

SUNRISE.

The colors of the morning spread,
O'er all the eastern sky.

EL CAPITAN ORDINARIO.

BY FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE.

If a stenographer had taken verbatim notes of Esteban Garcia's daily conversation he would have had considerable practice in writing the adjectives "magnifico" and "ordinario."

Nature had intended him to be ordinary himself. His name was as multifarious in Spain as Smith is in America.

His parents were humble peasants in the province of Madrid. His education had been very superficial, and he had never been taught good manners.

He had brought a giant balloon, and a model of a flying-machine to this country. This last contrivance was propelled by an electric motor.

While his petition was going slowly through the rounds of governmental red-tape he went to board at Mrs. Otero's.

There was a clever young lady in the boarding-house whose name was May Sheffield. She contributed articles to the Washington journals, and was so bright and vivacious that she at once excited the Spaniard's interest.

At one time the gossip had asserted that Robert Stoddard would marry Miss Sheffield. He was her editor, and was a man of admirable character.

He was shrewd enough to appreciate Miss Sheffield's talents and to make use of them. He had many schemes for enriching himself, and he discussed his plans with her.

He resented to marry May Sheffield. Previous to meeting her he had intended to marry some rich woman, but he believed that this girl had talents that would be as valuable to him as gold.

He wanted this attention directed to him. He hungered and thirsted for notoriety and believed she would be a reliable advertising medium for him as soon as their interests were identical.

appreciate her eyes, her soft complexion, her perfect mouth? Garcia rejoiced when he reflected that he had routed the American from the field.

"Do you know that this is true?" he asked. "It is a rule of this office to print nothing that cannot be verified."

"This story can easily be verified," she answered. "I had it from Senor Garcia when he was in the city."

"Oh, of course!" Stoddard remarked, laconically; "but I think I have heard it mentioned that people do not always tell the truth about their own exploits."

"You will regret your decision when you see this in some other paper," she persisted. "Why, even Rider Haggard's stories of adventure are tame when compared with Senor Garcia's life."

"Like the Baron Munchausen's, your own," Stoddard commented.

The biography was not offered to another editor, but was enlarged and printed in pamphlet form. Capt. Garcia proposed to give aerial exhibitions, and the pamphlets were to be sold on these occasions.

"You had better get your money in advance," Stoddard said. "Flying is a risky business for any one but angels; and there may not be any second ascension. The first may put a stop to his soaring."

"I prefer to wait until he has been enriched by the gate money," Stoddard persisted. "Why should any one buy a ticket to enter an enclosure when he can sit on a neighboring fence and command a fine view of the spectacle?"

Nevertheless, many persons went inside the enclosure to see the captain and his balloon. Stoddard and Miss Sheffield among them. The aeronaut made the ascent while the band played.

All among the little stars, sailing round the moon. Stoddard bought one of the pamphlets to read at his leisure. He had given the biography but cursory notice at his office, but his interest in it had increased.

her broke he had learned, even if it broke her heart. She probably would not believe him, and she would not cordially for his interference. And while there was a faint hope of saving her from being snared by an adventurer he must tell her the truth.

He did not find her, but instead found Mrs. Otero in tears. Both the aeronaut and the young lady had moved from the house. Miss Sheffield had gone that morning, and the Spaniard had surreptitiously removed his luggage the night before.

Before the editor reached her side she was accosted by an unpleasant-looking man in seamy garments. He had a cunning, almost crafty expression, and his manner was significant of secrecy.

"Do not send it," he said, sternly. "Do nothing before I have talked with you. I have something of terrible importance to tell you."

He had drawn her arm through his, and he had half leading, half dragging her from the place, when with her disengaged hand she again offered the man the paper.

"If you take any action now you will regret it all your life," Stoddard's tones were so low that she alone could hear them, but she disregarded his words.

"I know that you will regret it all your life," Stoddard's tones were so low that she alone could hear them, but she disregarded his words.

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Judging from Looks—A Warning—A False Alarm—A Mournful Accomplishment.

Little Eddie (to his papa)—Papa, here comes a policeman. Papa (a bank cashier)—What! Here? Little Eddie—No, he's walking past the house.

Papa (resuming his paper)—You little imp! The next time you see an officer pass the house, keep it to yourself.—[Epoch.]

Hicks (closing the book)—Ah, well, it's never too late to mend! Mrs. Hicks (snappishly)—No, not when you've got as many children as I have!

Send me a single rose to tell your love," she said. And he replied, "I think I'll send a note instead. For note and postage cost but one small dime, while roses cost to-day just twice their weight in gold."

"Rather odd wedding, isn't it? The groom seems to be alone, while the bride has her father, mother, and all the rest of her family here. What's his name?" "I don't know, but if looks go for anything I think it is Dennis."—[Philadelphia Times.]

Gushington—You are the light of my life. Alicia—Don't blow so much about me or you'll put me out. THE PALE FACE AND THE ABORIGINE.

A pale face from the East effete Went wandering into the West. His stock of firearms was complete, But his heart throbb'd wildly in his breast.

Best man (at church wedding)—Gee Whittaker! You adde patted old apology! What in creation are you tolling the bell for?

She—One swallow does not make a spring. But several of them frequently occasion a fall!

"Goodness gracious, what is that?" he cried, starting from the table as a noise like a cyclone working piece-work shook the house.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Said Willy, in manner quite chipper; But when he gave lip to his mother there were No slips 'twixt the slipper and lipper."

Daggett—Hello, Cutting, did you meet any glorious "turn-outs" in the Park this afternoon? Cutting—Oh, yes, a sleigh full of pretty girls capsized.—[New York Herald.]

Magistrate—What is your name? Prisoner—Smizz. Magistrate—I want your full name. Prisoner's Friend—That's his full name, Your Worship. When he's sober his name is Smith.

Mrs. Spriggs—How careful your little boy is of his health! My boy is constantly running out in all sorts of weather, without overcoat or overboots, no matter what it is. How do you manage?

FISHING IN THE ARCTIC.

When the Fish Are Pulled Out They Instantly Freeze Solid.

Wherever there is a level field of this season's ice, inclosed by lines of hummocks, the fish are sure to be plenty. Such a field as this, about half a mile long, practically afforded a living to a great number of the people in the village during the season of 1883, because that year the ice was very unfavorable for sealing, and food was very scarce in the village.

The fishing is carried on mostly by the women and children, though one or two old men generally go out, and one or two of the younger men, when they cannot go sealing and food is wanted at the house, will join the fishing party.

Each fisherman is provided with a long-handled hook, which he frequently leaves sticking in the snow. The fishing ground, a long line made of strips of whalebone, reeled lengthwise on a slender wooden shuttle about 18 inches long, and provided with a copper spring and two pear-shaped "jigs" of walrus ivory, armed with four barbed hooks of copper and a scoop or dipper made of reindeer antlers, with a wooden handle about two feet long.

As soon as a fisherman feels a fish on his hook he catches up a bit of the line with his scoop and another belt with his reel, and thus reels up the line on these two sticks in loose coils until the fish is brought to the surface.

It was at the Zoo. A gentleman was there with his daughter. He had once suddenly disappeared for about three years from society simultaneously with certain court proceedings over a broken bank.

Oh! come over here, papa, and see the beautiful zebra. "No, darling," he answered, "I can't stand the sight of the stripes. I am troubled with astigmatism of the eyes, you know."—[Philadelphia Times.]

"Please give me a penny, Sir? Me father's sick." "What's he sick of, little boy?" "Work, Sir," replied the truthful beggar.—Epoch.

In his historical collections of Georgia, White mentions the unearthing in 1832, by a party of gold miners, of a buried village of log cabins, on Duke's creek, near Mount Yonah.

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During the past year 914 steamships brought to this port from Europe 99,890 cabin passengers and 371,593 steerage passengers. This, with the exception of the year 1883, is the largest number of immigrants landing at the port of New York.

The steamships that arrived from European ports are: 45 from the Baltic, 237 from Hamburg and Bremen, 62 from Mediterranean, 403 from Liverpool and Queenstown, 26 from London, 97 from Glasgow and Moville, 50 from Rotterdam and Amsterdam, 55 from Antwerp, and 55 from Havre and Bordeaux.

The immigration during 1890 was principally from Eastern Europe, and when the report of the Commissioner of Immigration is published it will show that there has been an immense increase of immigrants from Russia, Austria and Italy, nearly all of whom went into the mining districts.

Count Herisson, in the last volume of his "Memoires," gives his new account of the fatal illness of Napoleon III, and its termination. The Emperor was suffering, as is known, from stone in the bladder. In January, 1873, his return to France and the restoration of the Em-

THE MOQUI SNAKE DANCE.

Ghost Dancing is Sedateness Itself in Comparison with It.

"Benjamin Brink, Moqui, Ariz.," was written on the register at the Palmer House yesterday by a robust-looking man of 60, somewhat stoop-shouldered.

"From what I have heard of the 'ghost dance,'" said Mr. Brink, "I cannot see if it should stir up such a row. The 'snake dance,' I believe, is ten times more exciting, and the Zuni, Navajo and Moqui Indians on the reservation near Phoenix have been making a perfect frenzy during its progress, but never think of molesting the whites."

"It is part of their religion, though, and if any attempt were made to stop it I believe there would be bloodshed. The dance takes place once in two years. The last one was celebrated in July. Preparations were made several weeks before it came, and it was as anxious to be a spectator, as they were a stranger or wilder ceremony I never saw. I hope I shall never see it again. The dance took place just before sundown, and I got upon a high ledge where I could get a good view. The space allowed for the dance was not large, and the enclosures were made of Indian reeds to walk in their slippers around a huge stone in the center of the enclosure. They were almost naked, and every part of their bodies, even to their feet, was smeared with a red and green paint. Each man had a fox's scalp dangling from his waist, and in each hand carried a rattle made of a horn filled with pebbles, which he swung around his ankles and wrists, and the sound and movement of the arm noise enough was made to wake the dead."

"The snakes to be used in the dance had been caught several days before the fete, and just before the dance had been placed in a cluster of trees beneath where stood. After the men had yelled till they were hoarse, the Indians were themselves tired with stamping on the ground, fifty more painted redskins came rushing down a hill, filed into the enclosure, and then began such a tumult as I never want to hear again. At a given signal the sixty-five now thoroughly frantic men made a rush for the grove where the snakes were hidden. Each man came rushing back with a writhing and squirming snake, its neck between his teeth so it could not bite him, re-entered the ring, and began a slow walk around the center stone. The reptiles hissed and dashed their tails at bodies around them, and the apparently mad red-men. Several of them were bitten by the snakes, but were the most venomous in the country. It was wonderful all of the performers were not bitten. Two of them died in a day or two after the dance, the herbs applied not being sufficient to draw out the poison."

"After the ceremony each man snatched his snake from his mouth, ran down into the valley below, and there the reptiles were again put to rest. The men were thoroughly exhausted after their violent exercise and could scarcely crawl back up the hill. From what I could learn such ceremonies as the 'snake dance' have been held for centuries."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Ants as Surgeons. Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method of fighting is by biting, says the New York Examiner.

They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after their legs have been bitten off by one another. Sometimes six or eight ants will bite with a powerful grip to another ant, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of the ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains.

This knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians, who put the ants to very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewed together, as physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and holding their heads near the gash they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together.

Tigers Braver Than Lions. One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion, said a well-known showman, we placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn the attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took a puff and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den.—[Boston Transcript.]

A Judicial Irish Bull. The following anecdote of a minor light of the Irish breed, though not precisely a "bull" pure and simple, belongs more or less to that fertile family. A wife had suffered untold cruelties at the hands of a barbarous husband, and in self-defense she "took the law of him," but just before the trial she relented, and told the Judge she wished to leave the punishment and the case to God.

"I regret, my good woman," replied the great official, "that situation is not so important."—[London World.]

If you don't know whether a thing is wrong or not, notice who endorses it.