

A GIRL OF MEXICO.



LONG narrow room dimly lighted by rows of smoking, flickering lamps; rough benches bordering the bare adobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans with fiddle and guitar are playing something which evidently passes for music.

The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd that fills benches and floor. And this is the "ball room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phoenix, N. M. In the doorway stands a tall, fair-haired young fellow, well tanned, yet seeming light skinned among the Mexicans and cow punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression of amusement and partly of languid interest. A year ago this man would have laughed in your face had you told him that he, Harry Woodhall, leader of the cottillions and one of the distinctly eligible young fellows of London, would in a year's time be taking a passive part in the festivities of a New Mexican dance hall.

It had all come so suddenly that it had seemed like some weird nightmare from which he awoke to find himself fighting for health in the arid region of the new world. The recollection flashed across him now as he stood at the bar of the Legal Tender. First, that bad cold caught at the Wellbrokes, ball, when he had taken Lady Grace to her carriage in a pouring rain without so much as a cap over his head. Then the long siege of pneumonia, and after that, like a thunder bolt out of a clear sky, had come the warning of his physician: "It's Egypt or Western America old man if you don't want to shuffle off the mortal coil. You can't stay in England and live." Then

"No; but everybody is too full to notice those little things, I suppose. Come, I've enough of this. Let's move on." The truth was that Harry Woodhall had just been undergoing that last and worst wrench. He had been tearing up the root that had been feeding on hope, and the process had left him in a reckless state of mind, when nothing seemed to matter. The money, which he carried in a belt around his waist, seemed a weight that was dragging him down, down, away from everything, and the thought nearly maddened him. McQueen had gone for his horse, leaving Woodhall alone on the steps of the "Legal Tender." A low voice at his elbow startled him.

"Is it the Senor Woodhall?" He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many-colored serape which only half concealed the well-carved and graceful lines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and as Woodhall stood there staring at her a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, born of his recent fierce struggle with the last hope.

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her. "What is it?"

"Will the senor come with me a little?" Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the "Legal Tender" the dance and game went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that Woodhall's horse was gone, cursed him for an unsociable brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding-looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they had ridden two or three miles

len, half-scared way. At last Woodhall saw the whole plot.

"Gongorez," he said, in a strange, harsh voice, "this is your daughter?"

A nod. "Did she bring me here at your command?"

"Yes, but it was easy. She had seen the senor and loved him."

"Did you know that—stand back, you hound!" for suddenly Gongorez had seemed galvanized into activity and had started toward the bed, muttering: "Corpo di Dios, no!"

"Then," said Woodhall, in a voice that seemed to him hollow and far away, "we will watch her together."

And standing there these two, the fair one with revolver in one hand, the other clapping the girl's, the dark one crouching like a coyote at bay, yet livid with horror, watched the girl until the last spark of life was gone. A moment later a sharp report rang through the hut, and then Woodhall galloped away—alone.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast, pale and very quiet.

"Fellows," he said finally, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid I'm not suited to this sort of life. I don't think that I could ever be contented here, and—in short, I'm going to start for California this afternoon."

And he did, in spite of all they could say or do.

The last thing he said to McQueen as the train pulled out was: "You had better get another foreman, Mac, for I don't think Gongorez is coming back."

ACTORS LIKE WASHINGTON.

Are Fond of Spending Leisure in the Capital.

Every actor or actress, lyric or dramatic, will tell you that they love to come to Washington. It is invariably the pilgrimage of pleasure. There are several reasons for this. One reason is chief because a great deal of the talent that appreciates talent is naturally at the seat of the government, where for years there has been a centripetal movement of bright men and women.

Another reason is that conditions political and otherwise change so often that men and women are not permitted to move in grooves. This brings about a system of society, if it may be so called, which is more free from cliques and cabals than any other city in the United States. The president is the president of the people. The first lady in the land is no bigger than the second or third lady in the land. The few titled people hold little from the people, and if they don't behave themselves, as Andrew Jackson intended, the people get mad, and titles and perquisites vanish at the next election, including the coterie known as the cabinet set. Of course there is the diplomatic corps, but that is not American. The diplomatic corps changes also quite frequently, but the theater corps is with us always, and it is perhaps a draw as to whether the people like the "play actors" any better than the "play actors" like the people of Washington. Actors, like everybody else, and they are all mortal except when on the other side of the footlights, are apt to become lonesome if not absolutely lost in the immensity of the great cities through which they go like birds of passage during the "business" season. Nothing can be more solitary than the solitude of a great city in which no one knows anybody and in which it is difficult to get acquainted with anybody.

New Woman Is Happy in Burma.

Burma would be a paradise for the new woman if she could be induced to emigrate thither. The Burmese women are, according to a recent writer, the freest on earth. Men and women are equal. Both share inheritances alike, and women, like men, inherit absolutely. No trustees stand between a woman and her property, and when she marries no transfer is made. She keeps her own property, her husband has. He has no legal control over her actions at all. She does not sacrifice her family name in marriage. Property acquired with her husband is held jointly in a legal partnership. Burmese women go into business just as the men do. When marriage occurs, the woman will go with her trade, the man with his.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

The majority of the virtue in this world is negativ—it is in the hands of people who, while they don't do any hurt, don't do any good neither.

Most of us are happy, not so much because we have got a horse and buggy to ride in, as because the other fellow has to go on foot.

I have seen hipokrits who had reached such perfections in the business that they could cheat themselves, but couldn't cheat anybody else.

If people will only spend their time in doing their duty in this world, heaven and hell, and hereafter will take care of themselves.

I have seen men who had worn out their vices and supposed of course that they was living on their virtues. I am not agitated when I hear that a man has fallen. Adam fell, and he was nailed down, compared with the slippery ground that men stand on now days.

My dear friend, as strange as it may seem to you, mankind would rather see ya fall than succeed, because they would rather pity than admire.

The best thing I know of is a first-rate wife; the next best thing is a second-rate one.

Married life is a game in which the woman, if she is called, is almost sure to have a strafe flush.

There is nothing so scarce as originality. Even an original phool would be a grate relief just now.

The man who never makes any blunders is a very clever piece of machinery; that's all.

Our business, if they are well managed, are the best gifts we have received from the Creator.

MR. JUSTICE GRAY.

HIS RECENT ILLNESS CAUSED SOME UNNECESSARY ALARM.

Biographical Sketch of His Life—Graduate of Harvard Law School and a Thorough Scholar—Is Invariably Against the Corporations.

HORACE GRAY, the youngest of the associate justices of the United States Supreme court, and whose recent illness caused some alarm, was called to his present position by President Arthur. Justice Gray was born in Boston, Mass., March 24, 1828. He received a thorough preliminary education and was a graduate from Harvard in 1845, and from the Harvard Law School in 1849. He was admitted to the bar in 1851, and found almost at once in a field congenial to his special talents and inclinations. He was appointed reporter of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts in 1854 and held that position until 1861, when he was appointed associate justice of the same court August 23, 1864. His remarkable legal ability was manifested in his position on this dignified bench and in 1873 he was appointed chief justice of the court. In that position he became widely known because of his legal learning and the thoughtfulness and fairness of his decisions, and December 19, 1881, he was commissioned associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He has filled the difficult position with all the ability and fairness that was expected of him and is a distinguished member of the highest judicial tribunal of the world. He is one of the hardest working members of a body where hard

work has been the rule for a long time. In fact from the beginning of the government, and his opinions are respected by his associates as highly as is his character by the country. He has invariably voted against the interests of corporations. In the income tax case, however, he voted with the chief justice.

Chief Utan, the auburn-haired orang-outang at the zoo, is very superstitious and his convictions with regard to straws are not limited to the mere fact that they tell how the wind blows. The chief believes that chewing a straw with certain supernatural qualities will bring his dinner hour around before one o'clock, the regular time, and he daily tries to put this theory into practice. From among the heap of straws in his cage he selects with great care the longest and straightest, and, after having placed it in his mouth, he goes to the glass front of his cage and, shading his eyes with his hand, peers to the right and left in search of the keeper with his dinner. If the keeper is not in sight the chief throws the straw away as not possessing sufficient "charm" and selects another. This performance is repeated over and over with the utmost gravity until the meal arrives.—Philadelphia Record.

An Ape's Superstition.

George Alfred Townsend.



George Alfred Townsend, whose portrait is printed above, is known to newspaper readers everywhere as "Gath" has lately attached himself to the staff of the New York Morning Journal. As a writer on political affairs Mr. Townsend has no peer. He was born in Georgetown, Del., in 1841.

Summer Luxuries in Greenland.

The summer just passed was the mildest ever known in Greenland, according to reports brought here on the bark Silicon, which arrived on Sunday from Iqvlut. The mountains for the first time ever known are bare of ice and snow, and wild animals accustomed to extreme cold have been compelled to go further north. Birds are plentiful, as well as other kinds of game, particularly grouse, and a number were shot by the Silicon's passengers. Blueberries were plentiful for the first time in many years. The water about the southern coast of the island was warm enough to bathe in, a luxury in which the natives seldom indulge. Those on the Silicon who took an Arctic bath for the first time say that they have met with colder water often on the Jersey coast.

Buy a Pewter Porringer Instantly.

Have you a pewter porringer? If you haven't do not rest until you come across one. Have it polished at a shop where such things are done and keep it for a bonbon tray. It will almost rival silver for brightness, and is one of those things which guests at women's luncheons are inclined to call "dears." The pewter of our ancestors was frequently of extremely good shape, and any piece of it took well in a dining room cabinet.

Outwitting the Cashier.

Minks—So Gunton's cashier has run off with the funds, eh? Well, it's Gunton's own fault—no management. No one will ever hear of my cashier running off.

Winks—How do you manage?

Minks—Simple enough. I give my wife the freedom of the safe, and it's all the cashier can do to corner enough to pay his own salary.



HORACE GRAY.

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He Broke the Bank.

Mexican Herald: A local sport named Salazar walked into the gambling room of the Cantina del Teatro at the commencement of play the other afternoon. The first hand at monte was being dealt. Laying down what appeared to be a ten-dollar bill with \$4 in silver on the top of it on the "siete de bastos," he calmly awaited the result of the draw. The card won and on the dealer proceeding to open the ten-dollar bill, he was surprised to find neatly folded inside two one thousand-dollar bills. The sport had won \$2,014, which was promptly paid, although it took the whole bank and \$14 more to do it. The lucky gambler rolled a cigarette in the customary Mexican nonchalant manner and, bowing politely to the croupiers, left the room, leaving those gentry staring vacantly at the waste of green

PRESIDENT CRESPO OF VENEZUELA.



THE MAN WHO DARED TO DEFTY ENGLAND IN THE GAME OF GRAB.



"DID YOU KNOW OF THAT?"

had come the partings, the voyage, the few aimless weeks in Denver, and then a letter from Bob McQueen asking him to come down and help raise pigs and alfalfa in the Pecos valley. He had found a jolly, congenial lot of young Englishmen there, and after some months of ranch life he had just decided to put some money in the ranch and settle down. There is a saying that Englishmen come West on account of one of three things: "Busted health, wealth or reputation." None of this crowd, at least, was in the Pecos valley on account of the last cause, and the two former were certainly no disgrace.

The resolution to settle down had not been an easy one to make. A man may batter himself that he has torn up every root that binds him to the old life, but when the time comes to put aside the last hope of return he will find that there is one root still drawing life from that hope, and then, perhaps, comes the hardest wrench of all. At any rate, Woodhall had that day ridden into Eddy with McQueen, and had drawn from the bank the money which was to buy his share of the ranch outfit. On their way back they had stopped at Phoenix, a collection of saloons, dance houses and Mexican huts just outside the limits of the town. Their Mexican foreman, Gongorez, had met them there with the ranch wagon, relieved their horses of the supplies and gone on ahead of them.

Although Woodhall had been in the valley seven months, he had never before seen Phoenix in full blast. This interesting condition occurred every Saturday night and lasted until Monday morning. The roulette wheel and dice layout, together with the Mexican games, were operated in the barroom, which opened directly into the dance hall. By this simple arrangement the Mexicans could lose their money in the barroom, while the cow punchers obtained their "heat" and then worked it off in the quadrille.

"Bob," said Woodhall, half turning to McQueen, who was leaning the bar, "do they ever have any good looking girls here?"

"A pretty Mexican girl," said McQueen, "but she's not long in the company. They are all from the States, and they are not the best of the best."

southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed.

At last a soft little hand within his led him—for it was quite dark—through a passageway into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle.

"Will the senor rest?" and then after a moment's pause, "I will return soon." She was gone before he could prevent it.

Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned.

"It may be all right," he muttered, "but a little search won't hurt anything."

The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand, he dropped to his knees and peered into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump on the surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More from curiosity than any other motive, he grasped a corner of the bedclothes and jerked them back. Great heaven! There was in the very center of the bed, with its cruel claws working, lay a full-sized tarantula, one of the most poisonous creatures alive. A slight noise at the door caused him to turn. There stood the girl, her eyes big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider. Without a word Woodhall raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at it. For a moment the girl tried to speak, but could not. Then slowly and painfully she whispered: "You thought I did it?"

Woodhall bowed his head in grim assent.

On the instant, before he could stop her or even realize her purpose, she had sprung to the bed, grasped the horrible thing and placed it in the bosom of her dress. As it struck her she stretched out her arms toward Woodhall, uttered a piercing cry, and fell across the bed. At the same moment he became aware of an evil face at the doorway—the face of Gongorez, the ranch foreman. In an instant Woodhall had covered him and commanded him to enter, which he did in a suit-

Agricultural Chemistry.

Chemistry as the handmaiden of agriculture has achieved a wonderful success. Fertilizing the fields has not only become a well understood business, but is an exact science. There are methods of recovering waste products and utilizing heretofore useless matter. It is known what is required to produce the best potatoes and other crops, each one having supplied to it the chemical necessities of its existence. Land, sea and the elements are taxed to furnish the constituents necessary to the best growth of vegetation. It would have been a surprise to our ancestors had they been told that there are common plants which derive a very small portion of their subsistence from the soil, but are fed from the air and water; therefore, to understand the theories of drainage, rainfall, evaporation and absorption are matters of the utmost moment. To nothing does agriculture owe such a debt as to science, for by its means the waste places of the earth can be made productive, and by the introduction of new chemical elements malarial and unwholesome soils are made fertile and transformed into healthy and agreeable dwelling places.

A New Peril.

"Yes," said little Jim to his juvenile friend, "I'm goin' ter run away from home."

"And fight Indians?"

"I don't know about that. But I'm goin' ter get away from what's comin'. I've had paw's trousers cut down to fit me, an never found fault. But since paw got a wheel and is wearin' bloomers, I'm taking no more chances."—Washington Star.

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