



A NIGHT AT LAS CRUCES.

"FIVE minutes after leaving the house in company with my host, E. A. Van Patten, sheriff of Dona Ana County, came the first exciting experience of the night," said a man from New Mexico in telling of some happenings in that territory when the railroads there were new. "We had crossed an open lot and turned up the sandy street leading to the principal street of Las Cruces when, bang—bang—bang! from somewhere in the darkness ahead came the reports of a repeating-rifle, or heavy revolver, mingled with the whizzing screech of bullets coming straight down the road with us in the direct line of their course. At the first shot Van Patten and I stopped still, and a man walking along at a little distance behind us jumped to the road-side and went flat to the ground in the ditch. He wasn't hit, and didn't mean to be. The second bullet passed between Van Patten and me, the wind of it flapping the sheriff's hat-brim. The third—well, I wasn't there any more, but was making three jumps to the second to get behind the corner of an adobe wall that fenced an orchard from the road. The sheriff stood his ground and laughed at me for running away; then went back to the house for his revolver. When we got up to the main street, we learned that the firing had been done by a Mexican taking shots at another Mexican in a quarrel over a girl. No one was hit, and so the matter passed.

"The city's principal street was ablaze with the lights of saloons, all open in front on this hot September night and crowded with customers, miners, ranch-men, soldiers, lawyers, tourists, and Spanish-Americans, rich and poor, passed in and out or lounged about the doorways. The sheriff, a candidate for re-election, talked with everybody in English or Spanish, as the occasion demanded, and set up the drinks often for the crowd as we cruised from place to place. At about ten o'clock a messenger with a telegram came hunting for him, and soon a new excitement spread through the town, and men gathered in groups to listen to such details as had reached the city of an attempt at train robbery that had occurred on the Atchison road that night a few miles above Las Cruces. The robbers had tried to ditch the southward-bound passenger train, but had succeeded only in stopping it, and after attacking the express-car, had been beaten off. A mile from the place the same men, it was supposed, had help up a rich ranchman and robbed him of his money, pistol, and watch. Messages had at once been sent by the division superintendent of the road to the sheriffs of Dona Ana, Lincoln, Sierra, and Socorro Counties, notifying them of the occurrence. Two railroad detectives had arrived in Las Cruces on a special locomotive, and were in consultation with Van Patten by eleven o'clock that night.

"Van Patten hunted up all of his deputies that were in town, and sent two with a posse up to the scene of the attempted robbery to trail the bandits from that point. He also set inquiries on foot as to whether certain untrustworthy characters living at Las Cruces were in town at the time the train was stopped. Having done everything apparently that could be done that night toward detecting and capturing the outlaws, Van Patten said to me:

"Let's go up to Juana's and eat some enchiladas before we go home."

"We left the main street and its revelries and went up the hill to the east, among the flat-roofed adobe houses of the poorer Mexican residents of the town. As we passed these humble homes, through the doorways left open for coolness the forms of the inmates asleep upon the floor of the one room within could indistinctly be seen. Juana's was a sort of Mexican restaurant, and here, at midnight, we ordered the enchiladas, which were brought to us on a platter by the dark-skinned comely hostess. Enchiladas are tortillas—thin cakes of unleavened bread resembling an ordinary buckwheat cake in size and shape—on which is spread a mixture of onions and red chili peppers chopped up together. With a bottle of beer to accompany them, I found the enchiladas not half bad to eat. As we sat at the table a pretty Mexican girl in a white-muslin gown, and bare-headed, came in, whom the sheriff greeted as Josefa and invited to a glass of beer. They chatted together in the Spanish tongue as we ate our enchiladas, and he joked her about some person whom he called 'Shifty Bill.' Our meal finished, we paid the hostess, said good-night to her and Josefa, and went out into the darkness. We did not go back the way we had come, but, taking another route, passed

an adobe house in which a light was burning, while the door was closed.

"That is Josefa's house," the sheriff said to me. We walked on as far as the next house, a few steps beyond, Van Patten pulled me into its shadow and stopped.

"We'll wait here a bit. Don't speak or make a noise," he cautioned me.

"A minute later I found myself standing alone, the sheriff having left me so silently that I had not noticed his going. As I stood in the shadow, wondering what all this mystery was about, the door of Juana's house, up the hill-side, opened, and the white-robed form of Josefa came through the darkness toward her house. Arriving, she went into the house, leaving the door partly open. Then came the sound of footsteps of some one walking softly toward the house, and in the light that streamed through the doorway I saw a man, in dark clothes and wearing a sombrero, on the point of entering the house.

"His foot was at the threshold when click, came the sound of a pistol-hammer suddenly cocked, and the sheriff's voice said, sternly: 'Hands up! You're my prisoner!'

"The man at the threshold started back as if he had been stung and turned, but his hands went up above his head as quickly when he saw Van Patten, who had stepped behind him from round the corner of the house, covering him with his revolver. He recovered himself in a moment enough to curse vigorously. Van Patten took no chances with his prisoner. Josefa in the doorway was screaming for a rescue and calling for a knife that she might kill the sheriff. She would have attacked him tooth and nail, but he declared that he would shoot the prisoner with the first interference from any one.

"It's no use, Bill; you'd better come along peaceably," he said. "I'll show you my warrant when we get to the calaboose. This gun'll do for warrant till we get there. You know what'll happen if you drop your hands. Right about! March!"

"Down the hill, into the main street of the town, we went, where, at past one o'clock in the morning, the saloons were in full blast, with a trade almost as good as in the beginning of the evening. A crowd gathered and followed as the sheriff took his prisoner to the lock-up. There had been no chance since the arrest was made for the man to get rid of anything he had concealed about him, and there were found in his possession, besides the pair of revolvers and knife at his belt, a black mask and a gold watch and pocket-book with money, which afterward led to his conviction for the crime of attempted train-wrecking and for the robbery of the ranchman. The arrest of Shifty Bill—such was the prisoner's title, his real name being Philip Hulskamp—was followed by the capture of his two accomplices within the next twenty-four hours, so that this episode was quickly closed.

"I suspected from the first that Shifty Bill had a hand in the business up the road," said the sheriff, as we walked home together in the early morning. "Why? Instinct, I suppose. I found out that he had not been in town through the afternoon and evening. When his girl, Josefa, came for enchiladas and frijoles to take to her home—that was her errand at Juana's—I made up my mind that she expected him to arrive late and hungry. Did you see her face when I joked her about Bill? She was anxious for him, and showed it. So when he came to her house I took the risk of arresting him, and I made no mistake."—New York Sun.

Fish Are Short-Sighted.

All fish and other creatures that live below the surface of the water are short-sighted.

Of what use to them would long sight be when, at a comparatively shallow depth, the range of vision is limited, from lack of light, to only a few yards? The result is the crystalline lens of a fish's eye is bulged to an almost spherical shape, and the fish must live in a world of surprises, seeing things loom up suddenly out of a fog.

The nets we stretch for them would hardly take a fish, at least in daylight, if they could see as we do in air.

Succeeds the Sand Box.

Experiments have recently been made to prevent the sliding of locomotive wheels by magnetizing them when putting on the brakes, or when climbing steep grades.

There are two sides to the kin question, after all; if it were not for kin, some married women would starve to death.

LATE NEW INVENTIONS.

Pneumatic bicycle tires will last longer by using a newly designed brake which has two loosely pivoted clips shod with rubber or felt pads to press on the sides of the rim when the brake is applied instead of on the tire.

Boots and shoes are prevented from squeaking by an air channel placed between two filling pieces at the sides of the heel and extending forward in the sole of the shoe, the air chamber being fitted with a valve for inflation.

Letters cannot be fraudulently abstracted from a new mail box which has a cylinder set in the letter slot and fastened with a ratchet so it will turn over to push the letter in, but cannot be turned backward to withdraw it.

A simple device which will prevent many railroad accidents consists of a fusible knob attached to the ends of car axles, to drop down and complete an electric circuit, thus giving an alarm to the engineer whenever a hotbox occurs on a car.

Screw propellers are to be used instead of rudders for steering a ship, a shaft being mounted in either the bow or stern of the vessel at right angles with the keel and fitted with propeller wheels on each end, to be revolved and draw the boat around.

To minimize the danger of fracture of lamp chimneys a new burner has a plate in which the chimney rests and is clamped fast with a screw, which is tightened when the lamp is lighted, so that sudden changes of temperature will not break the chimney.

Bedsteads for army and camping use are made with four upright posts resting on the ground and supporting cross pieces, over which a canvas bottom is drawn and suspended by loops, the bed being braced by ropes fastened to spikes driven into the ground.

In a wickless lamp just out a cup floats on the surface of an open oil chamber, with a burner tube in its center, which extends down into the oil and brings the fluid near enough to the top of the tube so it can be ignited and feed itself through the tube.

A German has invented an apparatus to "increase the comfort" of persons in railway carriages and on board ships, consisting of a back rest supported by a strap, with loops for the arms and a net for the head, the whole being suspended from the ceiling by springs.

In a recently patented cycle steering mechanism the ball-races in the head of the machine are slightly depressed in the front and rear, so as to guide the wheel in a nearly straight line by allowing the gear cones to sink into the depressions when the wheel is straight.

Forgiving Small Injuries.

How often are our feelings hurt by a sharp look, a sarcastic laugh or an ill-tempered remark. Our ignorance in some common branch may be exposed to laughter, a thoughtless slip of the tongue, jeered at, or a careless mistake be received with derisive laughter. What a feeling of anger surges through one! Months may pass, the amused spectator will have forgotten the incident, but the scene is seared on one's memory, perhaps never to be forgotten nor forgiven.

These little slights are harder to forgive than big injuries, they rankle and sting, and seem to grow to huge proportions. Being brooded over, they seem like the deepest insults. How are we to treat these mocking foes?

First think carefully on both sides. The scoffer probably at once forgot the incident, is it worth while then to cherish a dislike against an unconscious foe who can never make reparation?

Might you not have laughed if the cases had been reversed? Console yourself with the thought that if you have made one such blunder he has probably made ten. Everybody has. Next, make a resolution to forgive and forget the slight, and do you be more careful about scoffing at other people's mistakes.

The greatest surgeon may not know who wrote Henry Esmond, nor the greatest artist the situation of Moscow, but are they not great all the same?

The Meanest of Thieves.

At the very lowest stratum of thieves in New York is placed what is known as the roof lifter. He is a cross production of burglar, sneak thief and footpad. Born of necessity and in crime, he finds his favorite field on the roofs of perspiring tenements on suffocating summer nights.

Worse than the skulker after the battle, he slinks from one prostrate form to another, taking what he can find, keeping what he can get. The ghoul robs the dead, who have no need of earthly possessions; the roof lifter robs the living, the poorest of the poor, forced from stifling tenements to the roof for a few short hours of sleep, that are necessary only that one may have strength for the battle of tomorrow.

Newly Married.

"You have said nothing about the dinner, though I cooked it myself and have given you your favorite dish."

"I really was not aware of the fact, my dear."

The school for convict women the superintendent of the State penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., started some time ago is meeting with complete success.

ON A BLEAK SCOTCH MOUNTAIN.

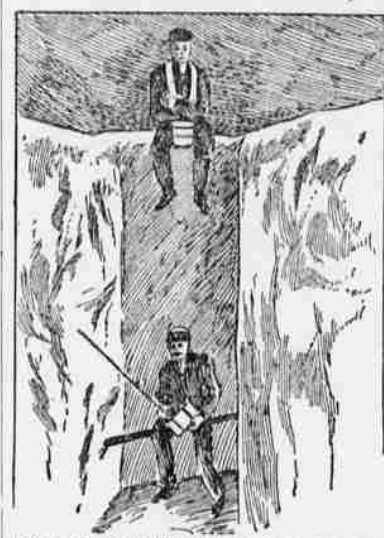
Ben Nevis Observatory, Britain's Highest Meteorological Station.

The observatory on Ben Nevis, Scotland, is the highest meteorological station in Britain, and the scientific results obtained there are in consequence of small importance.



It is now thirteen years ago since this observatory was opened. The original building consisted of one room, but additions were soon made. A tower about eighty feet in height, which serves the double purpose of carrying a set of anemometers and of providing a convenient exit when the winter snows have closed the ordinary doorway, was also erected. The observatory is substantially built, and is all of one story, except the tower. The dry-stone walls vary in thickness from four feet in the less exposed parts to ten feet at the base of the tower; the windows are all double, and the roof is covered with lead overlaid with snow-boarding.

Although the velocity of the gales on Ben Nevis frequently exceeds 130 miles an hour, no damage has been done to the building beyond the breaking of an occasional pane of glass. The day of twenty-four hours is divided into watches—eight hours long at night and four during the day. Thus there is always at least one of the observers practically in the clouds, for most phe-



HOLE IN SNOW 20 FEET DEEP AT BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

nomena observed on Ben Nevis are of great interest and beauty. As the observers are practically in the clouds for most of the time, many opportunities are afforded for minutely examining the optical effects of mist or cloud on the rays of the sun or moon, when a thin, almost imperceptible, film of scud-cloud or mist covers are formed. These coronae, as is well known, consist of colored rings arranged concentrically round the moon or sun. Each ring has all the usual spectroscopic or rainbow colors to more or less perfection arranged with the red belt outside. In winter when the sun is low—even at noon—the shadow of a person standing near the cliff that runs all along the northern side of the mountain is cast clear of the hill and shown in the valley below.

Prior to the advance of winter, the observatory is stocked with coals, tinned food, and sundries for nine months. The provisions are conveyed on horseback by way of the bridge path. In winter the telegraph-wire is the observers' sole means of communicating with the lower world. Snow falls to the depth of fifteen feet and terrific gales prevail.

Animal life is somewhat rare on the summit, but an occasional fox or weasel may be observed in the rocks. Snow bunting build their nests regularly in the cliffs below the observatory, and in winter are quite tame. The observers have on more than one occasion caught mice in the building, and their existence there has given rise to a good deal of controversy. About a year ago a live frog was taken to the observatory, where it has remained ever since, and, although partaking of nothing in the way of food, it seems as lively as when it was taken up.

UP-TO-DATE CAMPING.

Every Improvement to Make Life in the Woods a Pleasure.

Not so very long ago when people went camping it really meant they went "roughing it." The modern camper has kept abreast of the times and has every improvement to make life in



A LITTLE LUNCH.

the woods or by the river bank a pleasure.

Occasionally we see a remnant of the ancient system—a large unwieldy boat

or wagon laden with persons dressed in their oldest clothes, with sufficient canvas being much in evidence. Back to first principles the real camping lies in wandering from place to place and pitching one's tent on a new spot each night, but this is not too much labor. The modern camper, well represented in the scene depicted, which shows these luxurious having afternoon tea after the fashion of the day. Usually these pretty awnings are pitched near others of a large tent for "smokers" and occasional diners may be had. The tents have board floors, the seats kept off the awning, and if the tent is pitched for the summer more likely each family has its flower-pots, flags, hammocks and lanterns and lamps for jubilee.

Summer has seen many swarms on the shores of lovely lakes lying in Chicago, and the campers have enjoyed themselves better, so they claim, the more fashionable visitors at crowded summer resorts, which get near enough to Nature to suit man or girl really tired of cities and crowds.

AN ORIGINAL ABOLITIONIST.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Rust Is One Who Claims That Distinction.

Rev. Dr. Richard S. Rust is one of the "original abolitionists." From his youth—and he has now reached age—he has been active for the good of the colored people of the land, before the civil war he worked for freedom. Since the war he has worked to increase their culture. All his long life he has been connected with national institutions for their education. He has made for himself an imperishable record as an agent of civilization, and his name will never be forgotten by the freedmen of the United States. Dr. Rust was born in England, where revolt against slavery was indigenous, and there was no any doubt about his willingness to be classed among the "black Republicans," or the "greasy mechanics," whatever else the advocates of the greatest of national reforms were contemptuously called. Perhaps he was never actually assaulted while preaching and lecturing for emancipation, but over and over again he has experienced violence enough to make any but the most stout-hearted, forty years ago he became president of the Freedmen's College at Xenia, Ohio, and while holding this position he has much to do with the insertion of clauses against slavery into the general Methodist discipline. After the war Dr. Rust was the father of the Methodist policy of extending school for freedmen all over the South, which has resulted in about eighty institutions that serve as lighthouses



REV. DR. RICHARD S. RUST.

knowledge to the whole colored race. For years he has gone up and down the land lecturing and preaching in the behalf, and now, when too old to do any more personal labor, his interest is still strong. Dr. Rust resides in Cincinnati.

Horseless Carriage.

Edison thinks that there will be horseless carriage on the market, combining the lightness and trimness of the bicycle and costing not more than \$100. There are no insurmountable difficulties in the way. The thing is feasible enough, and an army of inventors at work upon it. When it comes to bicycler will have the choice of wearing his own passage or having it worn for him. Some of them pretend like the former, but with the alternative in reach the chances are that they will develop an indolent and luxurious preference for the latter. The vehicle is certainly on the way, various type and function, and Mr. Edison's declaration that it will speedily appear is the more significant from the fact that he ought to know what he is talking about.—Farmer's Review.

Inherited.

"Is that young one going to be awake all night?" asked Mr. Lushington indignantly.

"There is no right for you to complain," retorted his wife. "He inherited the habit from you."

Russia's New Purchase.

Russia has bought the Sebastopol ship-building yard for 1,000,000 rubles.

Woman is a lovely dream—dreams always go by contraries.