end division of the Kansas Pacific road, has been appointed to succeed J. O. Brinkerhoff. It was reported that Palmer, who is Denver and Colorado and Mexico divisions of the Union Pacific, had resigned. There seems to be a well understood belief at Union Pacific headquarters that if Palmer were to succeed J. S. Tabbeta as general freight agent of the road, Dr. Dirney, practice limited to catarrhs of the bladder of nose and throat. See bid.

PREST AND NUN BREAKS WOVES

Both Loved the Church But Yielded to Cupid's Pleasings.

'T'WAS SEBOOIS SAVED SMITH'S LIFE.

Romantic Story of Pochontas No. 2—The Farmer's Daughter Loved the Tramp—Died an Alaska Wife.

According to the story of William Mathewson, a well known merchant of San Francisco, who spent Sunday in Salt Lake, the east-bound Central Pacific train contained among other passengers a couple who, had their history been known, would attract more than ordinary attention, says the Salt Lake Tribune. The story is a long one, and in order to get the full details one must go back to the beginning.

In Orange county, New York, about thirty years ago, lived a well-to-do Irish farmer who, by industry and thrift, had become possessor of several broad acres of land and some spare cash besides. He had only one son, Patrick, a bright lad, and the height of his ambition was to see him fitted for a better position in life than that of a farmer. To this end he sent his son to the best Catholic school in the country, and great was his joy when he learned from the lips of the young man that he had decided to take holy orders and become a priest.

Time passed on, and Father Patrick Hanlon was the name added to the roster of the clergy of the church founded by Peter, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The young priest's first duties were in a little town in Nebraska, where for a year or two he worked assiduously in building up his little charge. So successful was he that the future bishop was called to his work, and in a very short time he was commended for his earnestness by Cardinal McCloskey. One day came a change. His holiness Pope Leo must have the faith spread in Australia. Young men were wanted to carry the future of the faith into the far-off country; to teach the ways of eternal life to the benighted people of the remote interior, and, by a special order from the cardinal, endorsed by the pontiff, Father Hanlon was included among the many who were to spread the gospel of light among the people of the far island.

For two years did Father Patrick labor earnestly among the rough people of the district to which he was assigned. That he was successful can be attested by the statement that in lieu of holding office in the clergy, old building he found when he first visited the mass in a neat little church built by his flock, who had learned to love him, and from the further fact that the town to which he was assigned was no longer considered as rough, but that its people were fast becoming a civilized order. But the physical nature of the young man could not bear the constant strain, and ere long his health failed him. Realizing that his labor on earth would soon be finished if he did not seek rest, he asked to be relieved for a time and went to his home in New York, where he much needed repose from duty, and here is where the romantic part of the tale begins.

In the hospital of St. Vincent was a Sister of Mercy who was known to the whole world as Agatha. A beautiful woman she was, with wonderfully lustrous eyes and one of the sweetest faces that God ever endowed woman-kind with. The touch of her hand was the softest, and the music of her voice the sweetest to the poor unfortunates who were sent to that institution. A Sister Agatha had a history. She was the daughter of an English clergyman and had become a convert to the Catholic faith during early childhood. When she became of age she united herself with the Sisters of Mercy and had gone to Australia.

When in Melbourne Father Hanlon occasionally visited the hospital. And here is where the church of Rome lost one of its most tireless workers and St. Vincent's hospital its most gentle, loving nurse.

It was a case of love at first sight on the part of both, and yet neither was glad. By the solemn vows of the church both were bound to a life of celibacy. But it was not to be.

In consequence, Father Hanlon proposed. The details of the struggle he went through before he could fully justify himself that he was taking the right course will ever remain a secret until the morning of the resurrection. And the proposal will remain locked in two human hearts, a closely guarded treasure until it shall be told before the world on the day when the morning stars shall sing together and the sons of the eternal shout for joy.

They were married, not, however, until the church authorities had been notified. In vain did the bishop of Father Hanlon's diocese plead with him that he should not marry, and the Rubicon crossed and the wedding took place.

Ere the tidings could fly across the sea to the old home in New York, the young man learned that his father had died and had left him his entire fortune. It was toward the old home of his boyhood that he and his wife were going when the Times informant met them. Mr. Mathewson had known the young man in his infancy, and to him had told his story.

It is generally known that in 1614 Captain John Smith, of Pochontas fame made a trip to what is now Gardiner, Me., but there was an incident that occurred during that visit that is known by very few people, says the Boston Globe. The incident in question resembles very closely that of the Indian maiden Pochontas that has been handed down to posterity.

At the time of Smith's visit here the valley of the Cobossee Contee stream, which at this date was a small stream, the Kennebec River was inhabited by a powerful and intelligent branch of the Indian called Cabassas, belonging to the Kennebec clan, which was in turn one of the tribe of Abonakis. The Cabassas were presided over by a chief, having headquarters at what is now Gardiner, known as Cabassa, who had a daughter, named Seboois, famed among her tribe for her beauty and grace. She was unfortunately, smitten at once with the gallant captain, who, by the way, the first white man to visit these parts who was not a trader with the natives. Smith had with him a lieutenant named Hunt, who was of a quarrelsome disposition and prone to mutiny.

Smith's lieutenant, which camped that night about four miles from the Gardiner, in an easterly direction. Seboois thinking, to warn the captain hurried on before the enraged Indians, but arrived too late, for as she arrived at the camp the first volley of arrows was directed at her.

Thinking to save Smith, she fled to him, threw her arms around his neck, and in that position received an arrow in the breast that caused instant death. This ordered Smith an opportunity to explain that it was the other party that perpetrated the kidnapping.

After a sorrowful return and the burial of Seboois near the Randolph church, opposite the city the party of red men went in search of Hunt. He was overtaken near Norridgewock and his band exterminated.

Captain Smith had the martyred Seboois to thank for his life, for the arrow that reached her heart was meant for him. The grave of Seboois is unmarked; in fact its location is unknown.

An interesting story comes from Green Ridge in Robertson county, Tennessee, in which a handsome young man and a pretty girl figure as its leading spirits, says a Franklin, Ky., dispatch to the Louisville Courier-Journal. Last fall a stalwart youth of about twenty-two years made his appearance at the home of a farmer in the suburbs of Green Ridge and applied for work. He was a tramp, with his worldly possessions in a bundle slung across his shoulder, and was hungry and footsore and eager for a job. The farmer gave him a trial, and, being much pleased with his labor, employed him regularly. In March the young man fell sick with a fever, and for two weeks was very ill.

In the same village resided Essie Sullivan, who was pretty and attractive, and the daughter of a merchant in good circumstances. She had seen the young fellow a great many times, but had no acquaintance with him, as he was not attentive to ladies, but remained at home and attended to his duties closely. The young girl had a fever, and when she learned of his sickness, she began sending him flowers and then nice things to eat. At first she went no farther than the door, but was finally induced to enter the sick room to receive his thanks. She was on her knees, and he was on his feet, and the address of her heart read to the afflicted youth. Life was a pleasant dream to them for several weeks and the rumor soon spread that they would wed.

This report was confirmed when the young couple went to Nashville and were met by the girl's father, who was saying that she had eloped, as she knew her parents would never consent to her wedding a common laborer without a home and unknown, but that she loved him and had rather share poverty with him than live in ease and comfort without protecting love and affection.

The girl's parents were ignorant of the attachment between their daughter and the stranger, and were taken by surprise. They are much distressed over the affair, and refuse to forgive the girl or to recognize her if she and her husband should return.

A romantic double suicide is just now the subject of conversation, and on account of the prominence of the particular case, considerable excitement is being created in the north and west. Helene Nerfeldt, the daughter of a former court minister, was married to a certain Moldavian physician not long ago, but from whom she shortly became divorced, and later engaged to a Captain who was a rich man. Her husband was deeply in love for many years. The consent of the king to the marriage was obtained and everything was in readiness for the ceremony when, upon the very eve of the wedding, Helene discovered that a blood relationship existed between her husband and her intended groom. Deeply grieved, and in a moment of delirium, she seized a pistol and shot herself through the heart. Goestricher was almost crazed at Helene's death, and for five days ceaselessly he prayed beside her body and at her tomb. Then he was overcome by grief, and he himself became a corpse. He was buried in the same grave as his wife, and which he had strewn thickly with rose leaves.

A young man whom we will call Tom Peterson—but which is not his real name—came into the Fremont Flail office the other morning, apparently laboring under a heavy load of despondency, seasoned with righteous indignation and wrath, and throwing down a letter of the counter, began to count out his nickels. He was asked what was wanted, and replied that he wanted that printed in the Flail. As we do not make a practice of printing anything before looking at it, says the editor of the Flail, the paper was hastily read. It ran something like this:

I hereby warn all young men, widowers and bachelors, not to put no confidence whatever in Susie Hanson—which is not her real name. She is a young woman who is wanted, and replied that he wanted that printed in the Flail. As we do not make a practice of printing anything before looking at it, says the editor of the Flail, the paper was hastily read. It ran something like this:

Tom Peterson, who did not write the article, for it was too well worded for one of his calibre, but "these were his sentiments" to a dot.

C. S. Harvey of Hickory county, Missouri, an intelligent-looking man, thirty-five years of age, has been visiting St. Louis with his wife, who is an Alaska Indian, says a dispatch to the New York Star. While at the Alaska diggings he concluded to ascend the Yukon river and get a woman to pole his boat, which would be a faithful, while any man he could get would perhaps desert or murder him. Her native husband offered either her or his mother-in-law for \$20 a month, and Harvey took the wife along. Her aid was valuable. While returning home she said to Harvey, with tears: "I wish you would buy me from my husband, and I will work the gold out of your claim after the regular hours of work, I don't want to go back to him."

Her husband decided that \$20 and a pair of boots for the winter would be a fair price, and he bought her. She accompanied the bargain, at once. The Indian went on a spree, and a few days later was drowned in the Yukon. Harvey and the woman were married by a minister as soon as they reached this country, and she has proved a faithful wife and mother. Her husband's name is Seboois, and she is said to have appearance attracts attention on the street.

Chauteau Arrangements. Work on the Council Bluffs and Omaha assembly grounds preparatory to the opening of the session of 1890 is about completed. Walks have been laid, trees and stumps removed, new streets graded and a number of cottages are under way. The experience of last year is being taken advantage of in the arrangements that are being perfected for the accommodation of the great crowds that are certain to be in attendance at the coming session. Transportation will be more convenient, supplies will be more easily procured and better than last year. The arrangements point toward a very large attendance from outlying countries. The opening day is a week from Tuesday.

THE SOUTHERN BLACK BELTS

People and Products of the Great Cotton Growing Interior.

THE BULLETS AND THE BALLOTS.

Both are Essential Features in Political Elections—Home of the Cotton Picker—Ideas of the Negroes—Soil Exhausting Fertilizers.

Meridian, Miss., June 16.—[Special to THE STAR.]—This town of 6,000 inhabitants is very favorably located between two rich strips of country known here as black belts. They are fertile because of the soil and the plantations are black. In slave times this black prairie land was bought for cotton plantations and inhabited by slaves and a few white overseers and their families, the descendants of whom still occupy the land. The belts extend from southwest to northeast, are from ten to fifty miles wide and from one hundred to two hundred miles in length. The white families are gradually leaving them, going to the towns, and Meridian is a favorite resort for them.

In these black belts the old customs, habits and style of farming still obtain. The old wooden moldboard plows are still the favorites and on many plantations that I visited such a thing as a steel plow seemed to be unknown and it will require careful and gradual training before these colored people will consent to use a plow that will occur. Progress in these black belts much resembles that which we read of on the dark continent. There is no intimidation at elections. The colored people vote their sentiments in this city and always vote the republican ticket, and if northern friends were to go to that part of the country and a fair count in the south this a good place to select as evidence. In this immediate vicinity race troubles do not exist and the race of Afro-Americans is as secure as in Kansas.

But this state of affairs does not extend very far outside of the city. A few days ago I was in Hickory, a little town fifteen miles in the direction of Jackson, Miss., and learned there had been forty men killed at that place since the war closed, principally caused by a negro who had been shot and killed, and the place is becoming more civilized now, and it has a prospect of a long reign of peace.

I was talked with a number of intelligent colored men here and at Corinth and find them much impressed with the idea that they should educate their race so that they would be able to compete with the whites, somewhat on the plan of the Hebrews under Moses. They want no intermarriage with the white race, and they are very much incensed at Fred Douglas for setting what they consider a bad example in marrying a white woman. The colored people throughout the south who have understood the matter, were very favorable to the plan of General Grant and Fred Douglas to buy San Domingo with a view to converting it into a state for the colored people, and they own control and protected by the United States government, as in the case of Liberia.

Cotton is the all-absorbing topic now, as negroes are being urged to care for the growing crops. This city is 150 miles from New Orleans and cotton is planted here about May 1. Ground is prepared by throwing the soil into the furrows, and the seed on the ridge thus made and the middle is broken afterwards. No careful breaking of the ground nor other preparations for crops, are made here, and the northern and the cotton is found in this country. The young cotton plant is very tender, is of slow growth, needs much care, and in cultivating it the hoe is used throughout the season, and the hoeing commences about September 20 and is finished by the first of January. The lower pods mature first and like buckwheat, the top leaves bloom and growing till frost kills it. The cotton pickers go through the crop three times and pick the cotton out of the pod by hand, leaving the pod on the stalk. The pickers are paid 10 to 15 cents per 100 pounds of cotton with the seed in it, and the best hands can pick 300 pounds a day.

At the gin the seed and cotton are separated, and the seed is used for oil and as seed. The cotton is pressed into bales of 2½x3½ feet, weighing about five hundred pounds for which the farmer, a planter gets from \$8 to \$30 for shipment to Europe these bales are sent to the compress where they are pressed into about one-third their usual size.

These presses are used to a great extent, and next to cotton, this trade is the largest business in the south. Great manufacturers of fertilizers are located at a few places in the north and west, and the material constitutes a large part of the railroad transportation. The principal ingredient of the fertilizers is sand, which is used to make the fertilizer more porous, and it is two hundred pounds each, costing the planters about \$5 a sack. With a little paddle the fertilizer is put at the roots of the growing plants, and the fertility of the soil will grow after using it once it must be used every year and is a great tax on the planters. If they could enrich their lands by a rotation of crops they could buy the fertilizer for a great deal less than they would save millions of dollars to the southern states.

Southern corn does not compare with that of the north, and the yield is about four feet apart with only one or two stalks in a hill. Twenty-five bushels to the acre is the heaviest crop. The planters do not know how to raise grass, and the soil will grow here. One of these backwoods planters showed me a weed that had given him much trouble. He called it a "Yankee weed" because it sprung up where northern soldiers fed their horses, and the old planter hated it as northern people do the Canada thistle. This troublesome weed was a thirty specimen of red clover.

SHE DANCED FOR THE BRIGANDS.

An Exciting Experience in the Life of Carmencita.

My first dancing for money was before a band of brigands, and I had no idea what my salary was to be, either, writes Carmencita to Kate Field's Washington. When I was fifteen I was living with my aunt and uncle, who had a private farm not very far from Madrid, and equally near to the palace of the Escorial. The stretch of country between the capital and the wonderful palace of Philip II. was at that time infested with banditti, who occasionally made a raid on the peasants, and the provision of the king in the habit of loading a donkey with fresh eggs and vegetables for the priests who have charge of the church which is above the vaults where the dead kings and queens of Spain are lying. On one particular morning I not only had a heavy load of provisions for the planters, but nearly 2,000 reales besides hidden in my bosom, which were to pay for masses for a relative of mine. You must know that the Church of the Escorial has more than 7,500 relics, including the entire bodies of eight or ten saints, twelve tons of whole heads, and 300 logs and arms. Last night, when they were stolen by the French, one of the bars of the monster griron upon which St. Lawrence was burnt, and one of his feet with a piece of coal sticking in his toes. You remember with what a religious fervor the king's martyrdom and how he said to his executioners, "I am done on this side, perhaps you had better turn me over," whence comes the proverb we have in Spain, "Cooked to a turn." But I am wandering from my story.

I was proceeding slowly with my donkey, not thinking of anything except the bull fight I had seen the previous Sunday, when I was suddenly surrounded by fierce looking men and in a few minutes was hurried down a rocky path into some dark woods. Presently I was pushed into a cavern, where a tall and dignified looking man, the chief of the robbers, had been lying in wait. He was awakened by our entrance and smiled kindly at my poor little trembling self, asking me my

name. "Carmen," I replied through my quivering teeth. Well, Carmencita, don't be frightened, and perhaps I will let you go home soon."

I may tell you that it was the first time I was ever addressed as "Carmencita"—"Little Carmen"—just as I now call myself. So I can truly say that I was christened by brigand men, and I can drink a large cup of wine, at the same time demanding to know where I had the money for the masses. I was dumfounded.

"How do you know that I have money?" I asked. "I know, little one. Let us count the shining coins and see if there are enough."

He motioned to one of the women of his band, and I was soon relieved of the treasure hidden in my bodice. I implored him not to take it, and told him I was sure would be the vengeance of the holy saints if he robbed them of their dues. Like most Spaniards, the bandit was truly religious, and I also noticed that my pleading in the name of the church was having its effect on the other members of the band. Then somebody began playing a mandolin, and another began singing, and I asked and whether it was the wine I had drunk or something else, I began tapping the ground with my feet and nodding in time with the aria.

"Ah, you dance!" cried the chief. "Now, come, little one—see if you cannot sing a little mass for me in return." Silently I followed the band to a smooth piece of grassy ground just beyond the cavern. Round this the robbers squatted, tailor-fashion, excepting two of them, who stood on one side strumming their instruments. I danced for nearly an hour, until I had to stop from exhaustion. But when I had finished the robber chief lifted me in his arms and kissed me, while he handed me back the purse containing the mass money. Then he told one of his men to bring out my donkey, and next he took off his hat and went around among his band saying: "Now let us pay Carmencita for the good breakfast she has brought us." I heard the clink of money falling in his hat and in a few minutes he came to me and put into my hands a sum far larger than I could have received from the priests for my farm produce. He then escorted me to the gates of the Escorial, and before he left he gave me a small, curiously bent piece of iron.

"This," said he, "will save you from all molestation in this portion of Spain if the robbers should have received from the priests for my farm produce. He then escorted me to the gates of the Escorial, and before he left he gave me a small, curiously bent piece of iron. I told my story to the fathers at the palace and a troop of dragoons were sent in pursuit of my friend, whose name proved to be Antazio. I am glad to say they did not catch him. I always wear the piece of iron he gave me. It has proved a mascot.

Why Envelopes Only are Redeemed.

Some people have an idea that the government redeems postage stamps when from any cause they become unfit for use or are difficult to use says the Washington Star. Frequently sheets of stamps are stuck together or are torn or injured. The loss, if any, falls upon the owner, as the government refuses to assume any responsibility for stamps which once sold. The agents of the government, the postmasters, can redeem stamps which they have for sale, if through any accident they become unfit for use. But when the citizen buys a stamp he either uses it in the legitimate way or else he is out the value of the stamp.

The government, however, redeems stamped envelopes. If one should happen to be misdirected or should become blotted, or for any reason a persons should wish to tear open a stamped envelope after he had sealed it for mailing, he can bring it to the postoffice and get a brand new envelope in its place. The reason for this difference in the treatment of the adhesive stamp and the stamped envelope is that the stamp can be used and then washed and passed as good, unless a careful scrutiny is made. If the government should begin the practice of redeeming adhesive stamps, the opportunities for fraud would be increased. Then the adhesive stamps are manufactured at a cost to the government which the stamped envelope is not. The stamps are furnished to the public at the face value, and out of this has to come the cost of manufacture, but in the case of stamped envelopes they are sold at their face value plus the cost of manufacture.

THE POPE IN HIS PALACE PRISON.

Daily Life and Personal Habits of the Head of the Catholic Church.

A very interesting picture might be drawn of the daily life of the pope in his palace prison, writes W. T. Stead in the Pall Mall Gazette. In some respects it may be admitted that the spectacle is almost ideal. Imagine a pure, good and able man, of more than three-score years and ten, rising at 6 o'clock on any given morning, after a sleep as undisturbed as a child's, and setting about his own honest, earnest, and conscientious discharge of his duty to God and his church, by using his influence as the vice-regent of the Almighty to allay the troubles of the world.

His authority, to begin with, is almost absolutely untrammelled. When Alexander III. writes he uses M. de Giers as his secretary in Rome, and he is the peer of Leo XIII. Around the papal throne are cardinals and archbishops and dignitaries of great place; but in all the brilliant throng there is no one who exercises any controlling influence over the detached and lucid intellect of the Pope. Occasions from men who regard they would endeavor to bring pressure to bear to induce him to adopt a policy to which he was disinclined. "What you say," he would reply, "is very good, no doubt, but let it be done in a different way." And done always it is in Leo's way, until the cardinal's desisted from making fruitless suggestions. He is so supreme that, compared with the elevation which he occupies, cardinals count for no more than deacons, or even than acolytes. There are mutterings of discontent in the congregation from men who are counted for something in the church, but now count for nothing; but on the whole the Sacred college recognizes with loyalty and pride the commanding ability and authoritative confidence of its chief. The pope, therefore, has a single ray of light in the darkness of his responsibility for the decisions at which he arrives.

Every morning, before addressing himself to the direction of the affairs of the planet, he offers the sacrifice of the mass, and then, for gratitum actio, says a mass in Latin, in which the pope is the celebrant; with a mind that has attained to divine things the pope then begins his working day. A single glass of coffee, tea or milk suffices to break his fast. After going through his papers he begins to receive about 9. From that hour till 11 in the afternoon the throng of visitors never slackens. Secretaries, ambassadors, cardinals from the congregation, distinguished strangers, bishops from afar, have audience in turn. There are 1,200 bishops in the Catholic church, and with all of them the pope is in more or less constant personal relations.

Nothing can be more gracious, more animated, or more sympathetic than the manner of the Pope. His eye, which when fixed in thought is deep and piercing, beams with kindness, and the severely rigid lines of his intellectual features relax with the pleasantness of smiles as he talks, using, in the case may be, either French, Latin (which he speaks with great purity and facility), or his own musical native tongue.

After four or five hours spent in this way he returns to his books and papers until 3, when he dines. His meal is frugal, a little soup, two courses of meat, with one glass of strong wine, suffice for his wants. After dinner he goes out for a drive or a walk in the gardens of the vatican. In the evening he resumes his papers and at night, between 9 and 10, all the papal household assemble for the rosary, after which they retire to rest. But long after that hour the cardinal state secretary, Moeenni, is often summoned to the papal apartments, where, by the light of the midnight lamp, Leo watches, and thinks, and prays for the welfare of the church.

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unless a careful scrutiny is made. If the government should begin the practice of redeeming adhesive stamps, the opportunities for fraud would be increased. Then the adhesive stamps are manufactured at a cost to the government which the stamped envelope is not. The stamps are furnished to the public at the face value, and out of this has to come the cost of manufacture, but in the case of stamped envelopes they are sold at their face value plus the cost of manufacture.

THE POPE IN HIS PALACE PRISON.

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