

The Telephone Girl.

I'm Central Union Telephone Girl, Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, ting...

THE SCOUNDREL.

Riding homeward late in the morning, I overtook two men on foot, who halted as I came up. One of them spoke to me.

"I say, pard, how far ahead is Van Sickle's?"

"At dinner the two tramps ate ravenously and silently. Black Joe, the cook, regarded them with obvious disfavor."

"Dem triffin' fellers don't want work. Dey's lookin' for loaf, roan," 'n spy, 'n steal. You see, sah, dey hab no boss, no beddin', no gun, no nuffin'."

"I knew the general lay of the country, and an hour's riding brought me to the station. There was no light in the frame-shanty, and the empty corrals showed me that the shepherds had taken their flocks to another range."

"I had little doubt that my fate was sealed now. What they had already done was a hanging matter in the ranch country. They would add nothing to their danger, but would help their safety by killing me."

"You bring up the horse, Benito," said the Scoundrel, "n we'll saddle up fast."

sheets, with much thunder and lightning. The door blew open, and I braced a board against it to keep it shut.

"Who's there?" I called. The pushing ceased. I heard low voices without. I walked to the door, and knocking aside the board that held it, threw it open.

"Whose camp is this?" he asked, sarily. "Van Sickle's," I answered. He started, and an exclamation broke from him: "Aint we off that cussed place yet?"

"I lay with eyes half closed, wishing for the morning. I saw that the candle would not last much longer, and I had a strange dream of the dark. I grew restless, and finally got up and went to the door. The men started and rustled at my movement, but nothing was said."

"My antipathy to the men was so strong that I determined to saddle my horse and ride to the home ranch, turned back to the shanty. The candle was not burning, a fact which should have caused me to hesitate; but entering, I groped my way over to the corner where my saddle lay, and stooped to pick it up."

"After I had somewhat recovered, I lay quiet, so as not to incur rougher usage. As it was, my first instinctive struggles had gained for me a savage kick in the head. The men knelt heavily on me, wrenching my arms back, as they twisted and tied the lashing."

"They emptied my pockets and sat down to appraise their plunder. They discussed the value of my watch, and the Mexican opened and shut the different blades of my pocket knife, which seemed to strike his fancy immensely."

"I was warr't enjoyin' yer night's rest 'n war goin' ter quit us without sayin' good by. We'll pay yer to sleep this time so yer won't git wakaful no more."

"The Scoundrel started up and looked wildly around. He took one step toward the doorway and again struck back. He turned to the window; but a man on horseback was guarding the opening with a shot-gun. Behind Keswick bearded faces came into the light, and there pushed by him a quick-moving man, with sombrero and spurs, holding a cocked revolver in each hand."

The Mexican led my horse to the door, and they carefully saddled him. "Never fear," said the Scoundrel, snoring in at me as he tightened the cinch, "we aint a-goin, off 'n forgi'ye."

"The Scoundrel held up my watch and commented upon it. 'If reckon yer paid the price fur a poorty, good time-piece,' he said. 'I don't like the movement 'n taint a stem-winder. Here's a better one.' He took out a gold repeater. 'You've seen it afore. It's the one the Eastern chap was showin' yesterday. He got lost 'n we fell in with him 'n left him on the prairie. We caught him nappin' just as we did you, 'n I killed him with his own pistol. I'm givin' you these things 'cause you don't take mighty good care you don't go tell nobody.'"

"Benito, his white teeth showing, was enjoying this badinage, the humor of which struck him as exquisite. He put in a word, touching his knife as he spoke. "He no tell! No, he no tell! Never!"

"The candle burned steadily down, measuring out the minutes I had to live. Benito finished his cigarette and looked toward the Scoundrel. That gentleman, whose pipe was drawing smoke, was in no hurry. He had something further to say to me.

"I saw yer looking at us kinder cur'us at Van Sickle's," he said. "Mebber yer'd like to know just who we are. I don't mind tellin' yer, seein' as yer sartin to keep quiet. My name is Joseph Outhart, commonly called 'Reddy,' 'n my friend here is 'Mexican Ben.' We're vallyble men, fur there's a reward of five hundred dollars apiece out fur us, dead or alive. We don't like so much public attention, so we're gittin' 'out 'o the country. By daybreak we'll be a good twenty miles from here, 'n we'll be in the mountains afore our friends know which way we've gone. We broke jail at Canon City just a week ago. We didn't have much outfit to start with, but we're gittin' 'out well fixed.'"

"The candle burned low. The Scoundrel knuckled the ashes out of the pipe. "I 'low yer entitled to half 'n inch more 'o that candle," he said, "but we're in a hurry, 'n I know yer wouldn't stand out on a little matter like that. Taint much in a lifetime. We've no time to waste, waitin' on yer last minutes."

"My horse was plunging to escape. The lariat was slipping through the Mexican's hands as he braced hard against the door-posts. "Quick! quick, or we loose time!"

"The Scoundrel sprang to his companion's aid, but before he could reach him the rope was jerked from the Mexican, who, in the attitude of a half-shut jack-knife, came backward with a jerk and sat down so hard as to shake the floor, tripping up the Scoundrel, who fell over him, so that the two most unwillingly rolled about like acrobats. The pistol banged in the scuffle, and both men were shockedly.

"The Scoundrel's terror at sight of Mr. Keswick, whom he had first taken

for an avenging ghost, gave place to rage and desperation. He still held his pistol. "Throw up your hands, I tell you!" thundered the sheriff. "Ah! you would have it!" Two reports crashed in the room, followed by a heavy fall, as both fired, the sheriff an instant the quicker. The candle was extinguished by the concussion; when it was relighted it showed the outlaw dead on the floor. The sheriff was unhurt.

"The early morning saw the sheriff's party traveling towards town with the dead and the living outlaw. A wagon and mattress came later, on which Mr. Keswick was taken to the home ranch. In a few days he was well enough to ride to town, where he completed his recovery.—Youth's Companion.

A Strong Man and Burglars. Like most very strong men, Salvini, the great actor, is fond of recounting the feats of strength performed by others. He relates the following of a Venetian mason and builder, named Luchini, whose strength was allied to wonderful presence of mind and coolness under trying circumstances.

"Once he was carrying out to a villa he was building, some miles from Venice, a large sum of money with which to pay off his workmen. He carried the money which was in silver coin, in a bag over his shoulder, and, opening his eyes, saw by the light of a small oil lamp two of his own workmen, each of whom had in his hand a stiletto, the uncomfortable sharp points of which were pressed against each side of his throat."

"The money," was the answer. "Take it," said Luchini, "it is in that drawer," and he pointed to the chest of drawers. One of the ruffians remained to guard the money, while the other went to the drawer indicated and tried to open it. It would not budge.

"The look-for opportunity had come for Luchini. He calmly stooped forward, grasped one of the robbers by the hair in either hand, and then spreading out his arms and bringing them together within credible force, he crushed in the two men's skulls as if they had been egg-shells. They were dead without a groan.

"During the Revolution the pride and the hero of the Green Mountains was Ethan Allen, and probably there had no man living then that had more of the elements of the popular hero than he. With all his rough ways and fits of anger, Allen was a remarkably honest man. It is related of him that he owed a person in Boston \$60, for which he gave his note. When due it was sent to Vermont for collection. Allen could not pay at the time, and he employed a lawyer to secure a postponement of payment until he could raise the money. The lawyer rose in Court and denied Allen's signature to the note, as this would oblige the other party to send to the time he wanted. When the lawyer made his plea, Allen, who happened to be in the back part of the Court room, strode forward, and in a voice of thunder addressed the lawyer: "Mr. Jones, I did not hire you to come here to lie! This is a true note. I signed it—and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for was to get this matter put over to the next Court, not to come here and lie and juggle about it." The lawyer shrunk from his blazing eye, and the case was put over as he wished.

Ethan Allen's Moral Courage. During the Revolution the pride and the hero of the Green Mountains was Ethan Allen, and probably there had no man living then that had more of the elements of the popular hero than he. With all his rough ways and fits of anger, Allen was a remarkably honest man. It is related of him that he owed a person in Boston \$60, for which he gave his note. When due it was sent to Vermont for collection. Allen could not pay at the time, and he employed a lawyer to secure a postponement of payment until he could raise the money. The lawyer rose in Court and denied Allen's signature to the note, as this would oblige the other party to send to the time he wanted. When the lawyer made his plea, Allen, who happened to be in the back part of the Court room, strode forward, and in a voice of thunder addressed the lawyer: "Mr. Jones, I did not hire you to come here to lie! This is a true note. I signed it—and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling. I want time. What I employed you for was to get this matter put over to the next Court, not to come here and lie and juggle about it." The lawyer shrunk from his blazing eye, and the case was put over as he wished.

The Potato Crop.—Fears of inconvenience from a scarcity of potatoes, due to the potato rot in this State, are lessened by the reports of the Potato Review, which show that the general crop will exceed that of any other year by over 17,000,000 bushels. The economic advantage of railroads is thus apparent. By ready means of communication the grain in one State is moved to supply the deficiency in another.

Our Foreign Population. Interesting Features of the Immigration to this Country.

The Bureau of Statistics has lately published a volume showing the arrivals of immigrants in the United States from 1820 until 1888, which presents very many features of interest and is well worthy of study by all sociologists. The Irish were the first people strongly attracted to America, and in numbers led all nations from 1820 down to 1854. These tables show very clearly the social and political conditions of the foreign countries which influenced emigration. The period of Irish agitation under O'Connell marks the increase of Irish emigration. In 1834 the number jumped from about 9,000 the year previous to 25,000. In 1842, when the repeal of the corn laws was agitated, another jump was taken to 51,000, increasing steadily under the succeeding years of distress and famine to 105,000 in 1847, 112,000 in 1848, 160,000 in 1849, 167,000 in 1850, and 221,000 in 1851, the highwater mark of Irish immigration to this country.

Before 1832 the Germans came over at the rate of from 1,500 to 2,000 annually, but in that year the number increased to 10,000, and from that time averaged over that number until 1839, when they reached 21,000, increasing rapidly until the number reached 50,000, 60,000 and 70,000 a year. In 1851 it was 72,000, in 1852, 145,000, and in 1854, 150,000. The highest point of German immigration was reached in 1881, when 249,572 persons were registered as coming from Germany, and in 1882, 232,269. The great increase of German immigration began in 1846, the time when Europe was in the ferment of revolution.

The Scandinavian people did not commence to get interested in this country until 1843, when 1,748 arrived, and the number averaged about 2,500 a year until 1866, when it doubled, increasing largely every year until in 1882, when 87,610 Swedes and Norwegians came over, and the number annually has fallen off but very little from these figures, 1888 showing 65,000.

Up to 1854 the Chinese came only in very small numbers, but in that year, drawn by the reports of the California gold fields, they came in a swarm, 13,100 arriving. After that time they came in batches of from four to seven thousand every year until 1882, when the first limitation law was passed. That year 35,614 came over, the greatest number of any one year. The next year the number was only 381, and since then almost none. Only one arrived in 1888. It was not until 1866 that the Italians awakened to the fact that their goldland lay in the new world. Before that time Italian immigration had been insignificant, when that year it exceeded one thousand, increasing every year after year until 1872, when 7,000 was reached, and then almost doubling annually until 1888, when 47,724 Italians arrived in this country.

In all, from every part of the earth, 10,463,476 people came to this country between the years 1820 and 1888. All were not immigrants, some being merely travelers, but it is safe to say that more than ten million foreigners have settled in this country, and have largely contributed to the growth, the wealth, and the glory of the United States.

His Views Were Nipped. "Great Heavens! but the country is all ruined!" he shouted as he met an acquaintance on Fort street yesterday. "What do you mean?" "Why, there was an awful frost last night. Everything has been killed as dead as a door-nail!" "Well, I dunno." "But I do. Land only knows what will become of the poor folks this winter. One calamity follows another at lightning speed." "Well, now, but I have a fine field of corn, and it is quite ripe and beyond damage. That's the case all over." "Yes, but—"

When Washington Laughed. It has been observed that Washington seldom smiled and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. One instance is mentioned by a gentleman, well known for his veracity, with a degree of sang froid. At the time the troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at headquarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching encounter. Some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms; and among the rest was Gen. Greene, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. "Bring my wig, you rascal; bring my wig!" Gen. Lee diverted himself and the rest of the company at the expense of Greene. "Your wig is behind the looking glass, sir." At which Greene, raising his eyes, perceived, by the mirror, that the wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the sofa, and the whole group presented rather ludicrous spectacle.—New York Mirror Jan. 11, 1834.

A convention of colored religious associations lately in Indianapolis has demanded of the next Congress an appropriation of \$100,000 to promote a project of colonizing Southern negroes in the west. What with the Blair educational scheme, the steamship subsidy job, the Service Pension bill, and numerous contemplated raids of more or less profanity, there is evidently a general prevalent opinion in the country that the United States Treasury is of unfathomable depth.—Record.

Fashion Notes. Gloves are in great variety this season, not so much in material as in shape and style.

Despite all predictions to the contrary the Directoire redingote will be as popular as ever. Many of the new plaids are in two colors, and also in several shades of a single color. Very striking plaids have a silk surface thrown up above a soft wool foundation, most of them in Madras colors. White silk and lace parasols have an air that is not truly rural, but which is becoming to light and jaunty costumes nevertheless. A foreign contemporary makes note of a Directoire costume of stone gray cloth, on which a hundred yards of real silver braid had been worked up in designs. The Watteau flat of fine, yellow Leghorn, shaped wide in front and narrow at the back, with many dents and bands and a big wreath of flowers is the hat of the season. Barbe de Cluny is a new lace for trimming dresses. It may be had in black or white, heavy or light. It has not straight edge but is scalloped on both sides.

Black gowns are generally relieved with touches of color here and there. Embroidery in soft, dull cashmere tints is the best thing wherewith to brighten them. Waistcoats will be almost de rigueur with wash gowns this season and are made removable so as to let the pretty silk or cambric skirt now and then come to the front. Many ultra-fashionables have complete suits of underwear to match each costume, either matching the color of the dress or of the ribbons with which it is trimmed. The handsome trained redingotes made to wear with skirts of different color and stuff, must be lined either to match the skirt or else with a color in harmony with it. The Princess of Wales appeared at Sandown races all in one color, hat, boots, gown, and with a straight skirt, falling without steel pad, puff, ruffle or fur-below, to her feet. A blouse waist which fits the figure perfectly has a number of fine plaits at the back which converge at the waist, and also on each side of the front. The collar and belt are also tucked in fine rows. Where well used, trimmings are as effective as the narrow feather edge baby ribbon so much used upon lace hats and bonnets. It needs light, yet firm handing, lacking which the result is fairly appalling. Of the fifty white stuffs now to be found on the counters of large houses, quite the newest and most unique is silk muslin enveloped with single threads of white wool, or else embroidered with the same substance.

He Got the Bill. A Detroit Tailor Catches His Man in the Nick of Time. For a year or two past the collector for a certain Detroit tailor has been trying all sorts of pacific ways to get the sum of \$18 out of a young man who has been a debtor for over two years. The collector has been put off a hundred times by promises made to be broken, and he has worked every racket known to the profession without avail. The other evening he happened down to the Third Street depot and saw his young man buy a ticket for Chicago. "So you are going west?" he asked. "Only to Chicago. I'll be back in three or four days, and then I want to pay you that little bill."

"Yes, going to Chicago on a visit?" "Something of a visit, going to get married." "No!" "Fact. The ceremony takes place at 1 o'clock in the morning." "And you want to be there, of course?" "I should smile!" "The collector took off his hat, removed his coat, and was peeling off his vest when the other asked him what was up. "I've been bidding my time, and my opportunity has come," he replied. "How—what?" "I'm going to light into you. You're the bigger man and I expect to be licked, but the row will certainly cause both of us to be arrested and taken to the station, and you will thus miss your train. Perhaps I can black your eye, and in that case the marriage can't come off for a week. Put up your dukes!" "Say, man, you wouldn't be as mean as that?" "Thirteen dollars or a row."

"I'll pay you half." "The whole or nothing. It's my first, last and only chance. Come down or put up." The young men took out their bodice and counted out the amount of the bill, and while he skipped for the train the other calmly donned his garments and left the depot whistling. "I Wonder What My Ma Would Say?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Sauerkraut Appetite. "Well, Mr. Dunderheim how do you enjoy living at Wauwatosa?" "Oh, poorty well. It was a fine place, but it runs mine sauerkraut bill up so high dot I haf to economize my expenses out." "Runs your sauerkraut bill up! Why what the devil is there about the town of Wauwatosa that should increase the consumption of kraut in your family?" "Vell, it ain't in Wauwatosa broder dot I lay de blame, but in the suburbs. You see, ven I go on de train between Milwaukee and my home in Wauwatosa I haf to pass by dot glue factory, and de smell vos so much like dot sauerkraut dot mein mouth vos make such water inside und I haf to eat about a bushel of kraut ven I get home. Dot glue factory will ruin me yet, for ven I eat so moech den mein veif she too gets hungry for kraut, und God in himmel! a barrel vos gone before it vabs time to say Shuck Robinson."—Chicago Herald.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a purely vegetable preparation, being free from injurious ingredients. It is peculiar in its curative power.