

THE COMING OF MISS MARY.

I never see de sunshine
In all de world so bright;
But 'long come sweet Miss Mary,
En I know what make de light!

De garden—be des primpin'
In all he Sunday cloze;
But 'long come sweet Miss Mary,
En I know how come de rose!

De night come up de hillside—
Let down de evenin' bars;
But 'long come sweet Miss Mary,
En I know what make de stars!

Bekeze she des so purty,
De wood, f'um eas' ter woe,
Tell sky, en star, en sunshine—
"You better look yo' bes!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

SILENT SAM.

IT was a strange conglomeration of humanity that occupied the mining camp in Rocky Gulch. Prospectors and adventurers from all parts of the globe were there assembled. There was Red Mike; there was Baldy Slick, who had made and lost fortunes at the card tables; there was Coyote Pete, who had prospected in every gold field upon the face of the globe; there was Silent Sam, so called because of his disinclination to join in conversation; and Talkative Bob, who received his appellation for a dissimilar reason; there was St. Louis Joe, who dispensed liquor to the miners; and Topsy Tim, whose sole ambition was to pan enough dust to keep himself in a chronic state of intoxication. There were others, but among them all no representative of the gentler sex until Joe Hardy—Honest Joe, they dubbed him—drifted into the camp, accompanied by his brave young wife.

Some way the camp seemed different after "Mrs. Joe" came. There may have been no less drinking, but there was less bawling; there was perhaps just as much gambling, but there was less shooting; and when Joe's baby came a wave of reformation actually swept through the camp.

It became the custom to gather around Joe's cabin every Sunday, and the baby was gazed at with mingled awe and admiration. As months went



"YOU ARE AS HANDY AS A M-THEER."

by Babe, as every one called her, developed cute and affectionate ways, and she was almost worshipped by those rough miners.

There came a sad day for Rocky Gulch, however. Babe was ill. She lay upon her little bed, tossing her tiny arms and moaning plaintively. The miners knocked off work and gathered in anxious groups a little distance from the cottage. St. Louis Joe closed his saloon tight, and declared not one drop would the boys get till Babe got well.

"Ain't a goin' ter hev some galoot git full and git a shootin' off his gun an' disturbin' Babe," he said.

Half a dozen of the men remained up all night near the cottage, "to be on hand," they said, "ef Joe wanted anything."

The second night Silent Sam offered to sit by Babe to "spell" Joe and his wife. His services were accepted, though Joe and his wife took turns sitting up with him.

"You are as handy as a mother," remarked Mrs. Joe, after Sam had been ministering to the little sufferer.

Sam swallowed a big lump in his throat two or three times before he replied:

"I had a little feller about Babe's age when I left home two year ago."

"I should think you would want to go home to your family, Sam," said Mrs. Joe; "they must miss you sadly."

"Me an' de old woman had some words; that's why I left," said Sam. "I guess I was mostly to blame, though," he added, "an' purty hasty."

"I'd go back," said Mrs. Joe, softly.

Babe didn't improve, and the anxiety of the community deepened day by day. At last one night, shortly after midnight, Joe came to the half-dozen men who still kept their nightly vigil near his cabin. They gathered around him.

"Any change, Joe?" they eagerly inquired.

Joe struggled some minutes to reply, and then with a great sob said:

"Babe's gone," and rushed past the group into darkness.

Every inhabitant of Rocky Gulch knew of Babe's death long before morning, and the most of them were gathered at a respectful distance from the cabin when Joe stepped to the door after sunrise.

"Come in, boys, an' see her," he said, and one by one they filed past the peaceful figure which lay with a smile on the sweet, upturned face.

"It's a cryin' shame," said Coyote Pete, "that the Babe can't hev a man-

ine, first-class funeral, but there ain't no show fer a spread in this hole."

"Ef there was time I'd go ter 'Frisco an' tote a casket in on my back," said Red Mike, "but there ain't, so's no use talkin'."

"Now, don't ye fret," said Baldy Slick, "Babe's goin' ter hev a funeral, the like of which ain't been seen in Noo York itself," and he unfolded his plan to the boys.

Two of Baldy Slick's tables were torn apart and a rude casket was constructed of the boards. The inside was lined with a beautiful dry moss, gathered from the mountain side, the outside coated with fresh pitch, upon which was sprinkled gold dust, contributed by the willing miners.

A grave was hollowed out in a pleasant place near Joe's cabin, and that, too, was lined with moss, upon which was sprinkled some of the dust.

When the casket was taken to the house Joe and his wife broke down completely.

"O, it is so sweet!" said Mrs. Joe, "and it is so kind of you. We were troubled to think that Babe could not have a nice burial, and now this—this—!" And she could say no more.

The services at the grave were simple. Mrs. Joe had a Bible, and Silent Sam was asked to read a chapter. He did so, and then the little form was lowered into the mossy bed prepared for it. One by one the men passed the open grave, tossing in their last offering to Babe, fresh blooming flowers gathered from the mountain side, and as they turned from the grave they each took Joe and his wife by the hand in silent sympathy.

Silent Sam was the last to clasp their hands, and as he did so he said:

"Good-by, Joe; good-by, Mrs. Joe. I'm going home to my little feller an' de woman."—Buffalo News.

HORSES NOT AS HARDY AS MEN.

Sieges and Battles Show the Animals Succumb to Hunger and Fatigue.

There have been many instances in which fights have been lost or won according to the number and condition of the horse engaged. When the siege of Plevna commenced the Russians were bringing all their stores and food from Sistova by the aid of 66,000 draft horses, and at the end of the siege it was found that no less than 22,000 of them had died from hard work and exhaustion. The want of rest and food

on a horse far more than on a man, for in the case of the latter there are the stimulating influences of patriotism, the glory of victory, and other feelings which are non-existent in the nature of a horse. Quite half the horses in England sent to the Crimea never returned, most of them having died from hard work and starvation. Indeed only about 500 were killed in action. So reduced and starved have the poor beasts become on occasions of this kind that they have been known to eat one another's tails and to gnaw the wheels of the gun carriages. Napoleon took with him across the Niemen 60,000 cavalry horses, and on his return in six months he could only muster 16,000. More than half the horses which were engaged in our Egyptian war of 1882 were disabled; 900 of these were killed, and only fifty-three slain in action. In the Afghan war of 1838 it is said that 3,000 camels and half the horses engaged were lost in three months. It will thus be seen that actual fighting does not claim so many horses as starvation and overwork. Defective shoeing, sore backs, want of food and rest, and other similar causes go far toward rendering horses useless for practical warfare. One more and important cause needs careful attention, and it is the danger of injury horses run when being shipped across the sea. They are in constant motion, they continually fall—many of them to be trampled to death—and the rest become frightened, kick and batter one another about, and are rendered useless. As an instance of this, it was found that one regiment on the way to the Peninsula war was deprived of just half its horses on the voyage.—Golden Penny.

WHERE LIGHTNING KILLS.

Five Persons in Every Million Lieblet Be Struck Dead—Ohio's Hard Luck.

The weather bureau has issued a statement of damage to property and loss of life through lightning in the United States during nine years.

It appears that 312 persons are annually killed by lightning in this country, taking a fair average. The worst year was 1895, when 426 Americans were destroyed in this way. In 1898 the mortality was 367. In nine years from 1889 to 1898, inclusive, five in every million of the population were killed by lightning. The danger seems to be least in large cities.

Farm hands furnished the most victims. Ohio is the greatest sufferer, the death rate by lightning in that State being twenty-four in every hundred thousand persons of the farming class.

The greatest proportion of fatal strokes is found in the Missouri Valley, on the Great Plains and in the Rocky Mountain region. In 1898, 1,806 buildings were damaged or destroyed by lightning, involving a loss of \$1,440,880. During the same year lightning killed live stock of a value of \$48,257.

Much damage might be avoided by grounding wires at intervals along barbed wire fences.

So far as human beings are concerned practically all the deaths occur from April to September, the highest record being in June and July.

Lot Long Lived.

The life of an Australian native rarely exceeds 50 years.

One may have unlimited confidence in order to enjoy love and sausages.

THE MORMON EXPERIMENT IN MEXICO



The Mormons in great numbers are settling in Northern Mexico and are growing prosperous in the colonies which they have planted. There are now nearly 5,000 of them in Northern Sonora and Northwestern Chihuahua. There is a steady stream of immigration from Utah and the colonies are rapidly increasing in population. The Mormons are going into the Mexican republic as rapidly as farm lands can be secured for them. They are an agricultural people and occupy only the valleys where irrigation is possible. The enactment of laws in the United



TYPICAL ADOBE HOUSE.

States against polygamy brought the first Mormon immigration to Mexico. When plural marriage was pronounced illegal there were many Mormons who preferred to leave Utah rather than surrender any of their religious principles or relinquish any of their wives. Mexico appeared to them an inviting country in which to settle, provided they could procure the assurances they needed from the Mexican government. The climate of Chihuahua and Sonora being similar to that of Utah, only milder, and the topography being the same, it only remained for those who proposed to emigrate to secure in advance the necessary concessions from the authorities of the country into which they were about to move.

The proposal of the Mormons to settle in Mexico met with instant approval and encouragement from the officials of that government, since they were known to be thrifty and adapted to the work of developing a new country. Mining companies and ranchmen especially welcomed them because they would readily supply the camps and cattle haciendas with provisions and farm products, formerly imported at considerable cost. Mexico encouraged their immigration by admitting all their household effects, building material and other articles of use in the erection of their homes free of cost. They also received many other concessions and privileges.

The Wilderness Transformed.

The country into which they removed was practically a wilderness. Here and there were large ranches, with now and then a mining camp. There were a few Mexican villages, at intervals of fifty or one hundred miles. The country was arid, treeless and uninviting, except in the valleys, where a rich soil only needed irrigation and cultivation to return ample crops of fruits and cereals.

The first colony was planted in 1889, and called Colonia Juarez. It was established in the valley of the Casas Grandes River, sixteen miles from the old Mexican town of Casas Grandes, the present terminus of the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre and Pacific Railroad, constructed in 1897. The settlers arrived from Utah in covered wagons. They lived in tents until they dug irri-



MORMON TITHING STORE.

gation ditches and made their first crop. Then they began to erect their homes. Besides their teams and camping utensils and a few agricultural implements, they had nothing but muscle and religious enthusiasm. At that time the nearest railroad was El Paso, Texas, while a sandy desert, almost impassable, intervened. The mountains, too, held roving bands of renegade Apaches that occasionally raided the new settlement and drove away cattle and horses.

As to the practice of polygamy in the republic of Mexico, it may be said that the law of the land recognizes but one legal wife. The second or third

wife has no legal status, and her children, in the eyes of the law, are not legitimate. After the first marriage the law has nothing to do with the matter of a Mormon's increasing the number of his wives, except that a second and third wife may not be taken unless the first wife gives her consent. But the Mormons are guided by their religion, not by the law, in the institution of marriage. A Mormon in Mexico never or seldom takes a second or third wife until he is able to support more than one family.

Active Proselyting.

Mormon converts are gained invariably from among the most humble classes. Two thousand missionaries are at work all the time in the United States and Canada and in Europe, adding to the Mormon fold. In justice to the Mormons it must be said that the converts they make are usually better educated in every respect. Thrift is a cardinal principle in the Mormon creed and it is exemplified nowhere better than in the colonies of Northern Mexico. Comfortable homes, cultivated fields and abundant crops show that the Mormons on the whole are industrious, frugal and economical. They are obliged to maintain a community of interest. They labor together and assist one another in everything that is to be done.

At present there are eight colonies of Mormons in Mexico, with a combined population of nearly 5,000. They are Colonia Juarez, the capital colony; Colonia Diaz, Dublin, Oaxaca, Pacheo, Garcia, Chulchupa and the recently established colony of Morelos. Colonia Juarez is situated in a narrow valley, and the land is irrigated with water from the Casas Grandes River. The neat brick residences of the settlers are hidden gravelines and thick clusters of pear, plum, peach and apricot trees. The water runs in a clear stream through all the cross streets, and is turned into yard or garden at will. Here the president of the "stake," which embraces all the colonies, resides. He lives in a handsome brick residence that cost \$10,000. He guides the destinies of the Mormons in Mexico with the head and hand of a capable captain. He is a man of education and of unusual intelligence, and was at one time a candidate for Governor of Utah. He is the first and last court of resort for all internal troubles and disputes.

Education Not Neglected.

The Mormons build schools in their communities even before they erect a church. All of the colonies have schools and an academy is maintained at Colo-



JUST ARRIVED FROM UTAH.

nia Juarez. In this colony there is a great mill, a cannery factory and other industries. There is a tithing store, the only one in the colony, but there is not a saloon, nor a tobacco shop, nor a policeman in this or any other of the Mormon colonies.

Lublin is the largest colony. It is also the most important commercially. It is four miles from the terminus of the railroad, and is situated in a broad valley. The village, which has about 1,000 inhabitants, is scattered over several square miles of territory. The Mormons of Dublin have thousands of acres of rich land, which produces abundant crops. They have beautiful orchards and gardens. They have laid the foundation of a splendid temple and a large school building. They have a tithing store as in Colonia Juarez, and each Mormon contributes 10 per cent. of his income to the support of the church. He gives labor, lumber, fruit, meat, milk or honey, depositing 10 per cent. of whatever he may have at the tithing store. In addition to this taxation the Mormons of Dublin have a self-imposed income tax of 8 per cent., which is to be used to build and equip their academy.

The Mormon colonies are socialistic communities. Everything is done on a system of co-operation. They use little money in their dealings with one another. Obligations are paid in labor or the products of labor. If one Mormon builds a house his neighbors assist and charge their labor against him. The debt is settled in kind. They have differences of opinion sometimes and occasionally there occurs a dispute, but the elders and bishops settle the trouble or if they do not, then the president does.

Surprised by the Engine.

The natives of a wild country never fail to wonder over the coming of a railroad, with its snorting locomotive and rattling cars. The antics of the native Egyptians and Arabs, says



Owen S. Watkins, who was with Kitchener in his Sudan campaign, afforded not a little amusement to the railway battalion under Lieut. Midwinter.

The quantity of water consumed by the locomotive was a constant source of wonder. The Arabs had never dreamed of such a thirst as that monster seemed to possess. One day, when the working party climbed aboard after loading all the trucks, the Egyptians cried, "For shame!" charged them with overloading the poor engine, and asked if they thought themselves men.

Once the driver of an engine was asked by an Arab to permit his young wife to crawl under the engine, as she was sure if she could do that, her married life would be blessed.

Sales Drop Off When Authors Marry.

Some one asked quite seriously the other day if I thought that the announced engagement of Mr. Paul Leicester Ford would interfere with the sale of his novels. I smiled the smile of incredulity.

"You need not smile," said the lady. "I know that Richard Harding Davis' marriage has greatly interfered with the sale of his novels. His readers, who are largely young girls, like to think of him as an unmarried man. They find his books more interesting when they so regard him."

"What about Kipling?" I gasped. "Has his stock depreciated because of his wife and babies?"

"Oh, no!" was my reply. "It is different with Kipling. He writes more for men, and then his stories are not love stories."—Harper's Bazar.

Where Land Is Most Valuable.

The growth of the land values is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the age. Every inch of land between King William's statue and Trinity square, London, cost £30 10s. or at the rate of \$191,000,000 per acre—beyond all doubt the highest price ever paid in England for land. The Southeastern Railway Company was asked at the

rate of \$65,000,000 per acre for a piece of ground in Bermondsey, which had a depth of sixteen feet only. The demand was so exorbitant that even a railway company had to pause, finally declining to purchase. In the year 1880 land in Cannon street was sold for \$30 a square foot, and six years later the price of land in this identical street went up to \$75 a square foot.—The Forum.

Hit It by Accident.

At a time when every man, woman and child in Colorado Springs was investing in mining stock and almost every man, woman and child had been badly bitten, it happened that a certain mine owner and stock manipulator died suddenly. The local paper held the press to put in an account of his death headed, "Death Loves a Shining Mark," but when it came out the people with whom he had had his business dealings were surprised and pleased to read, "Death Loves a Mining Shark."—San Francisco Wave.

Gabriel's Trick.

"It is time," said Gabriel, "to blow my last trump!"

Saying which, he put it on the ace of spades, thereby saving the trick for himself and St. Peter.

—An angel, be it known, sometime engage in little games of whist.—New York World.

Had Read It.

"Did you read my latest novel, entitled 'A Terrible Experience?'" asked the novelist.

"Yes," answered the bluntly candid friend, "and that's what it was."—Washington Star.

Hewitt—What did you wife say when she caught you kissing the cook? Jewett—Oh, she said it was all right; that we must do all we could to keep her, and that she knew I was acting from a purely unselfish standpoint.—Bazar.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



WHAT you look at you will look like.

Purse riches do not bestow heart wealth. Little compromises are the most dangerous. Great men are the natural and normal ones. Nothing pleases the devil better

than a prayer meeting joy worked up with a background of every-day growl. He who molds the child makes the future.

Christianity is an experience—not an opinion. Cheating cheats no man more than the cheater.

It is never gain to die unless it is Christ to live.

A toad is not transformed by being in a gold mine.

Where there is God's will there is always man's way.

The grumbler would complain of the weight of his wings.

The foulest carrion birds are those who fly to moral filth.

The most permanent safety vaults are in the skies, but the depositaries are in human hearts and hands.

BONNER'S FIRST HORSE.

It Was Bought by the Publisher's Doctor to Force Him to Exercise.

"I well remember the first driving horse that Robert Bonner purchased," said Dr. Samuel Hall, of New York City. "To be more accurate, it was I who purchased the animal for Mr. Bonner. I was his family physician during the fifties, and one hot summer day met him on Broadway. He had been so busily engaged with the New York Ledger, which he purchased in 1851, that I had not seen him for some time. When I met him I was actually startled by the man's appearance. He was well-high unrecognizable. Dark lines showed under his eyes and his skin was pale and drawn like the skin of a consumptive."

"Bonner," I cried, "what have you been doing to yourself? Here, come into the shadow. You're in an excellent condition to suffer a sunstroke."

"Oh, there's nothing much the matter," he answered, "I'm simply worked out, trying to make this paper of mine a go. 'That's all!'"

"That's all!" said I. "Well, that's nearly enough to put you in your grave. Here, jump into this omnibus and get a breath of air."

"Can't do it, doctor!" he replied. "I have an important engagement which must be kept."

"Bonner," I persisted, gripping him by the arm and detaining him, "it's my duty to tell you that you are killing yourself. You must take a rest." But in spite of the most direful warnings and strongest pleas, the Scotch-Irish in him insisted on having his own way, and he left me—not, however, until I had made him promise to drive regularly in the country at least once a week.

"To make sure that he would keep his promise, I bought an excellent roadster, which cost, I remember, \$350, and sent the animal to Mr. Bonner. Shortly afterward I met him out driving. His cheeks were aglow, and on recognizing me he pulled up alongside, and reaching his hand to me, said in great enthusiasm: 'Doctor, I want to thank you. I never would have known the joy of sitting behind a good horse had it not been for you.'"

"Two or three months later he bought a span of iron-gray horses, for which he paid \$1,500."

"From the time of this purchase until his death Mr. Bonner was the best-known strictly amateur horseman in this country. To gratify his taste for fast horses he purchased some of the most celebrated trotters in the world but withdrew them from the race course. Probably his greatest horses were Peerless, Dexter and Maud S., marking as they did three distinct epochs in the history of trotting horses in this country."

"To my mind," continued the doctor, "although Robert Bonner's purchases were prompted for the most part by an honest, real love for thoroughbred trotters, there is no doubt that he was the shrewdest advertiser of his day. Whenever he bought a horse at a seemingly exorbitant figure, the issue of every prominent paper in the country on the day following would contain a description of the animal purchased, and, parenthetically, a very complete description of the New York 'Ledger.' The result was that for every dollar Mr. Bonner gave to horsemen he received the amount a dozen times over in return from the public, which was attracted to a man who had the unselfish spirit and generosity to practically pension the idols of the turf by buying the best of them for use in his own buggy. I have no doubt that this clever advertising had much to do with bringing the 'Ledger' before the people and its ultimate success."—New York Mail and Express.

Traveling in Past and Present.

One hundred years ago, to go from New York to Philadelphia meant two days by the swiftest stage; to-day it is done in two hours. To go from New England to Oregon it took Doctor Atkinson eight months, even in 1847. To-day one can go from New York to San Francisco in one hundred and two hours.

In Brazil a scarlet coffin and hearse are used when the deceased person is a spinster.