Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLIII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1889. NO. 30.

A PROPOSITION is now under discussion for the annexation of West Florida to the State of Alabama, much favored by the latter State, as giving her, by the acquisition of Pensacola, a better port as outlet for her growing business than she has at present in her own harbor of Mobile.

THE principal heroes of the Conemaugh flood appear to be two St. Bernard dogs. It would seem that they could swim as well as wallow through snow, and are powerful enough to save an adult man or woman. The St. Bernard deserves his exalted reputation.

EUROPE seems to be in a panicky condition, dreading a war of which there are no substantial signs. The sounding of an alarm at Strasburg, probably to exercise the troops, the report that Germany failed to pay proper respect to the Czarewitch on his passage through Berlin (a report that was afterwards denied), the fact that prudent Russians are putting war clauses in their contracts, all these things in turn are taken as signs of impending trouble, sufficiently ominous to depress the money markets.

NATURAL gas has been struck in full flow at Pompaug Valley, Conn., by the company which has been boring for oil or coal for the past nine months. Some days ago, at the depth of 1200 feet, the drill broke off, and in order to remove the broken part it was necessary to take away the piping, and when about 1000 feet had been brought out there came a rush of oily water, which gave every indication of pure oil at a greater depth. "When the pipe was removed a spout of almost pure oil followed, lasting for 15 minutes, and then came a rush of gas, which has since poured in a steady stream."

THE verdict in the case of the keepers at the Philadelphia Hospital (Blockley) charged with cruelty to patients appears to have been a kind of compromise. Judge Wilson told the jury in his charge what was clearly true, that if guilty at all under the testimony they were guilty of aggravated assault and battery, yet the jury returned a verdict of guilty of simple assault and battery, as though they had accepted a part of the Commonwealth's testimony as true and rejected another part. A motion for a new trial has been made and until that has been decided the case cannot be considered as ended.

SEATTLE deserves great credit for the independence of her citizens. After allowing for all that could be collected from insurance companies the loss to the people of the town cannot, if the reports do not mislead us, fall much below $3,000,000 to $5,000,000, and that is a very serious matter for a city of 26,000 inhabitants. Yet there has been no appeal for general contributions. The chief loss fell upon business men, most of whom were quite able to stand it, though it will wipe out the saving of years of hard work. Business was recommenced almost before the fire had finished its work of destruction, and the burned district will immediately be rebuilt in a more substantial manner. A Chicago business man, who was in Seattle a few days before the fire, considers that in the end it will prove a benefit to the place, by getting rid of a good many unsubstantial buildings.

A BUFFALO lawyer has been appointed to take testimony as to the effect of an electrical current on the human body so that the Court from his report may determine whether death by electricity would be a cruel as well as an unusual punishment. Unfortunately the case can hardly be presented fairly except in argument. Those who have sustained shocks and live undoubtedly had poor connection with the wires and got hurt. Those who had good connections, such as would be provided for a murderer who was to be executed, are dead and cannot testify. But there is every reason to believe that their deaths were so instantaneous that they were unconscious of pain. The whole question turns on the connection made between the subject and the conductor bearing the current. In accident cases it ranges all the way from good to bad, but in an execution it could be deliberately made good, thus insuring instant death.

WAR clouds are again rising in Europe. Alexander of Russia has declared that Montenegro is the only real friend Russia has in Europe, and this is taken as an expression of decided ill-will to Germany and Austria. Following this we hear of successful Russian intrigue in Servia to draw that semi-independent kingdom away from Austrian influence and secure its adhesion to panSlavism. Next comes word that Austria has notified the Porte that she considers the attitude of Servia a sufficient cause for war. And the German papers exhibits a tone of decided unfriendliness toward Russia. Later still comes news that Montenegro, "Russia's only friend," has made a demand upon Turkey which looks like an excuse for coming hostilities. Let us hope that these threatening clouds may pass away without doing any serious damage as so many others have done within the past few years. In forming any estimate of the possibilities, it is to be remembered, however, that the military nations of Europe are at present enduring a strain in the maintenance of vast armaments to which they will not voluntarily submit any longer than seems absolutely necessary. One or other of them will some day be forced either to reduce its active fighting force or to precipitate a conflict that the relative strength of the different nations may be determined for another generation.

WHEN BEN BUTLER GOT MAD.

The Irritating Interruptions Which Disturbed His Speech.

'I was up at a State fair in Manchester, N. H.,' said ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, the other day, 'away back in 1873. It was the usual sort of a New England fair—an agricultural horse trot with brass band and political speeches. Ben Butler was up for the speech. The audience was on the grand stand one side the race trck, and Ben Butler and the rest of us bigguns in the judges' stand on the other.

"'Fellow citizens of my native State,' began the bold Ben, 'I shall address you to-day on the subject of Federal, State and municipal taxation.'

'Butler sailed alonc and had got well warmed up when the corn fed farmer drove along the track with twenty yoke of oxen and a cart piled up with corn, pumpkins and other farm products and a couple of buxom country girls on top. He was proud of that turnout and took his time in getting by the grand stand. Of course Butler had to stop till it got out of the way. Then he began again and warmed up once more. By that time another farmer had got jealous of the impression the first one had made, and he 'came jes-hawking down the track with thirty yoke of cattle and a still larger cart loaded away up with big squashes and pumpkins and four slashing red-cheeked girls on his load, each holding a red ear of corn in her hand. Well, that outfit made a big sensation on the grand stand and attracted more attention then Jim Robinson driving a 20-horse circus-chariot would. He was getting mad.

"'Can't this thing be stopped?' he asked. 'I don't want to be headed off by every Jake in New Hampshire who wants to make a holy show of himself.'

"So some one was sent up the track to stop further interruptions, and Butler got along as far as fifthly and was getting red in the face, when what should come along the track but another caravan. This one had nearly forty yoke of oxen, every one a seven footer, as sleek as bulls and as fat as butter. The cart was full of apples, butter and school marms, and the grand stand knew them all, and went wild with delight. To say Butler was mad would be useless. He got his eyes almost wide open.

"'If another one of those infernal cattle shows come along,' said he—'I'll leave the platform. I will be d——l if I am going to be broken in upon every ten minutes.'

'This time a messenger was sent up the track, who headed off all the rest of the procession, and Butler went along swimingly for a quarter of an hour longer, when a big brass band struck up back of the grand stand. It was a visiting band from somewhere up the State; it thought it was some pumpkins, and it just put in and blew for dear life. Lord, what a noise it made! But Butler wasn't going to be 'phased' by a big brass band, even if two-thirds of the crowd were craning their necks for a sight of the musicians. Just then the fire-bells over in Manchester sent up an infernal clang-whanging, and every engine in the city paraded out into the fair grounds. Down the track they tore at full speed, one after another, fires up, smoke rolling out of the stacks, bells clanging and horses laying their bellies almost on the ground, while every boy in Manchester chased on behind yelling like demons, and the grand stand, tumbling over each other to see where the fire was.

'That was the end of it. Butler tore up his notes and danced all over the platform, blue with rage, and swearing like a trooper, while I tumbled down, behind the stand where I could laugh.'

Saved by a Lark.

"There is a nest in there, and I am going to find it," said Helen to herself. She parted the tall yellow wheat-stalks to right and left, and went forward, looking about her with her bright sharp eyes. She did not have to go very far, for right before her was the nest, sure enough, and in it were the little birds.

Was there ever anything so cunning as these little heads, with their tiny bills wide open! It was such a pretty place for a nest too. Helen clapped her hands again, she was so happy.

Then she sat down by the nest, but she did not touch the birdies. It was like being in a golden forest, for the grain was high above her head.

Soon her eyes began to feel heavy, for she was very tired after her long walk. She lay down, with her head upon her arm, and in a short time was fast asleep.

On came the horses drawing the great reaper with its sharp, cutting knives. Helen's father was driving, and they were coming right towards the spot where the little child was lying. Oh, Helen, little does your father know that you are hidden there in the tall grain!

What was it that made the farmer check his horses at once? Did something tell him that his dear baby was in danger? Oh no he thought that she was safe at home with her mother. But he was a good man, with a kind heart, and he saw something that made him stop.

The lark was flying wildly about over the grain that was in front of the reaper. She seemed to say, "Stop! stop!" The farmer thought he knew what she meant, and he was too kind-hearted to harm a bird's nest. So he said to one of the men, "Here, Tom, come and hold the horses. There must be a nest somewhere among this grain. I will walk in and look for it."

What a cry the men heard when he found little Helen fast asleep by the lark's nest! How his heart almost stood still when he thought of the danger that she had been in! He caught her up in his arms and covered her face with kisses. "Oh, my darling!" he said, "it was the lark that saved you!"

Yes, it was the lark and his own kind heart, that saved her. Helen was carried home in her father's strong arms. She could not understand what made the tears run down his cheeks.

It was some time before the men could go on with their work. They left the grain standing around the lark's nest, to thank her, as they said, for saving little Helen.

As they stood looking at the little birds in the nest, one of the men with big tears in his eyes, said "God bless the birds! Come away, boys, and let the little mother feed her babies."

A little salt petre or carbonate of soda mixed with the water in which flowers are placed will keep them fresh for two weeks.

AUSTRALIA'S GOLD QUEEN.

The Romantic Career of Alice Cornwell.

One of the most remarkable women of the present day is Miss Alice Cornwell. Born in England, she at the age of nine came over with her father and mother to New Zealand, where until the age of seventeen she remained, unconsciously preparing herself scholastically at a ladies' school in Dunedin (Mrs. May's Manor Lodge School) for subsequent enterprises which were to startle the whole world. She was not at school considered a very brilliant girl; neither did she in those days possess extraordinary personal attractions. But she gained for herself the sincerest friendship and warmest esteem of her companions, in whose minds Alice was associated always with goodness and amiability. Miss Cornwell remained in Dunedin until she was seventeen, and when she bade good-by to New Zealand to accompany her parents to Victoria she left behind her ties and friendships which to-day remain unshaken and unaltered. The stranger, on introduction, does not detect in her manner aught savoring of self-consciousness or of affectation. No one who knew not of her fame would imagine her, from external indications, to be the possessor of three-quarters of a million sterling. She is as polite and agreeable in manner to a pauper as to a nobleman; she is ever ready to give her undivided attention to the ideas, suggestions, or schemes of any one, be he ever so humble in circumstances; and, if his scheme have merits and be practicable, the lady will promise to give it her "best consideration," and she will, too.

The subject of this notice married in Victoria an old man, a member of Parliament, by name John Whiteman. The union does not appear, however, to have been a singularly happy one, from the circumstance that the pair have been living apart for the last ten years. And her parents, in order to get her away from surroundings which must necessarily have been unpleasant and distasteful to her, sent her to a college in London, where for a time she devoted herself assiduously to the study of music and art, and where subsequently she published three of four songs. But after passing several examinations in music and gaining honors in literature, her academic career was suddenly brought to an untimely end one morning by her receiving from Mr. Cornwell a cablegram announcing the death of her mother (whose dying injunction was that Alice should resume her maiden name), and a request that she should return to Victoria. Her father was in Ballarat at this time, and had become heavily involved in mining speculations. He had sunk 40,000 pounds in an estate he leased from Sir William Clarke, and had had no return. It was at this time that the energy and determination of character of Miss Cornwell first displayed themselves, and to some extent shadowed forth the brilliant financial career, the beginning of which was soon to follow in the wake of these events. Mr. Cornwell's misfortunes would appear to have brought about an abnormally phenomenal change in his daughter's entire character, and from the dreamy, sentimental young woman, whose interest was concentrated in her studies, she suddenly became a matter-of-fact woman of the world, full of ambition, imagination, and energy. She had the interests of her family at heart, and devoted her whole time to thinking out projects which should retrieve their fallen fortunes. She felt that the only way by which she could successfully accomplish this would be, to use her own words, "to make the estate in which the money had been sunk return." So, having posted herself up in all the geological details of the goldfield, and having, after much inquiry, satisfied herself that gold did exist in its vicinity, she formulated a scheme by which she could carry her ideas into effect. Money was borrowed and a shaft sunk, and within a foot of the point she had indicated the course of the lead was struck. This was the starting point of her mining career. Soon afterward she became connected with numerous other mining companies in New South Wales, but in no instance where she had not personally inspected and improved the claim. The idea of revisiting London in the interest of gold-mining was suggested to her by the late Lady Brassey, then on a tour of the Colonies, who pointed out to her the facilities and advantages she would meet with in the great metropolis for floating mines of such a character as the Midas. The lady also invited Miss Cornwell to visit her, should she repair to London. Home she accordingly went, and Midas—subscribed for five times over—was floated by her for 180,000 pounds, of which the shareholders received 150,000 pounds net. This enterprise it was, of course, that made Miss Cornwell so publicly known.

Miss Cornwell returned to Australia in April of last year, chiefly for the purpose of (to use her own words), "assisting the management in handing over the leases quickly to the new company." Having done this, she journeyed through Queensland for the purpose of obtaining information for her popular London paper, "The Sunday Times." During this trip the Wyong Estate—which she thoroughly inspected and explored—was purchased by her for 252,000 pounds. The estate covers an area of 17,000 acres; a railway line runs through it. There is a frontage to a lake of twelve miles, and a frontage to a river of fourteen miles. In some parts of the estate there is a rich loam thirty or forty feet in depth, and it possesses, moreover, an abundance of the finest timber in New South Wales—cedar, mahogany, etc. From geological reports it is estimated that there are 280,000,000 tons of gas coal on the estate, and the profit on this, if worked, is further estimated in round figures at 30,000,000 pounds. On it are a railway station and a township already surveyed. Miss Cornwell contemplates raising 1,000,000 pounds in London, for the purpose of working and developing this property, and she hopes in two years to see on it in full work four sawmills and four collieries. So sanguine is she of the ultimate success that will attend the developing and working of this property that she has decided to retain for herself one-third of the shares of the company she is about to float in London, and particulars of which and other things will be subjoined in another article. Numerous other ventures are engaging the mind and attention of Miss Cornwell at the present moment, but with them we have neither space nor time to deal. It may be mentioned, however, that she has partners in London, Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, as well as private offices in each of these places.

Miss Cornwell is at thirty, if not a prepossessing woman, at least not unhandsome. Her face and features, somewhat irregular and undefined it is true, harmonize well with her symmetrical and well-defined figure, which is inclined rather to be embon-point than slender. Her principal charms lie, perhaps, in the trueness of her eye and her gracious, well-bred manner. Those qualities it was, no doubt, that assisted her materially in London in floating "Midas." No one could look into eyes like hers and doubt the truth of her utterances. But she has other charms still. She has a soft, womanly voice, which even a blind man would associate with a character singularly earnest and sincere. High intellectual attainments, perceptive faculties of a high order, strong and humane feelings, and kindliness of disposition go to make up a character harmoniously combining qualities that are unfortunately rarely ever met with in a single individual. Such is Alice Cornwell at thirty; such is her career thus far.

Much interest is attracted just now in the latest of Miss Cornwell's plucky commercial ventures—a new smelter invented by two Germans from Freiburg, named Icke and Grosbernd, who are Miss Cornwell's practical partners in the concern. One smelter has been erected in the New South Wales Court of the exhibition, and one by the courtesy of the directors on the Broken Hill South Mine at Broken Hill. That at the exhibition will be ready for its public trial on the 9th inst. The crucible is built in with fire-brick imported from Freiburg. The body of the smelter is of great height, and is fed from both sides—the doors being at a height of fifteen feet above the crucible. The bullion and the slag leave the crucible in the ordinary way, but there is an aperture from which every drop of lead can be run out without shutting down the furnace. Should the trials prove successful, it will be a great boon to the Barrier Silver Field, and very likely create a big stir in silver stocks. Should Miss Cornwell's smelter revive Broken Hill, many an aching heart will have reason to thank the great spirit of fearless enterprise which characterizes this lady, who, with all her speculative nature, has method, shrewd foresight, and much common sense in her calculations.

The Make-Up of Mummies.

Many details, now for the first time made public, respecting certain of the mummies are extremely curious. The last toilet of some royal ladies of the twenty-first dynasty was, for instance, most elaborate, the wrinkles caused by the process of mummification being filled up with some kind of enamel, the skin colored with ochre, the cheeks and lips rouged, and false eyes introduced under the shriveled and half-open lids, this giving a horribly life-like appearance to the faces, as shown in the autotype illustrations from Herr Brugsch's photographs. Others, though now quite bare of ornaments, had evidently been buried in all their jewels, like Queen Aah-hotep; necklaces, diadems and bracelets having left their impress on the withered skin. Many have been mummified in contorted attitudes, as if they had died in convulsions, but the ghastliest interest of all attaches to the remains of an annonymous Prince, who appears to have been embalmed alive, and upon whose mummy reports are furnished by Dr. Fouquet and M. Mathey. The brain, heart, stomach, &c., of this unfortunate man, are intact, as in life. The body was found tightly bound in three places, namely, round the shoulders, round the wrist and loins, and round the feet, these ligatures being drawn with such force as to leave deep furrows in the flesh. This done, he appears to have been covered with a thick coat of bitumen, lime and pounded resin, and to have been enwound from head to foot with bandages soaked in some glutinous preparation which caused them to adhere with such tenacity that they had to be sawed off. The agonized expression of the face, the open mouth, the swollen and knotted muscles, bear witness to his desperate struggles and to the horrors of his last agony. His age was about 23, and in his ears were small gold earrings. That he was a personage of high rank and the victim of some unspeakable tragedy admits of no doubt! But to his name and parentage and to the circumstances of his fate no clue remains.

Another Possibly Dangerous Dam.

A special despatch from Lake Hopatcong, N. J., states that the dam confining that great body of water has been the cause of great anxiety since the Johnstown disaster. It has been built for 60 years and raises the water of the lake 26 feet above its natural level. The lake contains, according to estimate, 10,000,000,000 gallons of water, being over nine miles long, with an average width of three-quarters of a mile. The special says: "The dam is so arranged that the water flows both east and west from the locks at or above Landing Station, and should the dam break the greatest volume on the start would go west and sweep Stanhope from the face of the earth. Before the water could reach Dover or Boonton on the east much of its force would be spent on the surrounding flats that intervene, but Drakesville would share the fate of Stanhope, while Boonton and Dover would eventually be flooded. Should the water from Lake Hopatcong ever break from its bounds, the devastation would be frightful, both to life and property, as there is nothing that could prevent the terrible flood from sweeping from the summit level of the Morris and Essex Canal, both east and west, destroying completely or partially every canal town from the Delaware to the Passaic River. It is expected, however, when the Newark Water Company takes possession of the lake that an entirely new dam will be constructed on modern principles, which will obviate all danger. The water privileges of the lake are now owned by the Lehigh Navigation Company, which uses it as a feeder for the Morris and Essex Canal. The dam about which fears are expressed is constructed of heavy blocks of stone hooked together with iron."

Fortune knocks at every man's door, but rarely breaks the door in.

He who knows how to eat and what to eat has no need of a dukedom.

Turnips may be seeded down now. Get new crop seed, make the soil fine, and watch the young plants until they are well under way.

Oil of peppermint is a strong disinfectant and germicide; and it is said that one part in a hundred thousand of water kills roaches.

So She Refused Him.

Last night, within the little curtained room
Where the gay music sounded faintly clear,
And silver lights came stealing through the gloom,
You told the tale that women love to hear;
You told it well, with firm hands clasping mine,
And deep eyes glowing with a tender light.
Mere acting? But your prayer was half divine
Last night, last night.

Ah, you had much to offer; wealth enough
To gild the future, and a path of ease
For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough;
New friends—life calm as summer seas,
And something (was it love?) to keep us true
And make us precious in each other's sight—
Ah, then indeed, my heart's resolve I knew!
Last night, last night.

Let the world go, with all its dross and pelf!
Only for one, like Portia, could I say,
"I would be trebled twenty times myself;"
Only for one, and he is far away;
His voice came back to me distinct and dear,
And thrilled me with the pain of lost delight,
The present faded, but the past was clear,
Last night, last night.

If others answered, as I answered then,
We would hear less perchance, of blighted lives;
There would be truer women, nobler men,
And fewer dreary homes and faithless wives.
Because I could not give you all my best,
I gave you nothing. Judge me—was I right?
You may thank heaven that I stood the test
Last night, last night.

THE BANDIT OUTWITTED.

The atmosphere of California, playing forever in golden sunlight about the crests of pine-clad trees, and over vast natural gardens nursed into ever blooming life by the mists of the Pacific, is just the elixir to feed the romantic element, and it is for this reason, especially, that it has been selected as a favorite field by the young and the adventurous.

It was on one of those delightful autumnal mornings so common to the foot-hills that a traveler, handsomely mounted, entered from the unrelieved solitude of a long stretch of primeval forest upon a road leading through fields of chapparal and dusty shrubbery to the then sparsely populated districts of Goldenvale. It was no bearded or hardy veteran who thus, almost unarmed and entirely unaccompanied, pursued his weary journey through one of the most dangerous districts of the coast, but a slender though well-formed youth not more than twenty, whose regular features, marked with an unconscious air of determination, proclaimed him a native of a more eastern clime.

He was very poorly clad, and somewhat strangely, for the faded Spanish costume was blended with the garb peculiar to the border, and the crimson sash with its frayed edged was slung jauntily across the left shoulder, instead of being worn about the waist, while the threadbare jacket was undeniably the offspring of American industry. A broad sombrero, in rather dilapidated condition, covered his handsome features, and from beneath its shade there straggled forth upon his shoulders a profusion of glossy hair.

The only weapon of defense upon his person was a rifle, to which its owner seemed to cling with a pride that is easily comprehended by those who have passed a portion of their lives upon the outskirts of civilization.

Having entered a narrow pass at the foot of the declivity, the wayfarer very incautiously jumped from his horse, and throwing his rifle over his shoulder, while he passed the bridle loosely through his arm, he suffered the animal to assume a more leisurely gait, pausing occasionally when a fresh patch of herbage appeared to invite the nostrils of his faithful companion, who, by his occasional whinneyings and other demonstrations, testified that he was not insensible to his master's kindness.

'Poor Fico!' soliloquized the youth, in his native dialect, gazing in an affectionate manner upon his horse during one of these brief pauses; 'go where he may, he is always sure of an ample meal, while I, his master, have passed twelve weary hours without finding food enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Well, it's all one. I am used to roughing it, and can wait better than Fico, whose only pleasure lies in the filling of his stomach. Soho, Fico!' he added, patting him, 'what has scared you?'

This exclamation was caused by a sudden swerving motion made by the horse, and, looking up, the young fellow found himself in the presence of a rough-looking customer, whose air and attire left no room for doubt as to his occupation.

It was in the day of Joaquin Mariata, the noted bandit, and every hour that passed brought its record of outrage.

The intruder was attired like most native Mexicans; his hair, of inky hue, hung in disordered masses about his leathern-hued face, from which peered two coal-black eyes, and everything about him was in the most filthy condition. A revolver and a knife peered from his belt, and his hands carried a rifle.

'Hallo, amigo! you are taking it very coolly, this fine morning!' was the unexpected salutation of the stranger, who was leaning idly against a tree, at the roots of which the horse had stopped to graze.

'One had need to take it coolly, with the thermometer about ninety-five, and the atmosphere like a furnace,' replied the youth, without exhibiting the slightest indication of fear or irresolution.

'I will take you where you will find it cooler,' said the other, advancing as he spoke, and seizing the horse's bridle, as if to lead him away. 'You have followed your own inclinations long enough, my dainty senor; suppose, by way of variety, that you now follow mine.'

The young fellow leaped suddenly into the saddle, and grasped his weapon firmly.

'Out of my way, ladrone, or it will be the worse for thee!' retorted the lad in the Spanish tongue. 'I am no greaser,' like thee, but an American, born and bred. The blood of a warlike and dauntless people flows in my veins, and I tell thee I will set my mark upon thy villainous carcass in characters too indelible to erase, if thou dost not let go thy hold!'

The only reply of the ugly customer to this burst of patriotism was a rude and insulting laugh; but before he had heard its echo, a blow from the stock of the speaker's rifle, for want of better ammunition, sent the fellow stumbling headforemost into the dusty road.

Released from the grasp of the hand which had staid him, the animal, as if instinctively comprehending and participating in his master's feelings, sprang forward at the instant and obeyed his slightest touch with an alacrity which betrayed his blood.

'The plain is too wide for us, I'm afraid, my good Fico!' muttered the rider, and he retraced his steps. 'We must take to the old road again; it is longer, but safer, and, though I have no fears for myself, the interests of others are involved in our mutual safety, and we must reach Santa Rosa by nightfall, or we may both chance to catch it. So, down, rebellious stomach! for we must both fast together now.'

Rapidly did Fico retrace the ground which he had traversed during the preceding morning; the earth seemed suddenly to have become possessed of elastic qualities, so lightly did the good steed bound over all obstructions. Trees, mountains, landmarks, seemed to fly past him as he went. Occasionally their way was crossed by a tree thrown down by some tempest's force, but the steed cleared it with all the ease that a thoroughly trained and high-mettled racer would have exhibited in leaping a hurdle or taking a ditch.

The rider was at last congratulating himself that he had outridden pursuit, when a loud peal of laughter aroused him from a reverie into which he had fallen, and, looking around, he found that, instead of riding away from his enemies, he had only thrown himself into their toils. In his abstraction he had suffered his horse to take a wrong direction, and was aroused to a consciousness of the error into which he had fallen by the sounds aforesaid.

'Outwitted, by all that's unlucky!' he muttered, angrily. 'They have set a snare for us, and like silly perch we have glided into a net from which there is no retreating. But I'll lend them a merry chase before they take me.'

"Poor child!' we are too many this time, it seems,' said one, advancing from among his companions, and as he approached, the young rider recognized in him the grim-visaged personage, whom he had used so roughly. 'But don't be downcast. I'll forgive the thump I got from you this morning, so you'll get down and allow yourself to be taken like a respectable gentleman, for, (quizzically regarding the other's clothes), 'although I have the advantage in years, between ourselves, amigo, I think we are of the same trade.'

The unknown youth glanced at the scowling faces about him, but they were all of a pattern, and with what grace he could, dismounted.

'You have the game all to yourselves, senors,' he said, fearlessly approaching them. 'I surrender myself freely into your keeping, and shall be content with such fare as you may see fit to give me, provided, when you have sufficiently amused yourself with my distress, and ascertained, moreover, that my purse is as slender as your own, you will return Fico and my rifle to me uninjured.'

'Tolerably well said for a young scamp whose beard is not grown!' exclaimed he who appeared to be the leader of the band. 'Do you know what it is in our power to do with you if we choose?'

'I can imagine it; but the world-renowned politeness and good faith of a Mexican are sufficient guarantee that I am in good keeping,' replied the captive, ironically.

'Satan himself could not take it more coolly,' was the rejoinder. 'Well, never mind, lad; we like thy spirit, and perhaps you are none the worse for your boldness. Thy requests are both granted; but, first, to withdraw the charge of thy rifle, whose bark is far more agreeable than its bite. What! no ammunition? well then, let us see if there is anything concealed about thy person.'

'Oh!' said the stranger laughing, 'that charge was expended before the other.'

This operation, like the other, was very quickly performed, when the young fellow was allowed to accompany them. After a tramp of some minutes they arrived at a deserted rancho to the adobe dwelling of which they were at once admitted.

The unkown adventurer glanced around him with an air of suspicion as they entered this ill-omened abode, with its small, deep dungeon-like windows, and walls six feet in thickness, its hard earthen floors, its rough clay walls, its rudely constructed leather-seated furniture. In a subterraneous apartment, in which his eyes were blindfolded, his captors turned him several times around, and he was conducted forward.

Immediately he became conscious, from the change in the atmosphere, which had become suddenly cold and damp, with a strong current of unhealthy air, that he was traversing an underground passage.

A dead silence for some duration ensued, when his hands were unbound, and he was told that he might remove his bandage and look about him. He obeyed the intimation with alacrity, and was somewhat astonished at the sight which met his gaze.

He found himself standing almost upon the verge of a ledge of rock, elevated some fifty feet above the ground, which formed the floor of an extensive cavern into which he had been conducted by his captors. An immense fire was burning in the centre, lighting up the walls and sides, which were of marble, veined and interlaced with brilliant colors, retreating into niches and depressions, with here and there a cavity or statuesque projection, and myriads of colors reflected in the countless stalactites which hung suspended from the cavernous roof.

Around this fire a band of not less than fifty persons was congregated, variously engaged—some shouting forth bacchanalian songs at a pitch of voice which made the cave resound; others playing monte, and many making themselves merry in the company of vivacious female associates and the influence of repeated doses of aqua diente—of which there appeared in this place to be a plentiful supply.

It was a scene for an artist to exercise his talents upon. The various colored dresses of the outlaws, their strongly marked swarthy features, the nature of their occupation and the character of the place, all imparted to it an air of romance which might well have enchained, as it did, the attention of our young adventurer—who was not yet sufficiently accustomed to such scenes to view them without emotion.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder and he was ordered to descend—a feat accomplished by the aid of a ladder which led into the body of the hall. He was not supposed to pause, however, but was conducted to the farther end of the cavern, where a common blanket drawn across a wide cavity denoted the entrance to another apartment. This being drawn aside, he was ushered into another hall, of smaller dimensions than the first, fitted up in a style of almost oriental luxury. The floor was covered by a thick matting inlaid with figures, and the walls were hung with curtains, while couches, ottomans, etc., were dispersed about.

On one of these couches reclined in a careless attitude a man of some forty years, or thereabout, with a dark, piercing eye, and whiskers that any artistic barber would love to trim. His features were of that neutral complexion which denoted the mingled blood of the civilized and the savage, and he was habited more after the manner of a successful ranchero than a leader of highwaymen—which he was. His feet were incased in a pair of worked slippers, and his mouth held a costly meerschaum, from which he emitted clouds of fragrant tobacco smoke, while he supplied himself occasionally with wine from a decanter held for him by an Indian boy. A small, round bottomed guitar, inlaid with pearl, lay neglected in a corner.

'Joaquin!' said the stranger, instantly comprehending to whom he had been introduced.

'The same,' replied the highwayman, recovering from his inertness. 'What brings you hither? Speak quickly, I ask short questions and expect short answers.'

'My duty brought me within the clutches of your ragamuffins,' replied the captive, with assurance; 'and as for my being here, I suppose your excellency is not at a loss for the reason.'

'Hah! a pert youth. Not a Spaniard, I see.'

'No. If I were, I should have taught you manners.'

'Haughty and insolent, as usual, like the rest of your countrymen. Why came you to these shores?'

'Partly because driven from my home by poverty, and partly for the sake of adventure.

'You will find plenty of it here. What is your name?'

'I left that behind me?'

'Well, then, your business?"

'It is also the business of others, and I will perish ere I reveal it.'

'Bold youth! I've half a mind to punish you for your insolence. Yet, no—on second thought, your bearing pleases me. You shall sup with me first, and tell me your errand after.'

'I'll sup with you willingly, but for my errand, when you've obtained the secret you're welcome to it.'

'Be it so,' said Joaquin. 'I will stake my ingenuity against thine. I will bet thy liberty against thy life that I win the secret.'

'Agreed.'

'Away there, Sanchez! Serve a supper such as an American's palate might crave, and while it is cooking let us drink to thy country's prosperity and good fortune—for, has she not been my best friend? Jose, another bottle of that particular brand, used by us only on great occasions, you understand?'

'Si, senor.'

The supper was ordered, and meanwhile, the wine was in readiness.

'Now, then, nameless senor, I to my bottle, and thou to thine.'

The youth filled his cup, and was about to drink it, when an idea flashed upon him, 'I know your purpose,' he thought, 'and will defeat it if possible.' He pretended to drink, and exchanging stories of adventure and miraculous exploits, seemed gradually to yield to the influences of the narcotic, finally, to the great delight of his entertainer, allowed his chin to fall upon his breast, and going apparently fast asleep.

This was the favorable moment. Joaquin sprang to his feet, tore his own false beard from his face, and after little trouble found in the lining of the youth's threadbare jacket a package, which he hastened to pursue. Alas! a brief examination sufficed to change his exultation to despair. The papers were written in cipher, and without the aid of the sleeping boy they were valueless.

Smothering his disappointment as well as he might, the chief ordered two of his aids to throw the boy upon a mat in the corner, and guard him closely for the rest of the night. He then went away.

In about an hour the captive opened his eyes, and cautiously glanced about him. His two guardians had got hold of the flask intended for him, and had themselves fallen asleep in the midst of a game of cards by his side.

Noiselessly he arose, groped his way to the place of exit, and, aided by the brands of the expiring fire, about which several were sleeping, traversed the passage, and found himself presently in the open air, with the stars shining brightly above him, and Fico cropping the grass at the end of a lariat in front of the hovel.

The youth undid the fastening, sprang into the saddle, and with the bullets from half a dozen rifles whizzing past him, was almost immediately out of sight, half way down the declivity.

The rest is matter of local history. The captive lad was an emissary of the government, who had ventured into that section exclusively for the purpose of discovering the secret hiding-place of Joaquin Mariata, the scourge of the country lying between the Sierras and the sea.

Next week took place the memorable expedition of Captain Love, who overtook the retreating desperado in the mountains, and by a lucky shot placed it beyond his power to do further harm.

The head of Joaquin has since formed a conspicuous object of interest in the museums.

Sneezing in Germany.

Every nation has its peculiar customs. When for instance, in Germany, a person sneezes, everybody in the immediate vicinity of the sneezer says solemnly, the German equivalent for 'Your very good health.' The custom is said to have originated during one of the plagues which swept Europe in the Middle Ages. When a person afflicted with the dread disease sneezed, it was regarded as an unfailing sign that the crisis of the disease was past. There are a great many different grades of society in Germany, and the friendly salutation is never extended to those of a lower social status. A German comic paper makes a good hit at this snobbishness. An army officer, a mere civilian and a peasant are represented as sitting at the same table in a beer garden. The officer sneezes, whereupon the civilian and peasant bow and wish the sneezer good health. Presently the civilian sneezes. The officer is silent, but the peasant extends his congratulations. Finally the peasant, at the bottom of the social ladder, sneezed, and the other two who are above him do not express the slightest solicitude as to his welfare.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The number of visitors last year to Shakespeare's birthplace was 16,800 Americans constituting one-fourth of the number.

—The Stradivarius violoncello which belonged to Davidow, the violinist, is reported for sale and the price asked is £5000.

—At a fancy dress ball held recently in Paris a lady appeared with a miniature Eiffel tower on her head, a yard high, set with diamonds.

—A whale, it is reported, was driven ashore on the coast of Labrador, which had a dozen wraps of chain about his body and a big anchor to tote around with him.

—Reports received from many sections of California indicate that the coming almond crop will be a large one. The trees are loaded and bid fair to produce a yield somewhat in excess of last season.

—The "two hundred and Fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the first public school in the United States, sustained by a direct tax on the people," was held at Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, Massachusetts, on Saturday, June 29th.

—The "Julius Pam" diamond, which is valued at from £15,000 to £20,000, has arrived in London from Kimberly. It weighs 241¼ carats. It is longish in shape, and of exquisite color—a pure blue white. The only larger diamond in existence is the Imperial, but it is inferior in quality to the "Julius Pam."

—The Shah stayed during his visit to St Petersburg in a pavilion overlooking the Neva, which is joined to the Winter Palace by the Romanoff gallery. The rooms are not very large, but are marvels of luxury. The decorations are of red silk, and the doors of the drawing-room are of tortoise shell.

—The women of Chicago have established the first College of Practical Arts for women in this country. It is designed to give women a practical insight into the avenues of business life, such as law, life insurance, general office work, etc. The incorporators of the college are Madames Helen M. Mott, Charles B. Smith and Miss Katharine G. Todd.

—The Pope will change his residence from the Vatican Palace in July and will go to live in the pavilion which was built by Pope Pius IV. at the extremity of the Vatican grounds. After ten years of continued residence in the Vatican palace, the physicians of Leo XIII. advise that this change be made. The new establishment is small, the house containing only seven rooms. It is situated about seven kilometres from the palace.

—An Archæological find.—In digging the foundations for a new building in Rome there was found a marble sarcophagus bearing the name of Crepereia Triphæna, with the lid still firmly fastened with rivets of iron imbedded in lead. Inside was the skeleton of a woman, upon which was found a pair of gold earrings, a gold necklace, a large and elegant gold brooch, a thick gold ring, a ring composed of two gold circles, a long amber spiral pin, two combs of boxwood, a silver box and a few other objects.

—A peasant found in the earth at Szilagy-Somlyo, Hungary, a hidden treasure containing 29 objects in gold which are said to be fourth-century work. There are three drinking cups of solid gold, decorated with enamels; a gold bracelet, such as men wore, and golden brooches carried by women on their shoulders. The whole treasure, worth about 25,000 florins, is shown at Buda-Pesth in the National Museum.

—Consumption in the German Army is greatly dreaded by the authorities, since the recent Parisian Medical Congress pronounced that the disease was contagious. Accordingly, the German war minister has decided that the chest of every soldier must be measured once a month. If the chest does not reach a certain breadth, and does not develop with drill and athletic exercises, the soldier will be disqualiged, as predisposed to consumption and likely to infect his comrades.

—It seems that the "Black Chief," who has been one of the "lions" of the Paris Exposition (perhaps on account of his Herculean proportions), does not wear the purple himself in his native country, Mellacorea, but is a sort of African Prince of Wales, his father being the real chief. This fact does not interfere with the visitor's assumption of regal dignity, however, as he makes all his excursions in Paris attended by his band—two dusky musicians, who play upon mysterious instruments, "combining the monotony of the tom-tom with the shrillness of the untuned violin."

—An impostor who has been deceiving the colored people of Liberty county, Georgia, was arrested there recently on a charge of vagrancy. He claims to be the Saviour, and shows scars in his hands, which, he says, were made by the nails when he was crucified on Calvary. His hair and beard are long and shaggy, although he evidently endeavors to trim his beard as the Saviour's is represented in some old pictures. He dresses shabbily some times, and at all times poorly. He refuses money publicly, but is said to have money, and it was feared that the charge of vagrancy could not be sustained. At his bidding women have left their husbands and men their families to follow him about. His familiarity with the Scriptures is exceptional. He has told the people that he will go