

## A MEXICAN BANDIT.

Mr. Edgar Wood had 2,000 silver dollars in ten dollar rolls nicely packed in a valise with a few toilet articles, and \$12,000 bank notes and bills of exchanges snugly sewed into a thin belt worn about his person. In an outside belt, elegantly embroidered, he wore a superbly jeweled revolver, warranted to be useful as a weapon of long range, in the hand of a self-collected man resting under safe shelter.

As to other personal furniture, his comfortable figure was adorned with a fine gold watch, possessing a national reputation for beauty and value throughout the public of Mexico, and a hat covered with gold lace and bangles that made it the envy of all the beaux in town.

Under these conditions Mr. Edgar Wood entered the ten-mule stage that stood in the patio of the Hotel Iturbide for a trip down the country to pay off 3,000 laborers a month's wages.

The stage started. The wealthy contractor was alone that morning. This month he considered, will cost me \$20,000, for which outlay the Government pays me \$100,000, which is \$80,000 clear gain. In two more I shall be in good trim, and I shall ask old Juarez for Emilia. I think she admired me last night when I said my adieu. And he looked at his pistol, his fine watch and elegant hat, and a rifle ball whistled through the window, followed by a command of Pararse! (halt).

There is no discussing such an order given under such circumstances.

It was not possible for Mr. Wood to say just now he looked, but he felt very pale when a pleasant, gentlemanly voice at the window inquired: Have I the honor of addressing Senor Edgardo Wood?

That's my name sir, Ab, Don Edgardo, I am sorry to molest you in your journey' but won't you do me the favor to alight for a moment?

Now, if there was one quality on which that gentleman prided himself more than on another it was superiority of his manners. He was known as the polite American of Mexico, and so, when addressed a simple request in such courteous terms, he was fain to comply.

He therefore alighted, and tried to do so promptly, but his motions were not so graceful as usual; there seemed a tremulous excitement, almost a stagger, in his movements, when he looked about him.

Four men, armed with cutlasses, rifles and revolvers, stood ready to receive him. The upper half of each face was covered with a black mask. They were evidently natives, save one—whose head, broader than the other at the temples, and ruddy face below the mask, ending in a thin frowzy, tow-colored goatee, seemed to indicate an Englishman. Mr. Wood, noting him carefully, thought he had seen him before, but failed in any attempts to place him.

Senor Wood, said the spokesman, advancing, I am pleased to greet you, and regret that you are not able to reciprocate the cordial sentiments I entertain for you. I must say Amiguillo, you wear a charming hat, and such things are so common to you that I am sure there will be no objection to an exchange. See what a poor thing I wear, and so unsuited to my years and position in society! It fits well, too. And also, Senor Wood, you are said to possess an excellent watch: that, sir, would be an extremely convenient article to have in my profession, that I may be prompt in meeting the stage, and thus avoid tussome watching. I will accept it with your permission.

Mr. Wood was rapidly learning to adapt himself to circumstances. He knew he must submit to being stripped, so, handing over the watch with the best grace possible, he said with a smile and a bow, May I present you with a pistol, as good as there is in the republic, except your own?

Ah, Senor, now you flatter me; I accept it in your name, Amiguillo. And also, Senor, I admire your coat; let us exchange. Your trousers, too, will fit me nicely, and your boots, even a little large, will be better than these. Have the goodness to be seated on my old coat, and we will assist you in removing them; we are experienced valets.

To have observed the face of Mr. Edgar Wood now, you would have

thought he was engaged in a frolic. He used to say, in telling this story, that he felt all through the performance as if he were being joked by a friend.

And now, continued the ladrone, we will trouble you, Senor Wood, to pass out your valise, if you will be so obliging.

Mr. Wood hesitated for the first time, and looked around; but there was no mercy; the muzzles of three pieces looked into his eyes, while he replied: Very well gentleman if you insist. He handed out the heavy valise, which was taken by the Mexicans, while the English-looking thief guard at the stage door. When the precious cargo was removed to a short distance from its owner, the sentinel muttered to him in English: If you give me \$2,000, unseen, from your belt, you can have the rest; otherwise, I'll fix every dollar you've got.

Mr. Wood felt sure he had somewhere seen the face, of which the mouth and chin were exposed, but if he suspected the truth, he kept it to himself, and quietly handed over the money to the man.

In a few minutes the nearly empty valise was returned, and the party bade the traveler adieu, and wished him a safe journey. In his disagreeable fix he could only ride till he met the return stage and go with it to the capital, under the shelter of a shawl lent him by a sympathetic lady among the passengers, with whom, at noon he entered the patio, from which he had so exultingly sallied in the early morning. The idle populace, as usual rushed in with the stage, and witnessed the discomfort of the American, as he darted across the pavement to the nearest entrance of the hotel and made his way to his room.

When Mr. Wood emerged therefrom he made his way to the English bank, to deposit the papers saved in his belt, and there encountered the second surprise of the day. The teller who received and credited him with the amount was the counterpart of the English robber of the morning; but he had no beard, nor could Wood recall that he had ever seen him adorned with that symptom of manhood. It was impossible that he should be a ladrone—his position in the bank, his easy, self-possessed manner, not brazen, but natural and innocent. No, it was a mistake.

The next day, there being several Mexican merchants to start for Vera Cruz, Mr. Henry Yorke of Wood & Co., was dispatched with them in the morning stage. He went well armed and had the name of being a fighting man. But as yet no crowd of Mexican passengers had frightened a band of robbers from its enterprise, and so at sunrise, Yorke discovered two small squads of horsemen bearing down on the stage from opposite directions.

There are six of them, he said, and we are nine men, with only one woman. Are we to fight gentlemen, or shall we surrender?

Mexicans never surrender, cried one of them. We will fight to the last drop of blood.

Yes, always, answered the other eight.

I shall be killed; oh, I shall be killed! shrieked the frightened woman. We shall defend you, senora, they declared. The horsemen drew near. All were masked and armed. One party passed the coach, wheeled, and instantly returned. Meanwhile Yorke sprang from the stage, which had stopped, and, calling to his fellow-passengers to join him, fired his rifle at the nearest of the gang and killed him. He then began discharging his revolver as they closed in on him, and looking about for his companions, discovered them all in their seats, pallid spectators of his recklessness. In another instant a pistol ball struck him down.

Evidently the ladrone had only contempt for the Mexican passengers, for they rode directly forward to the fallen American, whose body they mercilessly hacked to pieces with their sabers, for a warning to all who resisted their robberies.

The entire treasure of Wood & Co. was taken from the person of Yorke and his valise; and the passengers, the lady not excepted, were robbed of every article they possessed, even to their outer clothing. When the ladrones left, their captain opened an embroidered jacket, revealing the form of a woman, and cried out with a sneer: "You are men. Adios!"

When the stage, returning, entered the patio of the Hotel Iturbide with the body of Mr. Yorke, it was met by Mr. Wood, to whom the lady declared that his partner had been killed by an Englishman of the band, whose lower face was ruddy and thin, ending in a little shadowy beard; that he had reached into the coach and shot Yorke in the back, through the open doorway of the opposite side, as he was firing rapidly at the gang, and that as he withdrew his beard dropped from his chin and she had secured it.

At 10 o'clock that morning he went to the English bank with the woman and presented a check for payment. As the teller laid down the money he saw the little wad of beard on the counter, picked it up, and, looking at it curiously, said: What is this? At the same moment Mr. Wood discovered that his companion trembled violently and was becoming alarmingly pale, and lost no time in leaving the bank.

The woman was sure of the identity of the man, and would listen to no possibility of her mistake. As for Mr. Edgar Wood, he was confounded, but did the customary thing, and set an English detective upon the track of Mr. Carlos Watfils, the teller of the English Bank of Mexico.

The next payment went to the line in charge of a paymaster and a mounted guard, of whom the chief was one of the most successful ladrones of Mexico; he gave safe conduct to the treasure, for which he was well paid.

Two months passed. No outward sign indicated any depravity on the part of Mr. Watfils. He lived modestly, and seemed a retiring, rather studious man. His sole dissipation was his horseback ride each morning and night.

The time had come for another payment to the men of the contractor, and again Wood determined to go in person with the money, and by stage. This time he selected a day when a fair complement of Mexican men, having commercial relations with Vera Cruz, would travel, and went accompanied also by two Americans, armed with rifles and revolvers.

The English detective, with a companion, both well armed, rode out in the same direction a half hour after the stage left. The road had not been so infested of late, but the Americans understood the danger to which they were exposed in the transportation of treasure, and made their disposition accordingly. Mr. Wood and one companion occupied the front seat of the coach, looking to the rear. The third man of the party sat with the driver, being a crack shot with a Winchester rifle.

When they stopped for coffee, at 8 o'clock, no one had appeared to molest the stage or create suspicion. As they left the little inn the detective appeared in sight, but the stage made no delay, and the party was again on their way.

Suddenly the inside passengers detected the effort of the driver to stop his cumbrus team, and heard the voice of the American by his side shout to him: "If you stop I'll kill you; drive on and drive hard." Then a shot; and another shout as he passed down his rifle and called for a fresh one, which he received at once.

Mr. Wood and his companions, looking from the coach, saw they were pursued by eight horsemen, who were now within 200 yards at the rear. Leaping from the coach window he cried out to the driver, If those fellows catch me you are a dead man! The threat told wonderfully on the speed of the team.

Meanwhile the band approached, and the three Americans fired together, throwing the ladrones into confusion and forcing a halt; but they rallied at once, and six horsemen of the eight were drawing near when the driver's companion by another shot brought a man to the ground. At this moment the detective and his guard appeared in the rear of the band, and Mr. Wood ordered the driver to slow down. The robbers discovered the trick; for, turning, they saw the reinforcement in the rear, and lost no time leaving the road and making off across the valley toward the mountains.

The stage met no further adventure, and Mr. Wood was able to return to Mexico in a week. The afternoon of his arrival he accompanied the English bank manager and the detective to the hospital at Guadalupe, and found there, to the surprise of the manager, the teller, Mr. Carlos Watfils, suffering from a shattered leg.

If Mr. Watfils were tried in Mexico, it is by no means certain that conviction could be secured under its laws. It was, indeed, a chance if the Americans might not be made to suffer for killing men who had not attacked them. In this view of the case, Mr. Watfils was sent across the water with the English officer, and having been convicted in London of the crime of counterfeiting, was sentenced to twenty years penal servitude.

## SAM JONES DENOUNCES DANCING.

"Listen: When the girl began the giddy whirl of the dance in the ballroom that was the time to get scared. When you found your boy spending more money than he ought, that was the time to get shocked.

"Sow cards and reap gamblers. I know I'm called a transcendentalist and called a puritan, but God save my family from cards and profanity, and whiskey and dances, and let the world call me what it will.

"Sow parlor dances and reap ballrooms. Sow ballrooms and round dances and dudes and dudines. Sow dudes and dudines and reap half a thimbleful of calves'-foot jelly. [Applause and laughter renewed again and again.] I wish you wouldn't laugh any more to-night, for I never felt so solemn in my life. For God's sake, hear me with a solemnity and earnestness worthy of the cause. But you say I say so many funny things. If you only knew how many I have to keep back you wouldn't blame me for the few that creep out.

"Hear, me, boys, girls, young ladies of Kansas City! I used to dance. I've danced many times with the girls of my town. Hear me. If I was a fair average dancing man, and I think I was, then no pure girl can go out on the floor and dance another set. [A voice, 'Hurrah!'] Young woman, if you could but follow the young man after he has seen you home, to some barroom or club and hear the discussion of your form and person and your virtue itself, you'd never lose your respect and go on a ballroom floor. [Sensation.] The dudes get mad at me in some places and talk about wanting to slap my jaws. [Laughter.] But, I say to their credit, they know better than to slap. I'm not afraid to drop down into a hundred acres of dudes and not a thing to fight with, and all of them armed with six-shooters. [Laughter.]

"The tendency of the nineteenth century is to deudeism. You dress a young buck out, part his hair in the middle, put on an eyeglass, give him pants which look as though his legs had been melted and poured into them, put on toothpick shoes, and every girl in the town admires him. [Prolonged merriment.] God help you, girls. I'd rather see my daughter dead to night than sitting in a parlor talking to a dude. [Applause.] The good Bishop of Eew York says the confessionals shows that ninetted out of twenty girls meet their downfall in the ballroom.

"In all my observation I never knew a poor ruined girl who didn't go to ruin through the ballroom or the theatre. \* \* \* A woman who has lost her character has lost all, but the boy is lionized by society. If there is one deeper, blacker hell than another, it's for that man who crushes purity and virtue under his unhalloved feet. [Applause.] The only thing in the world which deserves a double barreled shotgun and a load of buckshot is such a man. \* \* \*

"A round dance is an anteroom to damnation. I never want to see the arm of a lecherous man around the waist of my wife or daughter. \* \* \* I ape no man. I'll be myself, be true to myself, and true to truth. All I want to do is to stand on the barrel, knock the bung out and let nature cut her capers. [Applause and laughter.] I may be an idiot and a fool, you'd better think of these things."

## A KENTUCKY DUEL.

Victor Duquesne, the famous pistol shot of New Orleans, while traveling in Kentucky stopped for the night at a tavern in Frankfort. In his day pistols like Kentuckians going to take a drink, went in pairs. Every gentleman carried his twin derringers. After supper Duquesne went to the office counter, behind which the proprietor lounged, and putting down a half-dollar, requested him to change it. The proprietor swept the coin into his money drawer in a mechanical way, and taking out two "bits," or twelve and a half-cent pieces, shoved them towards Duquesne. The latter, seeing that the proprietor made no move towards giving him any more money, said:

I gave you a half-dollar; here are only two "bits."

You give me a quarter sir, responded the host.

Beg your pardon, you are mistaken. Look in your drawer and you will see.

Do you mean to say I don't know a half-dollar when I see it? I say, sir, you give me a quarter and you've got your change for it.

Duquesne looked steadily at the tavern-keeper for a moment. The guests seated around the fire-place became silent.

You are a liar! said Duquesne in a low, even tone. Those terrible words meant something in Kentucky, and the speaker knew it. He felt nervously for his pistols. They were missing. He had left them in his room. The tavern-keeper's movements were as quick as if he had been charged by an electric battery. He jerked open his money-drawer took from it a pistol, cocked it and covered Duquesne, who stood motionless.

Would you shoot an unarmed man? inquired the latter, calmly.

An unarmed man has no right to give an insult.

Will some gentleman lend me a pistol? said Duquesne, without removing his eyes from his antagonist, whose two brothers had now ranged themselves by his side.

Fair play, the world over, spoke up a burly drover, putting a pistol in Duquesne's hand, while two more were dropped into his overcoat pocket. The crowd parted. The men fired simultaneously. The landlord's right arm dropped to his side, broken, and his weapon dropped to the floor, Duquesne stood unharmed, and quietly exchanged his smoking pistol for one of the loaded ones in his pocket. One of the landlord's brothers, without saying a word leveled a pistol at Duquesne, but before he could pull the trigger Duquesne fired and his new antagonist's right arm dropped to his side, broken.

Any more? inquired Duquesne, pursuing another firearm. Yes, exclaimed the third brother, firing one shot wildly and endeavoring to shoot again. Duquesne fired quickly again, and that brother's arm fell, broken, just as the others had fallen.

Who are you? cried the landlord, clasp his disabled arm.

I am Victor Duquesne, of New Orleans.

I beg your pardon Mr. Duquesne; I'm satisfied it was a half-dollar you give me. Give Mr. Duquesne two bits more out of the drawer, Sam, said the tavern-keeper to a white faced clerk who had crouched beneath the counter during the fusillade. Next time I want to shoot I'll look at the register and see who it is that is going to shoot back.

## AT A WEDDING.

There was a remarkable scene at an intended marriage at the house of a Fredericktown (New Brunswick) clergyman the other afternoon. At 4 o'clock a young man, a well-known resident of Cardigan, and a young lady belonging to Woodland, went to the house of a clergyman residing on George street with the intention of getting married. The ceremony had commenced, and the bride said she would accept the young man as her husband. The minister began to draw a picture of marriage that had proved to be unhappy. Without waiting to hear the bright side of the picture, she pushed her lover's hand away, declaring, I will not have you. The young man was thunderstruck, but neither he nor the minister could induce her to change her mind. She seized her wraps and left the house, and the marriage was indefinitely postponed.

The following interesting specimen of tariff obstructions will attract attention. We copy from a special London dispatch to the New York Times, February 11:

Dr. Fahlberg, who invented saccharine while a professor at Johns Hopkins University, and who is now the head of the company controlling the manufacture of it at Madgeburg, was in London the other day upon a scheme of building a second great factory in England. The European consumption of this strange antiseptic sweetening agent drawn from coal tar already exceeds the capacity of the Madgeburg factory, although its cost is quite equal to that of its sweetening equivalent, the best cane sugar. Dr. Fahlberg tells me the sale in America is greatly hampered by the duty. If this duty were abolished it could be used to make cheap good sugar out of the whole glucose product of America, saving to the country many of the millions now paid abroad for cane and beet-root sugar. The original factories would have been built in America if the tariff on the raw material—coal tar, sulphuric acid, etc.—had not been kept up by the chemical ring. The list of other great industries here which have been driven from America by the same agencies and monopolies would be fairly waiting to America if complied.

## USES OF THE TELEPHONE.

Is this Bridget Maloney? is a question which a Detroit Free Press reporter heard rattle over the wire the other evening, as he connected himself with the telephone. It caused him to pause and very indiscreetly to listen. The question was asked by a heavy masculine voice, and the reply came in the soft voice of one of Detroit's fair telephone girls as follows:

Bridget is here.

You know who I am, don't you Bridget, came next, in confidential bass tones.

I could never forget your voice, said Bridget.

Ah! thanks awfully, would you like to go to White's Theatre and see 'Lagadare' to-morrow evening?

Of course I would. You might know I would like to go.

Will you go with me? asked the, bass voice, evidently expecting a quick consent.

Certainly not, said the fair operator.

Not—what's that? I think I did not understand you.

I said I would not go.

Why not?

I don't know you. You may be a married man.

Well—but—I may be some day, but am not yet.

How do I know you're not?

Can't you take my word for it?

One of the girls took the word of a man that he was single, went to the opera with him, and learned afterwards that his wife was in Europe. What do you suppose that man's acquaintances thought of her?

Ah, well, but I am telling the truth.

Well, I won't go.

You said you would like to.

Yes, I would, but I can't risk it. Good by—

Say, hold on. How would a sleigh ride in the evening when nobody would see you, do?

It won't do at all. Good—

We'll go out to the point?

What is out to the point?

A fine drive, an appetite, a good supper and wine.

Wine?

Yes; champagne.

No, thank you. I never drink it. Strongest I ever take is tea. Excuse me please.

You wouldn't like to go?

I think it would be awfully jolly, but I can't go.

Why not, Bridget?

I don't think it would be safe.

Whirl! went the telephone, and then a soft voice inquired:

Did you hear that?

Yes, the bass voice.

That is a chestnut bell; and the fair operator again shot a whirl of chill sounds into the bass voice's ear, and that of the listener, too, and was gone.

The reporter immediately called her up. It was learned that the little conversation overheard was only one of a number of similar ones that are forced upon the telephone operators daily. Telephone girls probably receive more and a greater variety of invitations to go out from a wider range of people, than any other class of working women. But the average telephone girl is a bright and independent creature, and, as may be judged from the above conversation wise enough to know that, under some circumstances, operas and sleighrides are not the best thing for her. The invitations come from all sources, business and professional men, clerks, and many who should know better.

## A TRUE WIFE.

It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needle work and bed-making, or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important and wise young men will quickly look after them. But what the true young man wants with a wife, is her companionship, sympathy and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it, and a man needs a wife to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune: he meets with failures and defeat: trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies, and sin, and he needs a woman that, when he puts his arm around her, feels he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart inspiration. All through life, through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love.