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An Adventure in Cariboo.

Having in my time wandered over no small part of the globe, and being now laid up in ordinary, it is my chief delight to toss over the sere and yellow leaves of my memory by the help of traveled visitors. Such wayfarers are the most honored and welcome guests of my old oak-paneled smoking room, on whose walls hang many an antlered trophy of the chase; and many a weapon, from my own well used English guns to the "curst Malayan kreese" from Perak and Salangore, serves, if not to point a moral, at all events to invite or suggest many a tale.

My old friend Captain P. was here at the end of last year for a week's visit and the reversion, in the matter of pheasants, of my more modern friends' leavings. Those young gentlemen are not satisfied with anything less than twenty brace a day to each gun, but we old stagers are not such epicures—we who know what it is to shoot for our suppers, and to go hungry then. P.'s best stories, I think, hail from the West; though there are few of the parochial divisions of this planet that would not furnish him with a text. But he handles the West as if he loved it, as Izaak Walton bade us handle the frog. He is at home anywhere there; on the prairies, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific coast from Alaska to Panama. He had been, many years ago, a Government officer, magistrate, escort captain, or the like, in British Columbia.

On the evening which I will take as an epoch to start with, our party consisted of a certain Chancery barrister, who shot well, drank fair, and had the sometimes provoking gift of summoning up the merits of one of our tales of outland with a judicial fatness often not to be anticipated from their wild ingredients; the parson of the parish, who might sometimes, I fancy, have preferred whist, short or even long, to our everlasting travelers' tales; P. and myself. We had been conversing on the subject of flies. Our remarks had been severe on those works of nature, and devoid of any shade of Brahminical charity. Their spleen and impudence had been dealt with, and the barrister had cited even Mr. Ruskin against them. The Rector had reminded us of the etymology of the title "Beelzebub." I, for my part, though certainly against the grain, had assumed the brief of devil's advocate, and pleaded that some doctors (names unknown) had held that mosquito bites (in quantity unknown) will act (in circumstances not precisely stated) as a prophylactic against fever.

"Although," said P., after meditatively filling up his long tumbler and cramming a fresh charge of kanaster in his vast meerschaum, "although flies once did help me to a little fortune, (it was over $7,000) yet they must not call me as a witness to character. I plead against them. 'La mort sans phrase' is my verdict."

We waited, for indeed he was the last speaker on the subject, and we were quartering the ground to flush a story or some subject to shoot a story at.

"The best fellow, the very best out and away, of my acquaintance in the French army—and in the Crimean days and before that I knew many—was Hector Cardec, a squadron leader of MacMahon's out there in the mud in Algeria—as good a soldier and comrade as ever slapped a sword home in scabbard. He was mighty quick at pulling it out, too, by the same token."

We thought a story was to the fore now, for none of us could think how the flies were to come in.

"Well," resumed he, after some solemn puffs of his calumet, "well, he died—of the sting of a bluebottle fly on the sands of Boulogne. A queer fate for such a fire eater! Poor Hector! his bold soul must have made the air shake over those meadows of asphodel yonder when he realized it and commented there on in his free fashion!" And P. in the character of Hector's *vates sacer*, here blew out so vast and indignant a volume of smoke that it seemed to be that hero's shade in person and in the very act of the utterances suggested.

All this was very moving, but we clearly had not yet lushed the story; and the barrister found voice for us by saying dryly, "Let us have the case for the flies, such as it is—the seven thousand dollars."

"Well," said P., "in the year 1860 or thereabout I was taking the pay of our Sovereign Lady, and giving no small share of very hard work for it, in her Majesty's colony of British Columbia. I was a Justice of the Peace, and had somewhat indistinct and multifarious duties connected with the maintenance of order generally, and of the gold escort in particular. In the Fall of that year I was in the northern, and in those days extreme, limits of the colony—at the Forks of Quesnelle, to speak by the card—as an early Winter began to whisper hoarsely and frostily to the various mining camps that it was time to be pulling up flume boxes, and for prudent folk to be turning their faces South. Men who had done well began to think of the amenities of the saloons and billiard halls of Victoria; if very well, they dreamed of even 'Frisco as a place of hybernation! while men who had been avoided by the quick wings of fortune were fain to balance the prospect of taking the down road only to remeasure its weary miles after a long winter, against that of hybernating in the society of icicles and treemartins.

"It cost more money then to insure the safe transport of 'dust' from the mines to the lower country. The smart red jackets of the gold escort had to be paid for as smartly; nor, if the truth must be told, was the security so provided altogether equal to that of a Chubb's safe in a bank cellar. The escort boys were only men of mold. They could fill a pit like other men, and though there never was a serious attack in my time we had plenty of alarms to season our excursions with, and one abortive ambuscade. Many owners of 'dust' wouldn't trust it to the escort, and some didn't like the toll, and so it came to pass that many a little Jew trader, of furtive proclivities and frugal mind, would sneak down the forest trails carrying his wealth himself, and make his way (aye, marry, and sometimes fail to make it!) in a hunted sort of fashion to the lower country. And many a stout Californian with buckskin belt well filled, or heavy saddle bags, preferred his own insurance to that of 'the Petticoat Government' it was often his ungallant humor to rail against. Between these two sorts of wayfarer, the one fleeing like a partridge on the mountains and the others in jovial Chaucerian sort of cavalcade, banded together for safety and good company, swaggering and ruffling through the primeval woods, there were many grades of travelers. These fellows, however, stick to one's memory—gay with the glow of anticipated pleasures, pleasures to be all the sweeter by long and forced abstinence from them, comfortable and secure with a fortunate season behind them, with the bravery of bright revolver butts and scarlet shirts, in hard training for successfully 'bucking at the tiger' of nature in her most primitive form, like men who had been warring with mammoth and mastodon and had come off winners—these boys made bright pictures enough. If there was no soldierly clash of stirrup and scabbard, no jingle of consecrated romance, no feather and flourish of war, yet the tin drinking cup clinked gallantly against frying pan or kettle as they rode, and these paladins of pelf were, to do them bare justice, as full of fight as any soldiers who ever wore their country's color.

"Part of the way I happened (having a duty just then to be performed in a quiet, non-official way) to join such a party as I have described going from the Forks of Quesnelle down to Williams's Lake. These two points are some hundred and fifty miles apart, and thirty miles a day in the woods was very good travelling. Slow it was but not monotonous. If there were a monotone, it was of the dark and sombre twilight of the constant ceiling of pines through which the sun and upper air reached us arrow-wise. Below there was a variety of travel; here a wet bottom of mud, deep enough and thick enough to pull an animal's shoe off; there a big fallen tree across the trail to be negotiated with cattle which could fly as soon as jump; and these would be relieved by a redwood tract of cedars, with a slippery carpet of needles so clean, so sweet, and in all weathers so dry that it used to seem a shame not to off saddle and camp then and there instead of leaving it. At times the road would climb over a hog's back, or divide, and the travelers would toil and struggle up hill, to emerge in time upon some bare scalp of mountain—granite, syenite, or metamorphic rock—where the berberry or kinni-kinnick enameled the white quartz with its scarlet berry and glossy leaf or where the sole vegetation the snow water had to trickle through was composed of peat and patches of moss hag. There was no game, nothing to shoot at here; unless, which Saint Hubert forbid! foul murder were done upon the chipmunks, a friendly, gracious little race of striped squirrels, who frisk and flirt and play at hide-and-seek with the human traveler along the wayside trees, or upon the whisky jacks, portentously tame birds in Prussian colors of white and black, in size between a magpie and a wag-tail, who enjoy all the immunities of our robin, and will perch on a man's knee while he is eating his dinner. No; there is nothing for the sportsman on these trails. What game there is listens to the free-born accents of the white man and shrinks deeper within the forest shades, and no traveler has leisure to seek it there.

'Well, we got down in time to Williams's Lake, a broad valley, with two ranches or farms about a mile apart, where onions at fifty cents apiece and milk (those two anti-scorbutic longings of the man of pork and beans) were to be obtained—a foretaste of the luxuries of the lower country. The houses were both well filled with guests, for other mining districts were swelling the downward stream of travel. I will spare you a description of the manners and humors of these caravansaries, and go on to say that, having secured a tolerably promising corner for my blankets, I had rolled myself up in them, with my saddle for a pillow, and was well in the first dreamless sleep of the tired man, when—it was only about ten o'clock—a galloping horse suddenly pulled up outside, and loud cries—'Oh, Williams! you've got the Judge there! We want the Judge! waked me up. In that country it doesn't take much to open the weariest man's eyes, nor, on the other hand, is undue excitement fashionable among Anglo-Saxons; so, while the slight discrepancy between night and day dress was being rapidly adjusted, the whole story was told in a few curt sentences to this effect.

"At the other house a little difficulty had occurred—a shooting scrape. The victim was not dead yet, but as the manner of it—a felon shot from behind—had alienated the sympathies of the boys, it had resulted in the offender being 'corralled' and detained, and the Judge, who was reported to be at the other ranch, being sent for.

"The interior of the other house, which was soon reached, to eyes fresh from the cool dark night presented a picture that I well remember. The large log building was not divided into rooms and passages, and the cavernous glooms and abysses of its nocturnal condition made it seem vaster than it was. The chief light came from the fire of pine logs stacked endwise up the chimney, and it flashed red upon a strange and numerous company.

"There was, as a matter of course, in these womanless lands an efficient and beautiful manliness in the atmosphere. Death! What is death to dwindle, peak, and pine about? Still as little a thing to be frivolous, or cynical, or to bluster about. A fact of what we call life, like any other fact, but with the gravity of finality about it; one of the more emphatic facts, and to be reckoned with as such, but no more. Such was the feeling that animated these men. Few of them probably had read "Hamlet," but his thought was their thought—"If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." And if the hard life at close grips with nature brings about the same results as divine philosophy, who would not rather hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak?

"Before the fire, not unskilfully propped up, was the victim—a poor, weak, viscious-looking creature. He had been shot through the lungs, and was bleeding fast to death internally. The murderer sat a little way off with his back to the wall, fenced in by a long table. Opposite to him sat two silent guards, one with his cocked pistol in his hand, the other with a similar weapon on the table before him. Like the others, his was no true miner's face. He looked a villain of the town, like the understrapper of a gambling hell; not a villain of the open air at all. The crowd who had been withheld from their sleep by this red business, welcomed my entrance with a grave silence.

"'Good evening, gentlemen; where is the owner of this house?'

"He stepped forward and quietly said that the two men had arrived together from the northern road on the evening before and had rested at his house the whole day; that about nine that evening he observed them come in from outside together; that they had a drink of whiskey at his bar, and he now remembered that they seemed sulkily disposed to each other. They must have gone out again, for half an hour later he heard a pistol shot close outside; and, the door opening, the wounded man staggered in and fell on the floor, bleeding freely at the mouth. It was found on examination that the shot had entered the back and come out at the breast. The poor wretch was unable to say more than, 'Let—the—old—man—take—care!'

"To my request for further evidence, a respectable-looking man, Joe Davis, of Antler, deposed that he was coming in from doing up his mule in the barn when he saw in the dusk two figures near the house door; he heard words of apparent dispute, then the report and flash of a pistol shot; then a man ran almost into his arms, whom he seized and disarmed of a dragoon revolver, (produced.) The man sat there, (pointing to the prisoner.)

"I then approached the victim, for whom there was obviously no aid in surgery, and, having improved the position in which he lay a little, could get nothing from him but a faint answer, by sign and look, to the effect that the prisoner was the man who had shot him.

"I then asked the prisoner, 'What is your name?'

"'James Connor.'

"'Where of?'

"'Shirt-tail Canon, Cariboo.'

"'Did you shoot this man?'

"'That's for you to find out, if it's your business.'

"'Do you know his name?'

"Silence. 'James Connor, you are my prisoner in the Queen's name, on the charge of attempting to murder a man here present, name unknown. You will be good enough to hand over any concealed weapons or papers you have about you, or I shall take them from you by force.'

"The men opposite him deliberately covered him at two feet distance with their revolvers as he slowly produced a common butcher's knife from under his coat and a Derringer from his trouser's pocket, and further, with some reluctance, a rude little pocketbook or leather case, (which, by the way, contained nothing of any importance as evidence,) and a very artistic bowie knife, with a scientifically proportioned blade and a haft of green shell work, such as San Francisco cutlers are proud to make. My volunteer constables then civilly informed me that they, though not British subjects, had been moved by the special nature of this 'difficulty' to act as they had done; but that beyond 'clinching' the prisoner for me with their experienced hands they could do and would do no more.

Accordingly, a couple of stout rawhide lariats were produced, with one of which Mr. Connor was very neatly and quickly bound, while the end of the other was so arranged around his neck that, while he could in nowise slip his head out of it, the holder of the other end of it, passing as it did over a hook of the roof of the room, could strangle him incontinently at will with a slip-knot well lubricated for the purpose. The situation was not agreeable for me and scarcely dignified. The duty of a constable or jailer thrust upon a magistrate; the surrounding persons, at the best, cold assenters to 'British justice;' at the worst, when the indignation of the original witnesses should have subsided (and Mr. Davis refused to wait voluntarily, and carried his summons as witness, scrawled by me on an old envelope, down country with him) too probable sympathizers with, and perhaps rescuers of, the criminal. The only hope I had was in a rumor that the Judge of the Criminal Assize was reported to be somewhere in the neighborhood. He, at all events, would have physical force of some kind and would relieve me of my prisoner. Him, whatever might betide, I determined to hold while hand and hilt kept together and while the tired eyelids of my tired eyes could be induced to keep apart. Looking back now on what did happen I hardly know if I should so have determined could I have foreseen it.

"Gentlemen! I never slept for five nights and four days from the moment of that capture! They tried to bribe me—first with one gold watch, then with three, all of the huge American pattern; then with leather bags of 'dust,' also increasing in value. At last I had to threaten that I would hang the man with the lasso that never left my hand if they did not cease. At length, on the evening of the fourth day, when I positively believe I was light-headed but keeping a firm grip of the lasso, nevertheless (whether the poor devil, Connor, was lightheaded I did not perhaps too curiously consider) without even a rumor from the road to prepare me, dear old N., the magistrate of the district we were in, having heard of my strange plight, sent two special constables to relieve me of my man. They did so, and let him escape within the hour. 'Bribed?' you ask—who knows? Connor's friends, or the law's enemies, were many and rich. They had had relays of horses on more trails than one for several days, I learned afterward. As for me, I slept for six-and-thirty hours without a break, and have now arrived at the point when I can introduce the promised flies into my narrative.

"The foregoing unsatisfactory episode being ended, with the only good result that my sometime jaded mare was now as fit as a four-year-old, I went about my business, having received a cheerful message from Mr. Connor that he intended to shoot me 'on sight.' The stereotyped warning of the West generally means business, and is considered by the party receiving it as a legitimate warrant for any extreme of anticipatory reprisal and defense; but I never expected to see Connor again, and I blew his message out of the range of practical politics.

"On my way down, some fifty miles from Williams's lake, I encountered at a wayside house a face that was familiar, and presently remembered it as belonging to an elderly and feeble-looking miner, who, in the first day or two of my acting as constable, had hovered about me in a diffident way, as if desirous of speaking, and yet disappeared without any actual parley having taken place. The strange thing was, however, that he was now in the very teeth of Winter, going up country! He appeared still very shy, and we barely exchanged half a dozen words with each other till about eleven the next morning, to which hour I had waited to let the ice melt off the roads. We were sitting together in a sort of rude veranda that gathered the beams of the morning sun, I looking over some notes and he dozing in the corner of the settle. I noticed with some compassion the deep lines of his face, and idly wondered what strange matters might be read between them had any one the key to the cipher. The flies, the meanest sort of all the common house flies, were troublesome, and perhaps investigating also the strange matters writ in the poor deep wrinkles. He twitched and moaned pathetically, and I, with the end of my long glove, assumed the humble negro function of frightening away the blue-tail flies to give him a little more sweetness of unconsciousness.

"There was an indescribable pathos in the old man's nasal drawl. He spoke as one who had got his death wound in his heart as he went on: 'I reckon you remember me in the crowd yonder when you corralled that critter, Connor? I had reasons to be grateful to you, Jedge, and with my poor sister's son, Dave Crow, (that was him as was shot by Connor,) with him—God's mercy on him even!—out of my path, and Connor chained up in your British calaboose, or, may be, hanged for good and for all, I guessed the last of my troubles was over. I was wrong, though. I was half in the mind to let on up yonder and tell what I had to do with it all, but it seemed to kinder fix itself so's I'd better not—and I let out for the down trail, wall, not lighter—there ain't much lightness left me, I reckon, naow—but feeling I'd better not meddle with the way things was fixed up for me. This yer was my second season in a creek, 'way over between Antler and Yaller Jacket. Las year I made a little under $10,000 in coarse gold, much of it fossicked out in Australian fashion. I was too sad a man to be much raised by that or anything in this world; but I cach'd half of it under the floor of my cabin, and tuk the rest down last Winter. I wrote to America to Dave, a bad boy, but all of my blood then above the grass roots—nothin' left naow—nothin'! I told Dave to come on and be a son to me. He came—sure he came. I wonder he spared the money for that naow. We come up together last Spring, and the luck held—both ways, Jedge, the luck held. The gold panned out well, and Dave's ill luck, in the shape of James Connor rejoined him up here. I guess it was a sorry record bound them two boys in sech a tight cahoot together, but I needn't reckon that over to you naow, if so be I knowed it at all. I haven't been so much alone—I've not marched the most of my days to the sorrerful tune I hev—not to be able to read men's hearts, you kin lay your bottom dollar on that, Jedge. Them men meant murder!—they meant it for weeks and meant it for months. Seem to me now I've raked some in, that money ain't so very much in this world as they make of it; yet to a man who's bin powerful poor for sixty years, it figures large when it seems like he'd lose it, and then—the nat'ral contrariness of human natur'! I worked and watched agin them two wolves enough to eat a man's heart out. We shared up evens three weeks agone and let out together for Victory. You know what happened at Williams's Lake, and you kin put a meanin' to it now. Two days ago I heard Connor was broke loose. He don't know where the dust is buried, but he reckons putty straight that some is buried, and may I'—here the old man, to my astonishment, exploded a train of some six of the most terribly ingenious oaths I ever heard in British Columbia—'if he does find it, and does keep it on this side o hell!'

"We had some conversation about the hardships and dangers of the Winter, of which he made light; and then, after some simple allusion to my tender sympathies with him as evinced by my keeping the flies off him just before, he begged me with great urgency to see him again at a camping-place in Cariboo, which I should pass through in some eight or ten days on my last journey up. He said it was important, and promised to explain why when we should meet, and so we parted for that time.

"You will be pleased to suppose that these ten days have elapsed, and that I am back in the snow and sitting in a rude, deserted wayside cabin, with the old man again for companion. My horse has been coaxed within the cabin, too, and the deep silence of the snow world lies on us as if we were the last survivors of an era.

"'I told you, Jedge, I wanted you to take some kinder statutory declaration, and to make some sorter inventory as would make an old man pass in his checks with some sorter peace of mind. I told you there was a bit of Cinnabar prospectin' as nobody but me did know, or was like to know. I told you, Jedge, that this was the last favor I reckoned to ask of livin' man, and now I beg and implore you this very night to come. I know the trail as well as the riffles in my own flume. Five miles, five hours, and a road (the way I'll take you) fit for the Governor's lady."

"The weird fascination of the man's appeal borrowed nothing from his words, or even his manner in the ordinary sense; but there was a magnetism in it that reminded me of old German ballads, and that, at any rate, gained his point.

"That night's march over those mighty metamorphic rocks, through that gigantic volcanic ruin now frozen so stiff and cold, though I shall never forget it, would require a Dante to sing and a Dore to depict its awful beauties. At last we reached the claim. The snow had clothed the torn and riven banks, and heaps of boulders, the ordinary ravages of mining, with its smooth and pure outline, and the cabin door, deftly and speedily opened by the owner's familiar hand, let us into its neat and orderly precincts. Materials for light and fire were ready prepared for use, though we had antedated the matter by a whole Winter, and having used them we sallied forth again to stable my horse in a somewhat distant shelter. On our return some coffee and crackers (biscuits, that is,) lent a sense of fragrance and festivity to the little shanty, but I was shocked to observe the weakness of the old man when he was thawed from the cold. He waived aside, however, all notice of this and showed me how to supplement the scanty comfort of the lowest of three bunks with a nondescript collection of coverings, old sacks, and even planks and dry branches, till my future bed looked like a woodpile into which I was to creep feet foremost.

"'It comes to me, Capen,' slowly said Summers—did I mention his name before?—'it comes to me that this thing is pretty nigh played out. I guess the Cinnabar must wait—no man but me could show you the way to that; but just under where I am sitting (and I put this yer stool here a pup-pus,) the depth of a pick-handle lies some two hundred and sixty ounces of dust as near as I can mind, tied up in three canvas sacks; and that thar dust, Jedge, Cap'en dear, my boy, as druv the flies from the old man's face—the old man's face as has every tear drained off it by years o' weepin' in his heart—that dust is for you. You're young, and I have no one belonging to me in the world. I'll give you a writin' agin a writin' saying the dust is yours.'

"I struggled as well as I could against the man's benevolent intentions; but, at last had to promise that I would exhume the gold and accompany him to the settlements in the morning. Summers was so weak by this time that I was obliged to wrap him up and compose him for sleep in front of the replenished fire. He felt no pain, and begged me to go to rest, which I did at last, clothed as I was, and warned by some intuition to arrange my pistol for instant use.

"I must have slept an hour or more when the old man's voice awakened me, repeating in a stronger but far-off sort of voice the same string of unspeakable imprecations that I formerly declined to repeat for your benefit, or rather injury. They did not sound so vicious this time; but gave me the idea of a sort of wild abracadabra or verbal fetish, used to fortify or accentuate a resolution. I slept again, and again awoke this time to some purpose. As my eyes opened a match was struck in the cabin, and to my amazement—for somehow I had never anticipated this—James Connor stood with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other, peering into the cold and silent face of the dead miner; dead—in a second that was evident, for no pious hand, though my own was near, had closed his weary eyes, and they were wide open and the jaw fallen in all the unloveliness of death. I must have made some motion or sound, for the murderer's light and weapon both quickly moved upon me as I lay supine on one elbow, with, thanks to my intuitive precautions, the muzzle of my revolver covering him as he stepped sideways toward my bunk. There was no use in delaying the end; I pushed aside the nondescript mass of coverings with my pistol hand and showed myself. The ruffian backed a moment.

"'The Judge, by the jumping Moses!' he hoarsely exclaimed. Then, to do him justice, his voice grew firm, and he demanded sternly and briefly: 'You had my message?'

"It was touch and go; fortunately I was ready, as I replied, 'Take my answer!'

"The hammers of both weapons fell together. My pistol resting on the bunkedge, sent its bullet home under the man's left breast; his must have, thrown up, and the ball merely turned up a skin-deep furrow just above my left ear.

"I dug up the dust as Summers had directed, and enlarged the hole till it afforded a shallow grave for him and Connor. I piled over them as many large stones as I could conveniently drag from the hearth, and rode away in the early morning, a sadder and a richer man by some seven thousand dollars. Some of it I spent on myself; what I did with the rest is hardly worth talking about.

EX-EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

No Truth in the Stories of Her Restoration to Sanity.

Referring to current reports that the mental condition of ex-Empress Carlotta, widow of the unfortunate Maximilian, was improving, a Brussels correspondent says:—I recently visited the village of Buchout, five miles from here, where she has resided since the burning down of her residence at Tervueren three years ago. There was a religious procession going on which, according to old custom, has taken place for two centuries every second Sunday in July. The procession, with statues of saints and the Virgin, proceeded as usual to the chapel at the castle. Princess Carlotta witnessed the sight from a window, caged in by thin bars, her ladies in waiting holding each of her hands. Physically she appeared well, though she is becoming very grey. She wore a mauve silk dress and white cap, which she believes to be the same that she wore at the time of Maximilian's death. On the passage of each statue she nodded her head absently in a doll-like, mechanical way, and when the procession was fading away she followed it with her eyes; but her appearance and the information I gathered on the spot show that her mental condition is becoming worse rather than better. The Queen of the Belgians, the King and the Count of Flanders frequently visit her, the latter spending at least two days at Buchout every fortnight; but the Queen no longer cares to take Carlotta driving, as she did frequently before. Carlotta never goes out except in the park of the castle, with a watchful body guard. She sometimes stops and stares before an enclosure where the sick horses of the Queen's stables are sent to recuperate and to run about in freedom; but generally her sole occupation during her walk is picking up acacia leaves, which she puts on her hand and then blows off one by one. Despite the kindest treatment, all hope of mental recovery is forever gone.

TO BE HANGED AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

A Colored Girl Who Poisoned A Baby Must Suffer the Penalty.

At Barnwell, S. C., recently, Judge Hudson sentenced Axey Cherry, a colored girl, twelve years old, to be hanged on the third Friday in September for the murder of the infant of Mr. Amos Williams, of Allendale, in Barnwell County. The child was sent by her mother to act as nurse for the Williams baby. She poked around the house and attended to her duties in so negligent a manner that she had to be constantly scolded. After a scolding one day she was overheard muttering to herself that she wasn't going to bother with that baby much more.

A few days after this concentrated lye was used in scouring the floor, and when Mrs. Williams left the room for a few minutes she told Axey that the lye was poisonous and that she musn't touch it. On her return Mrs. Williams was horrified to find her baby's mouth full of concentrated lye. Axey ran out of the house saying as she left, "I don't reckon I will have to nurse that baby much longer now."

The young murderess all through her trial seemed to have no idea of the terrible nature of her deed, and when she was sentenced to be hanged she gazed stupidly at the Judge and grinned as she played with the buttons on her dress. As she was being carried back to jail she saw her father and made an effort to go to him. She cried for the first time when she was told that she could not go home but must go back to jail to await the day for her execution.

Maidens in their teens are the rage. Truly! ask them their age 'twill always be in teens.