

IF I HAD GIFTS TO BRING.

I were King of Fairyland
And had the right to say
Down here, from day to day--

If I were King of Fairyland,
With none to say me nay,
O, little girl, what think you I
Should bring to you to-day?

HOW IT WAS DONE

By A. A. Beckwith.

IN the Far West, particularly in the Far Southwest, the newly arrived settler often finds that he has strange neighbors--not only Indians, but white desperadoes, who are more to be feared than even Utes and Apaches.

With such a customer on their hands it is little wonder that our young friends felt very ill at ease. Still they were bold men, and were determined not to be bullied into keeping rum; so they went about their business as usual.

Two young friends of mine--good, steady, New England born young men--were so unfortunate as to buy land in the vicinity of an especially ugly member of this outlaw fraternity. They had been brought up to obey the law, and respect the property and rights of their neighbors.

Nothing further was seen of Walker for two weeks, when one morning, while Charles was getting breakfast, Gilbert having gone out to look after the cattle. The first hint that Charles had of his visitor's presence was another volley of shots at their sign-board.

They could be brave enough in the defense of any just cause, yet they dreaded and shrank from the use of deadly weapons against a fellow-being. Plain, farmer-bred boys, Gilbert and Charles Small had, by steady labor and economy, saved up a capital of \$1700. With this they emigrated to Colorado and started a small stock farm, fifteen miles from Alamosa.

This time Clate had shot the second letter to pieces. It was apparently his way of knocking. Immediately after he kicked the door open.

Under these circumstances it is not very strange that Charles stepped out of a back door at about this time, and went behind the corral, from whence he heard Walker firing repeatedly and a great smashing inside. When at length the desperado had taken his departure it was found that he had made a complete wreck of the crockery and furniture, and in the grocery room he had emptied his revolver at tobacco and kerosene barrel, which, tapped in half a dozen places, was deluging the floor.

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At a point a short distance below, where a mining trail passed them and where they judged there would in time be a railroad, they built a frame house, which they opened as a hotel, and in which they also kept a stock of groceries.

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Some eight or ten miles from them lived a man named Peter Hergit, who professedly worked a mine, but whose place was really a rendezvous for renegade cowboys and other desperate characters of the Jesse James type.

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It was rumored that several daring robberies had been planned, and also that Clate Walker made it one of his stopping places.

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Walker was a notorious gambler and dead shot. He was supposed to be the leader of a band of train robbers, and was said to have killed not less than ten men in various affairs.

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It was said, too, that occasionally, when times became too monotonous because of the lack of excitement, he would kill a man "for fun," just to keep his hand in.

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He had a pleasing habit of riding through small towns and camps, shooting promiscuously at everybody he saw, to keep up the terror of his name--a matter he appears to have been vain of.

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It will seem well nigh incredible that such a man should be allowed to escape justice and to run at large. Such is the ugly fact, however, in scores of similar cases, owing, probably to the circumstances that no officer likes to attempt the arrest of these desperadoes, who generally carry two, and sometimes three, heavy revolvers, and are marvellously quick and sure of aim.

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As an example of the wonderfully rapid and accurate shooting of some of those frontier men the writer remembers seeing a cowboy at Raton, New Mexico, slide his horse at full gallop past a telegraph post in which was pinned the round white cover of a paper collar box, and lodge four bullets from his Colt's pistol in this small mark while passing. Afterward he entertained us by throwing into the air, one after another, a handful of peanuts, and cracking each as it fell with a single bullet.

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Then he did the same thing again, tossing the nuts up rapidly, and twirling the revolver round his forefinger after every shot. Finally, throwing the nuts up more slowly, he reloaded his pistol in the space of his hip after every shot, drawing it for each succeeding nut, and did not miss one out of six. This shows the accuracy and quickness of aim of many of these lawless fellows; and such a marksman was Clate Walker, who added to his reputation, moreover, the more murderous one of being a "killer," which, in the phrase of this section, means a desperado who will shoot a man upon the least provocation. Our two young stockmen had heard of this border monster, but their first actual acquaintance with him began the first week after putting up their sign, "Small Bros., Hotel and Grocery."

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Walker chanced to pass one morning, and seeing the new sign, and by way of calling attention to himself, reined in his horse, drew his revolver, and opened fire on the sign, shooting the first letter, "S," to pieces. Then, dismounting, he kicked the door open, and walking in, demanded a "cock-tail."

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Gilbert, who chanced to be inside at the time, told him civilly that there was no bar in connection with the house, for, true to their home principles, the young men had determined to keep a "temperance house"--a greater anomaly in the West than many may at first suppose.

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"A temperance house?" shouted Walker, and he vented his astonishment and disgust in a burst of oaths and revilings. "No man shall keep a hotel with nothing to drink in it in these parts!" he said. "If you don't have liquor, and good liquor, too, the next time I call, I won't leave a whole dish or a whole bone here!" And as a forfeit of what he would do he kicked over the table and smashed three or four chairs by way of leaving

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Walker stared. "Well, well!" he ripped out. "If you ain't the freshest kid I've struck in ten years! Right fresh from the East, aren't you, young feller?"

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"Yes," said Forney, moving the paper. "I'm from the East, and I'm pretty fresh, I suppose. I'm a young fellow, but I'm a pretty nice one."

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"Don't you give me any of your lip!" thundered Walker. "Do you know who I am?"

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"How should I?" said Forney. "It's none of my business. I'm only here on a visit. I don't care who you are."

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The bully flushed, stung by the careless contempt in Forney's tone.

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The two brothers, who from the kitchen had heard the above dialogue, and were several times on the point of taking to their heels out at the back door, now entered guns in hand.

ESCAPED FROM SIBERIA

REMARKABLE STORY AND THRILLING ADVENTURES OF AN EXILE.

The sufferings of Frank Gryglaszewski, who was sent to the mines for participating in the rebellion of the Russian Poles.

Here is the remarkable story of the exile of Frank Gryglaszewski, who was sent to Siberia on account of his participation in the rebellion of the Russian Poles against the Imperial Government in 1863-65, who are five times wounded by Russian bullets, who walked seven thousand miles through Arctic Russia and Siberia in chains, who escaped his captors by a method almost miraculous, and retraced his steps for seven thousand miles along the great Siberian road.

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They gave him no chance to get the start, but kept him covered with gun and pistol. They gave him a chair to sit on, however, and there he sat all day, watching the cadet and Gilbert, and they him, while Charles rode post haste to Alamosa to swear out a warrant for his arrest, and summon the sheriff and his posse to take him. The officers, hearing so dangerous a ruffian was really waiting their disposal, were not slow in responding to Charles Small's summons, and by three o'clock that afternoon the young lieutenant had the satisfaction of seeing the "border terror" taken into legal custody and marched off to jail.

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But, as is too often the case in the Far West, the prisoner was lynched instead of being tried and convicted of his crimes. He was taken forcibly from jail by a masked party from one of the mining camps, the third night after being lodged there, and hanged, without any form of trial, to the nearest tree.

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Lieutenant Forney had proven himself a hero, and was greatly respected for what he had done in bringing Walker to justice.--Waverley Magazine.

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Must Put the Blame on Somebody. The young man had returned from his wedding trip, and was again at his desk in the office.

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It was the day after his return that the junior partner called him to his desk and said:

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"Now that you're married, Mr. Quills, I trust you will be considerate in your treatment of me."

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"I don't quite understand you, sir," exclaimed the young man, in surprise.

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"Oh, it's a little early, I know," admitted the junior partner, "but there's nothing like taking time by the forelock. I suppose you haven't been out late at night yet?"

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"Certainly not, sir."

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"And it's none of my business if you have. But when you do stay out some night, be considerate. Remember that I have a reputation for fairness and humane treatment of everybody in this office that I would like to retain. Don't tell your wife that you're sorry you're late, but that that slave-driver at the office piled work upon you to such an extent that you had to work right into the night; don't tell her that the tyrant you work under gave you one-and-six-pence for dinner, and told you that you would have to post all the books in the office before leaving for the night. Just invent some other excuse, you know."

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The young man thought the matter over for a minute or two, and then asked, anxiously:

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"Well, if I should be late, what shall I say?"

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"Oh, put it on the senior partner, as I do. He can stand it."--Tit-Bits.

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The Abuses of Advertising. A conspicuous example of the desecration of natural beauty and grandeur has been the placarding of the historic Palisades of the Hudson, near New York, with advertisements of real estate, merchandise, and medicines, says the Chenango (N. Y.) Herald.

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Happily public sentiment has been aroused against the particular offence, and it has in the main been discontinued. This is but one of the thousands of grand passages of scenery that have been despoiled by the signwriter's inartistic and vulgar brush which ought to be stopped.

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Where there exists law, State or municipal, it should be evoked speedily and effectively to put an end to this species of vandalism. In the absence of legal remedy it should be combated with an aroused and enlightened public sentiment. The owner of property, whether in city or country, who allows it to be made the medium of this particular variety of public offence ought to be made to feel the effect of public disapproval.

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The spirit which prompts publicity in the matter of business is, of course, to be commended, but better results can be obtained through advertisements placed in the columns of established newspapers and other legitimate publications than in the resort to that form of scenic desecration which is offensive to public taste and against which the public is making a vigorous protest.

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In a Hurry For American Shoes. A man carrying a dress suit case plastered all over with foreign labels, and wearing a suit of tweed that fitted him like a gunny sack, rushed into a shoe store near Broad street station and called for a pair of American shoes.

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"I've been abroad for two years," he remarked, as he kicked off a pair of thick-soled, shapeless-looking shoes about three sizes too large for his feet, "and I've landed--just got into New York this morning, and hurried right over on the first train. I want a pair of shoes that fit me comfortably, and yet look like something."

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He got them and went out vastly pleased. "That's nothing unusual," remarked the proprietor, after he had gone. "They don't know how to make shoes on the other side."--Philadelphia Record.

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Spirit of the Age is Fact-Finding. Although it has been the century of the widest conquest, it has been the century also of the greatest toleration, of the keenest human sympathy, the most active helpfulness; in an era of action and of freedom, man has become a brother to man as he never became in eras of meditation and authority. It has been the century of heroic fact-finding, the century of the emancipation of thought from mystery and dogma, and of the yielding of precedent to experience.--World's Work.

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to sleep at night tying myself in trees along the roadside. Living in this fashion I followed the trail for six weeks, growing weaker day by day. Finally a blinding snow storm came on. Feverish and confused, I wandered from the trail and lost my way. That night I ascended a tree with difficulty, tied myself to the trunk and went to sleep--rather, I should say, I must have waxed into insensibility.

"The fever must have seized strongly upon me, for when consciousness returned to me in the morning--if I may call it consciousness--I was dimly aware that my hand was almost frozen, while I thought that I had heard the sound of rifle shots. Some one came under the tree and spoke to me, I felt myself being untied, and for six weeks I know no more.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION

New York City.--Every woman realizes the advantage of a waist that can become decollete or high as occasion requires. The present style of



THE VOGUE IN JEWELRY. Everything in jewelry, except brooches and earrings, seems to be the lion, and long gold chains set with pearls are very much worn. Small circles of enameled gold set in lines, the entire length form one variety which is set forth as new, but jewels are more attractive, and it is not necessary that they should be all of kind in one chain. Young girls do in a chain which is hung with charms, given to them from their time by their friends.

Instead of using an underskirt which is full and loose being drawn into a narrow, tight cuff, some disten prefer to send home a skirt with the sleeve terminating in a tension, called the little lace skirt. This begins just above the waist, falls almost to the ankles, and resembles an old-fashioned lace. It is a lace sheath for the back of the hand. It is not necessary to keep them fresh if made of white material.

Probably as exasperating was ever drawn was that of Serp. Maynard, a famous lawyer in the time of William III. It is said that he liberally wore his will in and on terms, so that several fine tions which had disturbed him in lifetime might be decided in court he was dead.

Hosiery to match. The latest fad, and as if this were enough it must be inset with little tufts of lace like the trimming of costume.

Woman's House Gown. The careless, ill-fitting wrapper

"I was in the exile home of two Russian university students, who were serving out a term of some years for having been suspected of plotting against the Government. They had been hunting on the morning that they had found me.

"I followed the road a year, and came in the spring of 1867 once more to the city of Tobolsk. Here I obtained, through the agency of friends, a disguise, and here I was furnished with additional funds.

"I passed the Austrian line in safety, and learning that my mother and only sister were living at Cracow, I made my way to that city.

"There is little more of noteworthy incident in the life of Mr. Grygla. For a while he lived in Cracow with his mother, but his proximity to the Russian border made his friends and family advise that he either enter the Austrian military service or leave the country. With \$500 in gold he bade a last farewell to European shores and sailed for the United States in 1870.

He was then but twenty-three years old. In Minneapolis young Grygla went into business as a contractor. In 1888 he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Public Buildings under the Harrison Administration. After leaving the Government service he traveled extensively throughout Central and South America in the interest of American capitalists, and in 1898 he accepted the position of special land agent to Alaska for the Interior Department.--New York Herald.

CURIOUS FACTS.

There is a well at Carlisle Castle, Isle of Wight, in which the water stands 170 feet below ground level. Yet drop a pin into it and you will distinctly hear it strike the water.

A spiral chimney, 150 feet high, has been built near Bradford, England. The chimney is square in cross-section, and each layer of brick is shifted three-sixteenths of an inch out of place, thus giving a peculiar twist to each side of the stack.

It is the law in Maine that the bounty for bears shall be paid when the animal's nose is shown. In New Hampshire the ears must be exhibited. Some enterprising sportsmen living near the border of the two States get a double bounty by collecting on the noses in one State and on the ears in another.

Of the few Chinamen, compared with the population in the Celestial Empire, who reside in the United States, not many take their departure by the American route. If a Chinaman gets the notion somewhere in the neighborhood of his cue that he is listed for a world beyond the present one, he makes haste to get home and find a resting place on the Oriental side of the Pacific Ocean.

A pocketbook made from the skin of a murderer is in possession of the New Jersey Historical Society. A man named Antonio Le Blanc in 1833 killed a man, his wife and a servant, and tried to kill a daughter of the same man in order to get a gold watch which belonged to the daughter. Le Blanc wished to present the watch to his sweetheart. Le Blanc was hanged in Marston, where a public park is now located. His body was turned over to a physician for dissection. The pocketbook was for years the property of Sheriff Ludlow, who hanged Le Blanc.

Fannie O'Kennon, daughter of Peter O'Kennon, died recently at her father's home in Matoneca, West Va. The doctors say she died of old age, although she has just celebrated her twentieth birthday. She was remarkable from the fact that she had not grown in stature since she was two years old, and her faculties at the time of her death were those of a child. She was only two feet two inches tall, could only articulate such words as she could when two years old, played with picture books and in every way acted as a child. Her face, however, was wrinkled like that of an old woman.

Seriousness of a German Official. Not long ago an American resident in Hamburg had a funny experience of the seriousness of German officialdom. Her pug puppy barked friskily one evening from his place in the front garden at a semi-intoxicated custom house officer who leaned against the pallings. The next morning a ponderous document was presented to the owner, which ordered in pompous terms that "the dangerous dog" should be kept in the house, under a penalty of \$25, until the official veterinarian should pronounce upon his condition. For ten days poor puggy was kept in the house before the State veterinarian found it convenient to call, and he was then gravely freed from his durance, as the inspector found him "not suffering from hydrophobia nor in danger of biting."

In Honor of Her New Cork Leg. Near Salina, the other day, the friends and neighbors of a young woman who had met with an accident proceeded in a body to her home and through an eloquent spokesman presented her with a cork leg, after which there were music, recitations and a supper. The local paper in giving an account of the affair, delicately notes that "the next day the donors were rejoiced to know that the limb fitted admirably."--Kansas City Journal.



THE LITTLE LACE SKIRT. Instead of using an underskirt which is full and loose being drawn into a narrow, tight cuff, some disten prefer to send home a skirt with the sleeve terminating in a tension, called the little lace skirt. This begins just above the waist, falls almost to the ankles, and resembles an old-fashioned lace. It is a lace sheath for the back of the hand. It is not necessary to keep them fresh if made of white material.

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THREE-QUARTER COAT. edge the low, round yoke and run down the edge of the opening to the waist, two extra ones being arranged at the arm-eyes to form short sleeves. Narrow velvet ribbon edges these frills, and wider is made into bows at the right shoulder, the neck and the waist, with a loose, soft strip connecting the two last. When worn high the neck is finished with a stock that closes invisibly at the centre back.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size four and a half yards of material twenty-four inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, will be required, with one and seven-eighths yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide for yoke and sleeves.

Woman's Three-Quarter Coat. As genuine winter has become a fact the demand for the comfortable warm coat has made itself felt. The May Manton model shown in the large drawing is smart at the same time that it fulfills all the demands made by Jack Frost, and includes many admirable features. The original is made of tan colored melton, with collar, revers and trimming of mink, but mode shades, brown and black are all in vogue; all fur is correct and many excellent models are made still simpler with collar of cloth and revers of peau de soie, or velvet or both of cloth braided and edged with fur.

The coat is cut with a modified box front and half-fitted back, which includes under arm gores and provides the perpendicular lines that are so generally becoming. The fronts are under-faced and roll back to form the revers, and the collar is in curved sections that fit the neck comfortably and provide the correct flare. The sleeves are two-seamed and in bell shape. They are faced at the wrists, and may be finished with or without the cuffs. The coat is closed in double-breasted style with handsome buttons. The front and lower edges are finished with machine stitching in tailor style.

To cut this coat for a woman of medium size three and one-eighth yards of material fifty inches wide will be required.

Push Revived. Plush, a fabric which has been out of style for some years, is now revived by some smart tailors, who can in a way make almost anything "go," provided that it be in good taste. The band around the bottom of the skirt