

BUNGLEWITS.

By SIDFORD HAMP.

"Look out of the window here," said the surveyor, as the train rattled across a short trestle on its way from Excelsior down to San Rafael. "Do you see that wagon-bridge spanning the washout up there? Well, that is the bridge my friend Bunglewits kept in the brave days of old."
"Your friend who?"
"Well, Bunglewits was the name he went by. What his real name was I don't know. He was a South-German, I think, although he may have been a Pole or a Hungarian. At any rate, he had an unpronounceable name, something like Bunglewits, and as he seemed to be a very stupid, slow sort of fellow, Bunglewits was called. He was not so dull, though, but that he recognized the ridicule in the nickname, and so, in order that his American neighbors might have no excuse for miscalling him, he assumed the simple name of Smith. But he couldn't get anybody to call him Smith until his exploit of holding the bridge up there relieved him from the nickname. I can tell you the story before we get down to San Rafael." And this is the story he told.

Twenty-one years ago the silver-mining industry in Colorado was booming from the discoveries at Leadville. New camps started up everywhere, one of them being Excelsior, the town we have just left. Among the people who came flocking in was Bunglewits, then an apple-faced boy of 17, square, solid and very strong. He was an expert axeman and earned a good living by cutting timbers for the different mines.

Bunglewits spoke English well enough, but he was a reticent sort of fellow, which is not surprising, for none of the inhabitants, with a single exception, ever spoke to him without trying to "take a rise" out of the slow-thinking German. It was much to the credit of Bunglewits that he did not actively resent this perpetual badgering, for he was surprisingly strong, and there were few men in the camp whom he could not have thrashed, had he been so minded.

The one person who treated him well was Mrs. Benson, a quiet little body, and timid, too, except when she thought there was an injustice to be righted. She was the wife of Martin Benson, a prospector, well known in the place. By way of showing her disapproval of the general maltreatment of the sober, hard-working young German, she always addressed him by the name he had adopted—Mr. Smith; or, later on, when she came to know him better, Henry. She opposed the whole town by refusing to understand when anyone spoke to her of Bunglewits. It was a small thing; but, as matters turned out, she had good reason to believe that her quiet championship touched the heart of the stolid German boy.

The winter of 1877 was extremely severe in all this part of the mountains. After the first heavy snow fell in October the ground was never clear, for one storm followed another until, about New Year's, there were three feet of snow on the level.

One consequence of the hard weather was that the timber wolves became very bold. The few people on the outskirts of town who kept a cow were careful to shut her up at night, and very often in the morning the tracks of wolves might be seen in the snow, where the hungry brutes had walked round and round the shed in the hope of finding an opening.

Two or three times during the winter they ventured to come right into town, when their visit would be proclaimed by the yelping of some captured stray dog. Children were kept indoors after sunset, and even the men disliked going about alone when the darkness settled down, for the town was unlighted then, and the black woods whence the marauders came fringed the little place closely on every side.

Mrs. Benson's husband, Martin, the prospector, went off in December down to San Rafael to look for employment, for he couldn't go prospecting in three feet of snow. Presently Mrs. Benson had a letter from him, telling her to pack up and come down to San Rafael with the two children on the following Saturday. She therefore got ready and engaged passage in the mail sleigh, which was a wagon-bed set on runners. The distance is 30 miles; the driver used to make the trip down one day and back the next.

But the usual driver could not go with Mrs. Benson and her two children, for he came in on Friday night very late with both his hands frozen. So it was necessary to find a man to take his place.

Bunglewits heard of this, and being out of work just then he applied for the position, and as he knew the road well from freighting over it, he was taken on trial. When the cumbersome-looking sleigh pulled up at Mrs. Benson's door next morning she was surprised and pleased to find in the new driver her young friend, Henry Smith. Bunglewits brought out her one big trunk, handling it with as much ease as if it had been empty; next he put his passengers in the bottom of the wagon-bed, so that the high sides would protect them from the wind; then he drove down to the postoffice and took in the mail sacks. Giving no attention to the jeers and chaffing of the loafers about the postoffice door, he cracked his whip and away they went, squeaking over the frosty snow.

They made the first 15 miles to the relay stable in due time, and soon afterward they were clear of the woods and out upon the rolling plain which

extends all the way down to San Rafael. The horses were on a brisk trot when Mrs. Benson saw her driver suddenly sit up straight and turn to look back.

"What is it, Henry?" she asked. "I thought I heard wolves, ma'am," was the quiet reply.

The next moment Mrs. Benson saw him stoop quickly and take up the whip. "Is it?" cried she.

"Yes, ma'am. Get up, horses!" Freeing herself from her wraps and steadying herself by holding to the driver's seat, the little woman stood up to look back. Half-way between one of the distant pine-clad slopes and the road Mrs. Benson saw a dark patch moving toward them over the snow, and then the familiar howl of the timber wolf came faintly to her ears.

But this was not all, for, like an echo, came an answering howl. Looking in this new direction, they saw a second dark patch off to the right and considerably in advance of them, coming swiftly toward the road.

Henry lashed the horses into a gallop. Then he asked Mrs. Benson to kneel down and hold the reins for a minute. Then he unshipped the seat and threw it out. Next he gathered up the mail sacks and sent them after the seat. Finally he lifted the heavy trunk and pitched it over the tail board. As the load lessened the horses galloped faster.

When near the point at which the course of the wolves would cut the road, Henry saw that his team would get by safely unless the foremost wolf, which was a good deal ahead of the pack, should reach the spot first. The horses seemed to understand; they put forth all their speed, and by the barest margin they passed the point before the enemy got there. But the wolf was in time to spring open-mouthed at Henry, right over the whitetree and the front of the sleigh.

It might have gone hard with Bunglewits and with his passengers but for his strength of arm. With his gloved fist he struck the flying wolf a tremendous blow, knocking it backward over the sleigh front and into the road, so that the runners caught it, bumped over it and seemed to break some of its bones. Up it scrambled, yelling and limping. The next minute the pack was down in the road, tearing their hurt leader to pieces.

This gave the sleigh a good start; it also gave the other wolf pack time to come up with the foremost. Henry, looking back, saw that they had joined forces and were all coming on again, strung out in two long files in the ruts of the road.

Knowing that his horses must soon be exhausted by the great pace, Bunglewits checked them a little and then for a long time stood watching over his shoulder the tireless, relentless gallop of the wolves. They gained decidedly on a long upward slope, but in the downward race on the other side the horses gained as much in their turn.

At the next hill, however, the team plainly showed distress, came down to a trot, and so continued until the near approach of the pack sent them flying again in terror.

The town was still five miles away, and escape from the wolves seemed impossible. The horses might hold their own on the slope they were then descending, which continued to the bridge over the washout, but after that there would be a rather steep hill of a mile or more to climb. Bunglewits, quietly reckoning up the chances, decided that the wolves would catch them on the hill. He therefore looked down at Mrs. Benson, who was crouching in the bottom of the wagon-bed, holding her two terrified children in her arms, and said, with a matter-of-course air:

"If you please, ma'am, we'll stop at the bridge, and I'll stand 'em off."

"Can you do it, Henry?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Sure?"

Henry paused for an instant to think and then replied, "Yes, ma'am, I'm sure."

"Very well, Henry. If you tell me you're sure, I believe you are sure. Just let me know what I'm to do, and I'll do it."

"It is good," said the young German.

Once more he plied the whip and with such good effect that the wolves were 200 yards behind when he pulled up the panting, trembling horses on the bridge.

"Get out!" he cried. Suiting the action to the word, he sprang out himself, unhooked the horses and with a smack sent them on by themselves. Next he tilted the sleigh on edge and swung it round so that it stood lengthwise across the narrow bridge, which it completely blocked. Glancing up the hill, he saw that the wolves had halted in some doubt and spread out widely. The energy and clatter and formidable look of his movements in throwing the sleigh about had daunted them for a moment.

Seeing that he still had time to spare, he spread the blankets on the bridge and called to Mrs. Benson to lie down upon them. She did so at once, hugging the children close to her. Henry then pulled down the wagon-box over them, shutting them in completely. They were as safe in there as in a house. Grasping the axle, which always made part of the furniture of the stage, Henry awaited the coming of the enemy. He stood behind the wagon-box—no mean barrier, for it stood over three feet high, including the runners, and was an ex-

ceedingly awkward obstacle for hurrying wolves to scramble over.

Seeing only one figure, and that at rest, the wolves came on again, but on nearing the bridge they stopped short on the edge of the washout, as if suspecting the strange thing before them was a trap. For several minutes they stood there, 19 of them, with their long, red tongues lolling out, and then with one accord all turned and ran off along the top of the bank. Presently they disappeared; but in another moment Henry saw them loping away, one behind the other, down in the bottom of the washout. He presumed they knew of some way to get up the opposite bank and were intending to come back and attack him from behind. At this wolfish plan Bunglewits chuckled, for he was bright enough to see that he could put the wagon-box between him and the wolves again by simply crossing over it; but he chuckled more at thinking how the wolves were giving him time to make a better defence.

The washout was about 20 feet wide, with perpendicular sides eight or ten feet high, except for an occasional break. The bridge was formed by two big tree trunks lying from bank to bank as stringers, across which were set stout floor timbers, tightly jammed down but not spiked to the stringers, for in those days freightage was high, and heavy things like spikes were not used lavishly.

Bunglewits had helped to build the bridge. No sooner, therefore, did he divine the intention of the wolves to come behind him than he dropped his axe, sprang to the far end of the bridge and with one jerk wrenched up one of the crosspieces and sent it whirling into the washout. The first one being out, the rest came easily, and for a minute or two the air seemed to be full of flying timbers.

So hard, so fast and so intelligently did the misnamed Bunglewits work that when the eager pack rushed to the end of the bridge, expecting in another moment to make an end of him, they found before them a yawning gap ten feet wide and on the other side the stout young German with his axe, defying them to "come on."

One of them, bolder than the rest, did "come on," but he was met in mid-air by such a crushing blow from the axe that he went tumbling end over end to the bottom of the washout. At this a second wolf, which had crept part way across one of the stringers, thought better of it and backed carefully off again.

Then they all "bunched" on the edge of the washout, howling in impotent rage at Bunglewits, those nearest him pushing backward and those behind leaping and struggling to get to the front. If Henry had ever read the story of Horatius he must have thought their behavior to be strangely like that of "the ranks of Tuscany," more than 2000 years before.

This had been going on for a quarter of an hour or more when the whole band suddenly dispersed in every direction, and in a twinkling there was not a wolf to be seen. Their sharp ears had detected something to alarm them. In another minute Henry saw, coming down the hill toward him, a sleigh drawn by two horses, which were being urged to their best pace by four shouting men.

Henry held up his arms as a warning to them to stop, and as soon as he saw that they were slackening speed he threw down the axe and turned his sleigh over, and up rose Mrs. Benson and her children, none the worse for their temporary imprisonment.

Then the four men, led by "long" Hank Marks, the keeper of the stage stable, came balancing themselves across the stringers. They had no idea that it was not the regular stage-driver who stood with his back toward them; when, therefore, Henry turned and faced them they all, with one accord, exclaimed:

"Why, it's Bunglewits!"

"No!" cried Mrs. Benson, stepping forward and taking Henry by the hand. "It is not Bunglewits. It is our very dear friend, Henry Smith."

The men stood a little abashed, seeing the tears in her eyes, but they were decent fellows, and seeing the justness of her protest, they heartily approved the tall stable keeper when, pulling off his cap in a deferential manner, he said:

"If you say so, ma'am, it's so. It's Henry Smith from now on."

The name of Bunglewits had died with the wolf that lay in the bottom of the washout.—"Youth's" Companion.

Tanneries and Tanners in Japan.

There are but two tanneries of any magnitude in operation throughout Japan—one located in Osaka and the other in Tokio—and they are chiefly occupied in supplying the leather wants of the army and navy. A large tanning establishment is located near Kobe. It was formerly under European management, but, after several unsuccessful attempts to operate it, it has been closed. There are, however, many small "home tanneries" in the country, and they are operated exclusively by the "Etas," a class of persons whose occupation is looked upon as unclean. The beggars "Kojiki" constitute the lowest class in Japan, and next above them are the "Eta," who monopolize the occupation of killing animals for food, the tanning and dressing of leather, grave digging and similar work. The "Etas" are popularly supposed to be in possession of a secret method of tanning. Tanning being looked upon in Japan as a degraded calling, it is not probable that the industry will materially improve in the near future; and it is for that reason, together with the additional ones that cattle are scarce, and that there is a growing demand in Japan for leather of all kinds, that the United States has a field in which it may largely increase its exportation of this article year by year.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Elegance of material and simplicity of design enhance the attractiveness of this charming toilette, which is one of May Marton's latest designs. The



STRIKING AT-HOME TOILETTE.

jet sequin spangled net is stylishly trimmed with bands of sequin and worn over a skirt of moire antique. The same silk is used for the revers, chemisette, collar with flare portions, epaulettes and flaring cuffs, bands of the same in narrower widths supplying the decoration. A fancy belt with jeweled clasp encircles the waist. The skirt may be black or of any becoming color, so long as the lining of waist and sleeves and the accessories match. The waist may be made without the lining and with the drapery worn over different slips.

The stock collar has added flare portions that stand up behind the ears.

The back fits smoothly across the shoulders, slight fullness being drawn to the centre at the waist line. The



A WAIST CHARMINGLY YOUTHFUL IN STYLE.

under-arm gores are smoothly covered and the fronts have graceful fullness caused by single backward turning plaits at the edge of each shoulder and two plaits at the waist line where they blouse very slightly.

Above the invisible closing the fronts are cut away to disclose the chemisette, the edges being finished by prettily shaped revers.

The drapery is in circular form and falls in soft ripples all around. It may be arranged over any style of skirt in circular shape as here shown, or in five, six, seven or three piece style.

The mode is suitable for foulard, India or other softly finished silks, crepe-de-chine, crepe-line-de-soie, wool, veiling, canvas, cashmere, camel's-hair or cloth.

The waist may be made separately and worn with any style of skirt, charming combinations being possible.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require one and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide. To make the over-skirt drapery will require two and one-quarter yards of same width material.

A Favored Fashion.

Yoke waists are charmingly youthful in style and the favored fashion for misses' waists. The large illustration shows a design at once girlish and smart, and suitable to many stuffs. The model, which is pale blue, is of soft India silk with trimmings of black velvet ribbon, but the pattern is equally well suited to thin summer materials and to the light weight wools in light colors demanded by the coming fall. If preferred, the yoke can be of contrasting material or color or both, but as given it matches the body of the gown, contrast being made by the narrow tucks in which it is laid.

The foundation is the usual fitted lining which closes with the waist proper, at the centre back. On it are arranged the full portion and the yoke and the frills. The sleeves are slightly full the entire length, a style which is admirable for young girls

whose arms are not usually sufficiently plump to look their best in the tight, plain sort which at present prevails. At the wrists are narrow frills of lace, headed by velvet bands, but if desired the sleeves can be cut elbow length, and finished with a somewhat deeper fall.

To make this waist for a miss of fourteen years, three yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

Black and White Fishnets in Vogue.

Black and white fishnets will be used extensively this season. Many beautiful effects can be brought out with these nets. Cream white over buttercup satin or snail silk, with a wide flounce at the bottom of the fishnet skirt, gives a decidedly pretty effect. Wear either a gold belt or a crush belt of cream white silk with a tiny gold buckle. Topaz or an amber string of beads will give a perfect touch to such a costume. A large black hat unrelieved by colors should be worn with such a gown.

Handsome Silk Parasols.

Among the latest French novelties to be chronicled are silk parasols trimmed with flat, very deep vandykes of cream-colored silk embroidery, and edged with silk fringe to match, and "dress" umbrellas with a border of embroidery or Irish guipure insertion.

Pretty White Shirt Waists.

Some of the daintiest white shirt waists to be found in the shops have a little stripe in the material, dimity fashion, that is very pretty in effect. These waists are among the most expensive and are made perfectly plain without Hamburg or lace which in many waists, where it is not fine, is a disfigurement.

Dainty Collars and Cuffs.

Linen collars and cuffs are still worn with silk waists, but those of sheer lawn and Valenciennes lace are more dainty and more universally becoming.

A Late Accessory of Dress.

A trim, dainty look is associated with these latest accessories, which are worn over coats and jackets in every

THE HERO.

There was a man who chanced, one day,
To hold a certain place
When Fate and Fortune passed that way
And looked him in the face!
When it was time to strike he struck
Nor stopped to weigh the cause!
He wrought a marvel, by good luck,
And heard the world's applause.

Then straightway he that had been there
To strike when it was time
Assumed a high and mighty air
And thought himself sublime!
He made brave speeches unto men,
He boasted of his act,
And it became apparent then
How small he was, in fact.

Another chanced, one day, to be
Where Fate and Fortune met,
He seized the opportunity
His fame is spreading yet!
When it was time to strike he struck
Without a moment's pause,
And, full of wonder at his luck,
He heard the world's applause.

"The mighty thing that I have wrought
A many another could
Have done as well as I," he thought,
"Had he stood where I stood,
I merely chanced to be on hand
To strike when it was time;"
But still he kept his counsel, and
Is, therefore, deemed sublime.
—S. E. Kiser.

HUMOROUS.

"Some men have the best luck!"
"How so?" "There's McIntosh, for instance; ice cream gives his girl neuralgia."

"A—It is when a man is in trouble that he knows the value of a wife. B—Yes; he can put all his property in her name."

Clerk—I am only waiting for you to raise my salary, sir, to get married. Employer—Then don't expect it. I think too much of you.

"Doctors say mental depression usually arises from stomach troubles." "That's true; nothing makes a man so low-spirited as not having anything to eat."

"Were there no servants in the intelligence office?" asked the wife. "It was full of 'em," replied the lonely husband, "but they had all worked for us before."

Passenger (on ocean liner)—Think we'll break the record, captain? Captain (witheringly)—Well, do you suppose we are only running this ship to carry passengers and freight?

The window has its pane, we know,
But that's for giving light,
And not to force some one to walk
The floor with it all night.

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl today and had to be spanked. Small Daughter—Mamma is awful strict. If I'd 'a' known she used to be a school teacher, I'd 'a' told you not to marry her.

Hicks—There's Grillity. What a pity so fine a looking fellow should be deaf and dumb. Wicks—The dumb is all right; but if he wasn't deaf what an agreeable person he would be to converse with!

Young Wife—I got a beautiful parchment diploma from the Cooking College today—and I've cooked this for you. Now, guess what it is. Husband (with a slab of omelet between his teeth)—The diploma.

"The weather," said the oldest inhabitant, "is not what it used to be when I was a boy." "For that matter," commented the smart young man, "the weather is not what it was seven months ago." And the oldest inhabitant could not be persuaded to talk for more than an hour.

Wheelman—I believe I'll give up bicycling. I am as careful as can be, but every now and then some accident happens. This is the second time I've been arrested and fined for running into people. Businessman—I'll tell you how to manage. Just get a job as a bill collector. Everybody will dodge you then.

The First Bomb and Mortar.

The Koreans invented the first bomb and mortar. The lust for revenge had taken such a grip upon them that nothing sufficed to hold them in check when once they had the enemy on the run. Before the first year of the war had expired the Koreans had imitated the firearms of their enemies, though pebbles were at first the only missiles used. They even surpassed the invaders in the use of gunpowder, for the records tell us that a certain general invented a piece of ordnance which, when discharged, would throw itself bodily over the walls of the besieged fortress, and when it exploded, the Japanese would crowd around to examine it were torn to pieces by the flying debris or choked by the sulphurous fumes of the burning powder. The startling statement that the mortar threw itself over the wall is merely the work of an excited imagination, whereby the projectile became confused with the machine used in its projection. We are told that the secret of the invention perished with its inventor, but that the mortar then used still lies in one of the government storehouses in the fortress of Nan-ham, which guards the southern approach to the capital.—Harper's Magazine.

How He Won Her.
"Do you think," asked the beautiful, stately girl, "that the world is degenerating?"

The young man who had for months loved her in secret saw his chance. Every time he had ever attempted to say anything sentimental to her she had switched him off into politics or the social problem, but at last the moment for which he had longed had come. Drawing in a full breath he replied:

"No! How could the world degenerate with women doing so much to run it? How could the world be otherwise than better since you have interested yourself in it?"

That evening her mother said it would be all right, no matter what papa might think.—Chicago News.