

IN MEXICO

The cactus towers, straight and tall, Through fallow fields of chaparral...

In liquid syllables, the cries Of far fruit vend-ers faintly rise...

And oft some distant tinkling tolls Of muleteers, with wagon bells...

When twilight falls more near and clear The tender southern skies appear...

Upon the whitened city walls The golden sunshine softly falls...

A land of lutes and wailing tones; Of silver onyx, opal stones...

And patient little donkeys fare With laden saddle bags, and bear...

Of life's unquiet, swift advance; But slipped into such gracious trance...

THE DESPERADO.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CV WARMAN.

The slanting shafts of the setting sun glanced along the level pools...

shooters in the narrow hallway. The two officers retreated, for the first shot had jarred the hanging lamp...

Suddenly, now, a great black cloud shod its shoulders up over the hills behind which the sun sank...

Leaving the desert lauds, he headed for the canyon, and at dawn rested where the trail touched the Green river...

Across the desert another rider is urging his steed of steel, his pilot pointing into the storm-swept night...

When the boat had reached the middle of the wild river the desperado brought his gun out again...

Just over the river stands Green River station, with its water-tank, where the iron horse will stop to drink...

Suddenly they found themselves in the canyon, driving down the raging stream. Going over falls the boat was driven against a boulder near the shore...

Beyond the bridge the engine is stopped, and the occupants of the dark car come out to look for the man and horse...

"We'll build a raft," said the outlaw. He made the sheepman carry cedar logs, limbed and scarred, crossties and pieces of bridge timber...

While the men were still searching for him along the river, the weary traveler learned from the agent that the regular train had passed...

When he had lashed a lot of these together he told the sheepman to get aboard, and the sheepman said he'd die first.

"That's our man," said the marshal, and he immediately surrounded the little wooden hotel, which was called the Palmer House...

The river, however, did not end here. Swinging in a long, graceful curve, growing swifter and swifter, it sucked into a narrow pass and became a raging, frothing cataract.

that split the current near the middle of the stream.

When the shepherd had wiped the spray from his eyes he saw that he was alone. The force of the shock had thrown his companion into the water.

The desperado smiled out over the foam at the helpless shepherd, who began to hope that the fellow would shoot him and end the awful suspense...

As he drew near the fatal centre the force of the water stood him up; he waved his hand, smiled at the shepherd, and shot down to the bottom of the foaming river.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A pet flea has been known to live six years. Surgeons say that J. C. Orr, of Fort Worth, Tex., has a set of teeth in his lungs.

Illinois monument dealers want a law enabling them to seize tombstones for bad debts.

Nearly 8000 cats were received last year at the London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats.

The Red sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and its three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

At the last elections in Bavaria only 39 per cent. of those entitled to vote took the trouble to do so.

Malaga usually has about 16 rainy days a year, and at least 200 days when there is not a cloud in the blue sky.

The people of ancient Tyre were such experts in dyeing that Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day.

There was a superstition among the ancient Romans that it was unfortunate when starting on a journey to meet a frog in the road.

In Waukegan, Wis., is an old church which has no steeple, because of a court mandate forbidding such a construction.

The goose was a part of every medieval feast in Europe. It is said to have been the first domesticated fowl, and was regarded by the Egyptians as sacred.

City of Milk Drinkers. Take a stroll along any of the streets of New York, and particularly those of less aristocratic pretensions...

Perhaps in no other city in the world does this custom of purveying milk in small glass jars, from a half-pint to a couple of quarts, obtain to such an extent as it does in New York.

What does God think of all these delusions? He thinks so severely of them that he never speaks of them but with livid fingers of indignation.

Each Prince of Wales is "created." The title was originally granted by Edward I to his eldest son, and his heirs, the King of England.

DR. TALMAGES SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: A Religion of Ghosts—Spiritualism Denounced as Necromancy and Delusion—Its Disciples Are Doomed—It Causes Insanity Among Its Victims.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage discusses a theme never more under exploration than at this time and warns people against what he calls a religion of ghosts.

"Saul and his servants after awhile reached the village, and they said, 'I wonder if this is the house,' and they looked in, and they saw the haggard, wild and shriveled up spiritual medium sitting by the light and on the table sculptured images of things and persons, and herbs and bottles and vases.

"The Lord is against me, and I have come to you for help. What shall I do?" The dead prophet stretched forth his finger to King Saul and said: "Die to-morrow! Come with me into the sepulcher. I am going now. Come, come with me!"

"To unlatch the door between the present state and the future state all the fingers of superstition have been busy. We have books entitled 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of Other Worlds,' 'The Debatable Land Between This World and the Next,' 'Researches into the Phenomena of Spiritism,' and a whole library of books.

"I have in my house a book used in spiritualism. It contains a catechism and a hymn book. The catechism has these questions and answers: Q. What is our chief baptism? A. Frequent ablation in water.

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You lose a friend; you want the spiritual world opened, so that you may

have commolation with him. In a noisy, wrought, nervous and diseased state of mind you go and put yourself in that commolation.

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THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Dump Him Out—Abolish Rum and There Will Be No Wife-Beating, Says Clarence W. Meade, a Police Magistrate of New York City.

What is all this noise about, Deep as muttered thunder; Has a star fallen off the track, Crushed somebody under?

See they're dragging out a man, Blotted, bleared and bleeding, Screaming, fighting, cursing those Pushing on or leading.

Nothing but a drunken wretch, Filled beyond his measure, Crazed by drink on your mash, Swallowed down at Isleau, Dump him out to freeze or die, In the icy gutter;

Dust the villain's honny head; Friend, he hasn't any; Call the nearest policeman, Give the ghoul a penny. Send him where the ivy twines, If where he cannot get below, Cart him off, we do not want Any such a fellow.

Rum Makes Wife-Beaters. During my many years' experience as Magistrate in the New York police courts, writes Clarence W. Meade, I have passed judgment upon hundreds, yes, thousands, of wife-beaters.

There are men whom we are sure to have brought before us at regular intervals charged with the crime. I know many who are committed to Blackwell's Island on an average eight times a year.

Naturally the question of how to do away with this social evil has been a matter of concern. Evidently the prescribed legal remedy is insufficient if not, indeed, positively harmful.

I have come to the conclusion that there could be no better remedy in court again, or in the whipping-post. I would like to see a whipping-post put in the back yard of every police court of New York City and there have the wife-beaters and men who are cruel to their families publicly and privately flogged.

There is something really wrong with the law as it stands and we are obliged to enforce it. Practically all of the wife-beating and extreme cruelty to families in this city is among the poorest class of people.

Under the present law there is no punishment prescribed which does not punish the cruel drunkard's wife and family more than it does him.

The wife is usually the complainer. In nine cases out of ten she soon repeats under her breath the words, "I am back in a court within a week either to withdraw the complaint or with the necessary bail. It often happens that she brings with her as bondsman the saloon-keeper who sold her husband the liquor which aroused in him the wife-beating frenzy."

After getting his liberty the man may possibly behave himself for two or three weeks, but his fiendish nature is almost sure to manifest itself again in that time. His wife will be in court again, and determined this time to make him serve the full term of six months. Within a week or two she will be back practically begging to get him out. So it goes month in and month out. It is a running race without any relief whatever to the family. I always ask these women in court: "Which would you rather do, have your husband's abuse with his support, or let him stay on the island while you struggle along without his abuse and without his support?"

Liquor is at the bottom of it all. Liquor is the greatest curse of mankind. Every ill-used wife says that her husband is all right, is kind to his children, brings his money home, etc., until he begins to drink; then all is changed.

There are seven police courts in the Borough of Manhattan. Take run away and I am certain that two courts will be so full of drunkards that they will be back in a court within a week either to withdraw the complaint or with the necessary bail.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Alleghany Mountains in a stage. A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and these engaged in it were handed without gloves.

One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said: "Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house of —; but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house."

"I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. "I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The Quaker said: "Friend, that is the most damnable part of thy business. If thee would sell to drunkards and loafers, thee would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them."

"But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them. "When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off; and thee ensures others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

Unanswerable Facts. In Georgia 117 counties are dry and only twenty wet. Sixty per cent. of the people are dry and only twenty wet, and if you take the dry from the wet cities there will not be more than ten per cent. wet.

If you will examine the reports of your prison commissioners and of your State sanitarium you will see that in the wet counties insanity and crime are increasing with alarming rapidity while both are decreasing in the dry counties, so that now less than twenty per cent. of the area of our State that is wet furnishes more than sixty per cent. of our convicts and lunatics.

The Crusade in Paragraphs. Men are drunkards because boys are tempted to drink. It is much easier to "rectify" whisky than it is to rectify the evil it causes. In Connecticut, liquors and groceries cannot now legally be sold on the same premises.