

A WIZARD'S PETS.

Amusing Stories of the Private Menagerie of Herr Mann, the Magician.

Perhaps in no way was the great and only Herrmann more truly the wizard than in his absolute power over every kind of animal. He was never known to approach one that did not instantly recognize and obey him as a friend; and as devoted was he to "pets" that he never traveled without a "cove" of dogs, birds, monkeys, etc.

When Mrs. Herrmann was not a wait behind the great magician in her fondness for and power over animals, and if there was room in their private car for General, Randow and Lola (Herrmann's Danish hound, monkey and mouse) it was only upon condition that they remained upon good terms with Fliglet, a black and tan; Chappie, a mottled bird; and Rutie, a parrot, the special pets of Mrs. Herrmann.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the magnificent Herrmann, master at Whitecourt, N. J., with his broad acres, has long been the home, not only of some of the finest bred horses and dogs in America, but of deer, goats, gazelles, ducks, doves, monkeys, magpies, parrots—in fact, every member of living things.

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Some of these great St. Bernards, by the way, enjoyed a very unique sort of protection during their puppyhood, though they have doubtless forgotten all about it by this time. Thirteen of them were born at one litter—a quite unusual thing—and formed, of course, a most picturesque and interesting group.

It is claimed that Mr. Herrmann's favorite pet at this time was a brilliant mouse, which he had brought from Central America. These birds are sometimes a slimy-looking color like golden wren, but this one was a bright scarlet with black back that only served the blacker from its striking setting of snow-white feathers.

This gorgeous bird measured one and a half yards from beak to tip of tail, and in addition to its great beauty was a very clever talker. One day Mr. Herrmann put this beautiful mouse into the monkey cage, which he placed on top of the kennel containing the thirteen young St. Bernards. Later in the day the family were agast at discovering that Miss Lola had used her sharp bill to good purpose, for she had bitten a great hole in the cage, thereby obtaining her freedom. Search was made for her everywhere, but all in vain.

So at heart, Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann strove out to take a look at the puppets.

by way of consolation, when, to their great surprise, she had taken a vicious attack, having the most beautiful time in the world. She had evidently gotten upon the most intimate terms with her four-legged neighbors; one was licking her back, another her wing; still others contented themselves with her back and beautiful tail feathers, each and all doing her homage in their own clumsy puppy fashion; and Miss Lola, a truly feminine creature, was enjoying all this devotion

in every feather of her being. Presently the mother appeared, and the hungry and ungrateful puppets one by one deserted their brilliant guest, who was by no means pleased at the turn affairs had taken. Now, Lola could be very vicious if she chose, and when she marched in a dignified manner over to Mrs. St. Bernard, planted herself firmly in front of her, and began to wink at her in a very wicked way, both Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann were on the alert to see that she didn't pick out her rival's eyes. However, after winking and deliberating—deliberating and winking, she looked squarely in the eyes of the mother dog, and in a coarse, gruff voice ejaculated: "Haha."

From this time on she constituted herself the special pet of Mr. Herrmann.

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to her mistress of the dog kennel, gradually allowing the mother to come to when occasion required, but never ceased to be fiercely jealous of her. Sometimes Lola would fly into a rage and refuse to come down, until some one would stand under the tree with a puppy in his arms, when she would let down her coils. Unfortunately, this beautiful pet developed such a habit of biting or nibbling everything within sight, especially wood, that Mr. Herrmann could not take her on his last trip, fearing that in time she might eat up the car. He therefore placed her in Central Park, and, curiously enough, she dropped dead from perch on the very day that her beloved master so suddenly expired.

Nearly every one is familiar with Herrmann's "Noah's Ark" trick, where he shows the audience an empty box, and for further verification of its emptiness has buckets of water poured into it. Then he begins to take out animals by the wholesale. First comes a squealing pig, then a pet pander, and so on. Now, for some reason or other, the pander suddenly developed a strange jealousy of the pig, and every night would seize its poor little tail in its sharp beak, causing it to run about the stage squealing furiously at the great amusement of the audience. Mrs. Herrmann, however, had much too soft a heart to let this go on, and one day cleverly fitted a piece of kid glove over piggie's tail. That evening the pander, discovering this device, began to tug at the little tail, and the audience was as much amused as ever.

The next day Mrs. Herrmann made a red flannel cap, tying under the chin and perfectly fitting the ears of the little victim. When Mr. Herrmann drove him out of the park that night so attracted by a mouse more paralyzed than the pander, who, however, never molested piggie again. All the tricks animals were as tame as possible, and seemed to greatly enjoy their public appearances. A truck duck in particular was so devoted to one of the maids that it would persist in following her all over the theater.

A queer bit of stone with beechen carvings traced upon it I held in my hand, as I sat in the shade of my tent flap, had led my idle thoughts across all those miles of sea and land to green England.

I wonder if Arthur will care for this scabbard? I was thinking "the must be as big as I am by this time. Four years ago he was nightly interested in all that I could tell him of ancient Egypt. And that was little enough, poor fellow! How disgusted he was when I confessed that, after ten years in Egypt and many months in Cairo, I had never gone a mile out of my way to see the Pyramids!"

For my concern has always been with the land of today and not of yesterday. Of Arabia I know enough to direct my men and even to write a tolerable letter. But of the tombs and temples and the strange creatures chiseled on them to record the lying boasts of crowned slave-



Herrmann's Breakfast Guests.

tion with horse power for transportation. Almost incredible as it may now seem, it is a fact that political economists investigated along the railway and the engine as constituting an imaginary reform, which, even if successful—stage was very doubtful—would deprive stage drivers, teamsters, and mulemen of their livelihood. It was in the face of an almost universal opposition of the wild, unreasonable kind, that a few men, led by the great Stephenson, labored steadily onward and finally established the railroad and locomotive as institutions of the land—North American Review.

No Clothes Pins Needed.

A pinless clothes line is something which attracts the attention of every housewife. There never was a pin invented which would hold the clothes on the line, especially in a storm wind.

This new clothes line is made of expanded steel spring wire, and is therefore rust-resistant, and is made in links one foot long, and when taken down can be folded together into a small space.

The clothes are fastened on by drawing a small corner through the slot of the link about half an inch. The link holds it fast, and the harder the wind blows the faster the link holds. The clothes are taken out as easily as put in. The entire surface of the line is very smooth, so that garments do not adhere to it, even being easily slipped off when frozen. If each garment is fastened in two places in such a manner that they draw toward each other, the weight of the garment will hold it firmly.

In the long run this line is the cheapest, being a combination there are no pins to buy, and being of steel will last many years and will not rust. For winter use it is far superior to any other line.—Chicago Tribune.

Sent \$5 for the Poor.

Dean Keenan, a colored man under a life sentence in the Baltimore penitentiary, sent \$5 to the city marshal to be used in aiding the distressed poor of the city.

to ward me and pose a huge ebony club above my head, saw it descending slowly, yet seemingly an eternity of time in its fall, and then I saw no more, but even as I fell I was conscious of gripping the strange stone firmly in my right hand, which seemed all at once throbbing with such pain that I was glad enough to glide into insensibility.

I have always rather prided myself on my lack of imagination, but Ali Hassan's club seemed to have let as much nonsense into my head as the sense it knocked out, for here was I in my sleep, which lasted for I know not how long, thinking and babbling about Hassan, and Halthor, and Amrits and other old Egyptian kings and gods, about whom, in my right mind, I had never cared a tuppence. For when the scientific men had said to me that the old kings were at least good engineers and skilled in stone working, I had always replied that it was not good engineering to waste material and labor, and that I rest content for them, being but a plain engineer.

I must ask pardon for talking shop again

and get back to my tale, and at that part of it where, after many profuse imaginings, I one day woke, and from a sleep, and saw leaning over me a face which I knew and yet did not know.

"Is this Mr. Macdonald?" I asked, making use of the name of a young Scotch

BIRTHDAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

What has been regarded by some as the birthday of the railway locomotive occurred on September 27, 1825, with Stephenson as the father of the event. The Stockton and Darlington Railway had been built, and, through his persistent importunities, laid with iron, instead of wooden rails. It had been intended merely for horse draught, but the inventor prevailed upon the owners to allow him a trial of his steam locomotive.

Stephenson himself was the driver on that occasion, and before a tremendous crowd of curious and for the most part incredulous people, he drew a train of nearly thirty wagons, loaded with passengers and coal, at a speed of twelve or fifteen miles per hour. Thus the first train that ever carried passengers made its journey in safety, and the enthusiasm of the multitude was indescribable.

But, notwithstanding this demonstration, the locomotive was still unmercifully ridiculed by the majority. Nor was this ridicule confined to the ignorant classes. The ablest engineers contended that it was ridiculous to suppose that steam could ever be practically employed in competi-

tion with horse power for transportation. Almost incredible as it may now seem, it is a fact that political economists investigated along the railway and the engine as constituting an imaginary reform, which, even if successful—stage was very doubtful—would deprive stage drivers, teamsters, and mulemen of their livelihood. It was in the face of an almost universal opposition of the wild, unreasonable kind, that a few men, led by the great Stephenson, labored steadily onward and finally established the railroad and locomotive as institutions of the land—North American Review.

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"Is this Mr. Macdonald?" I asked, making use of the name of a young Scotch

engineer who had been expected in camp about the time I found the dark scabbard. But my voice sounded strangely weak, and my tongue had a way of falling about in my mouth that was new to me.

"It's a shocking old did not know his own son," said a fresh young voice; "but never you mind. You've been jolly well knocked out, you know, but you're as right as need be now. So be off with you to sleep again."

And I obeyed and dreamed that Arthur wore upon his brow the globe and serpent and held in his hand the whip and scepter of Amun Ra, who must be believed.

The Opal Skull

Gwendolin Overton in San Francisco Argonaut

Of all places to oppress one with the fruitlessness of life, there is none like unto the southern portion of the Colorado River. Other rivers—notably such a one as the Gila—may flow through a barren country, but the desolation is different; it is suggestive of what is yet to be. The Colorado, at the south, rolls fitfully through a land that is fit to pass to hopelessly dead, so far away that there is neither memory of it remaining nor chance of resurrection of its vanished bones. There seems always to be visible fronts banks, if banks they can be called, some faint blue-gray mountain peak off in the distance, beyond the plain with its rare growth of cottonwoods and its occasional lonely adobe. And there is something that makes one sad and restless in the sight of those misty lines of mountains, something a thousand-fold more depressing than in a prairie that meets one's unbroken horizon.

Evening—when the sun had set, and that should ever be there—was coming upon this country of forgotten seas. There was to color anywhere. The yellow of the sky was only a pale glimmer over the whitening blue; the green of the trees was dimmed by the dust and the stretch, and the mountains—far, far away—were only a shading of uncertain blue. There was but one house in sight, an adobe 400 yards or less from the river, but there was no sign or sound of life except the quiet rattling of the cottonwood leaves in the evening wind.

Yet in among the willows by the river was a small canvas-covered wagon. Two thin branches were huddled near by, and a man was gathering sticks for a fire. There was little dry wood so near the water, and he was not to be seen in front of the adobe. He was in no hurry. All the night was before him, so he stood, with his thumbs hooked in his cartridge belt, looking at the house. He wondered if it would be worth his while to make the acquaintance of the "gentleman" who had so lately inhabited it. They might offer him hospitality for the night; but he had learned by experience that Mexican hospitality usually implies dirt, and he disliked dirt. It was a question in his mind whether a blanket under the wagon would not be preferable. And when he debated, the flat board door of the adobe opened, and a woman came out. She was slender, therefore she was young—so reasoned the man, who knew Mexicans. More than that he could not see. After a time she went back into the house, and he fell to gathering sticks.

When the moon rose, and he, having finished his supper, was sitting beside the dying campfire, peacefully smoking the low willow pipe, and the girl of the adobe stood near him. She was pretty like the "gentleman" who had so lately inhabited it, brightly colored, large-eyed, with two great braids of purple-black hair, and she was dressed with surprising neatness in a fresh, white frock and crude pink ribbons.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, señor, I know not your name," she cried, starting back. "Then why did he give it to you?" "He say eet ces for a man, not for a woman; say eet ces like zat."

"I expect Carlos wanted to keep you from giving it away."

"No, he say zat one man w'at keep eet for five year, he die soon."

"I am not afraid. I would be glad to do to have your ring for ever a year."

"No, no, I love you. You can keep eet. I will tell Carlos I loose eet."

At the moment her mother called to her from the adobe. She threw her plump arms about the American's neck and said a kindly greeting, as if her heart were sadly wrung. And for the time being she was in desperate earnest.

At daybreak he saw two horsemen, both Mexicans, ride up to the house. He guessed that they were the man Manana and Carlos; and he hitched up the team quickly and went in a fashion that suggested flight, taking the ring with him.

Now it happened—as such things will happen in the new West—that Carlos Valera grew very rich within a few months and went to live in San Diego with his wife, and that they were much courted and sought after, for Valera was generous and well-mannered and not at all looking and Senora Valera was bewitching, a type more than locally famous for her beauty, and possessed of a charm that is peculiar to women of her race who have learned the usages of the world. They kept open house in the grand way of the wealthy Spanish-Americans of not so long ago.

Never a day passed that more than one total stranger was not entertained. This it came about that, upon a spring evening some years after her marriage, Senora Valera greeted with kindly ease and grace a guest whom her husband brought home with him, a Mr. Richard Lovell, of Los Angeles. But as she greeted him she

glanced down at his hands and saw that he wore the opal skull. She turned to her husband and said in English that was perfect now, though made dainty by a slight lip: "Carlos, dear, will you see if I left my opal-and-diamond pin on my dressing stand? I think I took it out to wear, and forgot it. I don't want it to get lost like that other opal you gave me before we were married. I'm afraid they are really unlucky stones, don't you think so, Mr. Lovell? Would you mind going for it, Carlos?"

Valera left the room.

"Mr. Lovell, take off that ring while you are here," she whispered to him. "I have never taken it off, and I'm sorry that I can't do so now."

"If Mr. Valera sees it, he will be apt to kill you as not. He is very jealous."

"I fancy he has good reason."

"Kindly keep your opinions where such unpleasant ones properly belong—in your own consciousness. You will be wise to do as I say, and to be quick. Do you know that the five years is up tonight?"

"I don't doubt that sort of superstition. As I told you before, I'm not afraid. Perhaps you are though? It is natural you should be. I will tell you what I'll do. I'll take the ring and put it in my pocket"—he slipped it off and held it between his thumb and finger—"if you will kiss me again as you did on that night."

Fraud.

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"I will not. You would have forgotten that silliness of mine by now, if you had been fortunate enough to be a gentleman."

"Never—not all those caresses and protestations. Come, kiss me again, and I'll hide the ring."

"No, Mr. Valera will finish hunting for a pin that isn't there in a moment more, and if he comes back it may go ill with you—it certainly will if he sees the ring."

"Then kiss me."

"I will not. Be quick. I hear him coming. Quick!"

"Kiss me. You'd better, for your own sake."

"No."

"Then don't."

"Oh, hide that ring—do, for me."

"Kiss me."

"Well, kiss me, then."

He put his hands on her shoulders and bent his head. He did not see Valera step into the French window, but he knew that the woman pulled away from him with a loud "How dare you!" and a scream "Carlos, Carlos, help me!"

As then he felt something sharp driven deep between the shoulders, and as he fell backward Senora Valera grasped at the ring and caught it from his hand. She put her own hand to her throat in the accepted fashion of the conventional feint, and as she did so dropped the jewel into the bosom of her gown. Then she lost consciousness.

The story she told her husband was one of unprovoked impudence on the part of an outer stranger, a man she had never seen before, and the story he told the world was much the same, but slightly embellished. It was not plausible, yet it passed. It excited the market without any great difficulty, and it was something of a feather in the cap of the beautiful Mexican—for this was in the early days.

Senora Valera ground the opal skull to bits with a heavy stone, and kept the rings in a pocket, until one day she found an excuse to drive to the cemetery and scatter them upon Lovell's grave.

The Morning and Sunday Times, 35 cents per month.

AMUSEMENTS.

LAFAYETTE MATINEE SATURDAY

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DAVID BELASCO'S Great Romantic Drama,

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Mrs. Leslie Carter will positively appear tonight as "Maryland Carter."

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EVERY EVENING, WED. and SAT. MATS.

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Next Week—"Miss Francis of Yale."

Cast headed by ETHEL GRANITZ (Charlotte's Aunt). Seats selling.

Miss Francis of YALE.

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