

FLASHES OF FUN

Eliza (showing Pearl her photograph)—Awful, isn't it? Pearl—It's a splendid likeness, though.—New York.

"Boys, don't you know it's wicked to fight? Now, if I were you I'd kiss and make up." "Say, you do you think it's a woman's club?"—Life.

"What is the matter with Bill?" "Worrying over business affairs." "I didn't know he had any business." "That's it. He hasn't."—Indianapolis News.

"I don't want to know how to make money go farther," he insisted. "Why not?" "Just because I personally find it too far off as it is."—Philadelphia North American.

Sharpe—Why, yes, I was at church last Sunday. Kloseman—Were you, really? Strange I didn't see you. Sharpe—Oh, not at all. I took up the collection.—Philadelphia Press.

"Matrimony," mused the elderly woman, "spells many a romance." "In that case," replied the younger woman promptly, "I would like to have a romance spoiled."—Chicago Post.

"Lemme once get my hair on de chicken, wid a straight road led' me," says a Georgia dandy, "en I'll settle de race problem so quick 'll make you head swim."—Atlanta Constitution.

Johnny—Grandpa, have you any teeth? Grandpa—No, my child, they have all gone. Johnny—Then I think I'll let you hold my nuts while I run an errand.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"How in the world did you happen to buy three boxes of blackberries?" a woman asked her husband, who had been doing the marketing. "Three for a quarter," the man replied.—Atholton Globe.

Mifflin—That scoundrel Johnson called me an idiot! Birkin—He didn't prove it, did he? Mifflin—No; but—Birkin—Then I'd advise you to let the matter drop, or he might—Chicago Daily News.

"So you're learning to play chess?" said Maud. "Yes," answered Maudie. "The moves must be very difficult." "Yes. But the worst part isn't the moving. It's the keeping still."—Washington Star.

He Explains—Summer Boarder—I thought your advertisement said something about being a farmer.—Oh, yes. We have a lot and only some times the darned creek dries up.—Town and Country.

Bachelor—I don't understand why he wants to marry her. Why, she hasn't any mind at all. Henpeck—So much the better. Then she can't be changing it every hour or so.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"I'm told the climate here has great health-giving properties," said the visitor. "What do you attribute it to?" "Well," replied the proprietor of the health resort, "I guess it's because I've advertised it so well."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Pan Out—Miss Towney (in search of the idyllic, at last meets a real live shepherd)—Pray tell me, gentle shepherd, where is thy pipe? The Gentle Shepherd—I left it at home, 'cause I ain't got no 'bacony.—Tit-Bits.

Summer Man—Jack—How are you going to spend the summer? Tom—'m going to spend it traveling from one seaside place to another, until I find a girl worth a million or two, who wants to be loved and married for herself alone.—Tit-Bits.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday School teacher, "can any of you name the three great feasts of the Jews?" "Yes, I can," replied one little fellow. "Very well, Johnny, what are they?" "Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unconsciously logical reply.

"Ah, wish de mudders ob dis congregation would bring dey babies to church wif dem. Nevah mind how young dey am, Jess bring 'em erlong. If dey am too young to appreciate de significance ob de service, dey can, at least, yell an' keep de deacons awake!"—Lack.

Auntie (finding Jackie sobbing in a corner)—Why, Jackie, what has happened to make you feel so badly this morning. Jackie—M-ma n-issed some jelly. Auntie—Ho, ho! I see. And her napkins fell upon you, eh? Jackie—No, auntie, it was her slipper.—The Boston Courier.

"How long has this affair been building?" asked the American tourist, as he looked at Cologne Cathedral. "About five hundred years," answered the guide. "Five hundred years! Why, in Chicago we could put up a building like that and have it all to pieces, all within five years."—London Tit-Bits.

"It's funny our minister never gets married," remarked the young husband, who had just refused his wife a bonnet, in his endeavor to change the subject. "I think he'd make a good husband." "Well," replied the wife, warmly, "he didn't seem to make a very good one when he married us."—Tit-Bits.

Head Floor Walker (severely)—I heard you tell the lady she would find the ribbons at the third counter to the left. New Floor Walker—That's where they are. Head Floor Walker—Yes; but you should have told her to go to the right past the necktie bargain counter, turn to the left past the stocking bargain counter, then three counters to the right past the shirtwaist bargain counter, and so on. You'll never make a floor walker.—Judge.

To Study Forest Fires. The agents of the bureau of forestry will study forest fires as they occur to determine how they are caused, how fast they burn and what conditions favor or hinder them, and just what damage they do to soil and to tree growth.

After a widower passes sixty, the thing that his friends should pray for most is that he will escape a "child wife."

It is hard to believe that Pa and Ma were ever romantic figures.

EARLY PYRAMIDS IN MEXICO.

An Archaeologist Describes Them and a City Antedating Columbus. Great archaeological value is attached to the discovery of an ancient city in a remote portion of the state of Puebla, and in order to ascertain the exact import of the find the federal government has commissioned the sub-director of the national museum, F. Rodriguez, who is one of the foremost Mexican engineers, to visit the ruins and make investigations, says a special to the Philadelphia Press. Dr. Nicolas Leon, the archaeologist and ethnologist of the institution, accompanies him.

Dr. Leon reports that the ruins have never been known to the world of science and that they are the most primitive that have been discovered in Mexico and are, in fact, so ancient that it will require a great deal of time and study to learn in what epoch they were built, as well as by what people. Dr. Leon has made the following statement in reference to the discoveries:

"In a range of small hills that extends from north to south from the high neighboring mountains we found a very numerous series of pyramidal constructions guarded by elaborate trenches and connected, for purposes of communication, by wide avenues, which were set off at intervals by sloping avenues, platforms and staircases. All the pyramids were found to be quadrangular and to have been built with especial reference to the cardinal points. Those important monuments were constructed entirely of rocks and sandstones cut and laid in juxtaposition. The surface dressing of the pyramids is small stones worked into cubical forms of very ornamental appearance and laid close together.

"As a rule, every four of the pyramids surround a court. All of them are so grouped that each and every one of them guards the entrance to the court. But in any case the entrances are not protected, great walls with bases much wider than their summits re-enforce the pyramids. These walls are of such sizes that their summits are really streets.

"They are well paved with flat stones and have platforms, staircases and sloping activities like the avenues. On one of the highest of the platforms and at the bases of all the pyramids we found pieces of pottery which were certainly made before the time of Columbus and which were evidently the remains of a civilization relatively more advanced than that of the builders of the pyramids.

"We found also many sculptured scenes in bas-relief of prehistoric times. Figures of human beings and animals in stone and iron were quite numerous. Domestic utensils of stone painted rose color were scattered over the ground.

"Stone knives and arrow heads of the obsidian epoch were encountered in great abundance. Leagues of the mountainous country are covered with ruins.

MEASURES SMALL.



Just why any one would want to measure a millimouth of an inch is not plain to us, yet there is a machine that will measure with accuracy that tiny distance. A picture of it, taken at the office of the United States Coast Survey in Washington, is presented herewith. The way in which it works is too technical to be popularly interesting, but it depends upon half a dozen small mirrors reflecting into each other and casting a resultant ray of light upon a fine scale.

He Cannot Leave.

The conversation happened to turn on an eccentric capitalist, who had retired from business with a fortune large enough to satisfy the average ambition, but not so large as popular report credited him with having.

"What is he doing with his money?" was asked.

"The only thing I have heard of his doing with it," was the reply, "is buying up mortgages on little one or two story houses owned by widows or orphans."

Rebuked.

A burglar recently broke into the house of one of the most ardent of footballers in London. He was busily removing the silver plate when the owner appeared. The thief turned like a flash and levelled a pistol at the other's head, while he growled:

"Move a foot, guv'nor, an' you're a dead un."

"I beg your pardon," answered the other; "if I move, it will be good proof that I am alive. You should be more careful as to the meaning of your words."

The Contrabandist; OR, A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. One Life's Secret!

CHAPTER III. It was on the night of the adventures of Count Louis that two men might have been seen emerging from the forest and directing their steps in the road to the cottage of Hugh Lamont, which Louis had left some ten minutes previously.

One of these, the elder, was a tall, sturdy man, dressed in the coarse garb of a peasant, and his features were by no means displeasing. At present, they wore a look of deep thought, as if almost of sternness, as he walked rapidly, and in silence, listening to his companion, who was speaking in low, but bitter and angry tones, and evidently on some exciting subject.

This man, whose dress was much the same as that of the first, but less possessing appearance than the other. Like that of his companion, his countenance was unshorn and rude; but the expression of the features was sinister and forbidding, the features themselves, apart from their expression, anything but agreeable. Yet might have been assured a thousand times that he was nothing more or less than a simple and honest peasant, as he was generally understood to be; but for all that, you would have disliked to meet this man on the highway at midnight, or in the depths of the forest from which he had just emerged.

"I tell you," he was saying, "vengefully—I tell you, if I have but the power, I will make him pay dear for this! Two of our best fellows disabled, and my own brains nearly knocked out by that arm of his. Who would think it had so much strength?"

"Chut, Gaspard!" said the other, a little sternly; "do you want to show your claws? Better speak a little lower, if you don't want to put your neck in danger. One can never tell how many ears there may be in these bushes along here."

"I can shut them up, unless they belong to another like the one that dealt with me to-night. I shall feel his fist for a little while to come."

"Do you want to put yourself in the way of feeling it again?"

"Wait till I get on his track the next time. I'll cure him of his impudence."

"Better hold your tongue, comrade. Why didn't you cure him to-night?—three to one, and beaten at that! A fine story to tell the men!"

"Who knew he had his pistols? He must have found out before he started that somebody had drawn his teeth. Ah, he bit with them. I can tell you! If we had a dozen like him in the band, it would be worth something, captain. As it is, I'll take care he doesn't do us any harm, now that he has got off. If you had been there to-night, instead of minding something else, you might have won a different tune; but now all the way to mend matters is to give him a little music to dance to."

"Blockhead!" muttered the elder, with a frown.

"Well, do you say, then, captain?" asked his companion.

"Nothing, Gaspard. But here we are, and the light is burning in the window, as they reached the cottage."

"And Mademoiselle Rose waiting for her father, no doubt," said the other. (To be continued.)

GATTLINGS ON GUARD. UNIQUE FOLSOM PENITENTIARY HAS NO WALLS.

California Prison the Only One of Its Kind in the World—Memories of the Eventful Days When Charles Aull Was Warden.

The escape of thirteen desperate convicts from Folsom penitentiary, near Sacramento, Cal., brought that somewhat noted Western penal institution unpleasantly before the public. It is the most remarkable place of its kind in the world in that, while confining hundreds of daring men, there is no wall around it. In this respect it is unique among such institutions.

Memories of the eventful days when Charles Aull was warden of Folsom prison have been recalled by the recent escape of convicts from the institution. Aull was one of the most picturesque characters developed in the rough and ready life in California in the years following the gold discovery. He was the man who planned and perfected the unique guarding of the Folsom prisoners, and it was his proud boast that in the twenty-five years he was warden not a man escaped.

A small graveyard standing outside the gray sides of the prison gave Aull his chance to boast like this. No prisoner ever escaped because Aull's guards shot any man who tried to flee. Aull was a splendid marksman, and he demanded of his guards the same skill with firearms. Every week he held a shooting contest, and if any man fell below a percentage of 85 twice in succession he was taken from the watch towers and put to work as turnkey until he had risen to the desired standard again.

Aull had an original method in marking men who had tried and failed to escape. He clothed them in red shirts, and his guards were instructed to shoot for these shirts if any effort was made to break away. Not until every man wearing a red shirt had

been shot down in a fleeing group were the guards to fire on the other convicts.

He made the discipline so exact that it was impossible for a man to escape. In the last few years of his service attempts to gain freedom grew less and less. Finally they decided it was better to work out their sentences, or to hope for a reprieve in the case of a life sentence, than to feel the bite of the frowning Gatlings.

And yet, with all the precautions he took, Aull was liked by the majority of his prisoners. He treated them justly, and they recognized this. He was tireless in his efforts to obtain better food and better clothing for the men. He did not work them hard

in the quarters and he gave them frequent relaxation. He interested himself in them personally, and many he helped after they had gone back into the world. He raised the standard for prison fare and living in California, and the convicts expressed sorrow when he gave up the post, five years ago.

The World's Wealth. A writer in one of the recent magazines gives some interesting facts concerning the distribution of the world's wealth among the different nations. The total wealth of the world is roughly estimated at \$400,000,000,000. Of this sum the larger part is owned by Americans and Europeans, the United States' share being in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000,000—about one-fourth of the whole. The wealth of the United Kingdom, combining the shares of England, Scotland and Ireland, is estimated at \$11,800,000,000—a little less than \$20,000,000,000, making Great Britain the richest of European nations. France comes next, with property amounting to \$48,000,000,000 in our money. Germany's portion is about \$40,000,000,000 and Russia's \$32,000,000,000.

Household Servants in France. Even the many privileges expected by the modern English domestic servant are exceeded by those enjoyed by the servants of France, who are perhaps on terms of greater familiarity with their employers than are the servants of any other country in the world. What would an English mistress think of being kissed on both cheeks by her maid on returning from a holiday or of a departing servant not only kissing the mistress but offering to kiss the master? Only recently a magistrate had to decide whether a breakage of crockery had taken place in the course of the household's usual duties, in which case the damage could not be deducted from her wages, or whether it took place in her attic on one of her weekly receptions of friends.

Corn for Cob Pipes. One of Missouri's unique industries is the growing of a kind of corn whose cob is specially adapted for pipes. A group of farmers in Lafayette County raise it exclusively. One field of twenty-five acres produced 1,126 bushels of corn worth \$336, and the cobs sold for \$108. The average per acre was \$21.36. Corn cob pipes are supposed to dispose of nicotine without injury to the smoker. Senator Cockrell's corn cob pipe is one of the traditions of Missouri campaigns.

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Some people have a great deal of pride, and nothing back of it.



FOLSOM PENITENTIARY, NEAR SACRAMENTO, CAL.

When Aull took charge of Folsom he found a huge pile of buildings standing in a rocky amphitheater close to the American river. The prison grounds covered 480 acres, mostly filled with quarries of the finest limestone.

It had been planned to build walls around the prison, but Aull advised against this. He argued that a wall would be useless, as the convicts would have to go outside to get to the quarries. The prison was left as it was built, but Aull took steps to keep the convicts from escaping. He built ten towers at different points in the prison grounds and in them placed Gatling guns. The guns swept every part of the grounds, and also a quarter of a mile of territory surrounding the prison reservation.

The towers were built by convicts. Aull placed double guards over different bodies of the prisoners while they built the foundations of solid stone and the superstructures of wood and iron. He made the convicts raise the Gatling guns to their platforms in the little galleries of the towers, and every detail of the work of defense, or rather offense, he let the prisoners become acquainted with. Aull said there was nothing to conceal. He wanted the men to know that extraordinary precautions had been taken to keep them under control, and he was interested in having the convicts carry the boxes of ammunition with care into the towers.

AULL'S CEMETERY. Every prisoner that arrived in Folsom got a little lecture by the warden. Aull would meet the new arrival with a hearty handshake and a smile.

"Now, my man," he would say, "there is no bread and water here. You will get good food and plenty of it. And if you don't try to run off and are good-natured, you will get the best of treatment. We are easy on the boys here as long as they behave themselves."

"You see we have no walls around this prison, but you will also observe those towers. The convicts you will mingle with in the quarries will tell you what those are for."

As he came near the end of his lecture Aull would signal with his hand for the convict to follow him, and, chatting continually, he would lead him through the graveyard. In an apparently casual way Aull would call attention to the white boards standing in close order at the tops of grass-covered graves. On nearly all of them the inscription was alike, except for the names. The general form was:

JOHN BLANK, :
: SHOT WHILE TRYING TO :
: ESCAPE ON :
: JULY 30, 1861. :

In one corner of the graveyard Aull would stop and point to seven cobs. They were dug after a clever attempt to escape about ten years ago. Forty men were in the plot, and nearly all of those not killed were wounded.

While working side by side in the quarries, George Fredericks and George Sonntag plotted the escape. They discovered that a narrow gully near the quarry was not swept by the Gatlings and that it offered a chance for escape. Fredericks was released soon after this discovery.

A few days after he reached Sacramento, twenty miles from the prison, he bought forty rifles and a large

quantity of ammunition. He loaded the lot into a covered wagon, and in the dead of night he left the city. He came within a few miles of the prison before daybreak and hid in a thick wood during the day. Before midnight he had hidden the rifles and cartridges at the spot in the gully that he and Sonntag had agreed upon.

Next day the attempt to escape was made. At midnight, as forty convicts were marching past the gully to dinner, they suddenly broke ranks and seized the few guards marching beside them. In a few moments they were hidden in the gully, out of reach of the Gatlings, which had begun to pop the moment they overpowered the guards. Armed with the rifles left by Fredericks the convicts were preparing to fight their way out of the gully when a small door opened in the side of an ice house at the head of the gully. None of the convicts noticed the door until a Gatling gun began to pour lead in a stream out of the opening. The convicts were panic-stricken. They threw down their rifles and knelt on the ground and shouted for mercy. The Gatling was worked for thirty seconds. When the firing ceased only a few of the men were left unharmed.

The seven dead men were carried to the prison and were laid naked in a row on a long deal table. One man had been struck by fifteen bullets. When the light had been subdued to make the wounds show more clearly against the white skin the convicts were filed slowly past the table. About 1,500 men were in the prison and the procession was kept up until the last one had passed the bodies.

Aull had an original method in marking men who had tried and failed to escape. He clothed them in red shirts, and his guards were instructed to shoot for these shirts if any effort was made to break away. Not until every man wearing a red shirt had

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CHAPTER II.

It was, perhaps, at the distance of half a league from the cottage of Hugh Lamont that the Chateau Montauban stood. It was situated on a rocky and abrupt eminence, overlooking the valley below, where a small village looked more like the miniature group of doll's houses which children play with than the ordinary habitations of ordinary men, while the stream that wound its way along at the foot of the hills was nothing more than a mere thread of silver.

On the night of the attack on Count Louis there were two persons seated in the library of this chateau; the one a lady, with beautiful and somewhat striking features, a tall and graceful figure, and a bearing of noble haughty and captivating. Mademoiselle Montauban was a person of strong feelings, of deep energy, of quick yet firm resolves, and of decided action. She was pleasing to all; yet with the very grace and noble beauty which captivated one, there was an air of expression, a certain lightness of lofty pride, of insinuating comeliness. All the world admired Mademoiselle, but few loved her.

Her father, Monsieur le marquis, on the other hand, was an extremely affable, polite and agreeable gentleman. He was universally kind and good to the peasant around the country, and there was no poor people who did not have cause to thank him for many an act of generosity.

He had been married twice; to a beautiful French noble lady, the Marquise de Gilette, and this wife died also. He mourned her loss long and sincerely; for they say he loved her even better than he loved Gilette, who was very violent and passionate. There was one child—a lovely young child, with features like her fair mother's, and eyes like fresh violets, by this second marriage. But he has only Helen to comfort his approaching old age now; and there is a large portrait in the saloon—the portrait of a smiling infant, painted nearly sixteen years ago, which he looks at and sighs.

The father and daughter sat in the library; by a large table in the center of the apartment, reading, as was his custom in the evenings; she had drawn her seat farthest from the window, the windows overlooking the valley, and the road by which Louis was expected to come. Both were awaiting his arrival, but it was with far different degrees of feeling. The marquis, indeed, looked forward with joy to the meeting with his nephew, whom he had not received at the chateau for some years; but yet his anticipation was moderated by caution, for he no longer possessed the buoyant impatience of youth. With Helen Montauban it was not so. Deeply and long that she was warranted by that calm and brightly exterior were busy in her heart.