

THE WINDS OF MEMORY.

Upon the western shore to night I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless
sea,
And watch the white ships inward, outward
fleeting,
And wonder when my ship will come for
me,
And where it lies, and whether it is go-
ing,
I only hear the winds of memory blow-
ing.

Across the cliffs of yest'-'day they're coming,
They fan my forehead with the forest air,
Remembered melodies the hills are hum-
ming;
A scent of pine trees hovers everywhere,
I hear again the bunkside brooklet flow-
ing,
While all the winds of memory are blow-
ing.

Blow on, sweet winds, your singing or your
sighing
Brings back to-night a half-forgotten tune:
Beneath the apple blooms once more I'm
lying,
I feel the breath of girlhood's happy June;
Life's early dawn, again I see it glowing,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

A summer song, now faint, now fuller growing
A far-off lullaby from mother lips,
Love, living love, receiving and bestowing;
I listen, listen! On, ye white-winged ships,
I do not heed your coming or your going,
While all the winds of memory are blowing.

Upon the western shore to night I'm sitting,
The shore that slopes to touch a boundless
sea,
And watch the billows upward, downward
swaying,
But do not care how near the tide may be;
Or, if the waters touch my feet, not
knowing,
While I can hear the winds of memory
blowing.

—[Exchange.]

An Old Roman of Mariposa.

BY FLORENCE FINCH-KELLY.

Mariposa is a wreck of the gold fever.
The merest skeleton of its former self,
it lies there in the gulch between the
chaparral-covered foothills and remem-
bers the time when it was lusty and vig-
orous, in the full flush of feverish youth,
and had a murder every morning for
breakfast.

All around it the gashed and seamed
and scarred and furrowed earth bears
testimony to the labors of those stirring
times when men dug a fortune from the
ground in a day, and spent it in the town
at night.

The people live in the past. The first
man with whom you talk will make you
hear the sound of barroom fights and pis-
tol shots down the street, and the rolling
chorus of "Forty-rine," and make vivid
for your eyes the piles of gold dust upon
the gaming tables, the hundreds of gold-
weighted miners that came trooping into
town on Saturday night, and the placer
mines down the bed of the creek, as popu-
lar then as a city street, though
utterly deserted now. And every man and
woman above middle age with whom you
talk will do the same for you with new
characters and incidents, until your stay
in the town becomes a rolling panorama
of the gold days and you feel as if you
were yourself living through their excite-
ments and had gotten their deliriums in
your veins.

At least that was what was happening
to me as I sat on a bench in front of a
little house whose narrow porch was
flush with the sidewalk of the main
street. My hostess, herself an old timer,
the first woman in the town, began the
entertainment as we sat there in the
early afternoon, shelling peas for dinner
and breathing deep draughts of the
honey-scented air that blew down the
hills from thousands of pink-flowered
manzanita bushes. She told how she
and her sister had alighted from the
stage in Mariposa that evening so many
years ago, when they were both "just
slips of girls," the very first women in
that region for miles and miles around;
and how the men, hundreds of them,
who had to see the form of a woman
for months, save Indian squaws, came at
the news that two women were in town
and begged her father to be allowed just
to look at them; and how the two of
them, hand in hand, came shyly out and
the men crowded round with looks of
respectful adoration and then passed on
to let others look, though one stopped
long enough to fall on his knees and kiss
the hem of her dress; and how the whole
great crowd of men suddenly started up,
as if by one impulse, the hymn, "Nearer,
My God, to Thee."

Then along came a newspaper man—
a bit of the present mingled with the
past. He was there reporting a murder
trial for his San Francisco paper.

"Better come to this afternoon's ses-
sion of the trial," he said. "The pris-
oner isn't much, but his father is the
most interesting old chap I've run across
since I've been on the Coast. I'll tell
you about him as we walk over."

"It's a brutal, ghastly case," the news-
paper man said, "and to my mind the
only mystery about it is the prisoner's
father. He is a fine-looking old man,
with the manner and head of an old
Roman. He has the reputation of being
the straightest and squarest man in the
county, and how he ever came to be the
father of such a good-for-nothing scum
of the earth as the prisoner I can explain
only in the supposition that he isn't."

"The old man is one of the pioneers in
Mariposa and they tell me that he was
one of the nerviest men that ever drew a
gun in this town. He killed his man in
those days, just as lots of other good
men did, but it was in self-defence and
everybody was glad that the town was
rid of the man he dropped and so noth-
ing was said about it. There was a
Coroner's jury, which gave a verdict of
suicide, and explained their finding on
the ground that it was suicidal for any
man to draw on Dan Hopkins and then
give Dan the chance to shoot first.

The old man was universally known to
be so honest and square in all his
dealings and so upright and honorable
in every way that the son's depravity
seemed all the blacker by contrast. He
has stood by the young fellow from the
first of his wickedness, so everybody

says, and has always shown toward him
not only the greatest affection. He has
never intimated even to his best friend
that the young man was anything but
the best and most dutiful son that had
ever lived. He has kept him supplied
with money, so that the fellow's only
reason for the petty thievery he had
was pure love for stealing. He has
paid his fines when he has been arrested
and shielded him from public contempt
and done everything possible to make it
easy for him to be honest and respecta-
ble. But the boy has steadily gone on,
they say, from bad to worse, and now
he has capped it all with this crime,
which, in willful and unprovoked brut-
ality, was worthy of a criminal
hardened by twice his years and experi-
ence.

He and another young blade about as
bad as he is, though this one seems to
have been the one who planned it and
led in the execution, went to the house
of an old man, who lived alone a little
farther up in the foothills toward the
Yosemite valley, and asked to be allowed
to stay all night. The old man took
them in, got supper for them, made them
as comfortable as he could, and in the
night they got up and murdered him,
stole all his money—the had just sold
some horses and cattle to the prisoner's
father—and were preparing to skip the
country and go to Australia when they
were arrested.

"The thing's not been absolutely
proven on young Hopkins yet, but the
circumstantial evidence is so plain that
even if there is nothing else I don't see
how he's going to escape the rope. I've
just heard a rumor, though, that there's
to be some new evidence this afternoon
which will settle the matter without a
doubt."

The room rapidly filled up, and as we
waited for court to open the newspaper
man pointed out one and another hale
old man whose clear eyes and fresh skin
belied his years, and told tales of his
daring forty years before, of the wealth
he had dug from the earth, and of the
rockless ways in which he had lost it.
And at last came the prisoner and his
father. The old man's figure was tall,
erect, broad-chested and muscular, and
his bearing proud and reserved.

"I'm always half expecting to see that
old man get up," the newspaper man
whispered to me, "fold his arms across
that great chest of his and say 'Rom-
ious sum,' and then proudly lead his son
away."

He must have been sixty-five years old
or more, though he looked twenty years
younger. His dark hair and beard were
only sifted with gray, and he held him-
self so erectly and with such dignity,
and all the lines of his countenance
pressed such force and nobleness of
character that the suggestion of his ap-
pearance was of the strength of middle
age.

But the boy was a painful contrast.
His eye was shifty, his expression weak
and sensual, and the hard lines of his
face and the indifference of his manner
told the story of a man old in criminal
thoughts if not in years and deeds.
For he looked no more than twenty-five,
and might have been even younger.

The father sat near him, and although
they seldom spoke together he frequen-
tly by some small act or apparently un-
conscious movement showed a tenderness
and affection for the wayward son that
seemed all the greater by contrast with
his own proud reserve and the boy's
haughty indifference.

The new testimony was brought in.
The Sheriff had set a go-between at work
with the two prisoners, and with his aid
had secured copies of all the notes they
at once began writing to each other. In
these letters, which were all produced in
court, they had freely discussed their
crime and argued about the points
wherein they had made mistakes. Young
Hopkins had boasted to the other that
they need not fear conviction because
his father would certainly get them
clear, and they had planned what they
would do after the trial was over, fore-
casting with joyful anticipations a course
of crime and debauchery.

When the Sheriff began to give this
testimony the old man's hand was resting
affectionately on his son's shoulder. As
it went on laying bare the utter deprav-
ity of his boy's soul, the muscles of his
face quivered a little, and presently,
with just the suggestion of a flinching
shudder in face and figure he took his
hand away and shrank back a little from
the young man. I had wondered as I
watched him if it was a revelation to
him of a depth of depravity in his son's
heart of which he had not guessed be-
fore.

Then the prosecution asked for a few
minutes' recess, announcing that it had
a new witness to bring forward. And af-
ter much hurrying to and fro and whis-
pering and consulting among lawyers
and court and prison officials young Hop-
kins' accomplice appeared on the wit-
ness stand and turned State's evidence.
He had learned of the intercepted letters,
and, frightened by their probable result
for himself, told the whole story of the
crime from the time Hopkins had first
broached it to him until they were
arrested in San Francisco. And during
the entire narration of the cold-blooded,
brutal and cowardly deed of Dan Hop-
kins sat with his eyes on the witness as
steady and unflinching in color and
nerve and muscle as if he had been list-
ening to a lecture or a sermon.

At last it was all over, the jury listened
to the Judge's charge and filed out. "It's
hanging, sure," said the newspaper man.
"After that evidence and that charge
there's only one verdict they can bring
in. It's a good thing as far as the boy's
concerned, but I do feel sorry for his
governor."

Every one felt so sure that the jury
would soon return that none left their
places, and a buzz of conversation soon
filled the room. Old Dan Hopkins sat
with his arms folded, his head erect, and
his eyes steady and clear, upon the
empty witness chair. There were many
sympathizing glances sent toward him,
though no one approached or spoke to
him, for it was evident from his com-
pressed lips and frowning brow that he
preferred to be left alone. He had moved
a little away from his son, and sat scarce-
ly ten feet distant on my left. When
the jury returned, in less than half an
hour, he bent upon them the same ab-
stracted gaze and unmoved countenance.
I think he had determined, what-
ever their verdict, upon his own
course of action long before.

The foreman stood up, glanced sadly

toward the man who had been his friend
and neighbor for many years. There
were tears in his eyes and his voice
broke and trembled as he gave their
verdict. "Guilty of murder in the first
degree." Not a sound broke the death-
like stillness of the room as he sat down,
and I noticed that every face within my
view was turned away from the pris-
oner's box and the old man who sat
near it. The tense strain of the moment
was broken by the prisoner's counsel,
who arose and began a motion for a new
trial.

But the click of a revolver broke
through his first sentence as Dan Hop-
kins jumped to his feet with a sudden,
swift movement of his right arm. A
dozen men leaped forward with out-
stretched arms and cried, "Stop! Stop!"
But even before they could reach him
the report rang through the room, and
just as they seized the father's arms the
son dropped to the floor, dead. He
waved back the men who were pressing
around him.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stand back a
minute! And they fell back instinctively.
He walked calmly to the Judge's
desk and laid down his smoking pistol.
Then he folded his arms and faced about,
with head thrown back, flashing eyes
and colorless face. He looked at the
Sheriff, who, with the sense of official duty
strong upon him, had stepped out from
the huddled crowd and was coming
toward him.

"Wait one minute," he cried, "and
then arrest me! I have lived a long and
honorable life in this country, and I know
that I have the respect and the confidence
of you all. And I am convinced, too,
bitter as the knowledge is to me, that that
poor boy there deserved death. I did not
believe until this afternoon that he was
guilty. But now I am convinced that
he was bad from the bottom of his heart
and that there was no hope for him. He
deserved death, but could I hear that my
own flesh and blood should be hanged?
No! Better a thousand times that he
should die by my own hand. On me let
the law's justice fall, for I deserve death,
not so much for taking the life of that
monster of wickedness that lies there as
for having given him life in the first
place. Mine was the first sin, and it is
just that I, rather than he, should bear
the disgrace. Now, arrest me."

He held out his hand to the Sheriff,
the shackles clicked upon his wrists and
he was led off between the rows of
staring men, his head as erect and his
manner as proudly dignified as ever.—
[San Francisco Examiner.]

A FRONTIER GRAVEYARD.

The Cemetery at Fetterman, Where
Many a Worthy Lies Buried.

Old Fort Fetterman, or what is left of
the post, stands upon a table land which
overlooks a beautiful basin and the
North Platte river. The buildings of
the Fort are crumbling. Sage-brush has
sprung up in the walks and the cactus
in the parade ground is now green and
rank. Fetterman is an abandoned post.
The soldiers moved away from there
years ago. Only one man lives at the
place now. He is a stout fellow, with a
face as red as one of the spring sunsets
of the country, and as unkempt as the
hair of a town lout. He has few visitors.
The days come and the days go without
bringing to this man a single thing to
break the monotony of his life. Years
ago the Chicago Herald, and removed
from the cemetery the dead bodies of
his comrades. Some of the brave fel-
lows were killed in fights with Indians.
Others had taken their own lives, while
still others had died from natural causes.
The bodies that remained in the quiet
graveyard were those of civilians. They
died, as many of the soldiers had done,
but there was nobody to take them away,
and so they were left to lie in the
shadow of the ruins of the post and
the headstones at these graves are grimly
humorous. They are of wood, with the
names of the occupants of the tombs
carved upon their surface. The letters
are not regular. They do not belong to
the same font. Here is an Italic H and
there a roman G, and close as they
together that the name is as irregular as
was the life of the man whose memory
they were made to perpetuate.

Over in one corner of the graveyard is
a sunken grave where a curlew was
trusting its slender bill. The head-
stone read: "Pete Stevenson, Killed by
Lumber Jim." To the right, and where
the cactus grows thickest, is another
grave, with this inscription: "Bill Ap-
ple, Suicided by a Six-Shooter." "Lum-
ber Jim," whoever he may have been,
may not have started this frontier grave-
yard, but he had much to do with the
prosperity of the civilian corner of the
inclosure. For here and there was a
headstone with the name of one of his
victims, and always ending in the same
grim way: "Killed by Lumber Jim." There
were no days or dates carved upon
the boards. That would have taken too
much time. And who would care, any-
how, whether Bill Bates died on Thurs-
day, March 21, 1857, or on Friday,
March 22, 1857?

One old story started from this grave-
yard. Bill Barlow, who was a great man
about Fetterman when the post amounted
to something, was striking across the
country late one night, when, exhausted
from his long ride, he drew rein on his
bronco and alighted. The night was so
dark that Barlow, familiar as he was with
every basin and draw of the country,
drew up in the middle of the graveyard
and picketed his horse. Morning was
breaking when Barlow awoke. He
looked about him and in the dim light
saw the gravestones scattered here and
there. Started at what he beheld, but
suddenly realizing that he was, perhaps,
the most fortunate of all men, he cried out:

"The resurrection, begosh, and I'm
the first on deck."
The story was told throughout Wyom-
ing, and eventually found its way to
the east. Barlow is still alive. He is a
fat man with a good nature; and when
the nights are long he plays the village
piano and sings for the big-hatted men
who sit about the store.

There are very few banks on the Pa-
cific coast which could pay a \$25,000
check in bills. They stick to gold and
silver out here, and ship the paper
East.

THE MATABELE.

THEIR MANNERS AS DESCRIBED
BY A SOUTH AFRICAN.

King Lobengula's Chief Medicine Man
—Great Army Review—Consulting
The Omens.

The excitement in England over the
war in South Africa was intense. The
English newspapers have been full of ac-
counts and descriptions of the Matabele
people and customs, and the illustrated
papers follow the rest and give numerous
pictures characteristic of the country and
its inhabitants. A "South African
Pioneer" has been giving his experiences
to the London Daily Graphic.

From his account it appears that King
Lobengula is in the habit of consulting
the "omens" before going to war or
making raids. His chief medicine man
is the yara spinner. In a big bowl are
the entrails of some slaughtered animal.
The soothsayer, in fantastic robes—
sometimes the robe is an old European
quilt or a dilapidated English army
blanket—kneels before this and, like
other humbugs of his class all over
the world and in all ages, looks wise,
mumbles incantations and tells his royal
dupe what he thinks will be the result
of the contemplated action. These medi-
cine men are, as a rule, very shrewd, and
know all that is going on in the country
and seldom make a big blunder.

Here is the "Pioneer's" story of a
review at the great military kraal Gulu-
luw yo.

Early in the morning all the English
at the station walked up to the King's
kraal to see about as novel a sight as
could be witnessed in any part of the
world. The King's private residence,
which comprises a number of buildings,
several of them built in European fashion,
are enclosed together with his private
cattle kraal, in a strong stockade of
about two acres, leaving an open space
of great extent between Lobengula's en-
campment and the native huts. There
are several thousand of these closely
packed together. On arriving near the
King's entrance we found the King, as
usual, in close consultation over a dead
ox, with two of his medicine doctors and
a rainmaker. The different regiments
formed an immense circle, eight and ten
deep, about four thousand in all. They
were dressed in their war dress of black
ostrich feathers, a profusion of these
hanging over their shoulders. Wildcat's
and tiger's tails reaching to the ground,
clothed their loins, and they had no
other skin ornaments. Of course all
carried shields, assegais and knobkerries.
They were divided into regiments, each
sixty strong, the whole forming a very
picturesque and novel sight.

"For some time the men remained
mute, not a sound being heard, but oc-
casionally they would burst forth with a
war song in their deep bass voices, keep-
ing time by stamping on the ground
with their feet and striking their shields
with their assegais. The effect was im-
posing. Occasionally one or two would
come out into the center and go through
the performance of fighting the enemy,
now advancing, now retreating, now in
close combat, making as many stabs as if
they were killing a foe. Others then
came out and went through the same
performance, jumping high into the air,
and striking the shields with both ends
of their short stabbing assegais, all this
in the air before touching the ground,
the sprinter knocking his knees and feet
together. Then came the King's wives
old and young, and all the young royal
daughters, wearing black goatskin kilts
down to the knees. They were dressed
out with yellow handkerchiefs, the
royal color, with a profusion of many
colored beads, colored ribbons, with long
sashes of broad yellow ribbons round
their shoulders. They advanced into
the arena with slow, measured step,
keeping excellent time, clanking native
spears, after which they returned and
retired. All this time the King was not
to be seen. He was in the cattle kraal
with his medicine men. After they had
at length consulted over the intestines
the chief medicine doctor, enveloped in
long ostrich tails that completely con-
cealed his tall figure and wearing a little
jokey cap with fur in front and a long
crane feather, marched up and down in
the center of the enclosure singing the
King's praise.

"Then came forth the King himself.
Lobengula had on his towering head-
dress of black ostrich feathers and an
immense cape of the same and a kilt of
wild cat's tails. He carried an assegai.
He advanced with slow, measured step
into the centre of the arena, his sister
Nina by his side—a lady as fat and cor-
pulent as her brother—dressed in a long
kilt, a profusion of yellow kerchiefs,
ribbons, gold chain and watch, and
blue jay feathers in her hair. Then the
five royal daughters began to chant
native tunes, advancing twos and
threes at a time and again retreating in
the same order. The warriors followed
and began singing their war songs,
keeping time with their feet. The scene
soon became quite exciting.

"At length the King called for silence
and the order was given for each regi-
ment to march out onto the open plain
and have a sham fight. Each regiment
was commanded by the chief induna,
the King being attended by his own
particular regiment as body guard. The
dress and shields of these were all
black, each soldier not less than six
feet.

A DEADLY CAREER.

The Death of a Mexican Who Was No-
torious as a Slayer of Men.

General Gabillondo, a noted Mexican,
died recently in Nogales, Arizona. The
remains were followed to the grave by
but few persons.

Gabillondo's history is a checkered one
and liberally splashed with human
blood. He was, perhaps, the most gen-
erally despised man in Mexico, the late
General Carbor not excepted. He was
the human brute who butchered Captain
Crabb and his party at Caborica in 1856.
At that time General Pesqueira was gov-
ernor of Sonora, and was very unsatis-
fied to the masses. To hold on, he
inaugurated a revolution and surrounded
himself with some of the most blood-
thirsty villains in the state, Gabillondo
being one of the leaders. Captain Crabb
lived in California, but was married to a

Mexican lady who belonged to a promi-
nent family. The story is that through
her Governor Pesqueira induced Crabb to
raise a command of Americans to go into
Sonora and assist him in gaining a victory
over the opposition. Capt. Crabb raised a
party, sending a portion by water to
Libertad, on the Gulf of California, and
with about one hundred men came across
the country, expecting to join the others
on the Gulf coast. Soon after he got on
the field, Pasqueira crushed his foes,
and knowing that he would be severely
criticised for calling Americans to his
aid, denied having anything to do with
bringing Crabb and his men into the
country. He sent Gabillondo and his
battalion to escort Crabb and his party to
American soil.

In the meantime Crabb had started
back, but was overtaken by Gabillondo
and his troops at Caborica. Without
warning the latter opened fire on Crabb's
party, and a brisk fight took place,
several being killed on each side. Crabb
and his men took shelter in the old
church, and, though largely in the mi-
nority, made it warm for Gabillondo.
Finally the latter, under cover of a flag
of truce, proposed that if the Americans
would lay down their arms he would
peacefully escort them to the American
line. Crabb complied, but no sooner had
they laid down their arms than they
were formed in line, marched to the
south side of the church made to stand
back up against the wall, and all of them
shot, except a boy seventeen years old,
who managed to escape. Some time after
Crabb's death his wife returned to Mexico,
and was stabbed to death from behind one
night while walking along the street in
Guaymas. It was thought that the deed
was done by an agent of Pasqueira and
Gabillondo, because she knew too much
about Crabb's going into Mexico.

Several other murders were credited to
Gabillondo, including the brutal murder
of customs officers while he was collector
at Caborica. His latest escapade was the
murder of a prominent merchant at Im-
uris recently, who had been elected presi-
dent of the town. Gabillondo and his
son hired a policeman to call the mer-
chant and shoot him. When arrested the
policeman told the whole story, and
he was killed by young Gabillondo, who
escaped to the City of Mexico, where he
died recently. The death of the old man
wipes out the Gabillondo family, and no
regrets are expressed on either side of
the line, and especially among Ameri-
cans.—[Globe-Democrat.]

The King of Beasts.

Nevertheless, if we quit heraldry for
fact, and go by the testimony of travel-
ers and hunters, the lion deserves his
reputation. It is his appearance, no
doubt, which has gained for him the ap-
pellation of "King of Beasts," with all
the regal honor pertaining to it. Cer-
tainly he looks "every inch a king."
Nothing can be finer; the fancy itself
could conceive nothing more fittingly
represented of majesty than the full
grown male lion, gazing with great
yellow eyes, which seem to know no fear,
and the ample honors of his shaggy mane
wrapped round his massive front and
forearms. He looks like the embodi-
ment of Nature of lordliness and mag-
nanimity, and he has been adopted as
such in all literature and poetry from
Homer and Æschylus down to the "lion
king" of our modern halls. Yet he is
only a cat—a great cat—after all, and
those who know him in his native wilds
give a very different character of "felis
leo" from popular conceptions.

We do not wish to calumniate a
creature so intimately connected with
British story, and so dignified in bearing
and behavior, for nobody can deny that
the lion is a great gentleman in his man-
ners. Nevertheless, African sportsmen
relate that he can show himself as cow-
ardly as he is cruel; that he will abandon
his consort and cubs in a moment of ex-
treme danger, and that he scarcely ever
charges straight home upon anybody who,
armed or unarmed, has the presence of
mind to await his onset. He is de-
scribed as very nervous and very cunning,
and dreading beyond everything the
superior prowess of the white man.

The early Dutch settlers at the Cape
speak of lions prowling round the fort
at night "in such numbers as though
they would take it by storm." Now one
must go very far into the African
"veldt" to see a lion, and the strange
fact is that he has learned the craft of
sift, and is seldom or never heard to
lift up his mighty voice except in the far
wilderness where the hunters have not
come except singly. Thus it is written
in an African guide-book: "Though his
footprints may frequently be seen near
the fountains of Lokoran and Botia-
nana, and he will sometimes venture to
carry away an ox from a wagon span
thereabouts, he rarely or never makes his
presence known by his roars, having
learned apparently that it will only have
the effect of frightening off the few timid
antelope upon which all hopes of re-
newing his larder depend, or, worse
still, of betraying his position to his in-
veterate enemy and persecutor, man."
[London Telegraph.]

Canned Fruit.

This industry, which has attained
such extensive proportions, owes its ex-
istence to an accident. The process was
known to the inhabitants of Pompeii,
but had long been forgotten. Some years
ago a party of Americans happened to be
present at some excavations in that city
when some jars of preserved figs were
found. Investigation showed that the
figs had been put into the jars in a
heated state, an opening left for the
steam to escape and then sealed with the
wax. The hint was taken, and the fol-
lowing year fruit-canning was introduced
in the United States after the manner
practiced in Pompeii two thousand years
before.

Queen Wilhelmine of Holland, aged
thirteen, has a large collection of dolls,
many of which are presents from sover-
eigns. Among them are twenty dolls
representing officers in full uniform—a
kindergarten method of teaching the
young Queen to distinguish the various
military grades. The other day she ex-
pressed a desire for twenty female dolls
"to keep these officers company, as they
were dreadfully bored."

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

A Remarkable Story From India
About Catching a Thief.

The Times of India publishes a good
story of trial by ordeal. The narrator of
it some years ago had charge of a postal
division on the western coast, parts of
which had seldom, if ever, been visited
by a European officer. The people were
for the most part simple folk, and very
superstitious. One morning the narrator
received information that a considerable
sum of money, forming part of the con-
tents of the mail from a head to a sub-
office, had been stolen on the road. The
whole affair was wrapped in mystery.
The only clue the police had been able
to obtain was that one runner, whom we
shall call Rama, had since the theft paid
off certain debts in the village which had
long pressed upon him; but there were
no other suspicious circumstances, and
the man had ten years' good service.
As a last resource it was determined to
resort to trial by ordeal, and for this
purpose an aged Brahmin, who was sup-
posed to possess occult powers and to be
in daily communion with the gods, was
consulted, and readily undertook to dis-
cover the thief. All the runners, a goodly
array of sturdy Mahratta peasants,
were summoned to the office, and under
the guidance of a chela or disci-
ple of the old Brahmin, we all proceed-
ed to a small deserted temple of
Mahadeo, situated at some distance from
the village. It was a desolate spot, and
bore an evil reputation. The temple,
owing to some act of desecration in the
past, had been abandoned, and was
almost buried among weeds and tangled
brushwood.

The hour selected was about 6 p. m.,
and the long twilight shadows gave the
place a weird, uncanny look. The old
Brahmin was awaiting us, and, as we
approached, appeared to be busy mut-
tering incantations. The runners all
seemed to be more or less under the spell
of the hour, but the look of real fright
on Rama's face was quite distinct. The
Brahmin, having finished his incanta-
tions, arose, and, addressing the men,
said: "You are about to face the gods;
to the innocent the trial will be nothing,
but to the guilty much. In the temple
a magic wand has been placed on the
altar. Each of you must go in by turns,
take up the wand and turn round three
times, repeating the name of Mahadeo;
the wand will stick to the hand of the
guilty one." By this time it was nearly
dark. I glanced in through the door of
the temple. A solitary oil-butter threw
a faint light on the altar, on which an
ordinary bamboo stick about two feet
long reposed among grains of uncooked
rice and cut limes, the whole sprinkled
with red powder. A curtain was drawn
across the door, and the men entered
one at a time. As each one appeared the
Brahmin seized his hands and raised them
to his forehead, and then allowed him to
pass on and join his fellows. Coming to
Rama he went through the same pantomi-
me, but, instead of allowing him to
pass on, bade him stand aside. When
the last man had gone through the ordeal,
the Brahmin turned to Rama and said
quietly: "Tell the Sahib how you stole
the money."

To my utter amazement (continues
the writer) Rama fell on his knees, con-
fessed that he was the thief, and offered
to show where he had hidden the bal-
ance of the money. He had succeeded
in opening the mail bag without seri-
ously disturbing the seals; the Post-
master had not really examined them,
and so their having been manipulated
had escaped notice. Needless to say,
the Brahmin was rewarded, and poor
Rama was sent to repent at leisure in the
district jail. Now the natural question
is: "How was it done?" Very simply.
The temple, the lonely glen, the un-
canny hour, the incantations, all were
merely accessories to appeal to the
superstitions of the ignorant peasants.
The "magic wand" was thickly smeared
with strongly scented sandalwood oil.
Rama's guilty conscience prevented him
from touching it, as he firmly believed
the wand would stick to his hands, and
his, of course, was the only hand that
did not smell of the oil.

The Persian Shah's Highway.

The Shah's highway, considered as an
agreeable promenade, or merely as a
necessary avenue of approach to a great
capital, cannot be considered as a shin-
ing success. Straight away in front of
us as far as the eye can reach, it stretches
over a level plain, and up a slight rise,
bounded on one side by the arrow-
straight line of iron telegraph poles. The
sky is slightly overcast; a fierce wind
blows in our faces, bringing dense clouds
of dust, which rise at times to a great
height in the distance, often taking the
form of waterpuffs or of towering
columns of smoke; once enveloped in
one of these travelling duststorms, there
is nothing to do but hold our heads
down, and with our eyes tightly shut
ride through it, emerging on the other
side white-bearded and powdered like
millers. Sometimes we try to avoid
these encounters by riding over the
rough and broken ground on one side.
There are many wrecks by the way of
what were once stout ships of the desert,
as well as the last remnants of horses,
mules and donkeys, lying where they
gave up the struggle for life. The only
birds in this drear landscape are the
ravens, which hunt in couples, and fly
up from the road croaking hoarsely as
we approach. There is not even a hard
bank of earth or a stone large enough to
sit upon when it is time for lunch, and
one can only squat ignominiously in the
dust.—[Harper's Magazine.]

The Decorative Rubber Plant.

The rubber plant that has become so
common a piece of domestic decoration
is not the plant that yields the rubber of
commerce. That is derived principally
from two varieties of rubber tree that
grow in Brazil and attain a large size.
The rubber plant of our American par-