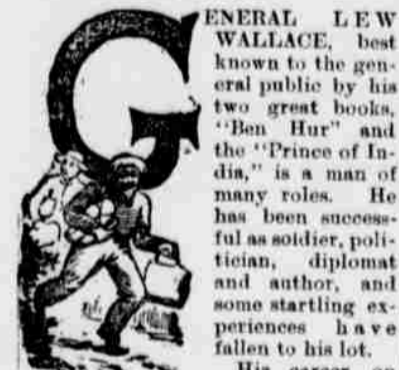


THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Fast room for two, not too much room;  
I took her in all snug and warm;  
I'm conscious of her hair's perfume  
And of the nearness of her arm.  
I shake the lines out free and gay,  
The sleigh bells chime and we're away.  
Across the crisp and glittering snow,  
Leaving behind the city street,  
Its garish glare and noise, we go  
Into the darkness still and sweet  
And here and there a household gleam  
Flits by us in a flying dream.  
How speed the horses gayly driven!  
The sleigh bells clatter silvery mirth,  
And every star is white in heaven  
And every field is white on earth.  
How dark the brightness seems, how bright  
The darkness of the winter night!  
We pass the open road like wind,  
But in the dim and shadowy lanes  
Our wild pace slackens, and I find  
One hand enough to hold the reins;  
And, somehow, when I try to speak,  
My words are kisses on her cheek.  
Ah, life is fair in many ways,  
And full of dear, enchanting hours!  
And love is sweet in summer days,  
Mid blossoming paths and sylvan bowers;  
But let me choose, all bliss above,  
A sleigh ride with the girl I love.  
—St. Louis Republic.

LEW WALLACE'S FOE.



GENERAL LEW WALLACE, best known to the general public by his two great books, "Ben Hur" and the "Prince of India," is a man of many roles. He has been successful as a soldier, politician, diplomat and author, and some startling experiences have fallen to his lot.

His career on the battlefield, his life in Turkey, when he was Minister to Constantinople, and his later triumphs in the world of literature have all gone to make up an eventful record, and they have all been so often recounted in the public prints that it would seem that every incident of his life would be familiar to those who keep themselves posted on the careers of public men. Yet there is one ordeal through which General Wallace passed, and which he will probably never forget, that has escaped the vigilance of the scribes. It is, probably, not generally remembered that General Wallace was once Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, but it is a fact that in 1880, and for a year or so after that, he occupied the former palace of the Captains-General of Spain, in the historic old town of Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was the chief executive of the Territory, by appointment of President Garfield, and it was during his administration that he fell under the ban of an assassin, and was given very good reason to believe that he would have to look down the ugly barrel of a forty-five-calibre revolver, and to defend his life as best he might.

The Governor's enemy was no less a personage than the then illustrious "Billy the Kid," than whom no man had ever excited more terror on the frontier or given better ground for the dread in which he was held. He had perpetrated murder after murder and there were few crimes of which he was not believed to be capable. He boasted that he had killed more men than he was years of age and would shoot a man if he felt so disposed, "just to see him kick."

After "Billy the Kid" had been carrying things with a high hand for a long time Governor Wallace offered a reward for his capture. It proved a tempting bait to the "gun fighters" and officers of the law in the Territory. There were plenty of men among them who did not shrink from a hunt through the mountain fastnesses, even after such formidable game as this border bully, and the result of the Governor's offer was that after a most exciting pursuit "Billy the Kid" was surrounded by overwhelming numbers and forced to surrender. He was taken to Santa Fe and removed thence to Lincoln County to answer a charge of murder.

Enraged at having been trapped, the outlaw swore that if ever he regained his liberty he would kill three men. One was a judge who had once passed sentence upon him, one was Pat Garrett of Lincoln County, who had been conspicuously active in effecting his capture, and the third was Governor Lew Wallace.

"After I have settled accounts with those three men," said the desperado, "I will be willing to surrender and be hanged. When I get out I will ride into Santa Fe, hitch my horse in front of the Palace and walk in and put a bullet through Lew Wallace."

This seemed idle boasting at the time, because there appeared to be not the remotest possibility of the prisoner's escape. He was in the custody of Sheriff Garrett in the County Jail at Lincoln, and the Sheriff, besides being a cool, courageous and reliable man, had every incentive to be watchful of his charge. It was thought a pretty sure thing that Garrett would never let the "Kid" go, and Governor Wallace felt fairly secure in his office away off in Santa Fe.

Garrett appointed as guards over the "Kid" Bob Ollinger and John Bell. They were his personal friends, both big, burly six-footers, who towered over their diminutive prisoner. In addition to this physical superiority over him, they counted themselves his equals when it came to a fair and square gun-fight. If any one had told them that the "Kid" would outwit them and escape they would have laughed at the very thought of it.

For months the "Kid" was as docile as a kitten. The guards became used to him, then familiar and then friendly. He seemed to have forgotten that they had helped to cage him and were his custodians, and as time passed the trio became boon companions. The guards laughed at the "Kid's" stories of his exploits, played cards with him during their long watches and would often remove one of the "cuffs" from his wrist, so that he could manipulate his cards or ply knife and fork at meal times. Whenever this was done both handcuffs were fastened to the right wrist, and thus locked in a cell with one of his stalwart guards the little cutthroat was safe enough.

Ollinger and Bell took turns at watching in the jail and relieved each other to go to dinner. One day when Ollinger had gone across the street to a restaurant Bell took the "Kid" from his cell to an up-stair's room in the little two-story adobe jail. He put some food on a table for him and then unfastened the left cuff and locked it on the prisoner's right wrist.

The "Kid" sat down and began to eat without the slightest apparent concern. While he was munching the coarse prison fare Bell strode restlessly up and down the room. He wore no coat and his heavy revolver protruded from the holster attached to his cartridge belt. Each time he walked the room he passed within two feet of where the "Kid" sat, and once when he came within reach the "Kid," with the quickness of a cat, leaped from his chair and dealt him a rap on the head with the handcuffs. Bell staggered under the blow, and before he could recover the "Kid" had snatched the revolver from the holster and sent a bullet through Bell's body. The guard tottered and fell and in a few moments was dead.

Ollinger was across the street and had, no doubt, heard the shot. The outlaw seized a double-barreled shotgun and ran out on the front balcony. Already Ollinger had crossed the street. He had come on the run, but before his foot struck the steps he fell with a load of buckshot in his heart. The murderer walked carelessly down the stairs, stepped over Ollinger's prostrate form and strutted down the street with the revolver and shotgun in his hands. A blacksmith was shoeing a horse in a neighboring shop, and "Billy the Kid" easily persuaded him to desist, then mounted and rode out of town at a walk, saying just before he started: "Now for the Governor."

The news of the escape quickly reached Santa Fe, and Governor Wallace's friends became very uneasy lest the "Kid" should carry out his threat. The Governor himself was not entirely tranquil in the circumstances. It is one thing to face an enemy on the open field and quite another to have a treacherous foe dogging one's footsteps.

Brave as Governor Wallace had shown himself to be, he recognized the danger and prepared to meet it. At that time he had already begun "Ben Hur," and used to sit for hours in his office each day engaged upon the absorbing work. From the day upon which "Billy the Kid" escaped from the Lincoln County Jail, a close observer entering the office might have detected lying on the table, partially hidden among papers and scraps of manuscript, the glint of a pistol, for the Governor was never without one while he knew that his arch-enemy was at large.

The people of Santa Fe were well aware that the head of the Territorial Government was preparing for war, for every morning about 7 o'clock the sharp crack of a revolver being fired rapidly resounded from the corral in the rear of the gubernatorial residence. It soon became known that it was Governor Wallace improving himself as a pistol shot preparatory to an impromptu duel with "Billy the Kid." A figure had been marked on the adobe wall of the corral, and the Governor filled it full of holes. He became so expert that he could knock an imaginary eye out of the figure at twenty paces. He made no bones of the matter and, in fact could be easily seen from the adjoining houses.

During the weeks which elapsed before the termination of this period of suspense Pat Garrett was in hot pursuit of "Billy the Kid." It was a most remarkable and exciting chase. The whole Territory was deeply intent upon it, and news of the whereabouts of the two men was eagerly looked for. Governor Wallace repeatedly said to the writer: "When those two men meet one or both of them will bite the dust."

He was right. The announcement finally came from Fort Sumner that Garrett had forever rid the country of the "Kid." He had tracked him to the house of Pete Maxwell, near Fort Sumner, and, concealing himself in one of the rooms, had fired one shot at his man. That shot passed through the desperado's heart and he fell dead in his tracks.

Governor Wallace breathed easier, and the next night a reporter found tall, muscular Pat Garrett waiting with a four-foot Mexican girl in a dance hall at Santa Fe.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Curious Titles of Books.

"Some Fine Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church," is the comprehensive title of a curious old religious controversial work dating from the time of the British Reformation. Other expressive titles of works of a similar nature are: "Matches Lighted at the Divine Fire," "The Gun of Penitence," "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary," "The Bank of Faith," "Six Pennyworth of Divine Spirit," "The Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and "The Sparrows of the Spirit."

MEXICAN "SPORT."

POPULAR CELEBRATION OF A FEAST DAY IN JUAREZ.

Bull Fighting as It Appears to the American—Great Crowds and Uninterrupted Gambling—Scenes in a Bull Ring.



On December 8 the Feast of the Concepcion is celebrated in Mexico, and for the three weeks following, writes George Foster Platt in the Denver News, La Senora de Guadalupe is revered in a manner characteristic of the people of the southern republic. For months the peons have been saving from their beggarly earnings to acquire an amount of money sufficient to enable them to eat, drink, gamble and see the bull fights; all elements of the holiday feasting.

The morning of the 8th dawns, and in sombreros of straw or felt, high crowned and wide brimmed, some heavy with silver braid; wrapped in blankets of brilliant hues, for at this season the air is chill to their sun-parched bodies, the men gather at Ciudad Juarez from all the country round about. Some are on horses, some in lumbering carts, but the greater number are on foot. The women, with their black locks smoothed close down to their heads, and with shawls of black, purple or yellow surmounting the folds of calico dresses, straggle into the city behind the men. In their ears hang gypsy like hoops of brass, and dark eyes sparkle from sometimes pretty faces, artificially whitened with cosmetics. As they pass the air is redolent with musk and often the blue smoke of a tiny papalito curls from full, red lips. There is little noise, few sounds of laughter, but a tension of nerves, a glitter of eyes, denotes anticipation of excitements to come.

At all the street corners are stands, presided over by wrinkled, brown, old men and women, where sweet cakes, sugared pastries, fruits and confections are for sale. Within low doorways there are glimpses to be caught of crude barrooms, where are displayed temptingly rows of bottles containing frey liquors—tequila, aguardiente and pulque. At the doors of butchers hang dark red cuts of meat, the color betraying long exposure. In the grocers' shops there is lively trade in cornmeal and chile, the basis of the National dishes, such as tamales, tamales and chile-con-carne. Garlic, too, is ready in abundance to lend additional flavor to the highly seasoned mixtures.

It is not in the shops of the merchants that excitement runs highest. Up beyond the plaza, where stands a bust of General Juarez, is the square cornered, flat-roofed, cross-surmounted church; so close by as to seem under the protection of its sanctity are the gambling booths and the bull ring.

As the bill on which the church stands is climbed, strains of music are heard, and the cadences are soft and sweet, but with a movement that inspires the feet of the Mexicans to pat



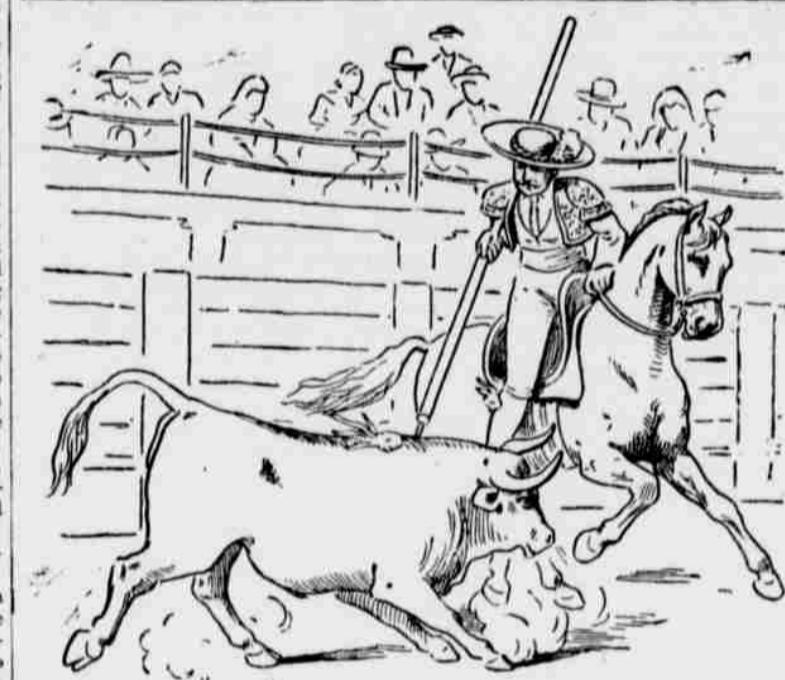
TORREADOR.

the time, as if ready at any moment to swing into a dance of wild abandon. Through the undulations of the melody hoarse cries are heard and an undertone of excited conversation. The sounds come from the groups about many gambling tables standing in the very shade of the church. Here a dealer calls off the names of strangely decorated cards as he pays them out one by one from the pack he holds to rows of buttons on the table. The players place three on fac similes of the figures on the cards until the winner gets three in a row. It is a Mexican modification, surrounded with a Spanish color scheme of green and red, of the game of keno. Just beyond this is a long line of tables where the jingling of little brass bells fastened to leather cups, wherein are three dice, indicates the progress of monte, the National gambling game. Piles of silver, paper and copper money are before the dealers, black-browed, vicious-featured men, for the most part. On the painted "lay-out" other piles of coins show where the bets are placed. The dice rattle;

the gamblers call to entice the hesitating; the cup is lifted, and jubilant "Buenos," or wicked "Carajos," fall from the lips of winners or losers. Still farther away from the church, under a shed, a crowd sits on ties of benches above a big concave disk, in which are placed a number of cup-shaped pieces of metal radiating from a clear space about a centre post. The player sends eight little ivory balls spinning around the circumference of the disk, and as their momentum increases, they roll, one by one, between the metal obstacles and into the centre, or are caught in the cups. The player has bet on an odd or even number of balls to reach the centre, and as the number that lodges there tallies or not with his bet he wins or loses at the "square" game of "Las Cluzas."

Men and women alike play at all the games, and red lips utter mild caram-bas as easily as coarser, monstached ones mutter "Muerte de Dios." The silver braided coat of the vaquero contrasts vividly with the black cloak of the man of higher estate as they sit side by side on the same rude bench. Justice and desperado touch hands as they place bets at the monte tables. "Love levels all pranks," and so does gambling, but nowhere is the fact surer than at the booths erected for the Fiesta de Guadalupe.

The music ceases in front of the bull ring, and there is a general movement toward the circle of seats. Prices for seats differ according to location, those covered and grada de sombra, that is, in the shade, are presumably preferable, though the chill in the air renders the question open to discussion. One dollar apiece is the price for such seats, and if the American who wishes to see a bull fight at Juarez is wary, he will provide himself with a Mexican dollar before he crosses the Rio Grande from El Paso, paying for it at the bullion value of the coin. This year it cost but fifty-six cents to obtain a shady seat, but the Mexican gatekeeper would have given no change had an American dollar been presented.



A BULL CHARGING TON A PICADOR.

The crowd pours in through the gates. A detachment of Mexican soldiers is marshalled up to the ring, and seated in the sun with the peons. They are unarmed, and wear high shakas, covered with pure white cloth, an excellent mark to guide a bullet. In their seats under the tawdy decorated stand of the judge of the bull-fight, the hand again plays soft, southern music. Through all the aisles pass vendors of fruits and sweets, crying their wares lustily and cadencing the last syllables in absurd drawing intonations. Cigars and cigarettes are everywhere lighted, and faces shine in expectation of the coming combats.

The judge, an old man, bearded and wrinkled, mounts to his stand. There is a pause and then he waves his hand in signal. A trumpet sounds a gay fanfare, and on the opposite side of the sand-carpeted ring, double doors are thrown open and out from the depths beyond march the bull-fighters. They are splendid specimens of men, strongly built, lithe and graceful in bearing; gay in brightly colored garments, heavily trimmed with silver braid, all save the torreador, whose garniture is of gold, they present a strange contrast of splendor and development to the slow moving, dirty peons on the benches above their heads. Six of the bull-fighters are on foot—the torreador, and matadores; two are on horseback, the picadores, who carry strong lances with sharpened pieces of steel at their tips.

With military precision the cortege moves to the centre of the ring, and, turning to face the judge, take off their round black hats with netted tassels hanging from either side, and present them at arm's length in salute. Turning about, and marching to the other side of the ring, the same salute is tendered the people on the benches. Again there is a musical blast from the trumpet, and, at the signal, torreador, matadores and picadores take stations about the circle; the picadores to the left of a door a quarter way around the ring from the point where the entry has been made. Once more the trumpet sounds, and amid clapping of hands and cries of delight the bull is freed. For days he has been tantalized and rendered as wild as possible. As the door behind which he waits is unfastened, a piece of steel, barbed like a fishhook, to which is attached streamers of different hues papers, is driven into his back, and, smarting with the sharp pain, the bull's entrance is a wild rush for freedom.

For an instant the bull stands in the centre of the ring, imagining himself

at liberty, but it is for no longer than an instant, for a matador springs close to him and tauntingly sweeps a flame colored cloak before the beast's eyes. Enraged at finding himself still beset by tormentors and at sight of the hated color, the bull makes a vicious lunge to overtake the matador, only to be gracefully dodged and to have another red cloak flaunted before him from another quarter. One after another the matadores taunt the animal until he is crazed. He strikes wickedly with his horns at the barriers erected at four points in the ring, behind which the bull-fighters seek refuge when too closely pressed. He bellows and foam flakes from his mouth. Ready to accomplish anything to secure liberty, he glances around and before his eyes appears his natural enemy, a man on horseback, the picador who, until this moment has kept himself in the background. With a snort of rage the bull dashes toward the horse and rider, and for an instant, notwithstanding the shield of leather about the horse's breast and neck, it appears as if the ugly horns must do their deadly work, and rip and gore the milder animal. The picador knows well the danger of his steel and of himself, and awaiting the proper time he directs a blow with his lance at the bull's back, and holds him by sheer strength until the pain of the stab causes him to turn and once again attack the matador, who laughs in derision at the futility of the attacks.

The work of the picadores done, they retire from the ring, and a matador springs to the centre bearing the banderillas, or rods covered with bright colored papers and rosettes, and tipped with fishhook barbs. He rises on tiptoe, and waves the banderillas invitingly to the bull, who snorts and paws the ground. Lowering his head, the beast darts at the banderillero, who steps lightly aside. Again the bull eyes his antagonist, but before he can prepare to make a rush, the banderillero springs toward him, and for a brief instant is almost with-

would have been exposed, they would have glorified, and the end and aim every Mexican seeks at a bull fight would have been accomplished; blood



PLACING THE BANDERILLAS.

would have been shed profusely, and horrors more serious happening than the wounding of a horse, popular verdict pronounced it a tame affair. As it occurred, it was not a beautiful sight, nor even a thoroughly interesting one to American eyes. There was a picturesque novelty, and a rare exhibition of skill, but the death blow of the matador brought up recollections of a shambles. Had the bulls been truly ferocious, there might have been more of interest, but until the last one was brought in, it was evident that the animals produced had been in the ring before. They fought shy of sharp points, and even, at times, refused the challenges offered by the red cloaks. When the bulls decline to fight, veritable and intense excitement showed itself among the spectators. "Otro torro! Otro torro!" they cried, and, obedient to their demand, another bull was brought into the ring. There have been revolutions in Mexico that turned old governments out and new ones in, because the bulls that were furnished for fights refused to put themselves in harm's way. All the bulls used at Juarez were advertised to have come from Samalayuca, a noted ranch in the interior.

A novelty presented during the last contest, when a two-year-old showed himself a novice and offered real fight, was when Mme. Rodriguez, wife of the torreador, rode into the arena, mounted on a superb chestnut horse, and took the place of the banderillero. Clad in sweeping robes of wine-colored velvet, her trained steed prancing beneath her, "La Charrita," as she lovingly is called, was a picture not soon to be forgotten. Riding as if she and her horse were one, her dark cheeks flushing with excitement, she won the hearts of all. When waving gracefully the banderillas, the reins resting loose on the horse's neck, she suddenly dashed by and struck the barbs into the bull's back, the admiration of the crowd knew no bounds. Hats were thrown into the ring, and cheers and shouts went up in compliment of her skill and fearlessness. Kissing her hands to right and left, she returned to her post, and again performed the dangerous feat. Then the grave judge raised his hat in token of praise, and the banderillero's face beamed with perfect satisfaction.

Stylish Winter Outdoor Costume.

Costume in cardinal-faced Astakhan cloth. Bodice with basque and deep revers, trimmed with Astrakhan. Shirt full and short, edged with Astrakhan.



and with tabs of wide military braid. Narrow bands of Astrakhan down the seams. Bonnet in cardinal velvet, with Astrakhan introduced into the velvet loops. Osprey and large pins of finely cut jet.—New York World.

Helped Steal From Himself.

A farmer living near Perth, Fulton County, helped steal his own hog the other night. He was awakened from his sleep in the middle of the night and asked by two men to assist them in loading a hog which had tumbled out of the crate in their wagon. He willingly gave a helping hand and then returned to quiet slumbers. The next morning he went to feed his porker, but there was no porker to feed. It then dawned upon him that he had helped load his own hog in the wagon the night before.—Montgomery (Cal.) Reporter.

It is an axiom of international law that the child takes the nationality of its father, and, under this axiom, the courts have held that persons born abroad of American parents are natural born citizens.—United States.