### IN MEXICO

The eactus towers, straight and tall, Through failow fields of chaparrai; And here and there, in paths apart, A dusky peon guides his cart. And yokes of oxen journey slow, In Mexico.

And oft some distant tinkling tells Of muleteers, with wagon bells, That jangle sweet across the maize, And green agave stalks that raise lich spires of blossoms, row on row, In Mexico.

Upon the whitened city walls The golden sunshine softly falls (on archways set with orange trees, Op paven courts and balconies, Where trailing vines toss to and fro, In Mexico.

And patient little donkeys fare With laden saddle bags, and bear Through narrow ways quaint water jars, Wreathed round with waxen lliy stars, And scarlet poppy buds that blow, In Mexico.

In liquid syllables, the cries Of far fruit vend-s faintly rie; And under thick palmetto shades, And down cool-covered colonnades, The tides of traffic gently flow, In Mexico.

When twilight fails more near and clear The tender southern skies appear. And down green slopes of blooming lines Come cascades of cathedral chimes; And prayerful figures worship low, In Mexico.

A land of lutes and witching tones; A land of lutes and witching tone Of silver onys, opal stones; A lazy land, wherein all seems Enchanted into endless dreams; And never any need to know, In Mexico.

Of life's unquiet, swift advance; But slipped into such gracious trance, The restless world speeds ou, unfelt, Unheeded, as by those who dweit In olden ages, ionz ago, In Mexico. —E :aieen Stein, in Kansas City Journal.

\*\*\*\*\*

# THE DESPERADO. A TRUE STORY.

### BY CY WARMAN.

The slanting shafts of the setting shooters in the narrow hallway. sun glanced along the level pools and gilded the ripples and shimmering shoals of the quiet river—the Green shoals of the quiet river—the Green river—that lay along the edge of the Adobe desert, like a band of braid at the bottom of a woman's skirt. A moment later the red sun dropped be-hind the Wahsatch mountains, and the day was snuffed out like a candle. Suddenly, now, a great black cloud shoved its shoulders up over the hills behind which the sun sauk. With majestic swiftness it lifted its head.

majestic swiftness it lifted its head. spread out its dark wings, shadowed the waste and filled the wild canyons the waste and filed the wild caryons with awful gloom. Far out toward the foothills the unshod feet of a mountain cayuse were beating the hard face of the desert, urged on by the cruel spurs of his pitiless master. For more than six hours the horse and iden head hear sime wind in the same rider had been simmering in the summer sun, and now they welcomed the shadows, ducked their heads and dived in under the cloud; the horse eager for the cool, and the rider for the cover of night.

Across the desert another rider is urging his steed of steel, his pilot pointing into the storm-swept night. In a darkened day-coach, behind the little locomotive, a United States marshal and his deputies sit staring at the storm into which the daring driver is about to plunge. Now the rain begins to upon the windows. A moment later

is falling furiously, roaring upon the roof of the cab and blurring the head-light. The iron horse and the cayuse are running neck and neck now. Both riders know that they are nearing the river, and so slacken their speed. As the cayuse comes to the water's edge he braces his feet and stops short. The rider's first impulse is to dis-mount, abandon his horse and find the railroad bridge, which he knows must be near at hand, but glancing back he sees the light of the locomo-tive and chauges his mind.

Just over the river stands Green River station, with its water-tank, where the iron horse will stop to drink. If the lone rider can reach the station before the train leaves he can leave the country which he does not like. As the locomotive comes nosing cautiously up the bridge the horseman drives his spurs into the cayuse, and the foaming animal plunges into the roaring river. The swift current car-ries him downstream, and the engine's headlight shines full upon him as he swept under the bridge. Beyond the bridge the engine is

stopped, and the occupants of the dark car come out to look for the man and horse. Long before they reach the river bank below the bridge, however, the little cayuse has touched land, leaped upon the level bank and gal-loned up to the station

loped up to the station. While the men were still searching for him along the river, the weary traveler learned from the agent that the regular train had passed, that the train at the bridge was a special, that it would not be likely to stop at the tank, and if it did it would not take

The two officers retreated, for the first shot had jarred the hanging hall lamp out and left them in the dark. Covered and left them in the dark. Covered by his own smoke, the desperado fol-lowed the men down the stairs, and before he had been missed he was al-ready over the back fen e mounting his horse. The horse was shot down by one of the posse, and the desperado was compelled to foot it. Leaving the desert lands he headed

Leaving the desert lands, he headed for the canyon, and at dawn rested where the trail touched the Green river. Here he found a brush hut, a sheepherder and a rude rowboat on the banks of the swollen stream. -"Ferry me over," said the stranger, as the shepherd came yawning from

his hut.

"Not for your fleece, my buck sheep," said the boatman; "yon river's dangerous.'

"So's this," sail the man, flourishing his firearms. "Ferry me over P.

When the boat had reached the middle of the wild river the desperado brought his gun out again and ordered the boatman to head her downstream the boatman to head her downstream, pointing out the way with his loaded revolver. The terrified sheepman tried to tell the fugitive that the river was impassable, even at low water—that a little way down the Grand joined the Green, and the two, forming the Colo-rado, went leaping, plunging, boiling rado, went leaping, plunging, coming and churning through the Cataract Canyon, through which (the Indians said) no white man had passed and lived. The hunted man only smiled

and twirled his pistol. The two men would dash through wild cataracts, over white foaming falls, and the next hour their frail boat would be drifting silent'y between the softly shaded walls that gave back, in echo, the faintest ripple of water, or the almost whispered words, few though they were, that passed between the two voyagers. Suddenly they found themselves in

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. So violent had been the shock that both men were cast upon a shelf in the curve of the river unhurt. The wells have more themsends of

The walls here rose thousands of feet almost perpendicularly. As the river touched the wall above and below there was no escape. The little resting place on which the two men found themselves was filled with drift-wood. Hanging to the new both theftwood. Hanging to the rock that had wrecked them was a long rope that had been in the boat; this the desper-

ado fished out. "We'll build a raft," said the outlaw. He made the sheepman carry cedar logs, limbless and scarred, cross-ties and pieces of bridge timber that had drifted for hundreds of miles down the mad river, and were gnawed like the hitching post in front of a

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Colorado. There we found him-a white-haired young man-while on our way to the San Juan goldfields in 1893, and from his own lips heard this story. -Saturday Evening Post.

### 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 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 is 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 days a 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 traveling from Rome to this country, however, the old superstition became twisted, as the old-fashioned negroes believe it a sign of good fortune to meet a "hop-toad" in their path.

In Waukegan, Wis., is an old church which has no steeple, because of a court mandate forbidding such a con-struction. In 1862 a severe storm swept over the town, huiling the orig-inal spire against the house next door out woodbing if the course of do and wrecking it. The owner of the house got out an injunction restrain-ing the trustees of the clutch from building another spire, and this order has held for 38 years.

The goose was a part of every me dieval feast in Europe. It is said to have been the first domesticated fowl, and was regarded by the Egystians as sacred. At one time its use at feasts sacred. At one time its use at leasts was restricted to those of royalty. In Greece their flight was regarded as an omen for which people watched anxiously. The breeding of geese was an important industry in some parts of Europe during the Middle Area Ages.

### City of Milk Drinkers.

like the intening post in the stream of these together he told the sheepman to get and you will note that New York peo-together he told the sheepman said he'd these of less aristocratic pretensions, and you will note that New York peo-together he told the sheepman said he'd the wilk and some cream, while

I shall not take time to rehearse the his-tory of divination, Delphie oracle, sibyl or of painistry or the whole centuries of im-posture. Modern spiritualism proposes to open the door between this world and the next r and put us into communication with the dead. It has never yet offered one roason-able oredential. When I find Saul in my text consulting a familiar spirit, I learn that spiritualism is a very old religion. Spiritualism in American was born in the year 1847, in Hydesville, Wayne County, N. Y., when one night there was a loud rap heard against the door of Michael Weekmay; a rap a second time, a rap a third time, and all three times. When the door was opened, there was nothing found there, the knocking having been made seemingly by invisible knuckles. After awhile Mr. Fox with his family moved into that house, and then they had bangings at the door every night. One inght Mr. Fox criedout, "Are you a spiri?" Two raps-answer in the affirmative. "are you an injured spiri?" Two raps-answer in the affirmative. Then they knew right away that it was the spirit of the peddier came back to collect his \$500 or his bones i do not know. The excitement spread. There was a uni-wers in the do. the do. the spirit of the peddier came back to collect his \$500 or his bones i do not know.

set Myself against them, and they shall be ent off from their people." But I invite you now to a Christian sennce, a noonday seance. This congre-gation is only one great family. Here is the charch table. Come around the charch table; take your seast for this great Chris-tian sennce; put your Bible on the table, put your hands on top of the Bible and then listen and hear if there are any voices com-ing from the eteraal world. I think there are. Listent "Secret things belong unto the Lord, our God, but things that are re-venled belong unto us and to our chil-drem." Surely that is a volee from the spirit world. But before you rise from this Chris-tian seance i want you to promise me you will be satisfied with the Divine revelation until the light of the eternal throne breaks upon your vision. Do not go after the wheth of En-dor. Do not sit down at table rappings either in sport or in earnest. Teach your children there are no ghosts to be seen or heard in this world save those which walk on two feet or four-human or bestial. Romember that spiritualism at the best is a 'useless thing, for if it tells what the Bible reveals it is a superfluid, and if it tells your own fortune by putting your trust in God and doing the best you can. I will tell your own fortune by putting work together for good to them that lows God." Insult not your departed friends by asking them to come down and sorabibe under an extension table. Re-memSer that there is only one spirit whose dictation you have a right to invoke, and that is the holy, blessed and omnipotent spirit of God. Harki the is apping now, not on a table or the floor, but rapping on the door of your theart, and every rap is an invitation to Christ and a waraing of judgment to come. On, grieve Him not awayf Quench Him nort. He has been and around you has night. He has been and around folding doors to the front parlor, rang over the people there and then dropped on the floor. A Senator of the United States, af-terward Governor of Wisconsia, had his head quite turned with spiritualisite demon-strations. The tables tipped, and the stools tilted, and the bedstends raised, and the chairs upset, and it seemed as if the spirits everywhere had gone into the furniture business! "Well," the people said, "we have got something new in this country. It is a new religion!" Oh, no, my friend, thou-sands of years ago, we find in our text, a spiritualistic seance! new religion!" Oh, no, my friend, thou-sands of years ago, we find in our text, a spiritualistic scance! Nothing in the spiritualistic circles of our day has been more strange, mysterious and wonderlui than things which have been seen in past centuries of the world. In all ages there have been necromancers, those who consult with the spirits of the departed; charmers, those who put their subjects in a messmorie state; sorcerers, those who by taking poisonous drugs see everything and hear everything and teil everything moments can see the future world and hold consultation with spirits. Yes, before the time of Christ, the Brahmans went through all the table moving, all the furniture excitement, which the spirits have exploited in our day, precisely the same thing over and over again, under the manipulation of the Brahmans. Now, do you say that spiritualism is different from these? I answer, all these delusions I have mentioned belong to the same family. They are exhumations from the unseen world. They are exhumations from the unseen world. What does God think of all these delu-sions? He thinks so severely of them that He never speaks of them but with livid thunders of indignation. He says, "I will be a swift witness against the sorcerer." He says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." And lest you might make some im-portant distinction between spiritualism and witcherait God says in so many words, "There shall not be among you a consulter of familiar spirits, or wizard, or neero-mander, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord." The Lord God Almighty in a score of passages which I have not now time to quote utters His in-dignation against all this great family of delusions. After that be a spiritualist if you dare! Imighty in a score of passages which not now time to quote utters His in-ion against all this great family of ons. After that be a spiritualist if irel loss a friend; you want the spir-world opened, so that you may imister of different dengminations. itual

"Extrail The Atlantic is safe" There was the embracing as from the dead when friends came again to friends, but some of those passengers went up to find their wives in the lunatic asylum, where this cheat of infernal spiritualism had put them.

wires in the lunatic asylum, where this cheat of infernal spiritualism had put them.
I bring against this delusion a more fearful indictment-it rules the soul inmortal. First, it makes a man a quarter of an infide; then it makes him a whole infide.
If God is ever stapped in the face, it is when a spiritual medium puts down her hand on the table, fuvoking spirits departed to make a revelation. God has told you also not be the known and how dare you and he down her bible in one hand and spiritualism in the other. One or the other will slip out of your grasp, dopend upon it. Spiritualism is adverse to the Bible, in the face that it has in these has days called from the future world Christian men to testify against Christianity. Its mediums call back Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated erangelist, and Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated erangelist, and he testifies that he is stopping in the same house in heaven with John Bunyan. They call back John Wesley, and he testifies against the Christian religion, which he all his life gloriously preached. Andrew Jackson Davis, the greatest of all thespiritualism, comes to the Fort and face they."
Thave any house a book used in spiritualism has these questions and answers:
Q. What is our inspiration? A. Freesh alt and sunshine.
Q. What is our love feast? A. Clear consciones and answers:
Q. What is our inspiration? A. Fresh alt and sunshine.
M. What is our love feast? A. Clear consciones and answers:
And then it goes on to show that a great proportion of their religion? A. Fresh alt and sunshine.

ercise. And then it goes on to show that a great proportion of their religious service is a system of calisthenics. Then when they want to arouse the devotion of the people to the highest pitch they give out the hym on the sixty-fifth page:

The night hath gathered up her silken fringes.

Or, on the fifteenth page: Come to the woods, heigh ho!

Or, on the fifteenth page: Come to the woods, heigh ho! "But," says some one, "wouldn't it be of advantage to hear from the future world? Doa't you think it would strength-en Christians? There are a great many materialists who do not believe there are souls, but if spirits from the future world should knock and talk over to us they would be persuaded." To that I answer in the ringing worls of the Son of God, "If they believed not Josses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." I believe these are the days of which the aposite spake when he said, "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving need to seducing spirits." Audi-ances in this day need to have reiterated some minutes ago. "There shall not be among you a consult or of familiar spirits, or wizard, or neeromancer, for they that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord," and, "The soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits I will set Myself against them, and they shall be cut off from their poople." But I invite you now to a Christian sonnce, a nonday seance. This congre-gation is only one great family. Here is

aid: "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 de-ent house.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

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

What is all this noise about, Deep as muttered thunder; Has a car run off the track, Crushed somebody under? Roaring waves of angry sound, Through the long noctural, Beat against the silent air Like a mob infernal.

See they're dragging out a man, Blonted, bleared and bleeding, Screaming, fighting, cursing those Fushing on or leading. What's the man been guilty of, What has he been doing? Why this row at dead of night, What's the matter brewing?

Nothing but a drunken wretch, Filled beyond his measure, Crazed and drunk on sour mash, Swallowed down at leisure. Dump him out to freeze or die, In the iey gutter; Who will care a fig for him? Let him curse and mutter.

Bust the villain's hoary head; Just the villains horry nead; Friend, he basn't any; Call the nearest policeman, Give the ghoul a penny. Send him where the ivy twines, Where he cannot bellow; Cart him off, we do not want Any such a fellow. —Rev. John O. Foster, A. M.

Rum Makes Wife-Beaters

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

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 rum away and I am eertain that two courts will be sufficient to do all the work. With no li-quor there would be no wife-beating and no cruelty to children.

A Quaker's Temperance Lecture

Several persons, among them a Quaker, sere crossing the Alleghany Mountains in

A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and those engaged in it were handled without gloves. One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said.

passengers.

And so, being weary and not wish-ing to be seen, the traveler tethered his tired horse at the rear of the hotel, secured a room and retired.

secured a room and retired. Presently the key began calling the agent at Green River, and when he hearkened it told him of a tragedy that had occurred at Coyote on the morning of that day. A lone desper-ado had taken the town, robbed the station, killed the operator (who was the agent also), stolen a horse and esthe agent also), stolen a horse and escaped. A special with a United States marshal had gone down the road to marshin had goine down the road to look for the murderer. The descrip-tion that the new operator had gotten from the frightened people led the agent at Green River to believe that the desperado had been there but a moment before. When the special willed up to the station and stopped moment before. When the special pulled up to the station and stopped, the agent told the marshal of the ar-

.

rival of the stranger. "That's our man," said the marshal, and he immediately surrounded the httle wooden hotel, which was called the Palmer House. Then, having se-cured the number of the stranger's room, the marshal and one of his men

ent up. They tried the door; it was locked. They knocked, and the man said, "Come in." The marshal said he could not, and asked the occupant of the room to come out; and the man answered, "Wait till I get my boots on," for he loathed to die half-dressed. Suddenly the door flow one and the "Come in." The marshal said he could not, and asked the occupant of the room to come out; and the man answered, "Wait till I get my boots on," for he loathed to die half-dressed. Suddenly the door flew open, and the hunted man leaped into the hall. Before the marshal or his deputy could raise a hand, the desperate man began unload-ing a couple of rapid-firing, six-

die first. "All right," said the smiling villain,

and the wild report of his revolver filled the canyon, and went on and out through side canyons, thundering its

through side canyons, thundering its echoes back to the two men there in the awful gorge. The bullet whirred past the shepherd's ear. Once more on the breast of the boiling stream the men, now on the rude raft, were tempting fate. They lay flat down, hanging to the ropes, sometimes beneath, sometimes far above the mad torrent; leaping from the creat of high falls, shooting ranids above the mad torrent; leaping from the crest of high falls, shooting rapids and capering over awful cataracts. At the end of an hour they emerged from the narrow canyon and entered a long stretch of deep green water, slowly moving, sun-kissed and quiet. So still seemed the beautiful river that they were obliged to take markers on the shore to see if they really moved. Far away, at the end of the stretch of peaceful water, the river seemed to end. Across its path a wall rose, red and high. The water, running over, and flowing down the face of the cliff, had streaked and striped the red sandstone until it looked in the sun-light like a beautiful piece of tapestry, light like a beautiful piece of tapestry, and the desperado called it Tapestry Wall, and so it has been called ever since.

all of them are happy in utilizing a and of them are happy in utilizing a very convenient sort of mid air dairy for the purpose of keeping the lacteal provender in a wholesome condition, as well as away from the prying nose of the net hence the prying nose of the pet house cat. On five out of every twelve window sills the observer will see anywhere from one to three little white milk jars, looking, away up, like ready-made snowballs, wait-ing to be pelted by small boys on the

heads of passers below. 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. Un among the windows you will find Up among the windows you will find the white bottles ranged in rows, while down below at the doorsteps are the empty ones awaiting collection by the man from the dairy lunch house or the delicatessen shop or the milk or the de leatessen suop or the milk depot. If the milk jars on window sills are a fair index of the amount of the product consumed in New York, taken together with those on back window sills and in ice chests, the cows in the various boroughs sur-rounding not to sneak of the time. rounding, not to speak of the time-honored pump auxiliary, must be kept hustling to supply the daily demand.

### A Title That Is "Created."

Each Prince of Wales is "created." The title was originally granted by Edward 1 to his eldest son "and his heirs, the King of England," so each Prince of Wales retains the title after mounting the throne until he divests himself of it by formally passing it along to his heir apparent.

ent 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 re-spectable 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.

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 flaish off; and thee ensures others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

### Unanswerable Facts.

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 sandtarium you will see that in the vet counties insanity and crime are increasing with alarming rapidity while both are de-creasing 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 lunaties.

### The Crusade in Paragraphs

Men are drunkards because boys are empted 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 promises.

The churches in Auburn, N. Y., have united in a movement to leasen the treat-ing half.

Ing habit. The directors should see the inconsist-ency of demanding total abstinance on the part of all rairoad employes and at the same time placing the temptation before them at every eating-house.