The Past Love.

no leaves and the red, a movie with fluitering state a shadowy popult walk, words of fove werp said. ag stalk no corri wers in the car: es made un hill-side rior; ra recan a beautrous thin upbed for close and near!

e the woodlands spicy smoll, rough whose wild sweets at dusk

inked in arm, by rock and glade, be heart whilepered, "All is well!"

a mine the fault that love was brief-be wonder of a matchless day whose glory dimmed and died away as the red color on a leaf?

a mine the fault that all that flame assed as a breasis and ceased to be? etra of a fruitless hope were we: riby of pity more than blame.

we perford and the for gust Support the dull forest's withered plume, And cast it through the evolute gloom in purple tringes mixed with dust.

et winter sweep the desolute aisles. And make their stones his winnowing floor. Nay, let the arcen spring come once more and light in with immortal sufficient -Dura Read Goodale, in Harper's Weekly.

BESSIE'S LOVER.

"You want to hear how I came by all these scars on my face and hands?" mid the man, rolling up his sleeve and showing the bare, sinewy arms, marked and seared as with a red-hot iron. "Twenty years ago I first met Bessie Morton. She was going across the clover field yonder, trking her father his dinner. He was a miner in the works of the great Bergen Coal Company, and Bessie was all the kin he had.

"At that time I was young and handsome, and had just been installed foreman of the blast furnace of the

Bergea Iron Company. "I stepped aside to let Bessie pass, and lifted my hat as I did so. She in love.

Then I did not even know her name, but I lost my heart to her and never got it back again. Afterward I name, but I lose in an Afterward I never got it back again. Afterward I learned who she was, with the disa-greesable fact that Mark Gaillaird ad-mired her. Gaillaird was one of the members of the coal company—a mil-lionaire--middle-aged, handsome and unprincipled. "It made my blood boll to hear him meak of Bessie in that cool, supercil-mark of Bessie in that cool, supercil-

every woman. "And the scoundrel lit his choice

reading French novels.

"I had been some two months acquainted with Bessie, when one day I told her that I loved her, and won her sweet consent to become mine. And, truth to tell. I did not feel quite sure

Gaillaird came to the works, and, un-

this bosh that I hear about you marry- him and put the question so direct that "I answered him coolly: "Yes, sir; I am to marry her." "He put his face close to mine, so use that I felt his hot breath like the ast of an oven on my cheek. "I love her myself, 'he said hoarsely. At first I thought only to amuse my self, as I had done with a score of silly eral Bidwell, in Century girls before her, but since I have come know her royal nature, to know what a very queen she is among women, I have decided to make her my wife. Now listen to my proposi-tion. Resign Bessie Morton and you shall have Hamburg's place at \$5,000 a year-the best office in the gift of company, and with that you can take your pick from the youth and beauty of Bergen. Refuse these terms and I swear to be your utter ruin. I have warned yon. I give you three days to decide.' I told Bessie something of thismaking very light of it as I saw how pale and frightened she was, but she clung to me and wept, and begged me not to trust myself alone with Gail-"I promised to keep clear of him, to existly her, though truth to tell I did not feel any fear of him, for I judged him to be a coward, and hardly lieved he had courage enough to lay violent hands on any one. "Three days after my interview with Gaillaird I was going my rounds as usual to see after the furnaces. It was after dark, but I carried no lantern-the light of the molten metal made objects sufficiently visible for my purpose. Have you ever examined one of these blast furnaces? They were vast piles of masonry-hollow like a barrel-with a capacity of seven tons of ore. Some of these were twenty or thirty feet deep and four or five feet in diameter. "The furnace was full of ore to within five or six feet of the top, and the intense heat from below was steadily rising, until before my eyes I saw the grayish yellow mass grow lurid red and knew it was fusing. "As I stood I heard a step at my side. Some subtle presence told me that I should see Gaillaird when I looked up. He was standing close bezide me. The sullen red light of the metal played over his face, and showed me the cruel eyes and white teeth gleaming savagely under the dark mustache. He took a step forward and looked into the seething crater at my feet, then lifted his eyes to my face. "Well,' said he. 'do you accept my offer and give up Bessie?" "Never,' said L. 'I would rather see her dead, well as I love her, before I would yield her to a fiend in human guise.' "Then feel my vengeance!' he cried, fiercely, and hurled at me a blow. which, off my guard as I was, sent me down, down into the mouth of the horrible pit I had been regarding with such feelings of strange fascination! "In the brief seconds of time before I touched the red-hot iron I realized my position fully. I knew that as the ore melted it would sink down, down, down-and I along with it, until at last! Oh, heaven! I closed my eyes at the terrible picture and was hope-less! Only a second-the excruciating pains which filled me at the touch of that fiery heat nerved me to super- Her stay was protracted, and in her human strength. Bounding upward I. letters home she described the good eized upon a staple set in the side of time she was having in the society of the furnace to fasten a lid to, and ex- her lady friends. She returned reerting all my power I swung myself cently and the secret of her escapades would probably never have been diping from my feet as I did so. "Gaillaird fell upon me like a de- On the second day after her arrival aon, and I, burned and bleeding and her mother had occasion to enter the alf dead as I was, closed with him young lady's room while she was still nd fought for my life!

grave I saw that the ore was all fused grave I saw that the ore was all fused and had sunk fully ten feet. And do not ask me to speak of what I saw struggling in the billows of liquid firel "I was found there lying insensible on the brink of the furnace an hour afterward by one of the workmen, and for months succeeding I hay on a bed of sickness and delirium. Bessie nursed me through it, and when I was able to

sit up we were married. "I left my business at the furnace forever—the sight of the place filled me with horror. Did they ever find any trace of Gaillaird? Bless you, only a few fragments of bone, crum-

bled to white ashes by the heat, were among the contents of the blast when the furnace was 'drawn' next morn-

A Doctor Without a Diploma.

I have said that there was no regular physician in California. Later, in 1845, in a company that came from Oregon, was one Joe Meeks, a noted character in the Bocky Mountains. On the way he said, "Boys, when I get down to California among the Greasers

I am going to paim myself off as a doctor;" and from that time they dub-bed him Dr. Meeks. He could neither read nor write. As soon as the Cali-fornians heard of his arrival at Monterey they began to come to him with their different ailments. His first professional service was to a boy who had a toe cut off. Meeks, happening to be near, stuck the toe on, bin ding it in a poultice of mud, and it grew on again. The new governor. Micheltorena, em-ployed him as surgeon. Meeks had a way of looking and acting very wise,

and of being reticent when people talked about things which he did not understand. One day he went into a little shop kept by a man known as Dr. Stokes, who had been a kind of hospital steward on board ship, and

amiled—the faintest shadow of a smile, but it made me happy all day. You know how it is, if you have ever been who had brought ashore one of those little medicine chests that were usually

and a pamphlet giving a short synopsis of diseases and a table of weights and medicines, so that almost anybody could administer relief to sick sailors.

That is all he would say. Dr. Stokes told about town that Meeks knew noth-

Havana and strolled off to what he called his work, which was sitting in a huxurious office signing checks and scription in Latin and that Dr. Stokes could not read it. But Meeks's reign was to have an end. An American man-of-war came into the harbor. Thomas O. Larkin was then the United

States consul at Monterey, and the commander and all his officers went of my Bessie until I had a legal right to her. Not that I doubted her, but in surgeon, who was introduced to Dr. to her. Not that I doubted her, but in a sort of indefinite way I feared Gail-Meeks. The conversation turning upon the diseases incident to the coun

"So you can understand that I was nazious to make her my wife and have on the diseases incident to the coun-try. Meeks became reticent, saying merely that he was going out of praenations to make her my wife and have her under my own protection as soon tice and intended to leave the country, because he could not get medicines.

"One morning, eight or ten days be- The surgeon expressed much sympathy fore the time set for our marriage, | and said, "Dr. Meeks, if you will make me out a list I will very cheerfully der pretense of looking at the working | divide with you such medicine as I can of the furnaces, he got speech with me, for generally I avoided him. "Look here, Gilbert,' he said, 'is tried evasion, but the surgeon cornered

WIT AND HUMOR.

The seemy side of life is the outside. The seamy side is the inside. -Dallas

If you want a man's candid opinion of you make him angry and you'll get it.—Atchison Globe.

A man never gives fortune any credit for his success, but he always blames her for his failures.—Boston Traveller.

"Those ready-made clothes of yours seem to bristle with indignation." "Yes they are eager for the fray."-

"I feel like a tighting Koch," re-marked the gratitied physician when the Emperor decorated him.-Wash-

ngton Star.

The people who don't like us don't know us. Those who don't like our neighbors know them too well.-

Patient-"Can I see Dr. Curem?" Servant-"The doctor is smoking an imported eigar, sir, and cannot be dis-turbed."-Judge. Women may indeed have a sphere

that is boundless, but she has to stop when she comes to a barbed-wire fence. -Ram's Horn. You hear of all the people who made a great man what he is; what becomes of those who help to make the failures?

Atchison Globe As soon as people begin to fancy they have claims on you because of favors you have already granted it is time to move.—Milwaukee Journal.

A poet savs that a baby is "a new wave on the ocean of life." It strikes us that "a fresh squall" would express the idea better. — Boston Gazette.

Watts-"How is old man Gilfillan? Is he out of danger yet?" Doctor Bow-less-"I don't know. He died this morning."-Indianapolis Journal.

Bagley-"What is the meaning of this expression, 'Chateaux en Es-pagne'?'' Higley-"O. that means tinplate factories."-Binghamton Lead-

The girl who goes to too many hops is apt to find an early bier."—N. Y.

"That is a wise proverb," said Mr. Hicks, "What is it?" queried Mrs. H. "The girl who goes to too many hops is apt to find an early bier."—N. Y.

"One thing, Mrs. Bellows, I know myself," said Bellows. "That's the trouble with you, Mr. Bellows, you know too many low people."-N. F. Herald

A correspondent wants to know if "fits are hereditary." Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not .--Indianapolis Journal.

After a little she dropped to the floor and lay staring into the fire, babbling. M. — was convinced. Next day he Brown-"Fenderson is a very entertaining fellow; don't you think so?" M. — was convinced. Next day he Fogg—"Yes, but the deuce of it is you can't begin to laugh until after he has light had gone out; Bernhardt had had gone."-Boston Transcript. they looked on her like again.

The man who never made a mistake is a son of the woman who never gossiped and of the man who never had "the best cure for rheumatism you ever saw."-Boston Traveller.

to you expect to get the rest?"-N. Y.

saw."-Boston Courier.

Foud Mother-"I hardly know what Found Mother—"I hardly know what to do 'bout Eddie; he's so backward 'bout learning to read." Caller— "Teach him Hebrew; that reads back-"Teach him Hebrew; that reads back-Harper's Young Peopl

BOWSER'S GYMNAISUM.

wid cold, an' they wouldn't give me a rag." "I didn't ask fer clothes fer meself. I told 'em it was fer th' poor benthen in Central Africa."—Epoch. HE WAS AFTER MUSCLE AND HE

A follower of the profession of jest-GOT A TASTE OF THE CLUB. A follower of the profession of jest-ing, having taken occasion to speak of the vein of humor, was asked by his flippant vis-a-vis: "In what part of body does the vein of humor liep" Without a moment's hesitation he re-plied: "It starts from the funny-bone, skirts the humerus, and discharges in the jest."-Harper's Magazine. The Head of This Unhappy Family Get, Hit Pretty Hard, and His Better

Half Report's Progress.

STORIES OF BERNHARDT.

The Wonderful Woman Who Is "Fin de Siecle" in Everything, to the contents when Mr. Bowser came

Bernhardt's little scheme for apply-ng a live snake to her bared breast in in. I waited until after supper and then asked: "Have you got a new hobby, Mr. Bowser

the death scene of "Cleopatra," excites a laugh in the city which has become quite used to being freshly fooled by her on the production of each fresh play. When Bernhardt puts her genius "Did you ever know me to have a nobby, new or old?" "You are regarded as a man of hobbies. at the service of her charlatanry the "I am, ch? Then it is by a few

result is such glorious and unique humbugging as only the boulevards could appreciate, but which they love her for. Parisians will not soon for-get how Bernhardt advertised one idiots! No mau in the country is more clear of hobbies. I am often told that I am too practical.' "Well, what was in that bundle?" piece by going to a horse fair, buying two splendid horses for her son, re-turning to Paris after midnight and stabling the animals, for lack of other "A doctor's prescription-health-muscle-longevity. In other words I don't propose to pay any more doctor's

"Why, you have wonderfully good health, Mr. Bowser." accommodations, in her magnificently fitted studio. Next morning all Paris

"And I propose to keep it. I haven't was agog. "How could you allow such wanton been exercising enough. I bave brought home a small outfit."

destruction?" "Ah." said the Bernhardt, her eyes "I think it is foolish and useless. alight with materoal devotion, "how could I deny Maurice anything?" You are strong and healthy and you can make no change for the better." Nor has Paris yet done talking of how she posed as an angel at Maurice's

"There you go! Always opposing everything I do! I wouldn't have your spirit for a boat-load of gold." "Well, don't blame me, as usual." "Blame you? As usual? Who ever blamed you? I should be sorry to susnow she posed as an anget at Maurice's wedding, a ray of light sifted through stained glass falling softly on her up-lifted face as she kuelt at the altar wrapped in religious ecstasy. This was almost as good an advertisement as the news which not so very long blamed you? I should be sorry to sus-pect you of being light-head, but you are acting very queer. Mrs. Bowser." No more was said, and he got out the tools and lugged his bundle up stairs and began fitting up a gym-nasium. In about an hour he called ago startled all France-Bernhardt had become insane. No. said monsieurs, the journalists and dramatic critics, you have deceived us too often; this

me up. He had two weights at the end of two cords running over a pulley, and as he worked one and then the other he said:

"This exercise strengthens the arms, shoulders and chest. I feel like a new man already. See those clubs?" Yes.

Well, these are Indiau clubs. They are more particularly for the arms. They are worked thus—and thus with his own eyes. In her boudoir, with lights turned down, she kept him waiting, and then bounced into the and

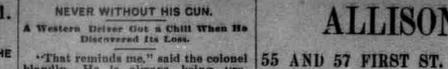
He was swinging them over his head, and one fell upon his bald pate and he sank down as limp as a bag. apartment like one of her own tigercats and leaved against the mantel, hair dishevelled, face haggard, feat-ures blank and unintelligent, fingers trembling. Her complexion was ghastly, her eyes wandering. Not a I tore off his collar, and ran and got water, and by and he sat up and asked:

"What was I doing?" ghastly, her eyes wandering. Not a word did she answer to his questions, but mumbled to herself in undertones. "Exercising with the clubs. I knew you'd do it. "And when my back was turned you

hit me on the top of the head with a hammer!" "Of course not. How can you be so foolish?

He maintained an attitude of seher faults, but it would be long ers verity toward me for about an hour, This was the moment for which Bernhardt had been waiting. In two and then slipped back up up stairs to practice with the dumb-bells. I slipped up after him, pretending to hunt for an old coat, and pretty soon I askhours a card from her was in every newspaper office in the city. She was ed him what particular benefit he ex-pected to derive from the use of the not insane; she could not imagine how such a canard started; her head had

"Develop the arms and chest, of course," he replied. you weigh 200 po That's nothing to do with being strong. It's muscle I'm after." What for?" "For fifty reasons. Suppose I should be attacked by a loafer?" Yes. "Suppose I grab a burglar here in the house?" ·Yes. Suppose a footpad should try to hold me up?' "What would you do?" group of friends recently the question of the inborn gallantry of the Ameri-"Do? Do? Watch me?" He began making very vigorous mo can citizen to the fair sex became the tions with a ten-pound ball, and a catastrophe followed. He hit the wall topic under discussion. One gentleman remarked that a lady with it, let go his hold, and it fell upcould travel all over the United States on his foot. Then he yelled. And whooped. And howled. And hob-bled about, and said he'd get even alone and suffer no inconvenience or annovance, so long as her conduct did not render her liable to the approaches with me if it took a thousand years. of the masher. He mentioned the play "Are you blaming me, Mr. Bowser!" I asked, as I found a chance to get in of "The Danites," where a group of miners are waiting the arrival of the a word. new school teacher on the stage. They have bricks, broomsticks, baskets, tin "Of course you're to blame!"



blandly. He is always being "re-minded." They were talking of man's dependence upon things which he is accustomed to use. "That reminds me of Jack Smiler. Jack was as brave Road-carts, Buggles, Spring Wag-ons, Mowers, Binders, Feed-Cutters, Pumps, Etc. as a lion. He drove one of the fast freight specials from Cheyenne to Deadwood. It was in the first days of the Black Hills excitement, when they

ran light express wagons out to Chey-enne on a gallop and never stopped till they pulled up in Deadwood or un-til the road agents stopped them. "Jack was born with one emotion hocking. He was not straid of the A large bundle, tied with ropes, came up to the house the other even-ing, and I had not had time to pry in-

lacking. He was not afraid of the wildest Indian (and there were enough wildest Indian (and there were enough of them in those days, just before the Custer massacre), or the most daring and reckless road agent. They did not call them highwaymen then. He used to climb into his seat, crack his long whip, and, with a wonderful oath, jerk the heads of those mules in the direction of Deadwood, and send them covering along like frightand rate

scurrying along like frightened rabbits. He always wore a revolver, of course, the handle forward in his belt,

where his hand might touch it at a moment's notice. I do not believe that the road agent lived who could have stopped Jack Smiler. "I rode up with him on one of his this to a super the first first first trips to a ranch about thirty-five miles

from Cheyenne. I got tired of the seat and climbed back into the box to seat and climbed back into the box to stand there to rest ray legs. I con-ceived the idea of picking Jack's pocket—that is, of getting his revolver away from him. I was pretty careful to press one hand heavily upon his shoulder while with the other I slipped the weapon from his belt. Finally I got it out safely and waited for him to scover the loss.

"We drove along for five or six miles, when suddenly Jack pulled up his mules with a terrible oath. Whoal he cried.

"What's the trouble, Jack?' I asked. "He turned to me and looked into my eyes. He was as white as a sheet.

"We are going straight back to Cheyenne,' he said. "What's the trouble?' I repeated. "Trouble!' he ejaculated, and a cloud of sulphur arose over us, his elo

quence was so emphatic. 'Trouble? I've lost my six-shooter.and I wouldn't drive another foot for \$10,000.' "Oh, pshaw. Jack.' I said, 'who knows you haven't a six-shooter? Why

don't you go right on, as if you had one? "Jack's teeth chattered at the very thought. I never saw a brave man se terribly frightened.

"Not if my name is Jack Smiler." he said. 'Gracious!' he added ('grac-lous stands for a string of words too long for a novice to mention in one evening), 'suppose I hadu't discovered this. Wouldn't I have been in a pretty

this. Wouldn't I have been in a pretty fix?' He made a very wry face. "Here's your old six-shooter, Jack.' I said, handing it to him. 'I wouldn't have it. It isn't worth keeping.' "Go 'lang there!' shouted Jack, curling his whip lash beautifully and bringing the end of it to a sudden stop with a loud crack. 'Go 'lang there!' and we were rolling over the road again

again. "I can't go anywhere without that." he said, touching the butt of it lightly. The last I saw of him he was snapping his long lash and whi-tling cheerfully. more than poisonous imitations.

With the revolver he went anywhere; without it nowhere.

Wives or Mothers Are There.

cans and other "weepins" to make life

pleasant for him. The coach drives

up and a neat, trim young lady gets down. The miners drop their weapons sheepishly, smooth their heads and,

taking in their uncouth appearance,

Tonkin, 'of an instance in a mining

camp that illustrates the veneration

with which these rough men regard a womau. A few months after my mar-riage I was sent through Lincoln

County, N. M., to survey some mineral

"I glanced around the one room and

"That reminds me," remarked Mr.

sucak away.



ALLISON, NEFF & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO. CAL.

he had to answer. He asked him what medicine he needed most. Finally Meeks said he wanted some "draps. and that was all that could be got out of him. When the story came out his career as a doctor was at an end, and he soon after left the country .- Gen

EVEN WITH THE BAGG FAMILY. She Knew Their Record and Didn't Hesi-

tate to Tell It.

"Now, madam," said the attorney for the defendant to a little, wiry, black-eyed, fidgety woman who had been nmoned as a witness in a breach of the peace case, "you will please give your testimony in as few words as possible. You know the defendant?" "Know who?"

"The defendant-Mr. Joshua Bagg?" "Josh Bagg! I guess I do know him, and I knowed his daddy afore him, and I don't know nothing to the credit of either of 'em and I don't think-"We don't want to know what you

think, madam. Please say 'yes' or 'no my question."

What question "Do you know Mr. Joshua Bagg?" "Don't I know 'im, though? Well, should smile! You ask Josh Bagg if he knows me. Ask him if he knows anything 'bout tryin' to cheat a pore widder like me out of a two-year Ask him if---" steer.

ly, "do you ex-Washington Post. "Madam, I----" "Ask him whose land he got his cord wood off of last spring, and why he hauled it in the night. Ask his wife, Betsey Bagg, if she knows anything about slippin' in a neighbor's paster lot and milking three cows on the sly. Ask-

"See here, madam-

"Ask Josh Bagg about that uncle of his that died in a penitentiary out West. Ask him about lettin' his pore ole mother die in the porchouse. Ask Betsey Bagg about putting a big brick into a lot of butter she sold last fall-' "Madam, I tell you---'

"See if Josh Bagg knows anything about feeding ten head of cattle all the salt they would eat, and then letting them swill down all the water they could hold just 'fore he driv them into town, and sold 'em. See what he's got to say to that!"

"That has nothing to do with the case. want you to----

"Then there was old Azrael Bagg, own uncle to Josh, got rid of his native town on a rail 'tween two days, and Betsey Bagg's own brother got ketched in a neighbor's hen-house at midnight. Ask Josh--

> "Madam, what do you know about his case?

"I don't know the first livin' thing bout it, but I'll bet Josh Barg is guilty, whatever it is. The fact is. I've owed them Baggses a grudge for the last fifteen years and I got myself called up as a witness on purpose to git even with 'em, and I feel that I've done it. Good-by."-Detroit Free Press.

Tattooing a Fair Ankle.

A handsome daughter of a family living in the vicinity of Ohio avenue awoke in the middle of the night, "do left home some months ago, ostensibly on a visit to friends in a distant State. vulged had not an accident revealed it.

California contains 156,000 square The Chinese are to have a currency. On the seacoast where they have had to deal with foreigners they have used Mexican dollars and small Japanese Throat and Lung Troubles, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Wilson-"I despise a hypocrite." Tomson-"So do I." "Now, take ever else he may be wearing on or miles, and, if she had 1,000 more and before the fair sleeper was fully ne it seemed as if I had the power men. One last desperate I leed myself from him and ankle. She almost fell into a faint, Among curious Parisian professions about his head. Moreover, no one must square miles, three states like New are artificial ear and nose makers, praver-makers, leg-stretchers, salad-Influenza, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness And Incipient Consumption, Jackson for example; he's the biggest be smoking while he or she is looking The second secon York and three more like Connecticut at her Majesty, nor must any one carry backward. Ah! even now I for on that shapely member the girl's mind face as he went down, initials were tattooed in bright red

the week following.

"I'm feeling very ill again, doctor. - But none of her recent performances Do you think I am going to die?" "My have equalled a somewhat earlier dear madam, compose yourself. That is the last thing in the world that is going to happen to you."-Life. Watts-"Potts shaves here some-times, doesn't he?" Barber-"Yes; times, doesn't he?" Barber—"Yes; Mr. Potts is one of my regular clients." Potts—'Clients? Don't you mean that in good truth Bernhardt had orpatients?"-Indianapolis Journal. dered a complete outfit of new stage dresses designed with the view of hid-"Humph!" sneered the ass as he encountered the zebra. "You look like an escaped convict." "Possibly." reing her figure. It became the fashion to go and see the actress in those torted the zebra. "But no one ever takes me for an ass." -N. Y. Sun. gowns. Bets were up as to how many more nights she would play, when sud-"Do you think that marriage is a denly, without warning, as the interfailure?" said the reflective young woman to a man of business. "Not est reached its climax, the special woman to a man of business. wardrobe was thrown aside. Bernhardt necessarily-it's what kept Smithers from bankruptey."-Washington Post. laughed and Paris laughed with her as it saw how well it had been fooled.

The man who "never can find time" There is only one Bernhardt. She is to do anything you ask him may gen-erally be seen looking out at the window when there is a brass band going through the street.—Somerville Journal. unique, unapproachable. But with all her quackery Paris remembers to her credit that she sincerely loved Damala. She pulled him out of the gutter, and, in spite of much, at the end she mourned him.—Paris Letter to Bavannah News. "I came here," said the youth to the Boston girl, "for a little rest and peace of mind." "Ahl" she said. "You ap-pear to have the piece of mind; when

Dance of The Devil.

A fantastic orgy was wituessed at the

"Yes," said Gus de Jay, "I have had town of Loongi, the capital of Bullom, west coast of Africa, by a party of officers from the West India regiment some verwy twying expewiences. I was stwuck senseless once." "And when," inquired Miss Pepperton. archquartered at Sierra Leone. The peo-ple of Loongi are Mohammedans, but "do you expect to recover?"the dancing devil himself is a relic of not long departed paganism, and so also probably is the dance itself. It "That's a Congressman-at-Large, said Glim, indicating a man to his cousin from the country. "O, I ain't afraid," replied young Meddergass, "I've only got 17 cents about my clothes."—N. F. Sun. takes place in the courtyard of the chief's premises, which is entered through a circular hut. The scene which presents itself to any one coming suddenly out of the darkness into Bronson (to the editor of the Boomthe noise and glare is decidedly uncantown Banner)-"That was a pretty story about the cyclone. I don't know

In the center of a circle which fills how you managed to swallow it." Editor-"Well, you know, I have patent insides."-West Shore. the courtyard the devil, with an orthodox tail, a great crocodile's head, and long grass, looking like hair, de-Mr. Schnorer-"I feel very much pending from his body and legs, and out of sorts this morning, my sleep was very much broken last night." Mr. Nextroom—"Yes, I heard it. Makes a funny noise when it breaks, don't it? Just like the snort of a buzzswaying as he moves, leaps, beating time with his feet to the beat of the drums, while the women, two deep, wail a chant and strike their palms together in slow, rhythmical measure, those in the front row bowing down between each beat.

"Do you find enough to keep you busy these days, Jim?" "You bet. I The young men, in long robes and am putting in a bigger day's work these days than I ever did before." caps, wail with the women. Both are under vows, the dance being one of their rites. They look dazed to begin "Why, I thought you'd given up your job." "So I did. I'm looking for au-other."-Baffalo Express. with, but gradually work themselves into a frenzy, and the black faces, the monotonous wailing cry, the thrum-Anxious Mother-"I am afraid ming of the drums, the rattle of the Johnny is sick." Father-"My goodness! What does he complain of?" Anxious Mother-"He hasn't begun to feet as he springs up, crouches down and swings about, make a scene to complain yet, but I forgot to lock the jam-closet to-day and there isn't a bit missing."-N. Y. Weekly. shock the quiet moon and stars and gladden Gehenna.

North of Sierra Leone, Africa, is She-"What an uncongenial com-pany it must have been." He-"No. Mohammedan, South Pagan and the Southern people have this devil. When peace is declared between two native They all had something in common to talk about." She-"What could it have been?" He-"Their host's genius tribes the peace devil, who is fetish, comes leaping into the town, but if he for bringing the wrong people to-gether."-Munsey's Weekly. stumbles or falls it is considered a bad omen and he is put to death for his pains. His dress is sacred, but his "What do you mean?" "Maria," said Scribbleton, as he person is of no consequence.

Seeing the Empress of Japan.

you hear the mouse rattling the paper in the waste basket?" "Yes; is there anything that you wrote in it?" "Yes." "Well, I'm going to get up and rescue the mouse."—Washington Post. "When her Majesty shall pass along no one must look at her from the frame built on houses for the drying of Dapper-"What is the greatest lie, clothes, or through cracks in doors, or Snapper, that ever impressed itself on your experience?" Snapper—"Well, of their houses. If anybody wishes to your experience?" Snapper-"Well, by all odds, the worst lie I ever heard was the one your quartet perpetuated down at the side of the road by which last night when they came around to her Majesty will pass. No one must the house and sang 'There's Music in look at her Majesty without taking off his hat, neckcloth or turban, or what-

"What did I do?" "No matter! I expected it from the first, but it's a long road which has no turn, Mrs. Bowser! You just wait!" I got him down stairs and rubbed his foot with arnica, and after two or three

days it was all right again. I think he enjoyed being asked why he limped, and I think he told all inquirers that he had just put up a fifty-pound bell when the roof of the house gave way and a portion of the chimney fell upon his foot. I heard him hammering away up stairs again, and I went up to ask him what he was doing. "Arranging the bar," he replied...

lands for a railroad company. My wife wanted to go with me. It was a camp-out expedition and a case of 'roughing it' and no mistake. I finally consent-ed to her going with me, and we set out with an ambulance, cooking out-ted to her going with me, and we set To exercise on. "Why, Mr. Bowser, you are not going into practice again. are you?" Certainly. I am not to be disfit, &c., across the plains, 150 miles from any railroad and into the heart of mayed by two or three slight acci-

dents." "I wish you would let it alone. You are clumsy and awkward, and you will hurt yourself severely before vou knew it.?

"Of course." "Clumsy and awkward, ch? That's

Well, if you get hurt again don't blame me.

"Practice on the bar. Look out for lems! I think he tried to catch one of his feet ou the bar, or to let go and swing

denly descended to the floor with an clackers and the beat of the devil's awfol crash, jarring the centerpiece loose in the next room below, and bringing up the cook to inquire: "Is he dead this time ma'am? If so,

He wasn't dead, but he had bruised his hips and shoulders and lamed his back. It took me a full hour to get him to bed, and he had nothing to say until I had telephoned for a doctor. Then he suddenly observed:

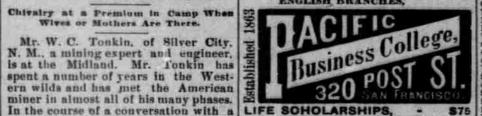
"What do you mean?"

this state of affairs in as satisfactory a way as possible. In order to shield you as long as possible I shall tell the doctor I fell down stairs. - Detroit Free Press.

California's Vineyard Possibilities. Star.

ad fought for my life! "It was a sharp and frenzied strug-. He had the strength of a mad-the had the strength of a mad-. He h the Air."-Boston Courier. **Curious** Professions

OOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, TLLEGRAPH HOW MINERS RESPECT WOMEN. ENGLISH BRANCHES. Chivalry at a Premium in Camp Whe



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NEWS FOR FISHERMEN.

A Clever Contrivance to Beguile the In-

nocent Minnow Into Acting as Balt.

Many a time what promised to be

pair of boot-heels sticking up through

there on his face, trying to keep out of

sight of the timid minnows he wants

cone thus made. The other and the

pointed end of the trap is fitted with a

bump their noses against it. Some nice balt is put inside the trap, and the minnows soon find their way into it, through the hole in the punched-in

end. The little door at the other end

The minnows are unable to find

their way out, because they follow the

sides of the trap and this leads them

into the culde-sac at the flat end, all around the bottom of the cone. They

around the bottom of the cone. They are easily poured out, however, with the water in the trap, by holding the thing up, pointed end down, and open-ing the little slide-door. Wire is twisted around the outside of the trap,

and forms a handle by which it is con-

veniently carried, and the wire also

Currency in China

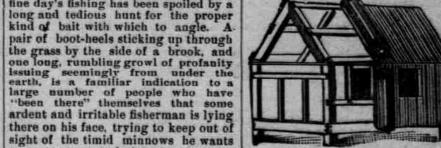
protects the glass from injury.

is shut, of course.

tle fellows in his can.

ions, Grocerles, Grain, Meals, Feed, Housek ing Articles, Dry Fruit, all Chah Down Losses, No Credit, No Interest to Fay, Send our full list of 5,000 articles at wholesale to sumers, and learn how to save from \$25 to on every \$100 you spend in the year 1891. dress Smith's Cash Store, No. 418 Front S F Cont LADIES ADMITTED INTO ALL DEPARTMENTS F. Cal.

FAY'S WATER-PROOF MANILLA : ROOFING tine day's fishing has been spoiled by a long and tedious hunt for the proper kind of bait with which to angle. A.



to scoop up out of the stream at one dash, and then be off. But the little Used extensively on Houses, Factoric houses, etc. Absolutely water-proof. for Illustrated Catalogue and Samples. minnows are in no hurry. They dart away at the sight of his unfamiliar

J. F. WYMAN, scoop net, and lie under the farther bank wriggling their little tails tantal-izingly. Now the fisherman wishes he had taken time by the forelock and General Agent for Pacific Cosst, 304 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISC

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An ingenious inventor has come to the relief of fishermen lately, by pro-ducing a minnow trap that is hard to beat. First of all it is wholly com-posed of transparent, colorless glass, PACIFIC COAST BORNTREPOR onner's U.S. Type Poundry, New 1 arnhart's G. W. Type Poundry, Ch Senton, Waldo & Co's Self-Spacing and is in shape much like a big cartridge, with a pointed bullet in it. It is about two and one-half feet long,

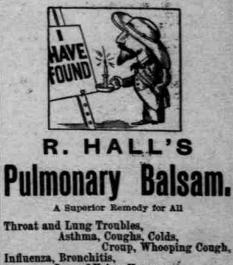
Babcock Cylinders, Coll's Armory Imped Universal, Coll's Armory Imped Universal, Chandler and Price Gordon Pre Peerless Presses and Cutte Peerless mic Paper Cutters, Simons' Cases and Furniture, Golding's Presses and Too Golding's Presses and Too Sedgwick Paper Je and as big around as a man's leg above the knee. It is hollow, of course, and what would be the flat end of the cartridge is punched in, like the bottom of a glass bottle and there is a small round hole in the apex of the

Keystone Quoins. Page's Wood Type. Inks and Kollers. Tablet Com

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little sliding door. This big glass cartridge is intended to be set on its side in the bottom of a brook where Complete Outfits and the Smallest Ordern neet with the same careful and prompt titention. Specimen books mailed on appli-ation. Address all orders to ninnows abound. The cautious ones soon become accustomed to it, and the reckless fellows don't see it till they

HAWKS & SHATTUCK. 109 Washington St., San Francisco



was performing." "And you lay it to me?"

Some one cut one of them while I

know yer been here. What we done ain't nothin' to talk about and we'd lick a mean skunk which wouldn't do

from any railroad and into the heart of the wilderness. One day a terrific rain set in and continued all night. In the storm I lost my bearings and wandered about generally ends by the angler going off until 8 o'clock at night, when I saw a light. I drove towards it, and came "Are you talking to me?" up to a small miner's cabin. I got down, knocked at the door and was all right! Just what I might expect from you! That's reason, however, why I should persist in this." dmitted. I stated my case and asked for shelter. "Come right in, stranger, and welcome,' was my answer.

"Humph! Get out of the way."

saw four roughly dressed miners. The "What are you going to do?" room had no floor, and only an open fireplace, over which their frugal meals were cooked. A few necessary articles completed the entire furniture of the

cabin. 'My wife is with me,' I said, with one hand. At any rate he sud-'and is out in the wagon now.' 'Here, boys, bundle out o' this and help the stranger in with his things. Be lively, now, said the spokesman, pulling off

let me congratulate you."

"I suppose you have already destroy-

"The ropes suspending the bar, stayed out all night in the rain, in ended filed out of their cabin and

spite of the earnest protests of my wife and myself. Those great big-hearted, rough men vacated their home for s "I have nothing to say-not just now. If alive to-morrow we will end lady and would not let us remunerate them in any way. 'We don't see no wimmen folks in these diggins'-the leader said-'an' we feels proud to

likewise for a lady."-Kansas City

his hat and squaring things about. They helped us in with our goods, got a roaring fire to going and then forming in line near the leader, said: 'Yer kindly welcome, mum. We ain't got much to offer, but yer can take the

ranch. Me an' my mates'll git and roost outside. Jess make yerself to home an' don't mind us. "They were standing uncovered all this time and when the speech was