

BLO BILL SAVED HIS LIFE.

Hall Tells of an Adventure In the Black Hills. Buffalo Bill will always live in my heart. I'm by no means I owe him my life. It was Rep-



ged news and views and lead and cover they stood in most need of. I sitting in quiet talk with Buffalo Bill California Joe and was just telling

good weapon pits heart in a man, and Cody's knife balanced in my hand like a hatchet. I started for the door.

"It was as Cody approached. The Deadwood man stood close hugging against the front of the dance hall, to the right of the door, ready to give me the whole blade of his knife as I stepped out.

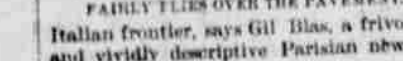
"The Deadwood man at the same moment gave a howl, threw down his knife and fled. 'Did you hit him?' I asked, shocked at the ferocious suddenness of it all. Cody laughed.

"No Bull Fighting in France. Bull fighting has received its quietus in France. The courts de cassation, to which the cases that arose last summer were submitted, have decided that a bull is a domestic animal and cannot be lawfully tor-

ARE EXPERTS IN MENDICANCY.

A French Village of Legless People Who Travel in Trondie Carts and Make a Business of Begging and Thieving—A Tragic Romance.

No village in the world has stranger inhabitants and a more unique and picturesque daily life, if a traveler's tale is to be believed, than the little hamlet of Jatte, near Caloz, in France, not far from the



Here dwell, in small, hovellike houses, never more than one story high, about 200 deformed men, women and children, who in Paris go by the name of "cuis-de-jatte."

They are deprived of the use of their legs and thighs, these being withered and stunted, and push themselves along in primitive wooden carts with wooden wheels, which they propel by means of a flatiron shaped block of wood in either hand.

Grotesque indeed and pitiable to the Parisian who does not understand him is the cul-de-jatte, whether of the masculine or feminine sort. Trundling about painfully, so it seems, in his little cart or sitting bolt upright on his rollers at the side of a crowded Parisian thoroughfare asking alms, he is the prince of French beggars and impostors.

In many of the European cities begging is a profession, but in respect to the number, variety and the cleverness of its mendicants Paris outstrips all the rest. Alms-giving is a profitable and distinct trade in the French capital.

The curious story is out now, though, and the cul-de-jatte is seen to be of a race by himself. His history, habits, manners and romances make up a novel chapter in the story of peoples.

By diligently pursuing their unique and extremely lowly vocation these young people, as years went on, not only supported their parents, but amassed good sized competencies. Then they married women similarly deformed and came back to the village of Jatte to end their days in peace.



Decamped with 8,000 francs. object in life—that of eluding the police—this second generation entered Paris and succeeded in like measure. Sympathy was even more ready for them.

In the highest circles of the profession of beggars they were held in great esteem and were leaders among the mendicants. Not only in Paris are they active, but they have found great profits as well in operating in the Italian cities, chiefly as assistants to the beggar masters of Rome and Naples, who like them, as they are not likely to attract much attention from the police while plying their trade.

One Jatte townsman even fell into a better bonanza than this. An eccentric merchant in the Boulevard Hausmann was attracted by his industry and his expert money handling and bethought himself that the facile cul-de-jatte would make an excellent cashier. The merchant pinned his faith on this particular point, that the

cripple could not run away with his cash at least, but he little reckoned on the efficacy and swiftness of the roller cart, for one fine morning the man of Jatte decamped, taking with him 8,000 francs of his employer's funds.

They lived happily for some months, when suddenly the young husband began to be preoccupied and to act as if he hid a terrible secret in his breast.

"Listen," he said, "and forgive me. I am menaced with a horrible infirmity. Would you love me if I were deformed? I would spare you sorrow and mortification by killing myself, however. Listen: my legs are growing!"

"You have no legs. You are deformed." "You used to think me beautiful." "That may have been, but now I am much taller than you. I cannot drag you after me through life as a convict does the ball at the end of his chain."

"I cannot spoil my life. I am going away. Return to your family." Her mind made up, the mayor's daughter did not falter in her resolve. Quietly she dressed herself, and entering her cart



THE PAIR ELOPED ONE NIGHT. pushed herself over to the opposite wall. She climbed on a chair, attached one end of a rope to a nail in the wall, put the other about her neck and launched herself into eternity.

At home, in the midst of their village life, the cuis-de-jatte are fraternal and peaceful. Money is the only god they worship, and he is the most prominent who has the most gold. Morals they have none, though every man marries at some time. It is a point of honor with them to keep up their tribe for future revenue.

TEN DAYS IN A HOLLOW TREE.

Nothing to Eat but Chinese Medicine and Scraps of Boot Leather. A Chinese miner, who, with a companion, was lost in the snow amid the rugged mountains of Plumas county, Cal., has been found nearer dead than alive.

The two Chinese had gone to La Porte to procure Chinese medicine for the mining camp. On their return a snowstorm came up, and the Chinese became bewildered and hopelessly lost in the rough, mountainous country. Each had different ideas as to which direction to take, and finally quarreled and separated.

Mme. Joniaux's Horrible Fate. Mme. Joniaux, the Belgian poisoner, has entered upon her term of life imprisonment of such a hideous form that death must soon follow. They put her in a cell into which daylight cannot penetrate.

LONDON SPINNERS ORGANIZE. A spinners' club is to be established in London, marriage terminating membership.

THEY ARE USED TO DIVORCE.

The Suit of Mrs. Fernando Yznaga Is No Great Novelty. The news from Yankton, S. D., that Mrs. Fernando Yznaga had established herself in the divorce colony of that city and would soon seek the consolation afforded in the South Dakota divorce courts was a rich morsel for the New York society gossips, and they are still discussing it and the other curious divorce entanglements in which the Yznaga family have been involved.

Mrs. Yznaga was Miss Mabel Wright. She was introduced to fashionable society about eight years ago, and through her beauty, tact and amiability at once became a favorite or rather a belle of the first magnitude. Before her marriage to Mr. Yznaga five years ago she was a welcome guest at the larger subscription balls and private entertainments given by the representative society people in New York and at Newport.



Divorce is no great novelty in the Yznaga family. Mr. Fernando Yznaga was divorced from his first wife, who was a sister of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, recently divorced, and who is today the wife of William G. Tiffany. Mr. Yznaga's sisters are the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Lister Kaye. A report is current that Mr. Wright is soon to be sued himself for a divorce by his second wife, who, however, is not Mrs. Yznaga's mother, her mother having died some time after her marriage to Mr. Yznaga.

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That Hungry Man From Yamhill Wouldn't have had such a terrible appetite, if he had known enough to live in Independence, where he could buy the best and cheapest groceries and provisions from The STAR Grocery.

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