te and the Entydid.

setuding Sature and the sature of the sature

elin Thunter, in The Century.

haw Brown gloomy but once, day after I met him, and it is this mood of his that I we something of his past. He at impediment in his speech, but enough to make some of sees sound a little riblemous,

on were a little mad a while ago, n."

es, my boy," he replied, "and I styled a man at account once and had to leave trina. He mocked me just as ay did. We quarreled and both a shooting about the same time, allet was taken out of my hip, here was no need of removing it want through his heart. He my brother-in-jaw."

trace of anger had left his face is time and as he spoke the last uce there was a touch of sadness woice. He was silent a few mosaud then he added: left a little girl 5 years old in Calica and I don't like to think of what out."

In an hour Brown had recovered his usual good humor, but somehow after that I thought it was assumed. That night I got a further insight into his character—a noble one, despite his wild, lawiess life. Just after dark a tremendous thunderstorm came up. One who has not zeen a thunderstorm on the wester plains can have no idea of what this means. It means a downpour of rain that amonuts to a flood and vivid flashes of lightning, followed by peals of thunder so terrific and coming at such frequent intervals as to be appalling. During the progress of these storms the cattle run wild, terrorstricken. They never grow used to them. This night was no exception. At the very first clap of thunder the long-horned steers, which rounded up for the night had just got comfortably stilled, started to their feet. Then the tain began to fall, and a moment late the highest them. It was my first experience, and I shall never forget in. It was only at intervals during brief flashes of lightning that I could see Brown, but I'll never forget him of his sombrero and the rain beating in his face he laughed, sang, and shouled, riding like a fised all the well, it ended, as such storms unually do, in a cold drizzling rain. The cattle were quieted squewan, and myself—they were breaking me in—were left to guard them. For an hour were left to guard them. For an hour were left to guard them. For an hour were left to guard them. For an hour ment of the doubt.

A Locked Envelope. al good humor, but somehow after it I thought it was assumed. That

man, then tried to follow his example. But I did not sleep. I spite of me drops of rain would find some unprotected spot.

It is well enough to tell something of this man Morgan—he was Brown's murderer—right here. Morgan's real same none knew. He was with the outfit when I joined it, but prior to that no one had asked any questions. Mine availed nothing, and plqued somewhat by his roticence I dubbed him "Mysterious Morgan." He was Brown's opposite as a type. Brown was a cowpuscher. He was a medium-sized man with black eres, jet black hair, mustache, and gostee. His cheeks he himself abaved about once if two weeks. After watching him perform that tonsorial feat with a razor that caused the blood to start in a dozen places. I andibly wondered why he did not wait until he struck a town. The other boys smiled significantly, but said nothing. I afterwards learned that Mr. Morgan did not make a business of visiting towns, and that he had many potent reasons for not looking like the Mr. Morgan of a few years previous; in fact that one or more fexus sheriffs would have ridden far and fast to have caught a glimpse of his face. Morgan was not popular with the other boys. They are pretty good judges of human nature and Morgan was as big a scoudrel as ever went unbung. Yet he attended strictly to his own business and he killed Brown because he believed the latter had threat-oned him. In fact, one night when two of the boys, a Kentuckian named Jack Forrester and one Bill Smith, got into a row and Forrester beat Smith over the head with a six-shooter, and wrestling match for possession of the weapon. Morgan was the first to counsel peace. He took no part in the synable, but toward the close of it he walked up to the group of excited men and in the softest tones imaginable mid:

"Come, come, boys; lets don't have any trouble in camp."

said:

"Come, come, boys; lets don't have any trouble in camp."

Two days later he shot poor Brown while he was asleep.

It came about in this way: We were camping on the banks of the Little Frenchman river, an insignificent stream up in northwestern Nebraska. Brown and "Reddy" Cipde, the cook, had some words. The cook was impudent, and Brown drew his revolver and told him to get one. Clyde refused and would not fight, but he threatened. Brown would not shoot a defenseless man, but in reply to Clyde, he said:

"Oh, I know what you mean. You are depending on your partner. Get off twenty paces and I'll tight you both."

Brown referred to another man, but Morgan took it to himself. He did not say a word, but the next day at noon when poor Walter was asleep under the mess wagon he rode up, got off his horse walked to the wagon, pulled his six-shooter and remarking: "Brown came out of there," began shooting.

The first ball went through Brown's neck, breaking it and killing bim instantly; two others entered his right

The first ball went through Brown's neck, breaking it and killing him instantly; two others entered his right breast, an inch apart, and passed through the body. With the first shot Brown gave a spasmodie start and the right hand went to the butt of his pistol. It was there when we started to pull his dead body from under the wagon.

It was the first killing I had ever seen, and I was horror-attricken. I re-

Water said nothing in reply two and the rest of as thought of it. The most morning at the Brown as moody and out a somebody was mooking me at. Now, I don't want any a same one will get hurt, you't be me, either. And don't say an same one will get hurt, you't be me, either. And don't sou think I don't knew who it is again some one will get hurt, you't be me, either. And don't you think I don't knew who it is again some one will get hurt, you't be me, either. And don't you think I don't knew who it is worth in the proper of the moertainties of the life we were leading, when he said: "Jack, I don't you think I don't knew who it is word in that to be buried here on the prairie like a dog."

I want the first killing I had ever seed, and it was horror-stricken. I resemble that said it ome but a few days before. We were ciding along together talking of the moertainties of the life we were leading, when he said: "Jack, I don't you him to be buried here on the prairie like a dog."

We went through the prairie like a dog."

We went through his proket, of course, A little book contained all there was of the atory. In it was a silver quarter, a flattened bullet that his brother-in-law had fired into his hip, a little plain gold ring, evidently a child's, and a card. On one side of this latter was printed the name wanter Yubanks." and on the other, written in a serawling, uncertain band, the words:

After the last roundup please send

p-box, drove it in the ground at the d of the grave, and I wrote with a

the his face he langhed, sang, and showised, riding like a fleod all the time.

Well, it' ended, as such storms mually do, in a cold drizzling rain. The cattle were quieted somewhat and Brown, a fellow named Morgan, and myself—they were breaking me inwre left to guard them. For an hour or two I stood it well enough, then the novelty wore off, and I grew sleepy. Brown must have noticed it, for presently he rode up to where Morgan and I were sitting on our horses and said:

"I can take care of them all right now, boys. You go and get a little along." I was willing enough, but I saw no prospect of sleep. It was still raining, yot we with Mr. Morgan. He simply urned and rode away, probably 100 ards, got off his horse, looped one

JURY TRIALS IN FRANCE.

Previously during his imprisonment every effort has been made to draw a confession from him. even by placing in his cell a fellow jall-bird as spy—in technical slang called "mouton"—who treacherously tries to win his confidence. Such proceedings would shock British ideas of fair play.

The public examination may, however, have the advantage of allowing the prisoner to tell his own story, which, if he be innocent, may have a stamp of truth likely to influence the jury; on the other hand, through nervousness or stupidity, he may coumit himself irremediably. But the safety of the prisoner depends chiefly on his counsel; not so much as regards logical examination of what can be brought forward for his defense, but according to the degree of his fervid eloquence and his knowledge of the best way of appealing to the feelings of the jury.

The greater number of the jurymen belong to the class of petty tradesmen, half-educated, but having "fait leur rhetorique" in some provincial school, and retaining from such studies a sort of vague, pouppous sentimentalism, easily influenced by hig words and dramatic action. In the days of the clebrated Lachaud it was said that he always got an acquittal for a prisoner, however guilty he might be, for he knew how to work upon the "sensibility" of the jury.

In France it is not necessary that all should agree in the verdict; a majority of votes is sufficient, and the two or three jurymen blessed with cool heads and good common sense, who may take a clear view of the case, are over-ruled by the others, who between the eloquence of the proscention and that of the defense, get into that state of bewilderment candidly expressed by Henri Quatre on a similar occasion, and with him they would willingly exclaim: "Holy Saint Gris! They are both in the right."

The defense has the last word, and then the sorely troubled jury retires to decide as to the life or death of some poor wretch, who has been adorned

THE SPEED OF INSECTS.

And the first process of the control of the control

THE MIDNICHT SUN.

Just beyond Upe Lisburge, on the rosa-ext, called opasses, calmed grants, called opasses, command the first control of Alaska, some five hundred miles above Behring Straits, are grants and partial miles above Behring Straits, are grants and partial miles and the Arctle whateships make these miles a rendezvous. In milisummer there is a period of a few weeks when little or no whateships make these miles provisions, the mail, etc., and carries back whatever windebone and little whatever windebone and of the mouth and the whaters may have secured. The arrival of the lender is the most important and most looked-forward to dearlies back whatever windebone and the whatever windebone and the weeks.

In 1887, twenty-three whale-ships in year and and it is continuous daylight for about six weeks.

In 1887, twenty-three whale-ships in year and and site of the eight hundred and fifty, or more, mager for the appearance of the tender; for it was the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone, the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone, the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone, the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone, the middle of March. Day after day the sun had coursed around the riscone, the notice can be a day to the course of calmin to a word had been heard from home that he is so in the out of the course of a course

of the vessel, dreamily picturing scenes at home, I leoked out over the vast expanse of ocean. Here and there floated a cake of ice. All wan so still, so solemn, yet in time with my thoughts. The short, chopp, and kept the rudder creaking. The sun, far above the horizon, cast a chear, yefnow light—so clear that the distant hills on shore were distinct in every centour—and the rigging of every vessel riding at anchor on the short, rolling sea was sharp in outline.

With my camera resting on my 'mee, I took an instantaneous photograph as the sun came out from behind a veil of clouds and cast its long sheen over the sca from the horizon almost to the very stern of the vessel. Entirely wrapped in my reverie, I sat watching the ceaseless sea, and the glow of the sunlight, thinking only of he world so many thousands of miles away. Four mouths of hardship and danger were yet ahead of us. This 'lttle craft would carry our messages some, but with her would go all communication with the world until we ourselves entered port. What changes might these months bring forth!

"Man the Lucretia's boat," was the rude intrusion upon my reverie, and five strong oars were soon carrying us

STRANGE SOUTHERN BINDS.

HE MISSED THE "BRAWSES."

SPOTTERS ON STREET-CARS.

SHAMMER BOUTHERS DIFFE "BRAWES."

Some make the Tippins Backwook.

"Dish's vice have been been agained by the street of the stre

whose eyes are as keen as can be."

A Chito's Sense of Justice.

Nothing seems to burn into the memory and heart of a child as an undeserved punishment, however trifling the matter may seem to the adult inflictor. In some children of the sunny, hopeful type the wave of indignation and helpless, unspoken protest against unjust correction passes away, and leaves apparently no trace. To other children, with more sensitive natures or more rebellious dispositions, unjust words of reproof kindle fires of rage, which smoulder with sullen persistence under the ashes of seeming forgetfulness, ready to burst out violently and unexpectedly. If this seems an overdrawn picture one has only to think backward to one's own childish days, and to recall the time when careless treatment by the elder first taught us to be bitter, unforgiving, resentful.

A child's sense of justice is as keen as his heart is tender, and this is one of the qualities most necessary to a noble character; a quality that must be blended with truth and honor and self-sacrifice to give the right balance to dispositions that would otherwise work latter. A child's justice is always tempered with mercy to those he loves, and when in the home he is justly and tenderly dealt with, he learns little by little that higher sense of justice towards all with whom he comes in contact. When his own small rights are carelessly and continually thrust aside, he too, learns to play the brigand, to invent devices to achieve the might which he has learned makes right.—

Herper's Bazur. Well, of it don't jess beat me. These thay Fankees wont o'lieve nuttin' less it they sees 'um."—N. F. Heraid.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Gaees Story of a Smoker Told by a State and Freeate Physician. The strange custom in America of State and Freeate Physician had been in the ciprore were lighted its the Boston Grobe. A well-known Common the control of t



Pulmonary Balsam.

Throat and Lung Troubles,
Asthma, Conghs, Colda,
Croup, Whooping Cough,
Influenza, Bronchitis,
Loss of Voice, Hearseness
And Incipient Consumption,

Readily yield to its Healing Power PRICE 50 CENTS.

推了

Will the said

J. R. GATES & CO., Prop're

The Chinese coolies in Peru have rendered assist service, the railway system being in great part in work of their hands. Owing, he railway system being in great part in work of their hands. Owing, he railway to the coolies are certain properties, the Chinese government mas prohibited emigration to Peru, and the supply of coolie labor is thus at an end. On some estates the coolies are compelled to work in irons to prevent their running away. They are also locked up at night, and undergo cruel tortures when pumishment is exercised. The truck system prevailing, the poor coolie is always in debt to his master, who often makes a profit even upon the opium retailed in part payment of wages. To the cruelit of the Peruvians, however, it should be said that the estates in Peru chiefly conspleaues for mattreatment of the Chinese laborets are award and managed by foreigners.

— Rede Total's Baskington. PACIFIC STATES TYPE-FOUNDRY And Printers' Warehouse,

Chien and Perd.

The favorite Printers' Supply House of the Pacific Coast. Prompt. Square and Progressive. Stock complete, representing the latest and best of the Eastern Market. Type and Eule all on the Polat System. No obso-PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR conner's U. S. Type Foundry, New Yor larnhart's D. W. Type Foundry, Chica lenton, Walifo & Co's Self-Spacing Ty

Beonomic Paper Cutters, Simons Cases and Purnitu Golding's Presses ar Sedgwick Pa

NEWSPAPERS ON THE HOME Complete Outfits and the Smallest Orderect with the same careful and prosateution. Specimen books mailed on a cation. Address all orders to

HAWKS & SHATTUCK

SHOES



PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.

YLAND - COMP OBINSON COMP

BROOKLYN HOTEL.
(Under new Management)
Bush St., bet. Montgomery & Sameorne, S. P.
Conducted on both the European and American
plan. This favoritie hotel is under the approcessed management of CHARLES MONTGOM.

TREE WASH. Powdered 93 1-100 Caustic Sods. Pure Cametic Soda. Commercial Potash, cie SHERP WASH. Calvert's Carbolic. For sale by T. W. Jack son A Co., Sole Agents, 104 Market St., San Fran

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE BOOK, NEWS, WRITING AND WRAPPING PAPERS.

Card Stook, Straw and Rinders' Board Patent Machine-made Bags.

512 to 516 Sacramento St. San Francisco.



