The Strange Romance of a Hobbery on the Border.

"Arizona banditi" is a phrase taking enough for the headline of the most bird article or the title of the most thrilling dime movel. Unlike most lurid titles, however, it falls short instead of exaggerating the actual fact. There is probably no other region of equal area in the world so well anited for outlaws, and if there ever was a time when the rugged canyons and wild wastes between the Gila and the San Juan did not harbor land pirates it was before the Astee occupation of (Humboldt says) the Twelfth century.

Certainly the oldest Mexican Indian traditions and the subsequent written records tell the same story, but the latest case of really romantic interest is that of Ramon Ortiz and Mannel Grijalva. Ortiz was born in Seville, came to Mexico and took part in the Maximillian war on the side of the ill fated monarch, under whom he held a captain's commission. Upon the dishanding of the army he fled to Arizona, accompanied by the Mexican Grijalva, who was a soldier under him. From that time on their hands were against everybody, and everybody's hand against them.

DAMON ORTIZ, MANUEL GIUJALVA.

hamon ortiz. Manuel Gillaliva.
In 1819 the driver of a private express was murdered about thirty miles south of Phomix and \$50,000 in buillion from the Tiger mine taken, besides a few hundredring reembacks. It was soon learned that the robbery was the work of Ortig, Grighava and an unknown Mexican whom for some reason they had induced to join them, and then the long chase began. Years after Grijalva was shot and mortally wounded in Silver City, N. M., and the pursuers had the address to impose one of their number on him as a priest. Grijalva confessed everything, willed his share of the buillion to the church and described minutely the old adobe house by the side of which the treasure was buried in Phonix.

minutely the old adobe house by the side of which the treasure was buried in Phonix.

Highly elated the pursuers returned to Phonix, but the old aboles were gone and handsome residences and new streets covered that section. There was much digging, but to no purpose. Last winter the atory was published that Ortiz had died in Hermosillo, Mexico, the priest who absolved him was found, and in due time all the story not told by Grijalva came out. It appeared that they had buried the money in Phoenix as a temporary measure only, expecting to return and take it to the mountains, but were so closely pressed that they had to field to discuss and though he sport a week in Phoenix things had changed so that he could never locate the spot where he buried the gold, and fearing to excite suspicion by digging he gave it up for the time and ventured into Sonors again, where though aged, he again engaged in his former-ecompation of brigandage. When at Hormosillo he was taken sick from an old wound and died. So the treasure is lost forever, unless some lucky man strikes it is diagring a well or sever, and if he does the chances are seventeen to one that he will keep very still sewer, and if he does the chances are seven-teen to one that he will keep very still about it, and so the world will never cer-tainly hear of that \$50,000.

The Sultan of Morocco.

It is generally stated and believed that the sultan of Morocco, like the exar, is at once the temporal and the spiritual head of his people, but this is not quite nead of his people, but this is not quite true. Though one of his many titles is that of "gnardian and commander of the true believers," this authority is very shadowy—at least as far as the Kaironin is concerned—and the sultan had an opportunity of judging some three years ago of the danger that might result from his interference in purely church government. For some reason or other he commanded that the mokaddum, or chief trustee of the university—an office which has been hereditary in one family since the death of the Tunisian Fatma—be dismissed.

This was done, but within three days there arcses such an outery and hubbub at the sultan's attempt to exercise unwonted anthority in church matters that Kaironin is concerned-and the sultan

Mr. Taylor, count the words in the Goldsmith pieces catalogued above.—St. Louis Republic.

How They Robbed the Marquis.

In the old range cattle boom days, when money from foreign lands was souring into the west like water, there fered again in the affairs of the univer-sity.—Fortnightly Review.

Injuries from Carbolic Acid.

Warnings are given in a German medical journal against the injury to skin, and even bone, which may result from the long continued use of weak—say 3, 21<sub>5</sub>, or even 2 per cent.—carbolized applications, especially upon peripheral portions of the loads make a bloom of the loads make as the eral portions of the body, such as the fingers. This effect, it is asserted, is due in a small measure to the action of carbelic acid upon the vasomotor system but in the main to its destructive effect

but in the main to its destructive effect upon the red and white blood corpuscles. This induces, partly in a mechanical and partly in a chemical way, staris, first in the capillaries, and, if the action of the drug be continued, then in the larger veins and arteries, with the result that the nutrition of the part is interfered with, and the removal of harmful anostances hindered, the maceration of the epidermis caused by the acid favors syaporation, so that the gangrene is a firy one, a mummification, as it were.

ON A TANDEM.

The hillside biazed in red and gold: The fields had burned to umber: The air was crisq; nor set too cold, As down a winding way! bowled With Jennie on a Humber.

Sweet Jennie, with her chestnut hair. Her reguish eyes and hinghter; How prouit was I that she was fair; How glad was I to see her there, And know that none came after!

Oh, dream of happy days gone by! We speke of agrumn sadly; And when I seemed to hear her sigh I lisped her name. I know not why— Somehow she pedaled badly.

I lisped her name, and growing hold— No wonder she grow soher. Or that the wheels so slowly rolled Along the small; leaf strewn mold This rare day in October.

I lisped her name and bending low—White pedals turned at random—He beek touched cheek—I—but you knot of course 'twas wrong to treat her so.
Sweet Jennie on a tandem.—When

From an Old Book.

From an Old Book.

In one of the older manuals of the common council of New York there appears an interesting directory of this city for the year 1663. Then there were exactly twenty streets and a population \*! 251. Broadway at that time was De Heere straat (the principal street). The Battery was Aon de Strandt van de N. Reveir. Wall street was De Waal, Pearl street was De Perel straat. Whitshall street was De Winckel straat. William street was In de Smits valley (In the smith's valley), and Broadway above Wall street was Buyten de Lant Poort (ontside the land gate). All of the residents were of Dutch extraction, with the exception of one whose name with the exception of one whose name appears in the list as Jacob, the French-

There were Roosevelts, Beekmans, De Peysters, De Puys, Van Cortlandts and Verplancks in those days. Claus, oys-ters and fish formed the principal food of the settlers at that period. Occasion-ally in the spring New York was visited by "such amazing flights of wild pigeonthat the sun was hid by their flocks from shining on the earth for a considerable time; then it was that the natives laid in a great store of them against a day of need."—New York Times.

A Boy Who Liked to Cut Wood.

A Boy Who Liked to Cut Wood.

One of the strangest cases of somnambulism occurred some lifteen years ago in an Oxford county village. The boy here of the story was next to the oldest of a large family. As not much was to be made on the farm in the winter, and other work is not easily obtained in a small place, the father and the oldest som had gone early in the fall to a distant state where laborers were scarce and labor well paid. The supervision of the farm fell upon poor Ned, and a conscientions little steward he was. After great backets of olived leaves, gathered mid much sport in the woods, had heaped up the great lole, and the found had been smight tucked up in evergreen boughs, Ned cut and handed the great cord wood sicks into the yard for "working up." One night he had been too tired to attend to sawing and splitting, and he went to bed worrying about it. Not this there was any real need, for the piazzallke woodshed was closely lined on three sides with carefull; fitted wood, only be disdiked to have one day's work run into the next.

About midnight Ned's mother, hearing unaccountable wounds below, stole into Ned's room and found he was not there. Greatly alarmed, she continued her search until she reached the woodshed.

"Ned, Ned!" she called, but received no response. Wonderingly the mother approached aimost near enough to touch him, still he call not a word.

Glancing again at him she saw the boy's eyes were shut, and, having been some what used to his walking in sleep, hought she would see what Ned would do, Carefully he placed the cord wood sick on the sawhorse, took down the saw and actually with both eyes closed in alsep, sawed wood, and was about to take down the ax when his mother thought it time to awaken him.—Lewiston Jouroal.

A Very Valuable Diamond.

A Very Valuable Diamond.

A wonderful diamond is now being cut in Antwerp, which is said to be the second largest in the world. At present it weighs 474 canus, but when properly cut it will be reduced to 574 carats. It will then be rather larger than a pigeon's egg, and only slightly inferior in size to the 'Great Morgil,' the ceiebrated Persian diamond. At present there are no rumors as to the probable purchaser of the stone, but a faint idea of its value may be gained from the cost of cutting it, which is no less than £1,800.

The guests at a hotel in Ohio presented one of the waitresses with a pair of roller skates in hopes of being waited on more rapidly.

One handred and two kernels of grain. it is said, have been counted in one head of wheat grown near Cheney, Wash.

Our readers will serve themselves by noticing the remarkable offerings advertis in another column by the Sherwood Hall Numery Co. of Menlo Park and San Francisco, who are leaders on the coast in fur-nishing overything for the farm and garden.

Giasgow Landlord—When ye goe outside Jock ye'll see twa cabs. Tak' the first yin, for the other yin's not there. Guid nich.

The World's Mammoth Hotel is the 1100 room, fireproof, summer Hotel, the "Great Easterns." at St. Lawrence avenue and 90th street, Chicago, two blooks from Midway Plaisance World's Fair entrance and overlooking famous Washington Park. World's Fair visitors can avoid annoyance and extertion of sharks by engaging rooms now at \$1.50 a day, each person, (Earopean) by addressing Copeland Townsoud, Manager, (formerly manager Palmer House), 42 The Rookery, Chicago, Ill.

You can't judge the extent of a man's liter-ary reputation by the number of itmes his pro-ductions are read by himself.

O! the Agony Of Those who Suffer from Scrofula

De Sarsaparilla Pur Soothes, Heats, CURES.



Mr. T. V. Joh

"I have for many years been a great sufferer from SCROVULA breaking out on my arms and legs; they were covered with cruption and sores, discharging all the rises. I tried very many medicines and consulted physicians far and near, but constantly grew werse. I have taken but three bottles of Hood's Sarsapa-

## Hood's E Cures

rilla for rheumatism, and has derived so much benefit from it that she dealers benefit from it that she declares there is no other medicine on earth. We would not be without it in the house if it costs \$20 a bottle." T. VARLER JOHNSON, San JOSE, Cal. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Barsaparilla.

Hood's Pilis act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and howels. 25c.

# Olds&King

### GET THE GET The Timothy Hopkins

Collection of Sweet Peas Containing towary-one distinct varieties—a large paint of endo--for \$1.50, or a packet of the name experies, mixed, for meents.

12 Carnations (tomat emission) . \$1.00 12 Chrysanthemums (detact) \$1.00

12 Pelargoniums obtained contents \$1.00
12 Roses distinct valeties \$1.00
40 at a e. e.g., healthy, pol-group plants, free by work.

Flower Seeds Twenty-five chairs

Vegetable Seeds or our election.
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OR. DO. SAN-KUS FILE REMEDY, which are directly on parts afforded absorbs tamore, allows ticking effecting a permanent series. Trans San Principles, Pr

## Getting Thin

is often equivalent to getting ill. If loss of flesh can be arrested and disease baffled the "weak spots" in the system are eradicated.

# **Scott's Emulsion**

is an absolute corrective of "weak spots." builder of worn out failing tissue-nature's food that stops waste and creates healthy flesh.

Prepared by Sout A Bawns, Chemists New York. Sold by druggists everywhere



Indispensable in the preparation of the finest foods.

I have found it superior to all others. I recommend it. -M. Gorju, late chef, Delmonico's.

### A FAIR ATTORNEY.

Alas! the world has gone awry
Since Cossin Lillian entered college,
For ahe has grown so learned?
Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
Whene'er I dare to woo het now
She frowns that I should so amony her,
And then preciaions, with lotty brow,
Her mission is to be a lawyer,

Afragities no more on golden wings, A sumy waif from El Dorado; 'Ne learned how true the post sings. That coming serrow casts its shadow When Intil fruiti lost its spell. I felt some hidden grief topended; When she declined a caramel. I knew my rosy dream had ended.

Bie paints no mere en china plaques.
With tints that would have crazed Muritle
Birange birds that never plumed their backs
When Father Noals braved the billow.
Her fancy limns, with brighter binsh.
The apleastid triumphe that await her,
When in the court a breathloss hash.
Gives homage to the queen debater.

The said to meet such crushing moss.
From eyes as blue as Scottish heather.
The said a maid with checks of rose
Should have ber heart bound up in leathe
The said to keep one's passion pent,
Though Pallas' arms the fair environ:
But worse to have her quoting Kent
When one is fondly breathing Byroo.

When Lillian is licensed at the law Her fame, be sure, will live forever; No barrieter still pick a flaw In logic so extremely clover: The sheriff will forget his map. To frast upon the lovely vision, And o'en the judge will set his cap. A ther and dream of love Elysian. Esmuel M. Peck in San Francisco Arge.

Sir Walter Scott is an example of a great man, who, so far as we can judge, anjoyed paying the penalties of his greatness, even in his hour of death. He was great enough, but then he was that w.o.great enough, but then he was that kind of a man, and the circumstances among which he lived were favorable. That was before the day of the penny post, of the electric telegraph, of rail-ways and of the interviewer, and in his prime he lived at Abbotsford, which is equivalent nowadays to saying that he lived at Joppa. He seems to have been singularly free from the penalties of greatness, which have enormously ingreatness, which have enormously in-treased since the Wizard of the North ent home, and such of them as came in his way he seems to have heartily en-

He appears now and then to have reliabed being turned into a rare show, and to being pointed at wherever he went as Walter Scott. Indeed this being pointed at seems to have been relhed by many men whose greatness was adoubted. Thackeray seems some-mes almost to have resented not being ointed at,—All the Year Round.

### The Story of "Mand."

The Story of "Mand."

Few people knew Tennyson and his peculiarities better than did his neighbor Mrs. Cameron, the well known photographic artist, who made a fine series of character portraits by photography to illustrate Tennyson's poems. The history of her search for and selection of models for these characters is interesting. Mand was a starving Irish girl, who served her both as model and waiting maid.

The sequel to the story of Mrs. Cam-eron's Mand is too pretty not to be given. When Mrs. Cameron held her exhibion in London, Mand was sent up with tion in London, Mand was sent up with a chaperon to explain the pictures to the public. A gentleman came in one day, and after having asked several ques-tions left. A year or two afterward he passed into the Indian civil service, but passed into the Indian civil service, on-before starting for the east he went down to Freshwater and knocked at Mrs. Cameron's door, begging for Maud's hand. The beautiful Mand was willing, and they were married.—New York

An Anecdote of Benan. while traveling alighted at Renan while traveling alighted at Raples. One morning a servant of the hotel came to him and said that as she ad heard the prescher at the cathedral nake use of his name many times, she rould be thankful if he would choose or her a number in the lottery about to sedrawn. "If you are a saint," said she, "the number is sure to be a good one; if you are a devil, it will be still better." Regan smiled and chose a number, but he never knew if the servant was lucky.—Lendon Globs.

### The Cruelty of War.

The Cruelty of War.

An incident related in the biography
of Sir Provo Wallis, admiral of the British fleet, brings home to the reader the
cruel nature of war. It occurred during the war of 1812. An American captain had taken a line ship to Lisbon,
where she had sold her cargo for the
use of the British army under Wellington, and received several thousands of
dollars in return, which were on board.

dollars in return, which were on board. Meantime war had been declared, and on her homeward voyage she fell a victim to the British squadron. One of the principal objects of her captors was to obtain information. The American cap-tain was sent on board the Shamon-which afterward captured the famous Chesapeake—but was kept in ignorance of the war and of the fact that he was a

prisoner.

He answered unreservedly all the questions put to him, and Captain Broke, who greatly disliked the deception he had been obliged to practice, now felt it difficult to make the prisoner acquainted with the next step which must be taken. At length he forest himself to say; "Cantain, I must burn your ship."

"Captain, I must burn your ship. The American, overcome by surprise faltered, "Burn her?"

"Hadeed I must."
"Burn her for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own—and all the property I have in the world. Is it war, then?"
"Yes," said Broke.

Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each, but duty was duty, and the prize was destroyed. — Youth's Com-

A Feat in Writing. John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ills., on John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ills., once wrote 4,100 words on the blank side of a postal card. This was sent to a Chicago paper, which heralded the story to the world as being the most wonderful piece of penwork ever executed. As a matter of fact Mr. Taylor's effort has been discounted on several occasions. Beedle, the penman of Ottery St. Mary, Liverpool, once wrote the following pieces entire, without the slightest aboreviation, all upon a piece of cardboard 3½ by 3½. all upon a piece of cardboard 3½ by 3½ inches in size: Goldsmith's "Traveler," "The Deserted Village," "Essay on Edu-cation," "Distress of a Disabled Soldier,"
"The Tale of Azim," "Justice," "Gen-erosity," "Irresolution of Youth," "Frail-ty of Man," "Friendship" and the "Ge-

mins of Love."

In the center of the card there was a perfect picture of Ottery church, all of the shades and lines being formed of parts of the writing. As a kind of tale-piece he added the anthem of "God Save the Queen," embellished it with seventy-two stars, fifty-one crescents and nine-teen crosses, finishing the whole by drawing a picture of a serpent which inclosed the whole of the miraculous production. If you wish to ascertain exactly how much Beedle's effort exceeded that of Mr. Taylor, count the words in the nius of Love." Mr. Taylor, count the words in the Goldsmith pieces catalogued above.—St. Louis Republic.

pouring into the west like water, there pouring into the west has water, there were a good many sharp tricks practiced in delivering cattle. It is recalled that the Marquis de Mores, who tried to cut such a conspicuous figure as a revolutionizer of the American meat trade, and who later became notorious as a duelist, was badly sold. While in Da dueist, was bany sold. White in Da-kota he bought 10,000 head of cattle from two Englishmen. They were first class cattle and cost forty dollars a head. When these two Britons delivered the cows they worked one of the neatest "akin" games that was ever heard of. Medora, you know, sits in a valley, with table lands on each side.

table lands on each side.

Well, the Englishmen ran 5,000 head of cattle inon the marquis and collected for 10,000. The way they did it was by running the same 5,000 twice around the hill. De Mores never "tumbled" until he had paid his \$100,000 and the merry cockneys were bound for South America. It was a clear steal of \$200,000, but the marquis didn't make much bones about it. He had plenty of money and didn't care.—Chicago Drovers' Journal.