was only a matter of time. Probably within a few hours, and I have the the should be was only a matter of time. The was her affection for me. Evidently her was her affection for me. Evidently her was her affection for me. Evidently her tides was to keep me here with her, to heep me sway from you, and to carry out this idea she was capable of the exercise of every artifice and cunning. In that way she was sane enough, but in every other way she was mad. Moreover, she had not forgotten her horrible jealousy. Already I saw her glaring at Tota, and I knew that the child's murder was only a matter of time. Probably within a few hours she would be killed before my eyes. Of escape, even if I had the strength, there was absolutely no chance, and little enough of our ever being found. No, we should be kept there guarded by a mad thing, half app, half woman, till we perished miserably. Then I thought of you, dear, and of all that you must be suffering, and my heart nearly broke. I could only pray to Gud that I might either be rescued or die swiftly.

"As I may and I droupped into a kind of the capter of the suffering was a supplied to a strength to a kind of the capter of the suffering and my heart nearly broke. I could only pray to Gud that I might either be rescued or die swiftly.

only pray to God that I might either be rescued or die swiftly.

"As I prayed, I dropped into a kind of dose from utter weariness, and then I had the strangest dream. I dreamed that Indaba-zimbi stood over me nodding his white lock, and spoke to me in Kaffir, telling me not to be frightened, for you would soon be with me, and that meanwhile I must humor Hendrika, pre-tending to be pleased to have her pear tending to be pleased to have her near me. The dream was so vivid that I actually seemed to see and hear him, as I see and hear him now."

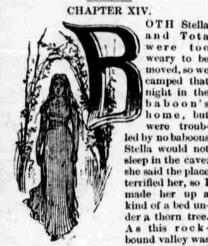
Here I looked up and glanced at old Indaba-zimbi, who was sitting near. But it was not till afterwards that I told Stella of how her vision was brought about.

"At any rate," she went on, "when I awoke I determined to act on my dream. I took Hendrika's hand and pressed it. She actually laughed in a wild kind of way with happiness, and laid her bead upon my knee. Then I made signs that I wanted food, and she threw wood on the fire, which I forgot to tell you was burning in the cave, and began to make some of the broth that she used to cook very well, and she did not seem to have forgotten all about it. At any rate the broth was not bad, though neither Tota nor I could drink much of it. Fright and weariness had taken away our appetites.

"After the meal was done—and I prolonged it as much as possible—1 saw that Hendrika was beginning to get jealous of Tota again. She glared at ber and then at the big knife which was tied round her own body. I knew the knife again; it was the one with which she had tried to murder you, dear. At last she went so far as to draw the knife. I was paralyzed with fear, then suddenly I remembered that when she was our servant, and used to get out of temper and sulk, I could always calm her by singing to her. So I began to sing hymns. Instantly she forgot her jealousy and put the knife back into its sheath. She knew the sound of the singing, and sat listening to it with rapt face; the baboons, too, crowded in at the entrance of the cave to listen. I must have sung for an hour or more, all the hymns that I could remember. It was so very strange and dreadful sitting there singing to mad Hendrika and those hideous man-like apes that shut their eyes and nodded their great heads as I sang. It was like a horrible nightmare; but I believe that the baboons are almost as human as the Bushmen.

"Well, this went on for a long time till my voice was getting exhausted. Then suddenly I heard the baboons outside raise a loud noise, as they do when angry. Then, dear, I heard the boom of your elephant gun, and I think it was the sweetest sound that ever came to my ears. Hendrika heard it, too. She sprang up, stood for a moment, then, to my horror, swept Tota into her arms and rushed down the cave. Of course, I could not stir to follow her, for my feet were tied. Next instant I heard the sound of a rock being moved, and presently the lessening of the light in the cave told me that I was shut in. Nov the sound even of the elephant gun only reached me very faintly, and presently I could hear nothing more, straining my ears as I would.

'At last I heard a faint shouting that reached me through the wall of rock. I answered as loud as I could. You know the rest; and, oh, my dear husband, thank God! thank God!" and she fell weeping into my arms.



and Tota were too weary to be moved, so we camped that night in the baboon' home. but were troubled by no baboons Stella would not sleep in the cave: she said the place terrified her, so l made her up a kind of a bed under a thorn tree

one of the hottest places I ever was in, I thought that this would not matter; but when at sunrise on the following morning I saw a veil of miasmatic mist hang ing over the surface of the ground, I changed my opinion. However, neither Stella nor Tota seemed the worse, so as soon as was practicable we started home wards. I had already on the previous day sent some of the men back to the kraals to fetch a ladder, and when we reached the cliff we found them waiting for us beneath. With the help of the ladder the descent was easy. Stella simply got out of her rough litter at the top of the cliff, for we found it necessary to carry her, climbed down the ladder, and got into it again at the bottom.

Well, we reached the kraals safely enough, seeing nothing more of Hendrika, and, were this a story, doubtless ! should end it here with-"and lived happy ever after." But alas! it is no

How am I to write it? My dearest wife's vital energy seemed completely to fail her now that the dan ger was past, and within twelve hours of our return I saw that her state was such as to necessitate the abandonment of any idea of leaving Babyan Kraals at present. The bodily exertion, the anguish of mind, and the terror that she had endured during that dreadful night, combined with her delicate state of health, had completely broken her down. To make matters worse also, she was taken with an attack of fever, contracted no doubt in the unhealthy atmosphere of that accursed valley. In time she shook the fever off, but it left her dreadfully weak, and quite unfit to face the trial

I think she knew she was going to die; she always spoke of my future, never of our future. It is impossible for me to tell how sweet she was; how gentle, how patient and resigned. Nor, indeed, do I wish to tell it, it is too sad. But this I will say: I believe that, if ever a woman drew near to perfection while yet living on the earth, Stella Quatermain did so.

The fatal hour drew on. My boy Harry was born, and his mother lived to kiss and bless him. Then she sank. We did what we could, but we had little skill, and might not hold her back from death. All through one weary night I watched her with a breaking heart.

and dawn came, the sun rose in the sast. His rays falling on the peak behind were reflected in glory upon the boson of the western sky. Stella awoke from her swoon and saw the light. She whispered to me to open the door of the hut. I did so, and she fixed her dying eyes on the splendor of the morning sky. She looked on me and smiled as an angel might smile. Then with a last effort she lifted her hand, and, pointing to the radiant heavens, whispered: "There, Allan, there!"

It was done, and I was broken hearted, and broken hearted I must wander till the end. Those who have endured my loss will know my sorrow; it cannot be written. In such peace and at such an hour may I also die!

hour may I also die!

Yes, it is a sad story, but wander where we will about the world we can never go beyond the sound of the passing bell. For me, as for my father before me, and for the millions who have been and who shall be, there is but one word of comfort. "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away."

Let us, then, bow our heads in hope, and add with a humble heart, "Bleesed be the name of the Lord."

I buried her by her father's side, and

I buried her by her father's side, and

the weeping of the people who had loved her went up to heaven. Even Indaba-simbi wept.

On the second night from her burial I could not sleep. I rose, dressed myself, and went out into the night. The moon was shining brightly, and by its rays I shaped my course towards the graveyard. I drew near silently, and as I came I thought that I heard a sound of moaning on the further side of the wall. I looked over it. Crouched by Stella's grave, and tearing at its sods with her hands, as though she would unearth that which lay within, was Hendrika. Her face was wild and haggard; her form was so emaciated that, when the pelts she wore slipped aside, the shoul-der blades seemed to project almost through her skin. Suddenly she looked up and saw me. Laughing a dreadful maniac laugh, she put her hand to her girdle and drew her great knife from it. I thought that she was about to attack me, and prepared to defend myself as I best could, for I was unarmed. But she made no effort to do so. Lifting the knife on high, for a moment she held it glittering in the moonlight, then plunged it into her own breast, and fell headlong to the ground.

I sprang over the wall and ran to her. was not yet dead. Presently she opened her eyes, and I saw that the mad-

ness had gone out of them.
"Macumazahn," she said, speaking in English and in a thick difficult voice like one who half forgot and half remembered — "Macumazahn, I remember now. I have been mad. Is she really dead, Macumazahn?"

"Yes," I said, "she is dead, and you killed her."

"I killed her!" the dying woman fal-tered, "and I loved her. Yes, yes—I know now. I became a brute again and dragged her to the brutes, and now once I am a woman, and she is dead, and I killed her-because I loved her so. I killed her who saved me from the brutes. I am not dead yet, Macumazahn. Take me and torture me to death, slowly, very slowly. It was jealousy of you that drove me mad, and I have killed her, and now she never can forgive me."

'Ask forgiveness from above," I said, for Hendrika had been a Christian, and the torment of her remorse touched me.
"I ask no forgiveness," she said. "May
God torture me for ever, because I killed her; may I become a brute forever till she comes to find me and forgives me! I only want her forgiveness." And wailing in an anguish of the heart so strong that her bodily suffering seemed to be forgotten, Hendrika, the baboon woman, died.

I went back to the kraals, and, waking Indaba-zimbi, told him what had hapened, asking him to send some one to watch the body, as I proposed to give it burial. But next morning it was gone, and I found that the natives, hearing of the event, had taken the corpse and thrown it to the vultures with every mark of hate. Such, then, was the end of Hendrika.

A week after Hendrika's death I left Babyan Kraals. The place was hateful to me now; it was a haunted place. I sent for old Indaba-zimbi and told him that I was going. He answered that it was well. "The place has served your turn," he said; "here you have won that joy which it was fated you should win, and have suffered those things that it was fated you should suffer. Yes, and though you know it not now, the joy and the suffering, like the sunshine and the storm, are the same thing, and will rest at last in the same heaven, the heaven from which they came. Now

go, Macumazahn." I asked him if he was coming with me. "No," he answered, "our paths lie apart henceforth, Macumazahn. We met together for certain ends. Those ends are fulfilled. Now each one goes his own way. You have still many years before you, Macumzahn; my years are When we shake hands here it will be for the last time. Perhaps we may meet again, but it will not be in this world. Henceforth we have each of us

a friend the less.' "Heavy words," I said. "True words," he answered.

Well, I have little heart to write of the est of it. I went, leaving Indaba-zimbi in charge of the place, and making him a present of such cattle and goods as I did not want.

Tota, I of course took with me. Fortunately by this time she had almost recovered the shock to her nerves. The baby Harry, as he was afterwards named, was a fine healthy child, and I was lucky in getting a respectable native woman, whose husband had been killed in the fight with the baboons, to accompany me

as his nurse. Slowly, and followed for a distance by all the people, I trekked away from Babyan Kraals. My route towards Natal was along the edge of the bad lands, and my first night's outspan was beneath that very tree where Stella, my lost wife, had found us as we lay dying of thirst.

I did not sleep much that night. And yet I was glad that I had not died in the desert about eleven months before. I felt then, as from year to year I have continued to feel while I wander through the lonely wilderness of life, that I have been preserved to an end. I had won my darling's love, and for a little while we had been happy together. Our happiness was too perfect to endure. She is ost to me now, but she is lost to be

found again. Here on the following morning I bade farewell to Indaba-zimbi.

"Good-by, Macumazahn," he said, nodling his white lock at me. "Good-by for a while. I am not a Christian; your father could not make me that. But he was a wise man, and when he said that those who love each other shall meet again, he did not lie. And I too am a wise man in my way, Macumazahn; and I say it is true that we shall meet again. All my prophecies to you have come true, Macumazahn, and this one shall come true also. I tell you that you shall return to Babyan Kraals and shall no find me. I tell you that you shall journey to a further land than Babyan Kraals and shall find me. Farewell!" and he took a pinch of snuff, turned and went. Of my journey down to Natal there is

tures, but they were of an every day kind, and in the end arrived safely at Port Durban, which I now visited for the first time. Both Tota and my baby boy bore the journey well. And here I may as well chronicle the destiny of Tota. For a year she remained under my charge. Then she was adopted by a lady, the wife of an English colonel, who was stationed at the Cape. She was taken by her adopted parents to England, where she grew up a very charming and pretty girl, and ultimately married lergyman in Norfolk. But I never saw her again, though we often wrote to each

Before I returned to the country of my birth, she too had been gathered to the land of shadows, leaving three children behind her. Ah me! all this took place so long ago, when I was young who now

Perhaps it may interest the reader to know the fate of Mr. Carson's property, which should of course have gone to his grandson Harry. I wrote to England to claim the estate on his behalf, but the lawyer to whom the matter was sub-mitted said that my marriage to Stella, not having been celebrated by an or-dained priest, was not legal according to English law, and therefore Harry could not inherit. Foolishly enough I acquiesced in this, and the property passed to a cousin of my father-in-law's; but since I have come to live in England I have been informed that this opinion is open to great suspicion, and that there is every probability that the courts would have declared the marriage perfectly binding as having been solemnly entered into in accordance with the custom of the place where it was contracted. But I am now so rich that it is not worth while to move in the matter. The cousin is dead, his son is in possession, so let him keep it.

Once, and once only, did I revisit Babyan Kraals. Some fifteen years after my darling's death, when I was a man in middle life, I undertook an expedition to the Zambesi, and one night outspanned at the mouth of the well known valley beneath the shadow of the great peak. I mounted my horse, and alone rode up the valley, noticing with a strange prescience of evil that the road was overgrown, and, save for the music of the waterfalls, the place silent as death. The kraals that used to be to the left of the road by the river had vanished. I rode towards their site; the mealie fields were choked with weeds, the paths were dumb with grass. Presently I reached the place. There, over-grown with grass, were the burnt ashes of the kraals, and there among the ashes, gleaming in the moonlight, lay the white bones of men. Now it was clear to me. The settlement had been fallen on by some powerful foe, and its inhabitants put to the assegai. The forebodings of the natives had come true; Babyan Kraals were peopled by memories alone, I passed on up the terraces. There shone the roofs of the marble huts. They would not burn, and were too strong to be easily pulled down. I entered one of them—it had been our sleeping hut—and lit a candle which I had with me. The buta had been sacked: leaves of books and broken fragments of the familiar furniture lay about. Then I remembered that there was a secret place hollowed in the floor and concealed by a stone, where Stella used to hide her little treasures. I went to the stone and dragged it up. There was something within wrapped in moldering native cloth. I undid it. It was the dress my wife had been married in. In the center of the dress were the withered wreath and flowers she had worn, and with them a little paper packet. I opened it; it contained a loc of my own hair. I remembered that I had searched for this dress when I came

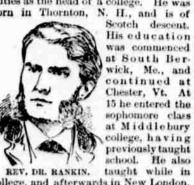
away and could not find it, for I had forgotten the secret recess in the floor. Taking the dress with me, I left the hut for the last time. Leaving my horse tied to a tree. I walked to the graveyard through the ruined garden. There it was a mass of weeds, but over my darling's grave grew a self sown orange tree, of which the scented petals fell in showers on to the mound beneath. As I drew near there was a crash and a rush. A great baboon leapt from the center of the graveyard and vanished into the trees. I could almost believe that it was the wraith of Hendrika doomed to keep an eternal watch over the bones of the woman her jealous rage had done to

I tarried there awhile, filled with such thoughts as may not be written. Then, leaving my dead wife to her long sleep where the waters fell in melancholy music beneath the shadow of the ever lasting mountain, I turned and sought that spot where first we had told our love. Now the orange grove was noth ing but a tangled thicket; many of the trees were dead, choked with creepers but some still flourished. There stood the one beneath which we had lingered, there was the rock that had been ou seat, and there on the rock sat Stella,

the Stella whom I had wed. Aye! there she sat, and on her up-turned face was that same spiritual look which I saw upon it in the hour when we first had kissed. The moonlight shone in her dark eyes, the breeze wayered in her curling hair, her breast rose and fell, a gentle smile played about her parted lips. I stood transfixed, gazing on that lost loveliness which once was mine. I could not speak, and she spoke no word; she did not even seem to see me. I drew near. Now her eyes fell. For a moment they met mine, and their message entered into me.

Then she was gone; nothing was left but the tremulous moonlight falling where she had been, the melancholy music of the waters, the shadow of the everlasting mountain, and, in my heart, the sorrow and the hope. THE END.

Howard University's New President. The new president of Howard univer sity, the Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, left the pastorate of the Valley church, in Orange, N. J., to assume educational duties as the head of a college. He was born in Thornton, N. H., and is of



REV. DR. RANKIN. taught while in college, and afterwards in New London, Conn., and Warren county, Ky. After taking his degree at Middlebury he became a tutor there.

In 1854 he was graduated at Andover, and for two years after preached in a Presbyterian church at Potsdam, N. Y. Then he was settled at St. Albans, then at Lowell, Mass., and then at Boston. From 1869 to 1884 he preached in Washington. The rest of his service has been

1000 J. T. Trowbridge, the well known writer of books for boys, is over 70 years of age, and lives at Arlington, Mass. He has made a fortune with his pen.

RESTORATION OF ROME.

THE CAPITAL OF HUMBERT'S KING-DOM A GREAT MODERN CITY.

The Remains of the Ancient City-The New City Not Quite on the Same Site The City Has Rad a Continuous Existonce for 2,600 Years.

'Rome is transformed." Such is the united testimony of all recent visitors. united testimony of all recent visitors. Rome is once more the capital of a united country, and, though and so great as the Rome of the later Casars, it is quite a great city of the modern order. Nor are the antiquities disturbed, for the Rome of restored Italy—Victor Emmanuel's Rome, the "Sardinian" or "Piclimontese Rome," as unfriendly politicians call it—does not cover the old sites.



ARCH OF CONSTANTINE. Excluding the eras of decay and de struction, there have been three great Romes-and, for aught we know, a fourth, as there was an Alba Longa, sometimes called "Mother of Rome" and the present Rome, with not quite 300,000 people, is probably not more than a third as large as the Rome of the Antonines and of the Second and Third centuries A. D. The present kingdom of Italy covers 114,380 square miles and contains (by the census of 1887) 30,260,-065 records. It has importful suffrage. 065 people. It has impartial suffrage absolute freedom of the press, compul sory education and a responsible consti-tutional government. But, alas, it has a standing army of 879,000, and a national debt of \$2,246,903,485. Americans therefore, need not be told that there is much poverty, of which Naples, the

argest city, has rather the largest share. The Rome of classic history was sup-posed to have been founded 743 B. C., but there are many Italian antiquities much older than that, for the Etruscans had a fairly well developed civilization before Rome and the Greeks had cities and flourishing provinces in the southern part of the peninsula. The second great Rome was that of the popes, but in art and architecture there were much more noted cities. And so it has resulted that all Italy is a land of antiquities, a land of never failing interest to scholars, artists



From the foundation of the city there was a tolerably regular growth till the reign of Augustus, and of that era the most interesting remains are the old Forum and many engineering works. With the emperors came the great structures, such as the Circus Maximus, and perhaps the last of these to be erected was the "Arch of Constantine." The Romans of the early period gave much thought to engineering, those of the imperial era to architecture. If excavation in Italy develops any work with an arch, it is known to be Roman; if it is monolithic-that is, of single stones and no arch-it is probably Etruscan, as that people had not invented the arch. Rome is thought to have reached its highest pitch of splendor and numbers about 100 to 150 A. D., when the city had about a

This city extended over the seven hills of which the Quirinal (still a noted place in Rome) was a center of the Sabine pop ulation. The Campus Martius ("Field of Mars," or war) was thick set with magnificent buildings, but the modern city covers it, and one looks in vain for beauty. In fact, rather the densest and poorest population is there. Of the once Portico of Octavia" (sister of Augustus) only the ruins remain. stood before the splendid temples of Ju-



ORTA ANGELICA, AN ENTRANCE TO THE VATICAN.

mains. Part of the oft described Mamertine prison remains, and the two cells alleged to have been occupied by St. Peter and St. Paul are used as chapels. As no one can prove the contrary, they will do as well as any. The great Flavian amphitheater (founded about A. D. 72), however, still stands in sufficient pres ervation to astonish the visitors-called from its size the Colosseum.

The great "Arch of Constantine" commemorates his victory over Maxentius, and is doubly interesting because of it beauty and the fact that it is a memorial of the beginning of Christianity as a ruling power. The "Arch of Titus," commemorative of the destruction of Je rusilem, is of almost equal interest and well preserved. In artistic effect, however, all these yield to the great Column of Trajan in the Forum, which is now surmounted by a statue of St. Peter. The column alone is 1274 feet high, and on it are carved 2,500 human figures, besides many horses and chariots. The decline of Rome began about 200 A. D., and, after Constantine founded a new capital, the decline was rapid. After its capture by the Vandals it sunk to a mere waste, and in the Eighth century a traveler remarked with surprise that there were

still some 25,000 people among the ruins. The second great Rome came with the rise of the papal power. Finally, when the statesmen of modern Italy overthrew all the petty sovereigns and united Italy became a great power, Victor Emanuel in the year 1870 took possession of Rome and abolished the pope's temporal power. So the third Rome began to rise at once, and in it are two great centers of interest-the Quirinal and the Vatican. The first is the sent and center, the palace of

the Eingdom of Italy, and the second the center of a far greater power—the Roman Catholic church. The dumb war between the two powers still goes on; the great ecclesiastics are often insulted by groups of infidels, and the government is ac-cused of enforcing its laws but feebly against the insulters.

The new city is too much an imitation of Paris, and in laying out the new streets some antiquities were destroyed. It's a pity, but it had to be. There is even a street railroad nearly around the Forum, and one may go along a very Frenchy street to the great St. Peter'sthe most magnificent structure ever



A GLIMPSE OF ST. PETER'S.

erected on this earth for the purposes of religion. Grand as it, the original design would have made it still grander; mante and Michael Angelo intended that the whole central front should rise in one bold relief, giving the full effect to its height and leaving the whole dome visible from the square before the church. Their successor, Maderna, add ed the prominent lower front, which certainly marred the general effect; but St. Peter's is still unrivaled in magnitude, proportion and decoration. Not far away is the Vatican palace, of

which and its great occupant the world has heard and still hears much. By the liberal spirit of modern times scholars are now admitted to its wonderful library and its marvelous gallery of maps. In its peculiar line no other collection in the world can rival this. Questions long debated by the learned have recently been settled by the production of a single map, which proved beyond controversy what the ancients believed as to this earth. Not the least interesting Americans is that curious chart on which the pope traced the lines dividing all this continent between Spain and Portugal! Of all the vast area neither power now owns one rod; it is all under repub lican rule (Canada but nominally otherwise) and one-half of it governed by descendants of those very English against whom the decree was aimed.

Little, if any, less attractive is the College for Propagating the Faith, com-monly called the Propaganda, from which go every year large classes of cultured men, scattering to every section of the globe classmates of whom most will never meet again in this world. To all the savage, the barbarous, the uncivilized races these missionaries carry bless ings; let one's faith be what it may h must look upon their work among the heathen as unmixed good. But many columns might be filled by a bare enumeration of the sights of Rome. Though the modern city is everywhere humming with the noise of improvements, they really encroach but little upon the an cient-modern, mediæval and classical Rome combine to attract and interest

Cardinal Perci.

The Roman Catholic church has re cently lost one of its high dignitaries in Cardinal Pecci, an elder brother of the pope. Giuseppe Pecci was born in 1807 at Carpineto, Italy, of a noble and wealthy family. He was well educated at Rome, and

while very young joined the Society of Jesus. Being appointed professor of phiosophy in the Roman college. he became noted for his theologic ability. He wrote several works on the teachings and system of Thomas

CARDINAL PECCL Aquinas, which works did not meet the approval of his superiors in the Order of Jesuits, and Father Pecci left the order. In 1851, when he retired from his professor ship, he was considered the first theolo

gian in Europe.

Upon leaving the Society of Jesus Father Pecci took the position of minutante in the Vatican library, which he held till his brother was elected pope. In 1879 the latter raised the librarian to the position of cardinal deacon, giving him at the same time the titular Church of St. Agatha.

GEN. SALAMANCA.

Death of the Captain General of the Islan of Cuba. The late captain general of Cuba, Manuel de Salamanca y Negrete, was the

great-greatgrandson of a former governor general of that island, who represented the Spanish government a century ago. Gen. Salamanca was born about 1830 in Andalusia, in Spain. He was educated § in the military school at Toledo, and when he

came of age entered the Spanish army. By GEN. SALAMANCA. reason of his birth he was a life senator. and while yet a young man achieved

distinction as an orator. He served with Gen. Cordova in Italy with the army intended to defend the temporal power of the pope. When the arlist war came on he was made a brigadier general. During that struggle he distinguished himself and was rapidly advanced in rank. At one period, while governor of Malaga, he wrested the key of their position from the Carlist forces on the line of the Elbro, thus forcing their retreat. He was then created a field marshal. Later he relieved Tortosa by running a train at full speed over a railroad which had been abandoned for years. The expedition was so hazardous that he was obliged to place guards over the engineers to enforce his orders.

After the war Gen. Salamanca took his seat in the senate; but he was a natural soldier and gave his attention to the better equipment of the army. About a year ago he was appointed governor general of Cuba. He soon made himself very popular there, though ill health. principally on account of wounds received in the Carlist war, kept him from paying much attention to society. He endeavored to place the island in a perfect state of defense, using modern methods, including new lines of railway, opening rivers before not navigable, and strengthening the fortifications. Salamanca was a bachelor.

A MILLIONAIRE OF NOTE

JOHN PLANKINTON, OF MILWAUKEE, AND HIS FORTUNE.

Be Began Life as an Ordinary Butcher. The Educational Monument That Will Commemorate Him -- His Magnificent

There are few men in the west whose names are better known to the masses than that of John Plankinton. Within the recollection of many of his neighbors began life as an ordinary retail butcher, killing his own beef, cutting it up for his customers and very frequently delivering the meat himself. With his family he lived in a few small rooms. A year ago he retired from business the possessor of many millions of dollars. For many years he was the head of the great packing firm of Plankinton, Armour & Co., of New York, Chicago, Milwaukee and Kansas City, the largest concern of its kind in the world, which does a business of \$60,000,000 a year. Mr. Plankinton's name is a familiar one in commercial circles all over the globe.

The news that this commercial giant was dangerously ill of incurable diseaser has called attention to his career, which has been in many respects a remarkable one. His painful dis orders, paralysis and a complica tion of other diseases to a man

of his age (70 years) render the case hopeless. JOHN PLANKINTON. When he retired from business he was desirous of spending the sunset of his life in quiet and

For years he had been a slave to his many lines of business, retiring early. rising early, and putting in a long, full day at his office desk. Consequently when he retired and the excitement and strain of his enormous business lessened he broke down in health, as many a man had done under similar circumstances be fore him.

The story of John Plankinton's life is not without elements of public interest. He was born amid humble surroundings in a rural district in Delaware on March 11, 1820. In 1832 he removed with his father's family to Pittsburg, Pa., and from that city in 1844 he removed to Milwau-kee, where he has continuously lived ever since. He at once began business as butcher and retailer of meat, a trade h had learned in Pittsburg. Before set-tling in Milwaukee Mr. Plankinton had made arrangements to enter into partnership with a young butcher already located; but finding upon his arri val that his prospective partner had broken faith with him, he resolved, with characteristic independence and energy, to go into business on his own account.

On a capital, all told, of \$4.20 he set up housekeeping, and purchased his first stock in trade, which consisted of one cow, for which he paid, after selling it, the sum of nine dollars, securing as a home a little frame building at a renta of eight dollars per month, and, renting a vacant lot, he erected his first building, a frame structure, that cost \$108 In fourteen days after his arrival in the town he was fully equipped for business, opening his little shop in September of the year he arrived. Being a hard working, economical, honest man, he soon became the leading butcher of the place, his sales for the first year amounting t nearly \$12,000. His business constantly increasing, he was compelled to remov

to roomier quarters.

In 1850 he entered into partnership with Mr. Frederick Layton, and the firm, in addition to an extensive retail trade, commenced packing pork for market on a scale limited only by the receipts of hogs at Milwaukee. The business of the firm continued to increase until 1861. when it was dissolved, Mr. Plankinton



THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN PLANKINTON AND

ing the business alone. In 1864 he forme a partnership with Philip D. Armour under the name of Plankinton & Armour, with an immense business in Milwaukee, a large house at Kansas City and stil another in New York city. The firm embraced also one of the largest packing establishments in the world, the house of H. O. Armour & Co., of Chicago. A few years ago Mr. Plankinton announced that he had all the money he wanted and sold out his interest in the big packing firm to his partner, Phil Armour retaining only his local branch. This he kept until last year, when he sold it to the Cudahys, who had long been in his employ and who are now rapidly coming to the front as big packers. In less than two score years Mr. Plankington's \$4.20 has swelled to a fortune of \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000, and the little one horse butcher became a power in the financial

world.

Whatever Mr. Plankinton lacked in education he more than made up in shrewdness. In his day he was regarded as one of the boldest and most sagacious opera tors in the speculative provision markets in the country. He is a tall, powerfully built man, with smooth shaven face and straight dark hair, which he invariably wears long. His home on Grand avenue is one of the finest in Milwaukee, and is a perfect museum of fine pictures and art bric-a-brac. He lives very quietly with his wife and daughter, his son occupying a magnificent mansion near by He has always been one of the most pub lic spirited men in the city. When an exposition was planned he gave \$50,000 outright to it. During the recent national saengerfest in Milwaukee he gave \$1,000 for the best festival composition, the prize going to a composer in Germany. owns no less than a dozen of the largest and finest business blocks in the city. His great hobby is the splendid hotel which bears his name. It covers a full block, and is one of the best equipped hostelries in the country. He is also the head of one of the solid banks of the city that bears his name.

A couple of years ago Mr. Plankinton was much chagrined over some local gossip to the effect that Milwaukeeans had to go from home to secure first class workmen and artisans in many lines of business. He fumed and fretted over the matter until he determined to prove to his fellow citizens that there were no finer workmen anywhere than right at home. With this idea in view, he began a couple of years ago the erection of one of the finest houses in the city. It was a year in course of erection, and cost about \$150,000. It is built of undressed stone and all of the work was done by the day by Milwaukee workmen. It is a beautiful bit of architecture, and the interior is a revelation in wood carving and decoration. An illustration of this



AN EDUCATIONAL MONUMENT. It was finally finished, and there probably no more complete establis finest, the lawns are laid out in flowers, and every detail about the place is complete. But nobody seems to want it. It is entirely closed, and there it stands, a magnificent monument to this man's public spirit. "Let it stand," he said to some one who joked him about the investment, "it is a means of education. It will teach people that our workmen are as good as can be found anywhere.

CHOCTAW LEGENDS.

Besult of an Interview with Chief Peter

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 13.—In a recent talk with the Choctaw chief, Peter Pitchlynn, he told me of a very curious legend in relation to the origin of a subdivision of his tribe known as the "Crawfish," or Crayfish band: "Our people have among them a band who formerly—but at a very remote period rmerly-but at a very remote period of antiquity, long before the separation into Creeks (or Mus-Ro-gee's) Seminoles, Choctaws, etc.—had their abode in the earth, under the mud and soft places near the rivers and streams, out of which they sometimes come and bask in the sunshine. They were more like a lobster or crayfish than human beings, and walked on 'all fours,' or rather on their claws.

"Their principal place of residence was a great limestone cave, far down in the bowels of the earth, where there was no light, nothing but cimmerian dark-ness, and they had no language, nor could they understand a word that was

spoken to them.
"The entrance to this cave was possible only by wiggling down through the mud, and they used to scamper away the moment they were seen, so that the Choctaws were for many generations unable to get near them, although they would lay in wait for them for months.

"One day, however, a number of them were surprised so suddenly that they did not have time to go their usual routs— through the mud—into their cave, but were forced into it by a secret opening they had in the rocks!

"The Choctaws then attempted to smoke them out, and at last, by persistent effort, succeeded. They treated them kindly, taught them to talk Choctaw, to walk erect, made them cut off their toe nails and pull out the hair from their bodies. After which they adopted them into the tribe, but the majority of them are still under ground!"

Ball playing seems to be common among all tribes, but it is conceded that the Choctaws, in their primitiveness, were the most skilled in this game. Of course it is not at all similar to the American national game in any particular, and is played with two bats or sticks.

These sticks are bent into an oval loop at one end, with a web of fine buck-skin thongs stretched across them to prevent the ball from falling out when caught or tossed. One of these bats is held in each hand, and the players catch the ball by jumping into the air, and throw it from the bats, never allowed to strike it or catch it with their hands. In every bouse I visited I saw one or pairs of these peculiar bats, according to the number of male residents.

In the primitive days of these people, it was an invariable law of the game that no player should wear moccasi on his feet, and appear only with the prescribed dress; that is, in his "breech-clout," a beautiful head belt, and tail made of white horse hair or quills, and a mane around his neck constructed of the same material as the tail, dyed in

The match was usually made up months before the day agreed upon, and led by two champions, or captains, as we should call them. These two captains had the power to go through the tribe, from village to village, and alter-nately choose the men for their re-spective sides. This choice of players was effected generally by proxy; two runners were sent armed with a pair of 'ball sticks," elaborately orname with paint, ribbons and other gewgaws, which, touched by the players selected was an evidence that they accepted, and would be on hand at the time specified and prepared to take part.

Each set of players erected on the ground where the game was to take place two upright poles about thirty feet high, and six feet apart, across the top of which another pole was fastened. These goals, or "byes," as they were called, were some eight hundred feet apart; at a point just half way between those goals was driven a small stake, where the ball was to be thrown into the air at a given signal, usually the firing of a gun.

All these preliminaries were arranged by old men, who were the judges or umpires of the game; they drew a line from one goal to the other, across which all the betting was made and placed in the possession of "stake holders" the night before the game commenced. Everything conceivable that wigwam or field possessed was staked, and principally by the women of the tribe as bet-

On that night, too, all the players assembled around their respective "byes," where, under the glow of torches, the beating of "tom-toms" and the songs of the squaws, they for more than a quarter of an hour indulged in the picturesque "Ball-Play dance," in their proper dress, and rattling their sticks together, all the time chanting as loud as they could. Meanwhile the women who had staked their goods formed themselves in two rows on the "line" between the respective players and also danced, joining in musical appeals to the "Great Spirit" to decide the game in favor of

At the small stake, from which the ball was to be thrown at the opening of the game on the morrow, four old "medicine men," who were to perform the act of "throwing the ball," were busily puffing at their pipes, smoking to the "Great Spirit" for success in impartially judging the game, as their duties of umpires de-

Sometimes seven or eight hundred players took part in the game, and when the contest commenced a terrible strug-gle ensued to catch the ball on their sticks and throw it home between their

respective stakes, which counted one. When this happened there was a short halt; then the ball was started again by the judges, and whichever side in that amnner counted a huudred won.

A watch factory in Philadelphia has as assayer of metals a young lady. She took a four years' course in chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania,