

SPIRITED AWAY.

By J. A. BOLLES.

The inhabitants of Albuquerque, New Mexico, had become greatly excited on account of a series of daring robberies that had been perpetrated in their midst. The principal dry goods store had been broken into, and \$500 dollars' worth of silks taken from the shelves and \$200 in specie and in bills stolen from the safe; the post office had been robbed; and even the vault of a bank had been blown open, and not less than \$20,000 in money and \$40,000 in coupon bonds had been secured by the miscreants. In not one instance were any of the fellows captured, and no clue as to their hiding place or rendezvous for the planning of their robberies could be obtained.

Alarming as was the continuation of the robberies, it was surpassed by an occurrence that proved to be the culmination of the work of the desperadoes. One night the beautiful daughter of Colonel Bleeker, the richest citizen of the city, was kidnapped. That the deed had been done by the robbers for the purpose of keeping the maiden captive until they could obtain a liberal ransom from the distracted father there could scarcely be a doubt. The circumstantial evidence showed that Helen Bleeker had been chloroformed while sleeping in her bed, after which a blanket had been wrapped about her and she had been borne from the house and spirited away.

Helen had a lover named Malcolm MacDonald, a shrewd young lawyer, who was confident that the headquarters of the kidnappers were in the crater of lava beds about 20 miles southwest of Albuquerque. This belief was not shared by many people, however, for the cave had often been visited by hunters, contained no hidden recesses, and was not adapted to purposes of concealment or defense. But suffice it to say that MacDonald knew what he was about when he resolved to attempt the rescue of the dear girl to whom he was betrothed, by organizing a party to search for her captors among the lava beds. Five of his friends, all of them stout-hearted and adventurous young fellows, agreed to aid him. Armed to the teeth, and mounted on good horses, the party quietly left Albuquerque three hours after the abduction of Helen became known. When they arrived within sight of the lava beds they placed their horses in the care of a trustworthy ranchman, and with watchful eyes walked toward their destination.

The lava beds were several acres in extent, and were in the shape of a low and broken cone, the top of which was hollowed out so as to resemble a huge bowl. The latter was all that remained of the crater of an extinct volcano, and so long had destroying influences been at work that the sides had considerably fallen away and crumbled until the once deep bowl was now so shallow that it was easy to walk into and out of it.

The young men, holding their rifles in readiness in case of an attack, descended into the great bowl and advanced until they came to the mouth of the cave. The opening was large, and from it a goodsized passage wound downward a distance of ten feet to the cave, which was about a rod long and shaped like a right-angled triangle. The adventurers satisfied themselves by a cautious exploration that the robbers were not in the cavity. A little later, while, torch in hand, they were examining the bottom of the hollow, they discovered a square section of the lava floor was slightly separated from the surrounding lava. The excited men pounded on the slab of lava until they broke it sufficiently to enable them to grasp the pieces and remove them. A deep hole was revealed, except where narrow shelves extending on four sides had served to support the edges of the block. It was probable that the party was at the entrance of the hiding place of the robbers, at the mouth of a second cave lying beneath the one they were in. The supposition was that one of the robbers had accidentally broken through the floor of the first cave at a point where it was thin, and had thus discovered the entrance to the second cavern. It was further surmised that in order to keep their valuable discovery a secret the outlaws had immediately cut a block of lava from the extensive beds outside of the cave and had fitted it above the hole in the manner already described.

MacDonald determined to make the descent of the shelving sides of the hole. He argued that the robbers were undoubtedly asleep at that hour, and that the chance of coming upon them before reaching the main cave was small. Seeing that they could not dissuade him, and admiring his boldness, the young men discontinued their objections; and after they had assured him that they would defend him should he come forth pursued, and would revenge his death should he be killed, they bade him godspeed as he entered the cavity. He was armed with a long hunting knife and a brace of pistols, and carried in his hand a dark lantern. Closing the slide of the lantern so as to conceal the light he crept in darkness down the passage. At last he stood upright and moved on a level. He was in the cave. The sound of washing waters came to his startled ears, and he inferred that he stood upon the edge of a subterranean lake. After considerable hesitation he ventured to turn on the light. A weird spectacle was presented to his view. Above was the roof of the cave, composed of shaggy lava, from which

rocks protruded so much of themselves that it seemed as if they might fall at any moment. The sides of the cavern were equally rough, and with the exception of the shelf of lava on which MacDonald stood the bottom of the cave was covered with a gloomy waste of waters.

Soon MacDonald's attention was arrested by a singular sight. A huge mass appeared from the gloom beyond the reach of the lantern's rays and slowly advanced toward him. It was not a craft belonging to the robbers, as MacDonald had at first feared, but was an island of lava. That so great a mass of lava could float seemed incredible, until MacDonald bethought him that the mass was undoubtedly composed of pumice, a felspathic scoria produced by volcanoes, that is lighter than water.

It immediately occurred to our hero that the robbers were probably on the lava vessel, and he closed the lantern without delay.

Once more he was in intense darkness. As the island came nearer he could distinguish a dim light. He at once came to the conclusion that the mass was of considerable size, and that the light arose near its center from a camp fire around which the outlaws were probably gathered. He breathed more freely, feeling confident that he had not been discovered.

When the island had almost reached the shore it caused a slight swashing of the water, and guided by the sound, MacDonald could almost tell where the floating lava was. Cautiously putting out his hands, he felt them come in contact with a hard and moving surface; and as the island touched the shore he gave a leap of sufficient power to carry him well upon the singular craft. He sat still for a few moments, and to his alarm noticed that the island had not lingered at the shore, as he had hoped that it would do. It was already moving steadily away, and he surmised that the currents of the singular lake or river, so ran as to carry the mass round and round the cave. So regular appeared to be the movement that he believed the robbers had been able to ascertain just at what times during the 24 hours of the day (for he could not believe that the lake was of so vast a size as to require days to make its circuit) the island could be depended upon to touch the shore that he had left.

After slowly climbing upward for six or seven feet MacDonald came to the top of the island and then learned that the theory as to the dim illumination was correct. The island was circular, about one-half acre in extent, and near its center was the fire, now burning low. The island shelved from its elevated sides toward the center, and on account of the bowl-like surface it was possible to see the entire area, although its edges could not be distinctly seen on account of the inability of the eye except in its immediate vicinity, to overcome the power of the intense darkness. Rolled in blankets and stretched around the fire were eight robbers, asleep, about ten feet from the fire was a wigwam covered with strips of straw matting that had been laid upon the slanting poles of the frame. That his dear Helen was in this wigwam MacDonald felt almost certain.

How to act under the circumstances was most perplexing. To attempt to rescue Helen, or even to communicate with her, would be an undertaking fraught with the greatest hazard.

While our hero hesitated his eyes were attracted to some plunder that the robbers had left in a pile a short distance from where he stood.

Among the articles were heavy horse blankets. A bright idea came to MacDonald. He removed his shoes, went in his stocking feet to the pile, selected two blankets, folded them into as small a compass as possible, placed them on one arm, and, lantern in hand, approached the fire and the eight men, who slept soundly after the arduous work of the previous night.

When he was a few feet from the fire MacDonald paused and laid the blankets on the lava. It was a singular and most exciting situation. Far from the aid of friends, in a cavern, on a mysterious lava island that floated in a subterranean lake of unknown depth and extent, our hero stood in the presence of foes who should one of their number happen to awake and give the alarm, would shoot him down in an instant.

MacDonald did not, however, spend any time in thinking of the singularity and peril of his situation. In the most careful manner he proceeded to cover the burning sticks with the blankets and to smother the fire. Owing to his precautions, should the robbers awake, before they could light their lanterns he could escape in the darkness.

Once more the cave was wrapped in inky blackness. MacDonald moved the slide of his lantern sufficiently to give him the little light that he needed. He approached the wigwam with a beating heart. At this moment one of the villains stirred and groaned. It was a moment of terrible suspense. The man muttered something and it seemed as if he must be awake. MacDonald closed the slide and waited, while the perspiration started from every pore of his body. But the danger passed. The man sank into deep slumber. MacDonald gave himself a little light a second time, and peered into the wigwam. Yes, Helen was there!

She recognized him, and did not scream.

"What a dear, brave fellow you are," she murmured, "to risk your life for me!"

She looked at him with tears in her beautiful eyes, and stroked his hair fondly.

At this moment one of the villains awoke.

"What is the matter with the fire?" he cried.

MacDonald had taken the precaution to close his lantern while Helen and he were whispering, so that there was no danger of immediate discovery.

The man got up and began to fumble around. His companions awoke, and swore because they had been disturbed. Not a moment was to be lost.

The situation was desperate, well-nigh hopeless. MacDonald feared that he had played a brave and most perilous part only to be defeated. While he was in terrible suspense, not knowing what was best to do, the dear girl whispered to him,—

"Let us fly. There is a boat. I came in it."

"Can you find it?"

"Yes; there is a stake with a red flag on it that will guide me to it."

Meanwhile the robbers had discovered the blankets, and were removing them from the fire. Two of the fellows approached the wigwam. As they reached it MacDonald and Helen left it, after he had hastily cut the cords that bound the maiden's hands. One of the men happening to touch our hero, the latter with quick presence of mind, felled his enemy to the lava. The robbers, now thoroughly aroused, hurled forth imprecations that echoed in a deafening manner throughout the cavern. But they could not readily find a lantern, and could not tell where the fugitives, running noiselessly in their stocking feet, were. The pursuers discharged their pistols at random, and one bullet whistled by the heads of our hero and heroine. They continued to run, keeping as nearly as they could a straight course.

MacDonald opened the slide of the lantern as soon as he dared to do it. They had reached the top of the height just above the shore; but no flag was in sight.

The robbers saw the fugitives, yelled viciously and fired their pistols. Bullets whistled alarmingly near the intended victims.

MacDonald closed the lantern, and holding Helen's hand, walked along the island's edge. Again he allowed a gleam of light to escape. He saw the flag ten feet from him, and closed the lantern before the villains could fire.

The steps of the pursuers sounded fearfully near.

The fugitives ran forward, expecting each moment to be precipitated into the water. But fortune favored them. They fell against the flag pole, and recovering themselves in a second, slid down the island's steep bank. MacDonald opened the lantern. Thank God! The boat was at their feet. He sprang into it. MacDonald handed Helen the lantern, cut the rope, grasped the oars, and they were afloat.

At this moment three of the robbers, waving pistols, gained the summit of the bank.

"Shut the lantern!" MacDonald cried.

Before Helen could obey the cavern rang with a great discharge of firearms. The three men threw up their hands and fell forward into the water.

MacDonald knew that his friends had come to the rescue just in time. He looked behind him, and saw on the lava shelf his five brave companions waving their hands with delight.

The boat touched the shore. Willing hands assisted our hero and heroine to alight.

Awed by the fate of their comrades, the five robbers on the island surrendered themselves, and, with most of the property which they had stolen, were taken back to Albuquerque in triumph.

Young MacDonald, the fair Helen and their five gallant friends were received with raptures by Colonel Bleeker and his wife, and were lionized by all the people of the city.—Waverly Magazine.

Of Interest to Stamp Collectors.

In these days when new series of postage stamps are being issued by the United States and by other countries to commemorate great events, exhibitions and anniversaries, the young stamp collector has plenty to go to keep pace with the times. The recent appearance of the Pan-American stamps, in two colors and of very attractive design, has set the interested ones to work with renewed zeal. The transmississippi issue of 1898 is now doubtless represented in every well-regulated collection, as are the Columbian exposition stamps of 1893.

But there are other new stamps about to be issued, it is said, by foreign countries, and those who delight in the work will doubtless make an effort to secure some of them. The Sultan of Turkey will commemorate the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne on September 1 with a stamp to be in use on that day only. Brazil has recently issued a set of commemorative stamps comprising four values.

A new stamp has been issued for Western Australia of the value of two-pence half-penny. Another recent stamp is the New Zealand one penny, printed both in London and in New Zealand. Those printed in London are rare, but show finer workmanship than those of local print.

Hereafter visitors at the Kansas state penitentiary will be charged 10 cents each. The sum goes towards paying the extra guard made necessary by the visitors.



New York City.—The comfort, convenience and luxury of the Kimono are established facts. Young girls, as well as their elders, find them essential



MISSER'S KIMONA.

to a complete wardrobe and are provided with varying sorts to suit different seasons. In warm weather white lawn with figured border is charming as are dimity cheviot, madras, and China silk in various colors and combinations; for winter use flannel, flannellette, cashmere and all materials used for wrappers are correct.

the stock is joined to the full front and closed invisibly at the centre back.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, three and one-fourth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide or one and five-eighths yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and one-fourth yards of taffeta, one and one-eighth yards of all-over lace and three and one-half yards of stitched bands to trim as illustrated.

Primitive Indian Designs.

There seems to be a tendency in many things to primitive Indian designs. It may not be that every designer who uses them knows this, but any one noticing styles in general will see it. For instance, on a long and handsome evening coat which has applications of cloth upon net, the cloth of the upper part of the coat comes down upon the net in sharp, slender, irregular points above a more conventional design. These sharp points are comparatively new and very much the same as designs that are to be seen upon old Indian rugs, and in them are intended to represent lightning, perhaps, or some of the elements.

A Pretty Variation.

A pretty variation of a somewhat hackneyed form of evening dress was lately shown, the "eteteras" of a black tulle gown (lightly sprinkled with square gold sequins) being all of gold. A little gilt fan, wreath of gold leaves in the hair, gold-headed black velvet shoes and gold embroidered Empire belt. Black gloves were worn and a broad gold bracelet on one wrist.



WOMAN'S WAIST.

The very desirable model form is made with a square yoke in front and back that meet in shoulder seams, the full fronts and back being gathered and joined to its lower edge. The sleeves are large and ample, in bell shape, and all the edges are finished with contrasting bands. When desired in shorter length, the skirt portion can be cut off.

To cut this May Manton Kimono for a miss of twelve years of age, seven and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, six and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide or four and five-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide will be required for the full length, with two and seven-eighths yards for bands; three and three-fourths yards twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide or two and three-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide, with one and three-fourths yards for bands for shorter length.

Woman's Waist.

Blouse effects with revers and vests are exceedingly fashionable and make most satisfactory waists for street costumes as well as for indoor wear. The original of the smart May Manton model shown in the large drawing is made of tuckered golden brown etamine with vest of the plain material, full front undersleeves and stitched bands of taffeta in the same shade, small jeweled buttons, revers, stock and cuffs of Russian lace, but all soft materials suited to tucking are appropriate.

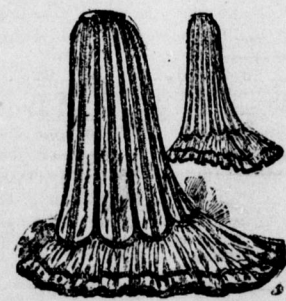
The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining. On it are arranged the full front, vest portions and back and fronts of the waist proper, which are laid in fine tucks, while the revers are finished with revers. The sleeves are made over a smooth lining to which the puffs are attached, and which can be covered with the material when plain sleeves are desired. The flare cuffs are attached to the lower edges of the upper sleeves and

Woman's Tuckered Skirt.

Tucks not alone hold their place but give every evidence of extended favor and are predicted as features of coming styles. The exceedingly graceful May Manton skirt illustrated shows a lower edge, but shaped and gathered at the upper edge to fit the skirt.

To cut this skirt for a woman of medium size, nine and one-fourth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, eight and three-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide, six and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide, and novel and graceful arrangement that is economical at the same time, as the nine gores mean the minimum of material. The original is made of white louisine silk with appliques of cream Cluny lace, but all soft, pliable materials are suitable whether silk, wool or cotton.

The skirt is cut in nine gores, each of which is tucked down the centre and all of which are shaped in scalloped outline at the lower edge. The upper portion fits smoothly and snugly at the waist line, the fulness at the back being laid in an inverted box pleat. The flounce is straight at the



NINE-GORED TUCKERED SKIRT.

one-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide or five and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Poem: Lost and Found — According to a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin Many Male Germans Are Being Ruined by Drink.

James was an only son,
A bright and noble boy,
A widow's trust and pride,
A doting mother's joy.

He was at home and school
Both dutiful and kind,
Of honest, open heart,
Of bright inquiring mind.

The mother's wealth of love
She lavished on her boy;
To whom she fondly clung,
Her only earthly joy.

Without his father's hand,
Its guidance and restraint,
Sad change in time she saw,
And heard her son's complaint,

That home was not as bright
As scenes upon the street,
Where folly's songs were sung,
Hard by the scorners' seat.

Corrupt companionship,
With evil leaven fraught,
In body, spirit, soul,
Its subtle poison wrought.

The voice within at first
Condemns the lighter drinks;
Yet reason as he may,
He through indulgence sinks.

The mother patient bore
The folly of her child;
Her heart, its agony,
Suppressed to accents mild.

She summoned all the strength
Of self-denying love,
That home, with added charms,
Its sacred worth might prove.

But Satan, subtle fiend,
By sin's delusion charmed,
His victim blindly led,
His captive's fear disarmed.

Until debased, he trod
Of hell the very brink!
And in his ravings cursed
And fought the demon drink!

The mother's tortured heart
In agony now broke;
And to his double crime
The son in horror woke.

But mercy spread her wings
And brooded o'er the lost;
And now, redeemed, he clings
A contrite to the cross.

The mother's tears and prayers,
Preserved a pledge on high,
Now falls in dew of grace
From out the answering sky.

—C. B. Botsford, in National Advocate.

Germany Has a "Liquor Problem."

The silly editorial claptrap so often indulged in by a certain class of editors for the "instruction" of the American public, declaring that there is no "liquor question" and no "evil of drink" in Germany, where "everybody drinks beer," finds crushing rebuttal in the passage just quoted and in the following. Both passages are from Volume VI. of the "Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften" (Encyclopedia of Political Science).

During 1885 the hospitals of Prussia received 8163 patients suffering from delirium tremens.

According to the general estimate a great proportion of epileptics and the mentally defective, as well as idiots, are victims either of their own drinking habits or those of their ancestors.

But even among people regarded as healthy an extraordinary proportion of mental laziness, disposition to shun work, rudeness, narrow-mindedness, ignorance and immorality is begotten by drink and the saloon.

According to the testimony of statisticians and prison directors, prison chaplains, et al., such as Beer, one-half at least of the acts of violence are traced to the influence of drink. That would occasion for the year 1889:

6803 cases of violence and threats against officials.
3030 rape and lewdness.
10,385 disturbance of the peace.
28,166 assault.
122 murder and manslaughter.
10,557 assault and battery.
27,067 assault to kill.
6130 compulsion and threats.
181 robbery and extortion.
225 incendiarism.

These make 95,576 acts of violence that were brought before our courts. Thousands of families suffer from the tyranny and extravagance of toppers, the public order and safety from their tendency to misdemeanors and crime, all higher endeavor from their stupidity and barbarity; in regard to the community, the State and other social organisms they are dangerous parasites.

Friedrich Panlsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, in his "System of Ethics," says:

"There are regions in Germany where no inconsiderable proportion of the male population goes to ruin as the direct consequence of the mania for drink; and there is no province where the profoundest disturbances do not extend from this cause over the entire life. The immediate effects of intemperance are: Undermining the industrial life, vitiating and destroying the family life, deterioration and ruin of the intellect and morals, finally the decay of the body. Pauperism, crime, a host of diseases, insanity, suicide and a degenerate posterity comprise their dismal escort."

Drink and Crime.

In 120 army prisons throughout Germany forty-six per cent. of all the murderers committed their crimes while under the influence of drink. Sixty-three per cent. of the cases of manslaughter, seventy-four per cent. of serious injury to the person and seventy-seven per cent. of criminal immorality are due to the same cause. In the navy out of 1671 punishable cases during the last six years seventy-five per cent. of the most serious cases have been due to drunkenness.—Berlin Letter to London Chronicle.

A New Beer Evil.

The injury from beer is not from the alcohol alone, but also from the uncalculated quantities of liquid beer drinkers take into their stomach. No one ever dreams of swallowing such a quantity of liquid without alcohol, as hundreds of thousands of beer drinkers imbibed every day and never mistrust that they are endangering their health. Weakening the heart-muscle and the blood vessels are the consequences of such use of beer.

Ravages the Life.

The berry bliss of the academic, and not academic, Philistines, so prevalent in Germany, and the worship of the belly among the rich and distinguished, ravage the life as surely as the habit of drinking whisky among the poor. Can any one who sits by the hour in a beer saloon reeking with tobacco fumes, day after day, morning and evening, in stupid conversation, repeating things said a hundred times, or engages in an idle game of cards, finally carrying home an empty, stupefied head, can any one who does that pursue any serious or grand object with earnestness or zeal?