

THE GARMENT OF IRON.

HERE was no skeleton in the armor when Harpole found it; only some sand and a bunch of tumbleweed, a rattle-snake, and a rattlesnake. The rattlesnake scolded at him, he killed the rattlesnake, and the tumbleweed and sand he emptied out. Then he had the armor done up in a shelter tent and put upon a pack-mule. After which, the column moved on. It should not have halted at all, for it was in pursuit of a band of Indians. But there were bands of Indians on the day, and the finding of a full suit of armor lying under a mesquite bush beside their trail was rare.

Certainly Harpole had never heard of such a thing. And so far as he knew, it was the only suit of armor ever discovered on the New Mexico plains, but his loss on the subject was not profound.

When he got back to his two-company post on the banks of the Gila, he found the interest in life, which had been lacking for him up to then, in enlarging that knowledge. He sent East for books and histories and treatises concerning coats of mail and the men who wore them, and he even went so far as to write to the Smithsonian Institution, at the risk of having a government commission sent out to see to his treasure. And in the interval of two months which elapsed before he received a reply for the rail road mail, he had read all those days—be set about cleaning the armor himself, and with his own hands joining it together.

He was so occupied, what with that and the histories and the books that he forgot to have Gila-bottom malaria and had no time to worry about the flies. Then when the steel was once more bright as the azure shield of Achilles, and he had proved to his own and to every one's satisfaction that it must once have protected the body of one of Coronado's men, and must date from the middle of the sixteenth century, or thereabout, he hung it up in his one-roomed quarters, along with the Indian trophies that were as nothing new and the bottled reptiles of many sorts; and the fame of it spread through the land. An English lord, in a pith helmet and gray linen, who was going about the country, traveled miles out of his way to look upon it; and a scientific party from Boston did the same. Harpole was beginning to be very proud, when, one day, he had a visitor of another kind.

It was a man he had seen sometimes hanging around the agency and the post—a small, lithe fellow, part Coyote Apache, part Mexican, possibly a very small part white, who had some reputation as a medicine-man with the tribes, but not such an anything else. Harpole was sitting under his ramada on a late summer afternoon, reading a book whose covers curled up with the heat, when something came between him and his light, and looking up, he saw the medicine-man peering in the opening. He said, "Hullo, Clego," and added, "What's that you want, cle?" Clego was so called because he was blind in one eye. He came in under the ramada, and stood so close to him that Harpole moved a little. The Coyote's cast-off uniform and red bandana were not clean.

Clego spoke excellent Spanish, and as Harpole did, too, he had no trouble about making himself understood. He explained that he would like to see the suit of iron clothes which he had been told that the lieutenant possessed. The lieutenant was so pleased to think that it had been spoken of even in the fastnesses of the Sierra Blanca and of the Tonto Basin that he forgot how dirty Clego was, and a straightway rose and invited him into the one room.

The medicine-man stood looking at the armor with an interest and evident appreciation that touched Harpole very much. After the manner of his kind, he said no word, but presently he went nearer and felt of the plates and chains with his finger-tips, and put his good eye close against the iron. He turned to Harpole, "Where did you find it?" he asked.

The lieutenant explained at some length. "Is it very old?" Harpole said it was at least three hundred and thirty odd years old, and went into a list of the names of the Indians who had owned it. Clego nodded his head. "I know," he said. "But that was manifestly absurd that Harpole did not pay any attention to it. 'It is very fine,' said Clego. 'For how much will you sell it to me?' Naturally, Harpole only laughed, but the Apache was in earnest, nevertheless. 'No,' he insisted, looking him sharply in the face. 'No, de veras, I wish to buy it from you.' 'Well, I don't wish to sell,' answered the lieutenant, rather vexed at the mere idea. 'I have five hundred dollars,' said the Indian. 'If you had a thousand you could not have it.' 'I have a thousand.' Harpole laughed again, a little impatiently. 'You do not believe me—look here.' Clego drew a buckskin bag from the folds of his sash. It was full of gold. 'There are five hundred dollars here. In three days I can bring you five hundred more.' Harpole guessed how he had come by it, and his temper rose. 'That is stolen money,' he said, angrily, 'put it up. You can't have the armor. Uka-shie.' 'You let me have it,' begged Clego; 'I wish it very much. I will do many things for you.' Harpole swore this time—mean, Spanish oaths. 'No,' he said, 'you can't have it. Go to the Devil—get out.'

Even though Clego was only a dirty Indian, the White-Eye should have remembered that in his property had feelings which could be hurt. It is well, however, for those who have the direction of children and savages in their hands to remember that those simple folk have sometimes reasons for the things they do and say, good and sufficient to themselves. But it never occurred to Harpole that his filthy Indian's reasons might be. They did not transpire until some weeks later.

Yet in Clego's tribe there was a legend of a great white chief who had had married one of their women, and had ruled over them, and who had been a ruler of shining iron. And their tradition ran that whoever should find and wear that garment again would be impervious to the bullets of the White-Eye, would become the greatest of medicine-men, and rule not only over his own people but over all the Apache tribes and those of the plains of the North. And the very

PROMINENT MEN WHO HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED IN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

IT is the very essence of a presidential election that some candidate must get left. Some one must be disappointed. And in the history of the republic many great men have sought and lost this coveted prize. Three great names stand out prominently in the list—Clay, Webster and Blaine—each the victim of political scheming. Aaron Burr, just a hundred years ago, missed the presidency by the narrow margin. He was an adept in political intrigue, with a magnetic personality and a brilliant mind that won him special favor in the eyes of the voters with Jefferson. Each received seventy-three votes and this threw the election into the House of Representatives. Thirty-five ballots were taken without result.

The Federalists were anxious to defeat Jefferson and they gave their support to Burr until the thirty-sixth ballot. Then Burr refused to give pledges required of him, their support was withdrawn, and Jefferson was chosen. In accordance with the law of those days Burr became Vice-President. But he was a disappointed man. Following his defeat for the presidency came the fatal duel with Hamilton, the Blennerhassett scandal, his traitorous attempt to divide the country, his temporary exile and social ostracism.

De Witt Clinton was Mayor of New York City for several terms, as well as United States Senator and Governor of



New York State. He was popular with the people, but his strong character made him many political enemies. When President Madison was renominated for a second term Clinton took the field against him and made a hard fight, but lost for lack of the vote of one State, which he had held sure. His fame is secure, however, as the "Father of the Erie Canal."

Henry Clay, like Blaine, made repeated attempts to secure the presidency, only to fail each time. It is a coincidence that each would have succeeded were it not for the blunders of too zealous supporters. "Harry of the West" tried for the prize in 1824, when John Quincy Adams was elected, also in 1832, when Adams was overwhelmingly defeated by Andrew Jackson. In 1840 the adoption of the unit rule prevented Clay's nomination in lieu of William Henry Harrison. In 1844 the Whigs nominated him by acclamation and Clay's election seemed certain. But his Southern adherents blundered by inducing him to favor the annexation of Texas, and that lost him the votes of thousands of anti-slavery men. The Whigs won in 1848 and Clay would have been their choice if Gen. Taylor's newly made military reputation had not given the nomination to that hero.

Daniel Webster is another great personality among the unsuccessful aspirants for the presidency. Had he consented in 1848 to accept the nomination

HOW LOVE IS MADE IN MEXICO. IT WAS NOT CONSCIENCE.

Young Men and Women Rarely Meet, Only in Presence of Her's Mother-in-Law. Senora Adelita Schindler, a Mexican woman, in a paper in the Woman's Home Companion, entitled "The Social Sphere of Mexican Women," writes as follows of courtship beyond the Rio Grande:

A Mexican girl realizes she is a miss of some importance when she has attracted the attention of a would-be cavalier, who has seen her at mass or during a promenade on the plaza. Without the formality of an introduction he dispatches letters glowing with words of admiration and devotion, and nervously awaits a reply. In the meantime he visits the locality of her home, hoping to catch sight of the object of his admiration at the balcony or the entrance of the house, and is happy if favored with a glance from her lustrous black eyes. No ridicule is strong enough to dampen his ardor, and his objections of late parents sufficiently powerful to subdue his passion.

"Mexican lovers rarely meet, for even if the young man is related to the family of the young lady, and has been a caller at the home, the mere fact of his paying attention to her puts a severe restraint on his intercourse with the family. After a time, if things have progressed favorably, he is admitted as an accepted suitor, and is received by the girl always accompanied by her mother, who usually does all the conversation. But love finds many forms of expression, and stolen glances, never suspected, speak volumes for the lovers. As the suit progresses many an evening passes with the girl at the window or balcony, and her lover in the street below, wholly oblivious of the passer-by or his naive or caustic remark. The duration of a courtship depends upon the fortune employed, the means at command of the parties, and their age. Consent for the marriage is demanded from the parents of the girl by the suitor's father, who is accompanied by a priest, that the pledges may be made more binding."

ENGLAND'S GREATEST TENOR.

Edmund Rice, who died recently in Comparative Poverty.

The death of Sims Reeves, which occurred not long ago in Sussex, England, removed one of the greatest singers of his day. For many years he ranked as one of the greatest of English tenors. He had a voice of wonderful purity and sweetness that captivated all who heard it, and although 70 when he died it was of a quality up to a short time ago. Reeves was born near London and early displayed great musical talent. Before he was 14 he could play on several musical instruments, but nature had endowed him with a magnificent voice which needed but little training to bring out its richness. He made his public appearance in 1839 and met with immediate success. Later he studied under French and Italian masters and while in Milan he appeared in "Lucia Lammermoor," his singing winning the highest praise. He returned to his native land in 1847 and was immediately recognized as England's leading tenor. He never acquired the great fortune that lay within his grasp and died in comparative poverty. In 1885 he married Miss Luce, an opera singer, and started on a singing tour of Australia. He became bankrupt and was recently granted a civil pension of \$500 by Queen Victoria, which saved him from utter destitution.

THE HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

She is Self-Reliant, Physically Strong, and Fitted to be a Man's Companion.

The heroine of modern life and fiction is contrasted with the heroine of the century's beginning by Robert Grant, in the Woman's Home Companion. In the two he contrasts the heroine of the past with the heroine of the present.

"Not only a woman herself, but the universe, rejoices in the new heroine of real life and contemporary fiction—the self-reliant, incredulous, sphere-seeking, critical, yearning modern woman. Even the rose on her bosom, the premier danseuse, and no one could possibly return to her the umbrella she had voluntarily stolen.—New York Times."

He Found What He Wanted.

Some Indians from Buffalo, Bill's Wild West, arrayed in bright-colored blankets and an exceptional amount of face paint, were taking in the sights of the city the other afternoon. They strolled down Walnut street, single file, and headed by a buck who now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when something that pleased him caught his eye. He halted in front of a drug store and gazed at the window display for a moment. Then the band fled to the establishment and began to look around.

The clerk thought the place was going to be besieged, and that he was likely to lose his scalp, but when the "big chief," who acted as spokesman, addressed him with the customary Indian greeting—"How are you?" the clerk's composure enough to ask the Indian what he wanted.

"Heap smell," was the reply.

Directed by the Indian's finger to a showcase the clerk produced a bar of soap. The brave took it gingerly, removed the wrapper, smelled it and with its toothsome-looking article, with a deep grunt of displeasure he handed it back to the drug clerk. With a disgusted look, he remarked, "Heap smell."

The clerk began to tremble and pointed to a perfume bottle in the showcase. The bottle of perfume was handed to him. The Indian held it in both hands for a moment, closely scrutinizing it. He slowly removed the stopper, closely watching it as he expected it to explode, and a low, soft sniff he uttered, gave a grunt of satisfaction, handed the clerk some money and led his band of braves out of the store, to the delight of the frightened clerk, who had not been in the practice of waiting on real Indians.—Kansas City Journal.

Carried Grandma's Picture.

Some time ago when Prince Henry of Prussia, who, as all know, is the grandson of Queen Victoria, was at Hong-Kong, the captain of a British trading steamer sailing out of that port was walking round the graving dock in which the Prince's ship was being brushed up, when he saw an officer standing near the gangway leading from the quay to the ship, and, being curious to have a look over the vessel, he saluted with a "Good morning, sir," and asked if he had any objection to his having a walk through the ship.

"No," at all," replied the officer; "I shall be delighted to escort you round."

After showing him over the different parts of the warship the officer took the captain into his cabin. He offered him a cigar and a glass of wine, and they had quite a friendly chat together. Before leaving the captain happened to glance round the cabin and saw a photo of Victoria. Said he to the officer: "I notice you have a photograph of the Queen of England."

"Yes," answered the officer, "I always carry one of my grandmother's pictures with me."

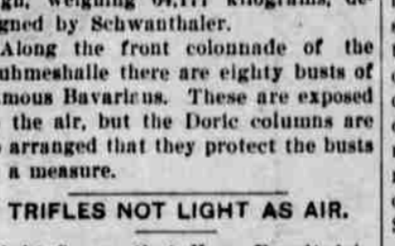
What the captain's feelings were when he found he had been an eavesdropper with the admiral, Prince Henry of Prussia, he can be better imagined than described.

There's always room at the top—but few men care to dwell in an attic.

BAVARIA'S HALL OF FAME.

Idea Crystallized in America is Not an Original One.

America is not entitled to claim originality in her purpose to erect a hall of fame at the University of New York. Bavaria originated the idea long ago and a hall of fame exists in Munich to-day. It is known as the "Hallen der Ruhmehalle" and overlooks the newer part of the city and the Theresienwiese. The hall was begun in 1843 under the supervision of the architect Klenz and was completed ten years later. It is in the form of a colonnade, seventy meters long and thirty-two meters wide, and has two projecting wings which partly inclose the statue of Bavaria. This is a gigantic work, 100 feet



MUNICH'S HALL OF FAME.

TRIFLES NOT LIGHT AS AIR.

Slight Causes that Have Resulted in Momentous Events.

Only a short time ago the ancient Swan Hotel at Ipswich, England, was destroyed by a fire, which originated through rats gnawing matches.

The sudden appearance of a billiard mouse among the occupants of the gallery of the Victoria Theater, Westminster, on boxing night, 1858, started a panic, which resulted in the death of fifteen people.

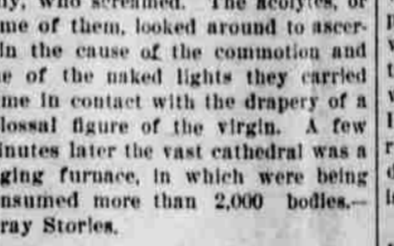
A mousetrap strayed on the St. Ledger course some years ago, just as the field sweep by. Seven horses came down in a heap, and of the jockeys who were riding them five were hurt—three seriously.

To win a bet of 2 pence a little pit lad, employed at the Verdale colliery, in the Rhonda Valley, picked the lock of his safety lamp with an ordinary hairpin. He himself, together with nearly 200 of his mates, perished in the explosion which followed.

At Siboburgness some fifteen years ago Col. Francis Lyon invented a new kind of sensitive fuse for big caliber shells, and invited a number of gunnery experts to be present at the trials. On the night prior to the day on which the experiments were to be made he locked up a number of the fuses in a shed in which there were some fowls. The chickens started scratching, and the dust flew up and settled on the threads of the screws of the fuses. When, next morning, an unfortunate gunner started to fix one to a live shell, the mischievous bird, killing the operator, the inventor and five other persons. Burrowing rabbits so weakened the foundations of a tall chimney at Cuckton, Yorkshire, that it fell, crushing to death fifteen people.

The gambols of a big retriever—some say the playful antics of two children—sufficed to wreck the west coast Scotch express—last year. A luggage trolley was started, ran down the sloping platform and toppled over onto the line in front of the train.

The Expressman was cast away on the



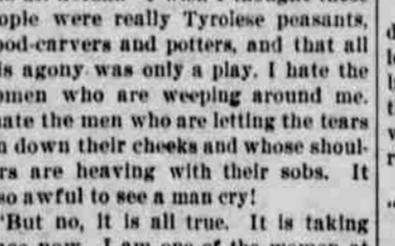
HERBERT SPENCER.

HIS MIND STILL CLEAR.

Though a Physical Weakling, Herbert Spencer is Strong Mentally.

The progress of the laborer's Herbert Spencer upon the philosophy of the world will be felt long after his death. He has embodied into his own system the ideas of the great thinkers of the past, and he has shown that the progress of the human mind is a process of evolution, and that the progress of the human race is a process of evolution.

Spencer was born in 1820, and died in 1903. He was a man of great intellect, and his mind was still clear at the end of his life. He was a man of great courage, and he was not afraid to stand up for his principles. He was a man of great faith, and he believed in the progress of the human race.



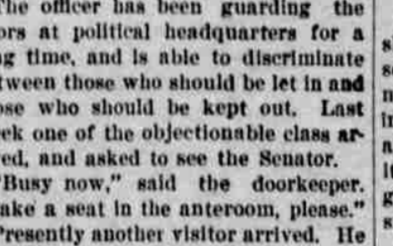
HERBERT SPENCER.

MUST BE A HEALTHY PLACE.

Washington Man's Wife Spoils His Chance of Making a Name.

A young Westener who called a job in one of the departments about a year ago got into the habit from the jump of putting in a time slip pretty frequently, explaining each time to the chief of his division that his wife was very delicate and that she had sent for him.

He was a man of great intellect, and his mind was still clear at the end of his life. He was a man of great courage, and he was not afraid to stand up for his principles. He was a man of great faith, and he believed in the progress of the human race.



HERBERT SPENCER.