

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

A man more kindly, in his careless way. Than many who profess a higher creed; Whose fickle love might change from day to day. And yet be faithful to a friend in need; Whose manners covered, through life's cuts and ins, Like charity, a multitude of sins. A man of honor, too, as such things go; Discreet and secret, qualities of use; Selfish; but not self-conscious, generous, slow To anger, but most ready to excuse; His wit and cleverness consisted not So much in what he said as what he got. His principles one might not quite commend, And they were much too simple to mistake; Never to turn his back upon a friend, Never to lie but for a woman's sake; To take the sweets that came within his way, And pay the price, if there were price to pay. Idle, good looking, negatively wise, Lazy in action, plausible in speech; Favor he found in many women's eyes, And valued most that which was hard to reach. Few are both true and tender, and he grew In time a little tenderer than true. Knowing much evil, half-regrettingly good, And we regret a childish impulse lost, Wearing with knowledge best not understood, Bored with the disenchantment that it cost. But in conclusion, with no feelings hid, A gentleman, no matter what he did, -Looking Glass.

A TRAGEDY OF FRIENDSHIP.

"This last little Indian scare reminds me of something that happened some twenty years ago," said the ranchman, flicking the ashes from his cigar. "I might call it the story of a modern Damon and Pythias but for the denouement, which, I warn you, is not a particularly joyful one, still, if you fellows don't mind the tragic, here goes: "About twenty years ago two young fellows, whom we'll call Tom and Jack, started out to seek their fortunes ranching in Arizona. The ranch fever was just then about at its height. England and Australia as well as our own east were sending out idiots in droves to the West. Young fellows, many of them well educated and of good birth and brought up to every luxury, sleepily went wild over the primitive freedom of that adventurous life, until, with capital exhausted, downright hard work and privation inevitable, they came to wish—heaven knows how bitterly some of them wished it—that they had never exchanged the commonplace comforts of civilization for the intoxicating uncertainty of frontier life. These two youngsters, having a tidy bit of capital between them on coming of age, concluded to invest it in cattle, and fixed upon Arizona as the most favorable spot for their financial experiment. "In a surprisingly short time they had conquered every difficulty and made a good start. They built themselves a snug little house, were joint owners of quite a bunch of cattle, and had several boys as helpers. They had always been the closest of chums, these two, born in the same town, schoolmates in boyhood, classmates at the university—you never knew two chaps more devoted. "Tom was a big fellow, blond, with a ruddy skin, honest blue eyes, and a laugh—well, I tell you it did a fellow good just to hear him roar in his hearty way when any one got off a joke. "Jack was a little fellow, a bit delicate, not really equal to roughing it. He used to complain that Tom did the biggest share of the work but Tom never would hear a word of that, and while they smoked before the rough stone fireplace, in their one room, of evenings, to hear Tom defer to Jack's judgment and consult about business matters was to think Tom's little partner one of the biggest and cleverest business heads of the age. "For some time there had been rumors of an Indian outbreak. The Apaches were getting restless and already several small bands had stolen away from the reservation to hiding places in the mountains. There was, of course, a big scare, people leaving homes and property, especially where there were women and children to be considered. "Tom and Jack talked it over and decided to stick to the ranch. To leave was to lose everything, the hard-won result of months of toil; for, of course, if they deserted, the boys couldn't be expected to stay. There was a bare chance of things blowing over, and in any case watchfulness and systematic defense might save them, if the worst did come. "So the ranch was provisioned for a siege and fortified in every way; adjacent outbuildings, which might through nearness to the main building become dangerous, were removed—everything, in short, which could insure safety when the critical moment arrived was anticipated and done. "One day a cowboy from a neighboring ranch came riding in like mad, hat gone, blood streaming down his face. His tale was of the worst. His ranch had been attacked, the house burned, and every one killed but himself. He, although closely pursued, had succeeded in eluding the Apaches, who were, however, close behind him. "Tom—was naturally the leader—at once called in all the boys; doors and windows were barricaded, last details of defense completed. The horses were brought inside to a place already prepared for them, so that if need be there would be means for attempted flight and possible escape. Every man had his station, some at the loopholes, some

at the water casks, in readiness to put out the fires which would inevitably be started. "It was not a long wait. In a very short time the ranch was surrounded by a large band of whooping devils, who evidently expected to find the house as unprotected as they; one they had just destroyed, for, without a moment's pause, they made a wild rush toward it. "They were met by a withering volley from the various loopholes and fell back with considerable loss, which, as a wholesome lesson, had its effect, but yet undoubtedly roused the Indians to a still greater pitch of frenzy. "Three days went by, days of constant vigilance and steady fighting. The Apaches tried every dodge known to their mode of warfare without any success. Tom's really masterly line of defense and the plucky co-operation of the boys seemed to make it probable that they would be able to hold out until the arrival of the troops, who were known to be hot on the trail of the Indians. The greatest danger to be feared was fire. Already the Apaches had made several attempts to fire the house by hurling burning brands against it, but the boys at the water casks had been too quick for them, while the aim of those at the loopholes was so deadly that none of the Indians had succeeded in getting near enough to really start a blaze which would be dangerous. "Still, it was an anxious time. The days went by, the strain was beginning to tell on them all; several of them were wounded, and suffering had made them lost heart; they had given up hopes of the troops or of tiring out the Apaches. The Indian loss, indeed, had been so heavy that everyone knew the price which would be exacted by savage revenge. Still, there was nothing to do but to hold on. The Apaches lay hidden, but if by chance anyone showed himself at the ranch there was an instant rain of splintering bullets. "To complicate matters, the water supply began to run alarmingly low; there was barely enough for the horses and men, none to spare for the lavish use demanded in putting out even a small blaze. The suspense was horrible. Tom saw that something would have to be done. That something was very suddenly precipitated by the Indians themselves. "Creeping up as close to the house as possible, they made a series of rushes at the side least defended, and each time, despite the loss of one or two more of their number, succeeded in throwing a lot of brush up against the house. This was as dry as tinder and a last well-directed brand set fire to the heap. "Water was at once thrown on the flames, but they were almost immediately beyond control. "Boys," said Tom, as the heat grew momentarily more intense, "we can't die like rats in a hole. There's only one chance. We must cut our way through. The horses are here; we'll go out in a bunch. Some of us are sure to be dropped, but some of us may get through. It's our only hope; if we have to die it'll be with our boots on and our guns in our hands. "The men answered with a ringing cheer. It was what they wanted—to die, if need be, with their boots on; die fighting. "Jack," said Tom, as he tightened his saddle girths, and looked carefully at every strap, "Jack, dear old boy, you and I go out together. We've done our best to save the ranch, but they've downed us at last. We'll show them what we're made of, though. Steady, now, boys, until I say go! "No one faltered, even in that oven of crackling flame, although the exultant yells outside indicated only too plainly the welcome which awaited them. The wounded had been fastened to the saddles, the horses were ready—none too soon, for the animals were quivering with fear. The door was thrown open, the signal given and with the well-known wild cowboy yell they dashed out. "Straight as a bullet, in a solid bunch, all yelling like demons, they rode for the Apaches. Taken by surprise, but only for a second, by the sight of the horses, the Indians rushed to their own ponies. Whoops and shots rang out, but close together the little band rode, Tom and Jack gallantly leading. "To right and left they emptied their revolvers, while many a red devil bit the dust, and also, alas, many a saddle was emptied, until at last they were through—all that was left, that is. "Hurray!" yelled Tom, "Now for a race! They are after us, Jack. But never mind; we'll make straight for Seven Mile canyon. If we can only get through safe and sound they'll never catch us, and then it's clear thirty miles to Dolores." "His gaze swept the ranks. Only five of them left, and that bloodthirsty pack in the rear! Even his splendid, buoyant spirit quailed for the moment. "Then as he looked at Jack—Jack game, but weakened by the siege, pale from excitement, blood-stained, hardly human in appearance—his nerve came back. With set teeth he dashed on. Crack! One more empty saddle—another man gone. As they reached the canyon the last man tumbled—only Tom and Jack had survived the deadly hailstorm of lead. But, as Tom's unspoken prayer of gratitude for escape formed itself, Jack fell forward on the neck of his horse. "My God! You're hit!" "Never mind; don't stop," and Jack clung to the pommel of his saddle for support. They were in the canyon now, threading its rocky labyrinth with cautious haste. "Tom, with thankfulness, heard the distant shouts grow fainter. How horribly livid Jack's face was in the dim light! "There's no use; we've got to stop," he said, springing from his horse. "Here, let me fix you up." And as he spoke he bandaged the wound, a nasty one in the side.

"Hold on, Jack; you must hold on until we get through the canyon." There was a savage light in Tom's eyes. "Can't you manage it?" "I'll try," murmured Jack, faintly, and as the sounds of pursuit again came nearer both men grimly urged their horses to a faster pace. Loss of blood was telling on Jack. Tom saw with anguish that he could barely keep his seat on the horse. On, for a chance to exert his strength for this weaker companion, his boyhood's, manhood's trusty comrade! To die on the field of battle was nothing, but to die cornered, trapped, perhaps tortured—God, it was too much! "The canyon was nothing more than the bed of an old, dried-up stream, full of boulders and loose stones. It was dangerous work dashing through at full speed, but there was no time to pick their way; they could only trust to luck. "Suddenly Tom's horse came down with a crash. He had stepped into a hole and broken his leg. Luckily Tom was unhurt by the fall. "Quick! Up behind me," gasped Jack. "The Indians were at the mouth of the canyon. They soon gained rapidly upon a wearied horse carrying double, and presently a shout announced their discovery of the prostrated horse. "Tom's soul sickened within him. Safety only thirty miles away. Life, but life for both? Impossible. "He had rapidly reviewed the situation as they traversed the last few hundred yards of the canyon. A fabled horse, a double burden; one wounded almost unto death—for Jack was already a dead weight in his arms—all the noble, chivalrous quality of Tom's strong nature asserted itself. Jumping from the saddle as he reached the entrance to the canyon, he rapidly unfastened Jack's cartridge belt, threw his rifle to the ground, and wound his lariat with a few quick turns around the almost unconscious man, fastened him securely to the saddle. "Jack, dear old chap, you go on. I'll hold them here." "No, no," Jack struggled feebly, his tone was agonized. "With me, Tom—or die—together." "I've always been the boss" and I'm so still. Ride for Dolores and send back for me." He threw his arms once around his friend in a tight embrace, and with one sharp cut of the rope started the horse off like a shot. "Waking days afterward in Dolores from the stupor of unconsciousness, Jack found himself tenderly cared for by some of the townspeople who knew him, but unable even then to explain what had occurred. Fever set in, and for several weeks he hovered between life and death, constantly raving in the delirium of Tom, calling for him, beseeching him not to stay behind. "The Apaches had been driven back, but were not completely subdued. But as soon as Jack was able to tell his terrible story a rescuing party was organized and hurried to Seven Mile Canyon with all the speed which was prudent. "At first no trace of Tom could be found. Then behind a rock was discovered a pile of cartridge shells, and finally down in a little gully the skeleton of a man lying face downward upon the ground, one end of a rode tied about the neck, the other attached to a stake driven deep into the ground. Alongside was a fairylke skeleton fastened by a thong of rawhide to the same stake. "From these mute witnesses those familiar with Apache methods were able to imagine the awful fate which had overtaken poor Tom. "This is what must have happened: Taking cover behind a rock Tom had held the Indians in check as long as possible by pegging away every time a redskin gave him the opportunity to make one of his dead shots. As the ammunition ran low they gathered closer about him. "To Tom—brave, heroic Tom—that mattered little; his aim was accomplished. Jack was safe on the road to Dolores. "He must have been surprised and overpowered at the end, for he would certainly have reserved a last shot for himself rather than brave Indian torture. How they took him prisoner one does not know, but having suffered such severe loss at the ranch and in the canyon it is natural to suppose that the Apaches were wild with rage. Nothing could be to—Jevillish a torture to inflict upon Tom. "They tied his hands behind him, tied his feet, and taking him down into the sandy gully laid him on his face upon the ground, fastened him by a rope around his neck to the stake. "In this part of Arizona rattlesnakes are more than numerous—they simply swarm. It was the work of a moment to catch a big snake by means of a loop of cord at the end of a pole and to tie him by a piece of rawhide through the tail to the same stake which imprisoned Tom. "The snake, thinking itself free, tried to crawl away, found itself held by the rawhide, and, savage with anger, struck at the nearest thing, which was—poor Tom's face! "But—mark the fiendishness of the torture—the snake could not quite reach Tom. "The rope was just long enough to prevent the reptile from touching him, not long enough but that Tom must feel the agonizing possibility of being bitten. "Again and again the snake struck, but fell short. Poor Tom! Parched with thirst, hungry, baked by the sun, taunted by his captors, what must have been his thoughts! Did he not feel that friendship had cost him too dear? "My God! It's too awful to contemplate!" "He must have been tempted to crawl near the snake and end it all." "Finally the shower counted upon by the Apaches came. It refreshed both

the snake and the man, but—the effect of moisture upon the hempen rope was to shrink it! "Can you understand? Can you see poor Tom, digging his toes into the sand, holding back with might and main as the pressure of the rope slowly brought him nearer and nearer to his fate? "Upon the rawhide the rain had a different effect it stretched it—lengthened it. "The snake, feeling invigorated by the rain, again tried to crawl away. Again it was held back; again, angry and vindictive, it struck at Tom, this time a little nearer his face—and again closer, as Tom, despite his superhuman effort, was being pulled toward the stake by the shortening rope. "At last the snake struck home. "Can you imagine the awful agony, the lingering death, the bones—picked by the vultures? Brave, noble Tom, who died to save a friend—lah! how this snake gets into one's eyes." * * * * * It was not the smoke that troubled the ranchman's eyes—his cigar had long since gone out. In the dead silence which followed his thoughts, to judge by his expression, were far away. "By Jove, that was a man!" ejaculated the idiot. "Did you know Tom?—ah!" for just then the cowboy caught him a most beautiful kick on the shin. "I," said the ranchman, huskily, "I was Jack."—New York Tribune. GENUINE HOSPITALITY. An Actor's Experience in the Wild and Woolly West. "Talk about hospitality," remarked a broken-down actor, "the place to find it is in the far West. The last time I was out there we were playing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with a real mule. We played to fair business, and paid our bills until we reached Red Bluff. There the owner of the opera house had a piano for an orchestra, and it stood just below the stage. When the mule came on some one in the audience got funny, and, throwing a lariat around the neck of the animal, pulled him off the stage. The mule and the piano got mixed up, which ruined the orchestra, and when he got away from the piano the mule kicked down one of the boxes before he walked through one of the seats to where the fellow with the lariat wanted him. I had a mouth organ, with which I went on with the orchestral accompaniment, and we closed the play with the fellow that captured the mule riding him around the opera house. "The manager of the theater claimed damages, captured all of the box receipts and we could not get out of town. Of course, we expected to walk, but I'll be blamed if the landlord didn't pack us all with our baggage in a box car, give us plenty of lunch and send us clear to Virginia City without paying a cent. The most hospitable fellow I ever saw." Good Words for the Horse. Col. Ed Butler is authority for the statement that there are more horses in St. Louis now than there ever have been in the entire history of the city. According to his figures, there are anywhere from 20 to 30 per cent. more now than there were during the palmyest days of the horse car or before the bike came into use. "I am better prepared to know how many horses there are in the city than any other man living here. The reason is that I catch them coming and going. I shoe them while they are living and haul them off when they are dead. "I know that the average citizen believes that the advent of the trolley car and the bicycle dispensed with the use of horses almost entirely, but this is not the case. The bicycle duded and the trolley car patron evaded horses. The only horses the trolley car knocked out were the plugs that nobody else would care to own, and there were not half as many of them as is generally supposed. "Good horses are as hard to get now as they ever were, and probably harder, for the reason that not so many of them are being bred. You can't hire a rig at a livery stable any cheaper now than you could ten years ago, and if you drive out you will find more rigs on the streets than there were ten years ago. The trolley car has killed the market for scrub horses, and they are cheaper, but a scrub horse is not cheap at any figure. I have been trying to get a first-class team for three years, and am willing to pay any kind of a price for them, but I have not been able to find what I want. I predict that within the next five years the breeding of good roadsters is going to become one of the most profitable businesses in the country."—St. Louis Republic. An Ant Fifteen Years Old. Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has been experimenting to find out how long the common ant would live if kept out of harm's way, says the Scientific American. On Aug. 8, 1888, an ant which has been thus kept and tenderly cared for died at the age of 15 years, which is the greatest age any species of insects has yet been known to attain. Another individual of the same species of ant lived to the advanced age of 13 years. Bottles. A new use has been found for old glass bottles. They are now ground up and used in place of sand for mortar. There can be but little doubt that it is a suitable material, and that a strong mortar can be made by its use, although it is doubtful if it is as durable as pure quartz sand. Its cost, however, will prevent its use in any district where sand is easily and cheaply obtained, and the supply must necessarily be limited. Brown—I wonder why Paynter was so angry when I asked him what school of art he belonged to? Smith—What school? That implies that he has something to learn.—Puck.



His works and name shall ever live Till chaos rules the earth; Let every patriot hail the day That celebrates his birth.



The Little Hatchet Story.

"Please, Dan'pa, will 'ee tell me," asked a small but thoughtful youth. "Why is a little hatchet called a symbol of the truth?" "Why, don't you know?" said grandpa. Little Bobby shook his head. "I tooly don't," he answered. "Then you ought to," grandpa said. "All ready," he continued, taking Bobby on his knee, "it's going to be a story, and you're wide awake, I see. Once on a time a little boy of just about your lift Received a little hatchet from his father for a gift—" "Oh, what a funny present," thoughtful Bobby cried. "Suppose That boy had chopped his fingers off and bloodied all his clothes; I dess his foolish papa then would cry a lot, I say." "Why didn't that boy's mamma take the hatchet right away?" "Perhaps she didn't know it," grandpa laughed; "at any rate Next morning bright and early rose that little boy eate—" "To try his little hatchet; in his father's garden he Displayed his skill by cutting down a favorite cherry tree." "A cherry tree?" cried Bobby. "Weren't any woods around?" "Why, cherries are the gooddest things to eat I ever found; I dess that little fellow wasn't smart a bit, like me. Say, Dan'pa! Do you fink I'd kill a lovely cherry tree?" "Of course you wouldn't, Bobby; you're fond of things to eat; But, just for fun, suppose you did, and then your father in the garden, and he sternly Cut down his favorite cherry tree. Now, tell me what you'd do." "Well, Dan'pa! let me fink. If I cut down his cherry tree And papa came and caught me with the hatchet, wouldn't he Know certain sure I did it? If I told a story, why He'd whip me twice as hard, you know, for telling him a lie." "But if I looked real sorry and I didn't skip, Dear pop! forgive poor Bobby, who cut down your tree; instead Of getting any whipping wouldn't papa say, 'My son! Because you didn't tell a lie, no whipping will be done?'" "Ahem!" said Grandpa, startled by the wisdom of the tot, "That's just the thing that happened in the story. Now you trot Away to bed, and say your prayers before you close your eyes, And dream about the whippings had boys got for telling lies."—Detroit Free Press.

gress at Annapolis and in such dignified and manly words as these closed his impressive speech of resignation: "Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theater of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer up my commission and take my leave of the employments of public life."

WASHINGTON'S COACH.

It is Now a Roost for Chickens in an Old Barn in New York. Washington's coach, in which the father of his country rode to his inauguration and which should be treasured as a precious relic, is now rusting away in an old stable in New York, serving as a roost for chickens and a catch-all for discarded things usually thrown into garrets. A few years ago this coach was purchased for \$6,500, but to-day it is virtually worthless.



WASHINGTON'S MISUED COACH.

it in the Musee de Cluny beside the Napoleon carriages guarded so reverently. None would esteem it better as a public possession than the Swiss or Tyrolean who have his portrait and that of Abraham Lincoln in honored places on the walls of their homes. His appeal is strong as that of the other who "made way for liberty"—brave Arnold Winkelried. And wouldn't the Italians like to wheel it into the great armory at Turin? It would look interesting beside the helmeted skin of the horse that carried the hero of Marengo, and the picturesque accoutrements of Garibaldi. Here in New York it is falling away with neglect.

February. When the streets are full of slush, mushy snow, When our cellars and our gutters overflow, When we lose our gum galoshes As the snowdrift slowly slopes— And upon the sidewalk splashes— Doncherknaw!— When the careless little birdlet pokes his head From his warm and comfortable winter bed, And receives an icy tiptlet From Johannes Frostus' niplet, And then dieth of the pipit— Very dead— When the earth, in a sort of frozen web, When the cigarette gives way to the cubeb, Then, oh, then, 'tis very clear— And I say it without fear— We have reached the time of year Written, Feb. —Harper's Bazar.

No Tariff on the Prince.

Prince Ranjitsingh, the cricketer, appears as one of the articles on the free list in the New South Wales tariff. He is going to visit the country with an English team next year, and has been expected by name from the penalties of a bill imposing a tax of £100 on all colored aliens that land in the colony. The bill is intended to exclude Hindus, Chinese and Japanese from Australia. If all men knew what they say of one another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.