

THE MORMON EXPERIMENT IN MEXICO



The Mormons in great numbers are settling in Northern Mexico and are growing prosperous in the colonies which they have planted. There are now nearly 5,000 of them in Northern Sonora and Northwestern Chihuahua. There is a steady stream of immigration from Utah and the colonies rapidly increasing the population. The Mormons are going into the Mexican republic as rapidly as farm lands can be secured for them. They are an agricultural people and occupy only the valleys where irrigation is possible. The enactment of laws in the United States against polygamy brought the first Mormon immigration to Mexico. When plural marriage was pronounced illegal there were many Mormons who preferred to leave Utah rather than surrender any of their religious principles or relinquish any of their wives. Mexico appeared to them an inviting country in which to settle, provided they could procure the assurances they needed from the Mexican government. The climate of Chihuahua and Sonora being similar to that of Utah, only milder, and the topography being the same, it only remained for those who proposed to emigrate to secure in advance the necessary concessions from the authorities of the government into which they were about to move.



TYPICAL MORMON HOUSE.

The proposal of the Mormons to settle in Mexico met with instant approval and encouragement from the officials of that government, since they were known to be thrifty and adapted to the work of developing a new country. Mining companies and ranchmen especially welcomed them because they would readily supply the camps and cattle haciendas with provisions and farm products, formerly imported at considerable cost. Mexico encouraged their immigration by admitting all their household effects, building material and other articles of use in the erection of their homes free of cost. They also received many other concessions and privileges.

The Wilderness Transformed.
The country into which they removed was practically a wilderness. Here and there were large ranches with now and then a mining camp. There were a few Mexican villages, at intervals of fifty or one hundred miles. The country was arid, treeless and uninviting, except in the valleys, where a rich soil only needed irrigation and cultivation to return abundant crops of fruits and cereals.

The first colony was planted in 1852 and called Colonia Juarez. It was established in the valley of the Casa Grande River, sixteen miles from the old Mexican town of Casas Grandes, the present terminus of the Santa Fe Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific Railroad, constructed in 1897. The settlers arrived from Utah in covered wagons. They lived in tents until they dug irrigation ditches and made their first crop. Then they began to erect their homes. Besides their teams and camping utensils and a few agricultural implements, they had nothing but much and religious enthusiasm. At that time the nearest railroad was El Paso, Texas, while a sandy desert, almost impassable, intervened. The mountains, too, held roving bands of renegade Apaches that occasionally raided the new settlements and drove away cattle and horses.

As to the practice of polygamy in the republic of Mexico, it may be said that the law of the land recognizes but one legal wife. The second or third wife has no legal status, and her children, in the eyes of the law, are not legitimate. After the first marriage the law has nothing to do with the matter of a Mormon increasing the number of his wives, except that a second and third wife may not be taken unless the first wife gives her consent. But the Mormons are guided by their religion, not by the law, in the institution of plural marriage. A Mormon in Mexico never or seldom takes a second or third wife until he is able to support more than one family.

Mormon converts are gained invariably from among the most humble classes. Two thousand missionaries are at work all the time in the United States and Canada and in Europe, adding to the Mormon fold. In justice to the Mormons it must be said that the converts they make are usually bettered in every respect. Thrift is a cardinal principle in the Mormon creed and it is conspicuously nowhere better than in the colonies of Northern Mexico. Comfortable homes, cultivated fields and abundant crops show that the Mormons on the whole are industrious, frugal and economical. They are obliged to maintain a community of interests. They

labor together and assist one another in everything that is to be done. At present there are eight colonies of Mormons in Mexico, with a combined population of nearly 5,000. They are Colonia Juarez, the capital colony; Colonia Diaz, Dublin, Oaxaca, Pachuca, Garcia, Chihuahua and the recently established colony of Morelos. Colonia Juarez is situated in a narrow valley, and the land is irrigated with water from the Casas Grandes River. The most thick residences of the settlers are hidden graveyards and thick clusters of pear, plum, peach and apricot trees. The water runs in a clear stream through all the cross streets, and is turned into yard or garden at will. Here the president of the "stake," which embraces all the colonies, resides. He lives in a handsome brick residence that cost \$100,000. He guides the destinies of the Mormons in Mexico with the head and hand of a capable captain. He is a man of education and of unusual intelligence, and was at one time a candidate for governor of Utah. He is the first and last court of resort for all internal troubles and disputes.

Education Not Neglected.
The Mormons build schools in their communities even before they erect a church. All of the colonies have schools and an academy is maintained at Colonia Juarez. In this colony there is a great mill, a cannery factory and other industries. There is a tanning store, the only one in the colony, but there is not a saloon, nor a tobacco shop, nor a policeman in this or any other of the Mormon colonies.

Lublin is the largest colony. It is also the most important commercially. It is four miles from the terminus of the railroad, and is situated in a broad valley. The climate is similar to that of Utah, and the population is scattered over several square miles of territory. The Mormons of Lublan have thousands of acres of rich land, which produces abundant crops. They have beautiful orchards and gardens. They have laid the foundation of a splendid temple and a large school building. They have a tanning store in Colonia Juarez, and each Mormon contributes 10 per cent of his income to the support of the church. He gives labor, lumber, fruit, meat, milk or honey, depositing 10 per cent of whatever he may have at the tanning store. In addition to this taxation the Mormons of Lublan have a self-imposed income tax of 8 per cent, which is to be used to build and equip their academy.

The Mormon colonies are socialist communities. Everything is done on a system of co-operation. They use



JUST ARRIVED FROM UTAH.

little money in their dealings with one another. Obligations are paid in labor or the product of labor. If one Mormon builds a house his neighbors assist and charge their labor against him. The debt is settled in kind. They have differences of opinion sometimes and occasionally there occurs a dispute, but the elders and bishops settle the trouble or if they do not, then the president does.

HIS RICHES TOOK WINGS.
Now Charles H. North, of Somerville, Mass., peddles vegetables from door to door in the town in which he was once the richest citizen is the remarkable change in the life of Charles H. North, who, less than ten years ago, was known as the wealthiest man in Somerville, Mass. From the upper windows of the family mansion on Prospect Hill, the fashionable residential section of the city, and in which he once occupies only two rooms as a tenant, can be seen a large pork-packing establishment in the valley, with his name in great letters on its business sign, over which he was for many years proprietor. In striking contrast his name appears in small letters on the peddler's cart in which he carries produce through the streets of the town.

Charles H. North was born in Vermont, of poor parents, who, while he was quite young, moved to Georgia and later to Kentucky. Coming to Massachusetts when 18 years of age, he went to work in a Waltham bakery, earning enough to take a year's course at an academy. Then he started to learn the pork-packing business, and inside of a year was able to open a stall of his own. He was successful from the start and rapidly gained prominence. In 1867 he opened the establishment at Somerville, familiar with every detail of the business he gave it his personal attention and gradually added to its plant until the name of Charles H.



NORTH AND HIS WAGON.

North was known all over the country. In 1869 he was employing 1,300 hands. The change came when Mr. North merged his business with that of the Swifts. Then followed schemes in which money went rapidly, such as gold mines in Nova Scotia and the purchase of a pork-packing establishment in Omaha. North still maintains that these were not losing ventures, but that he found his money tied up and others reaped the benefit. However that may be, he is now earning his livelihood as a peddler of provisions. Every morning he is up with the sun, caring for his horse and doing other chores. Then he purchases his stock and starts out, selling

dom returning before dark. Physically North is a remarkable man, and even now at the age of 68 he boasts that he is good for a five-mile swim.

Man's Expectation of Life.
An ingenious mathematician maintains that the number of years which anyone is likely to live may really be ascertained by applying the following rule: Subtract from the number 80 the age already attained by the person and divide the remainder by 2. For example, suppose that we wish to find out how long a person who is now fifty years old is likely to live, 80-50=30-2=15, and 15 years is the answer to the question. The same statistician also assures us that out of every 1,000 persons who are 60 years old only 500 will live to be 70, 120 to 80, seventeen to be 90, and it is doubtful if even four will attain to the dignity of centenarians.

A critic points out that these figures may seem very convincing, but they cannot be accurate in all cases. It may be easy, he explains, to show how long a man of 50 is likely to live, but the rule applied in his case cannot be applied in the case of a man who is over 80, and hence it cannot be accepted as infallible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Surprised by the Engine.
The natives of a wild country never fail to wonder over the coming of a railroad, with its snorting locomotive and rattling cars. The antics of the native Egyptians and Arabs, says Owen S. Watkins, who was with Kitchener in his Sudan campaign, afforded not a little amusement to the railway battalion under Lieut. Midwinter.

The quantity of water consumed by the locomotive was a constant source of wonder. The Arabs had never dreamed of such a thirst as that monster seemed to possess. One day, when the working party climbed aboard after loading all the trucks, the Egyptian crier, "For shame!" charged them with

overloading the poor engine, and asked if they thought themselves men. Once the driver of an engine was asked by an Arab to permit his young wife to crawl under the engine, as she was sure if she could do that, her married life would be blessed.

Cool and Methodical.
A lawyer who worthily bears a distinguished name occupies an old-fashioned mansion on the edge of New York. His sister, who lives with him, tells a laughable story, which is reported in Harper's Round Table, illustrating his coolness and love of method.

Recently his sister tiptoed into his room some time after midnight, and told him she thought burglars were in the house. The lawyer put on his dressing-gown, and went downstairs. In the back hall he found a rough-looking man trying to open a door that led to the back yard. The burglar had unlocked the door, and was pulling it with all his might. The lawyer, seeing the robber's predicament, called to him:

"It does not open that way, you idiot! It slides back!"

Sales Drop Off When Authors Marry.
Some one asked quite seriously the other day if I thought that the latest-mentioned engagement of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford would interfere with the sale of his novels. I smiled the smile of incredulity.

"You need not smile," said the lady. "I know that Richard Harding Davis' marriage has greatly interfered with the sale of his novels. His readers, who are largely young girls, like to think of him as an unmarried man. They find his books more interesting when they so regard him."

THE UNLUCKIEST WOMAN.

Fickle Fortune Frowns Upon La Belle Brooks-Vincent.

The unluckiest woman in the world is believed to be La Belle Brooks-Vincent, who has returned from the Klondike to Seattle, Wash. During the past six years she has seen more fluctuations of fortune and undergone more hardships than usually fall to the share of most people during a long life. Disappointment and failure seem to follow her in every undertaking, but she shows no discouragement and bravely adapts herself to changes of circumstances.



LA BELLE BROOKS-VINCENT.

She was born in luxury and highly educated. During her senior year at Ypsilanti College, Michigan, she met Benjamin Mason, a wealthy retired merchant, old enough to be her father, and married him. The marriage was an unhappy one, and after a few years the young wife was granted a divorce and placed in the custody of her young son. The husband signed contracts giving large sums of money instead of all

money and settled \$24,000 on the boy. Subsequently La Belle married L. O. Vincent, a musician and song writer. This second marriage was also a failure, and a short time after the couple separated. Vincent died. Mrs. Vincent then indulged in speculation and lost heavily in her investments. She sold her property in Michigan for \$18,000 and went to Seattle. The gold fever seized her. She plunged into speculation again and took the largest stock of staples and machinery ever transported to Alaska in a single venture. She there fell into the hands of a sharp trader, who through misrepresentation, beat her out of \$75,000, which she possessed and which then incited a strike among her former employes, whose wages had not been paid. Many suits for wages and other debts were begun against her and her counsel advised her to avoid them by returning to the States. With \$200, all that remained of her fortune, she commenced the journey on a dog sled, her only companion being an Indian who could not speak English. Her creditors learning of her departure sent officers after her. She was brought back to Dawson City and placed in jail. Through the aid of a friend she was released from prison and enabled to return to Seattle, where she arrived friendless and penniless.

RIVERS ARE TREACHEROUS.
In Times of Freshet They Frequently Change Their Course.

The rivers of China, like the people, are extremely treacherous. They have no fixed channels, but move in the impetuous floods that come pouring down from the mountains in the rainy season, sometimes as much as 100 miles from their old beds, leaving the intervening tracts buried deep under the sand, destroying life, making a desert of cultivated fields over an area of many hundreds of miles, and plunging the farming population into terrible poverty and famine. The enormous canals, constructed by the Government for the purpose of conveying the surplus of the crop, have formed in the past great waterways crowded with craft, along which supplies of food and merchandise can be carried to the markets at a trifling cost. Modern engineering, when the break-up of China comes, will find the subjection of Chinese rivers a problem that will challenge all its genius and perseverance, and it may accomplish here what it has failed to do with other great streams where the alluvial soil is carried down by the current to block the mouth and place a tantalizing obstacle in the way of navigation.

The Pe-Ho is as crooked as a penon flying in the wind, and its present location of the water is due to the long drought that has prevailed in the high lands to the north, where it rises. Two years ago steamers that now anchor at Taku, twenty miles or more down stream, ran to Tien-Tsin, where they could take their cargo and where passengers could go on board comfortably and in perfect safety. The change of current, however, has been so great that the chief difficulty in reaching Tien-Tsin is to get the cargo over the bar. For at Tien-Tsin the passenger landing at Taku must change cars, continuing the journey to Pekin from the former point.

Coughs of an Engine.
The cough, or puff, of a railway engine is due to the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney. When moving slowly the cough can, of course, be heard following each other quite distinctly, but when speed is put on the puffs come out one after the other much more rapidly, and when eighteen or twenty puffs are produced they cannot be separately distinguished by the ear. A locomotive running at the rate of nearly seventy miles an hour gives out twenty puffs of steam every second—that is, ten for each of its two cylinders.

Every Inhabitant Is Inmate.
Indo-China has the only village of madmen in the world. This village which is called Ban-Kee, is composed of some 300 families, is highly organized as a community, is industrially prosperous and pays yearly a goodly tribute to France. Yet it has not a single sane inhabitant. To enter it one must be downright mad—or, as the natives call it, "pipop." The conception of insanity prevailing in this part of the world is not that of a disease, but of a "possession."—Philadelphia Times.

Parents are so unsatisfactory to deal with, even in novels, that when a writer wants to treat a girl particularly well he makes her an orphan and gives her a guardian.

BAKING-HUMAN BODY

MAN WHO IS ROASTED IN A GREAT OVEN.

Subjected to Intense Heat in Hope of Curing a Grave Malady—His Limbs Were Shattered by an Attack of Rheumatism.

Once in every twenty-four hours Aaron Palmer is baked alive in the great oven of the Bellevue hospital in New York City. At a temperature of from 350 to 400 degrees he is allowed to roast in the oven for from half to three-quarters of an hour. Then he is removed, thoroughly massaged, and placed in the sun, where a broiling process is begun. And all because he is afflicted with a terrible rheumatism, translated that means that he has gout. Not the plain gout that many suffer, but an acute rheumatic gout, which has practically ossified his limbs, so that for over three years his legs and arms were as hard as marble, being frightfully wasted and distorted, and absolutely incapable of any movement or feeling. His condition was so pathetic in the extreme and it was only a question of time when the dread paralysis would enwrap further upon his body, until it affected some vital organ and thus put an end to his life.



AARON PALMER UNDER TREATMENT AT BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

It was death that Palmer has been waiting for during these years of suffering. When he was first taken to Bellevue there was some hope of saving his life, but that hope speedily departed when it was found that by no means known were the doctors able to stimulate a perspiration in any of the affected parts. Meanwhile the disease was spreading slowly and surely, and at last hope of stopping it was entirely abandoned. Vapor, Russian and Turkish baths failed to aid. Applications of heat were absolutely useless and recourse was even tried in wrapping him up in blankets and placing his feet as near as they could be placed with safety to a red-hot stove. None of the means tried seemed powerful enough to affect in the slightest the dread malady which afflicted him. Had it not been for the placing of the great new ovens in the hospital he would shortly be a corpse. Now, however, there is hope of saving his life. More than a year ago he was taken to Bellevue, where he was placed in one of the new ovens. He was not only stopped the encroachments of the disease, but of relieving parts already affected. Indeed, the ossification, if it can be so spoken of, has been removed from his arms entirely except from the fingers, and his legs have been freed from thick to knee. The treatment is not expected to cure that the arms and fingers and feet will be saved, and that Palmer will be able to resume his daily life where he left off four years ago, a cured and healthy man.

The Disease Held Him Fast.
Two years ago Palmer was first afflicted with rheumatism. He grew worse in spite of the various treatments which he underwent. Finally his legs and arms began to draw up and shrivel, and it was not long ere he was confined to his bed. No thought of his sending him to the hospital occurred in his family until four years ago, when he was suddenly afflicted by the deadening of his limbs. First his feet were affected. And then the calves and hands. There seemed every prospect of the whole body succumbing to the fearful disease, and great interest was manifested by physicians to see how long he could live. When his feet were first frozen they were affected as though frozen. They became as cold as in death and then gradually stiffened. No strength was sufficient to move them. Then, as the ankles and calves followed, recourse was taken to the various processes recited above to see if something could not stave off the trouble. Finally, when the thighs were similarly stiffened, it was impossible for him to do else than breathe and absorb his food. The arms came next, starting with the finger tips. This spread much more rapidly and in less than a month the entire limbs were rendered useless. It was at this stage that the baking process began. "None of the doctors really thought any effort could be produced upon Palmer. It was a month before the slightest encouraging sign was seen. It was noted during this time, however, that his ill effects produced, so treatment was persevered in. After this length of time a single drop of perspiration was noticed on one thigh, so small that it was feared that it might be water droppings from him by some means. However, the next day more beads appeared, and from that time on a perspiration was steadily induced. There was no let up, and it was a length of time before the flesh became soft and pliable, although there was still no evidence of power. It was not until recently that any power was developed and then only by constant massaging. As the arms were affected quicker than the lower limbs, so they yielded more readily to the treatment. They were in due course treated similarly. When once the disease began to be displaced in them it was speedily conquered. Less than three weeks ago they were still held in the marble grasp. To-day all but the fingers have been drawn up against the palms of his hands and soles of his feet. The flesh of his fingers has become pliable and soft and the knees are almost released from their captivity. In another fortnight it is expected that everything, except possibly the digits, will be well again. The cause of the trouble has been a deposit of calcium salts in the tissues covering the bones in the parts affected. The flesh has fallen away until the man has become little better than a skeleton, except for his trunk. His weight was down to eighty pounds, and the limbs were reduced to half their usual size. Since the restoration of power he has taken on flesh rapidly in the relevant parts, and he now weighs over a hundred pounds. His normal weight since the beginning of his illness until the ossification began was about 130 pounds. Before he was

HORSES NOT AS HARDY AS MEN.

Sluggish and Hotter Show the Animals Succumb to Hunger and Fatigue.

There have been many instances in which fights have been lost or won according to the number and condition of the horse engaged. When the siege of Plevna commenced the Russians were bringing all their stores and food from Sloboda by the aid of 60,000 draft horses, and at the end of the siege it was found that no less than 22,000 of them had died from hard work and exhaustion. The want of rest and food tells on a horse far more than on a man, for in the case of the latter there are the stimulating influences of patriotism, the glory of victory, and other feelings which are non-existent in the nature of a horse. Quite half the horses in England sent to the Crimea never returned, most of them having died from hard work and starvation. Indeed only about 500 were killed in action. So reduced and starved have the poor beasts become on occasions of fighting that they have been known to eat one another's tails and to gnaw the wheels of the gun carriages. Napoleon took with him across the Nile 60,000 cavalry horses, and on his return in six months he could only muster 16,000. More than half the horses which were engaged in our Egyptian

war of 1882 were disabled; 600 of these were killed, and only fifty-three slain in action. In the Afghan war of 1888 it is said that 3,000 camels and half the horses engaged were lost in three months. It will thus be seen that actual fighting does not claim so many horses as starvation and overwork. Dejected, shaggy, some backs, want of food and rest, and other similar causes go far toward rendering horses useless for practical warfare. One more and important cause needs careful attention, and it is the danger of injury horses run when being shipped across the sea. They are in constant motion, they continually fall—many of them to be trampled to death—and the rest become frightened, kick and batter one another about, and are rendered useless. As an instance of this, it was found that one regiment on the way to the Peninsula was deprived of just half its horses on the voyage.—Golden Penny.

Buying a Fan.
Miss Katharine Lee Bates, who spent some months in Spain last year, declares that the dark-eyed damsels of the fan and lace mantilla are quite as charming as tradition has pictured them. Ignorant they commonly are, their education being of the most meager, but they are not dull. They are quick-witted, high-spirited and affectionate, and are possessed of a grace of speech and manner which rarely deserts them. Nor do they reserve their pretty ways only for the ballroom or the parlor; even ordinary shopping is lifted into a scene of elegant comedy by the manner in which it is transacted. This is how a Spanish senorita bargains for her fan:

"There is nothing so good as this. Her bargaining is a social consecration that at once puts the black-eyed young salesman at her mercy.

"But the fan seems to me the least bit dear, senorita!"

"Ah, senorita! You do not see how beautiful the work is. I am giving it away at six pesetas."

She lifts her eyebrows half-incredulously, all bewitching.

"At five pesetas, senorita."

He runs his hand through his black hair in chivalrous distress.

"But the periwinkle work, senorita! At this other, too, I sacrifice it at four pesetas."

She touches both fans lightly.

"You will let me have the two at seven pesetas, senorita?"

Her eyes dance over his confusion. He catches the gleam, laughs back, throws up his hands.

"Buena, senorita! At what you please!"

And the senorita trips away contented and a hard worker. He passes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. The price was probably not much more remote from what pleased the smooth-tongued clerk than from what she pleased.

Will Hobbies Travel?
A wonder-loving American is considering the advisability of purchasing Bleak House, with the object of transporting it to the States for exhibition purposes. A similar proposal was considered some years ago, when an American showman desired to transport Carlyle's old home at Ecclefechan, but, happily, the project was defeated. The purchase price of Bleak House is placed at \$3,000.—Sussex News.

Gabriel's Trick.
"It is time," said Gabriel, "to blow my last trump!"

Saying which, he put it on the ace of spades, thereby saving the trick for himself and St. Peter.

"Ye angels, be it known, sometimes engage in little games of whist.—New York World.

Had Read It.
"Did you read my latest novel, entitled 'A Terrible Experience?'" asked the novelist.

"Yes," answered the bluntly candid friend, "and that's what it was!"—Washington Star.

Ivory in Zanzibar.
During 1889 278,820 pounds of good ivory passed through the markets of Zanzibar.

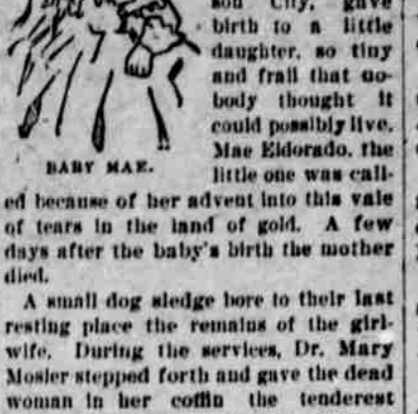
So many new things are put in cans every year that it is getting easier every day for men to live comfortably without women around.

It is the experience of older married women that a bride is about six weeks in descending from the pedestal to a foot stool.

The man who owes his shoemaker cannot call his sole his own.

A KLONDIKE BABE.

This Tiny Infant Managed to Live Without a Mother's Care in the Klondike, a Country Where Starving, Stunt-Hearted Men Go Under.



Just before dying from typhoid fever, Mrs. Jessie Endgren, of Dawson City, gave birth to a little daughter, so tiny and frail that nobody thought it could possibly live. Miss Eldorado, the little one was called because of her advent into this vale of tears in the land of gold. A few days after the baby's birth the mother died.

A small dog sledge bore to their last resting place the remains of the girl. During the services, Dr. Mary Mosier stepped forth and gave the dead woman in her coffin the tenderest promise that one could make to another. "I will have a mother to your motherless little baby girl," sobbed Mrs. Mosier, placing on the cold brow of the Wisconsin bride her gentle hand.

The terrible winter dragged along slowly and the doctor expressed but little hope for the poor little child. It had weighed only three pounds at birth, and its life hung constantly by a thread. But the baby grew and soon became the pride of the town. "How is Mae?" the simple-hearted miners went to ask as they trudged by the little house on their way to and from work. Daily the question was asked, and daily the answer given "that it would live, please God."

When the summer came little Mae's father and foster-mother thought it wise to send the little one to its grandparents in Wisconsin, to escape the rigors of another winter in the frozen north. Mrs. John Macdonald, wife of one of the wealthiest miners of the Klondike, offered herself as Baby Mae's escort, and early in July the journey was begun.

All Dawson was on hand to bid the child farewell. Gold dust and nuggets were showered as parting gifts, until a handsome sum was realized and presented to show its appreciation of the little one's pluck, and that was the only way the miners had of doing it. Baby Mae was carried by an Indian packer across the Wheel pass and over the mountain to Skagway. Warmly clad in flannels the baby was as snug as a bug in a rug, nestled against the tall Indian's back. When Seattle was reached Mrs. Macdonald turned the baby over to Mrs. J. S. Bresse, a sister of Mrs. Endgren, who was to conduct the infant to her grandparents' home. It is there now, receiving the best of care, and thriving, in spite of its checkered career, at the age of 6 months. Naturally, the little one is the pride of the good folks of Madison, as it was of the miners at Dawson.

Mrs. Bennett, the baby's mother, was the daughter of a prominent Grand Army man of Madison. Her sweetheart was Jesse Endgren, a student of the State university. They were married in February, 1888, and on the same evening left for Dawson City.

MEXICO'S VICE PRESIDENT.
He Shook Hands with McKinley and Laurier in Chicago.

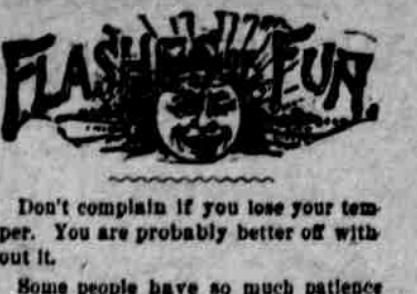
That was a notable gathering in Chicago when President McKinley, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada, and Don Ignacio Mariscal, Vice President of Mexico, met in one room and shook hands. Don Ignacio is one of the brilliant men of the Mexican republic. In addition to being Vice President he is Secretary of Foreign Affairs and is regarded as a possible successor to Diaz. He made the favorable impression during his visit in Chicago, where he attended the fall festival and postoffice corner stone laying.

Conan Doyle.
Conan Doyle is a mechanical worker and a hard worker. He passes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy before him, and said, solemnly: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Temperature of Diamonds.
A good diamond is a good deal colder than an imitation, and the lapidaries say that the best way to detect the difference in temperature is to touch the stones to the tongue. Sapphires, emeralds, rubies, garnets, and other precious stones may be tested in the same way—the real stone is invariably colder than the imitation. The lapidaries do not give a reason for the difference, but it may be found, perhaps, in the greater density of the real stones, which makes them better conductors of heat.

Trade in Evaporated Vegetables.
Evaporated vegetables were first put up for the Alaskan market, but the business is being developed more largely for export to other parts of the world. The saving in freight rates on these dried vegetables is very material, and sometimes more than offsets the cost of evaporating and packing. A cord of dried cubed potatoes contains 3,000 bushels, but would hold only 600 bushels in their natural state.

Striving Music While on Trains.
Sir Arthur Sullivan was once asked where he was able to compose best and under what circumstances his ideas flowed most freely. "There is no place," he said, "where I have so many inspirations as in a railway carriage. There is something in the rapidity of the motion, in the clanging of the iron and in the whirling of the wheels which seem to excite the brain and furnish the material for a host of harmonies."



Don't complain if you lose your temper. You are probably better off without it.

Some people have so much patience with themselves that they never succeed in anything.

Jinks—There's one good thing about spoiled children. Blinks—What's that? Jinks—One never has them in one's own house.

"I don't see what you like about this fat, Clara." "Well, Clara, it is the only one we've looked at that fits our Navajo rug."—Chicago Record.

A fine front "fir" our new dog is awful deceitful." "Tommy" "Wags his tail, but he barks at people he says his tail."—Chicago Record.

Teacher (suspiciously)—Who wrote your composition, Johnny? Johnny—My father. Teacher—What, all of it? Johnny—No; I helped him.—Truth.

Fair Painter—I hope you don't mind my sketching in your field? Farmer—Lord, no, missel! You keep the birds off the peas better'n a ordinary scare-crow.

"Sure, Pat, and why are ye wearin' yer coat buttoned up like that on a warm day like this?" "Fair, yer reverence to hold the shirt off! Haven't got on."—Punch.

"Now, honestly, Madam, didn't Jack propose last evening?" "Why, y-e-a-h! But how did you guess?" "I noticed that you didn't have that worried look this morning."

Real Cruelty: "Oh, mummy, do come and speak to Johnny; he's twiddling on all the worms in the garden." "How mad!" "Yes, and he won't let me tread on any."—The Klondike.

Visitor—What was the matter with the man that just brought in Doctor-Stubbed his head through a pane of glass. Visitor—How did he look? Doctor—His face wore an injured expression.

Curious Villager—Ay, Sandy, an' ye wis wounded at Magerston! Whit wis ye struck wif? Sandy (tired of answering questions)—I was struck wif wonder when I kent I wisna killed.

Evidence: "Friend—I suppose the key is lost of you?" Papa—Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home, and stays up all night just to enjoy my society!—Brooklyn Life.

Magistrate—Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye? Complaining Wife—Shure, yer worship, he wasn't a physical wreck till he gave me th' black eye.

"Papa," said Willie, "why did you buy a golf club?" "To play golf in, my son," said Mr. Willie. "Did you need it?" "Of course, I did." "Then I need a topcoat to play tops in. I seen 'em advertised."

Teacher (endeavoring to explain the meaning of the word "harness")—What does your father put on the horse? Small Boy (his face brightening)—Please, sir, 'e puts on all 'e can if 'e thinks 'it'll win.

At the Summer Hotel: "Who is that good-looking young waiter who is tossing the plates across the room? Is he a student, too?" "Yes. He holds the record in Harvard for discus-throwing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Natural Reaction: "Hi Tragedy—I understand the audience last night was very cold? Lowe Comery—They were at first, but when they began to recollect that they had paid good money to see the show they got hot."—Philadelphia Press.

Earnings of Literary Ability: "Did that critic write any favorable comment on your novel, Bellinda?" Oh, yes; he said my father had once met the Prince of Wales and that we had always moved in the best society."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Feminine Butcher: "And now, children," said the teacher, who had been talking about military fortifications, "can any of you tell me what is a buttress?" "Please, ma'am," cried little Willie, snapping his fingers, "it's a nanny-goat!"—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Brown—I must be going back to the city on Tuesday. I've had three letters from my husband in two days. Mrs. Gray—Why, your poor dear! I know just how you feel; two would be suspiciously attentive—but three! I really am afraid he has been doing something very reprehensible.—Brooklyn Life.

The following birth notice recently appeared in the columns of a Kansas paper: "Born, to the wife of Jim Jones, a boy. The boy favors his old dad in several ways. 'His' hair is black, has a premonition during his visit in Chicago, where he attended the fall festival and postoffice corner stone laying.

An old gentleman wanted to catch a certain train, but before he had got to the station the train had started. "Hi, hi! a party of sixty wants to come on this train," he called. The guard, now wanting to know the exact number, stopped the train, and the gentleman stepped into one of the carriages. The guard going up asked, "Where is that party of sixty?" The gentleman, turning round, replied: "I am the party of sixty. It was sixty last week." The guard promptly signaled for the train to proceed, amidst the laughter of the bystanders.

Hit It by Accident.
At a time when every man, woman and child in Colorado Springs was investing in mining stock and almost every man, woman and child had been badly bitten, it happened that a certain mine owner and stock market speculator suddenly died. The local paper held the press to put in an account of his death headed, "Death Loves a Shining Mark," but when it came out the people with whom he had had his business dealings were surprised and pleased to read, "Death Loves a Mining Shark."—San Francisco Wave.

Ancient Ones.
The wife of a professional joke-writer had finished cleaning off her husband's desk and putting things to bed when she discovered her. He dropped the volume of sermons in which he had been finding needed relaxation and sprang to his feet. "Good Lord, Martha, have you thrown me into the great 'Sea'?" "Yes, my dear, my last jokes." Pull 'em out quick! Mrs. Miller snuffed disdainfully. "Pull 'em out yourself. I'm no catpaw to get out your chestnuts for you."—San Francisco Wave.