

## RIDES VICIOUS BRONCOS.

But McGinty at Last Met More Than His Master.

HE HAS A CRUSHED LEG.

How He Lost His Seat But Did Not Lose His Nerve—McGinty Was One of the Most Modest of the Rough Riders.

The bucking bronco of the West is more dangerous than Spanish bullets, according to William McGinty, who has had experience of both. McGinty was one of the famous band of Rough Riders who charged up San Juan Hill on a certain memorable occasion nearly two years ago. More recently he has been engaged nightly in charging up the miniature San Juan Hill in Madison Square Garden, New York, along with the other troopers and cowboys of the "Wild West" show. At present he is laid up with a crushed leg, as the result of a close range engagement with one of the prize "buckers" of the outfit.

McGinty was not thrown. The horse has yet to come out of Texas that can unseat the diminutive trooper once he gets his leg over the saddle. This particular animal, however, being full of original ideas, as well as a devil incarnate, thought to rid himself of his unwelcome rider by a flying side-wise leap. In the course of this side leap he brought up against the side fence of the arena. McGinty's leg was between the wall and the horse. One bone was snapped short off, and the other was crushed. The little man did his "turn," rode the four footed catapult across the arena and then slid



(A Tough Customer).

out of the saddle close to the side wall so that the audience might not see that he was injured. That is, McGinty's way of doing things.

Although the most silent and unassuming man in the Rough Riders, McGinty probably had a wider circle of friends among the members of the regiment than any other man who was in the ranks. He found favor with his comrades while they were drilling at San Antonio by the characteristic humor of a reply that he made to Colonel Leonard Wood.

The cowboys of the regiment were more accustomed to the saddle than to walking, and they found difficulty in keeping step. McGinty was a particularly ardent offender, and at length the commander directed a particularly sharp query in his direction, asking him if he could not possibly keep in step with the other men.

"I'm afraid I can't, sir," said McGinty, saluting respectfully; "but if you'll give me a horse I can keep step with the best of them."

McGinty is a representative of a rapidly disappearing profession—that of the "bronco buster." No man who has not tried to remain for two minutes atop one of the genuine "man-killers" of the Western plains can realize what that means. "Major" Burke, who is an authority on the subject, says that men in that business do not last for more than a dozen years on the average. Aside from his present serious injury, McGinty is still strong and wiry, but at different periods of his career he has had a dozen or more individual and separate bones broken in the course of his encounters.

"It isn't a business a man would naturally pick out," said McGinty, in discussing his occupation, "but I sort of drifted into it. I started out as a cow puncher, and, of course, it was a part of our work to break the range horses to saddle. When they found out that I could stick onto a bucking pretty well they gave me harder and harder ones to try. That's the way I got into the work. I rode broncos all along the Pecos River. I rode 413 in one year that I kept account of. You never can tell what one of these 'outlaws,' as we call them down in Texas, may do. The one that smashed my leg the other night has a trick of shutting his eyes tight and making a wild leap. That was the way he ran into the wall. Of course the buckers used are the very worst that can be obtained. They all have records and are bought for that purpose. They get worse instead of better as time goes on, as a general rule. The horse I was just speaking of had only been mounted once before the other night, so I am not predicting what he may accomplish before he gets through with me."

McGinty said this as though he were talking about the weather. But McGinty is not theatrical or spectacular. He is one of the everyday heroes.

A nugget taken from one of the Joplin, Mo., zinc mines the other day weighed an even ton. This sparkler was principally of zinc ore, trimmed in calcite, pink spar and cubes of galena.

## TRAVERS' GOAT.

It Ate the Horse's Tail and Strained Friendship.

Henry Travers and Otto Koop, who lives a few doors away, have long been the closest friends. But now they never speak as they pass by, and 'tis all owing to Travers' goat and Koop's long-tailed bay mare.

The bay mare had a tail that reached the ground, and the goat attached that was indiscriminating and only limited by his ambulatory and reaching powers. But the horse's tail, instead of sweeping the floor as of yore, is now but a jagged bunch of hair, a foot and a half from the ground.

The facts in the case are somewhat hazy, but Mr. Koop says: "My heart is almost broken. Why, the tail of that horse was the best part of it. I wouldn't have taken \$500 for that mare, but now look at it! That confounded goat of Travers' had to come in here and chew off her tail and disfigure the finest looking horse in Toledo. Why in heaven's name didn't Travers feed his old billy goat so that he would stay at home instead of trespassing around chewing up horses' tails. It's a blamed shame, and I'm going down town to see a lawyer friend of mine and see if I can't get damages. No; the mare ain't much of a runner or trotter, but you just ought to have seen that tail. I'll kick a lung out of that goat if I get a chance."

"Kick a lung out of my goat, will he?" indignantly snorted Mr. Travers when told what Koop had said. "Just let him try it. Damages? Fiddlesticks! How is he to sue me? I didn't eat the tail. Why doesn't he keep his stable door closed if he is so particular?"—Toledo News.

## Regard For His Reputation.

Lemuel Gulliver was strolling about town one day during his visit to the Brobdingnagians, when one of the court nobles accosted him.

"Mr. Gulliver," he said, "are there any people on earth as small as you are?"

"Sir," returned Gulliver, straightening himself up to his full height, "there are people compared with whom I look like a Chicago policeman. They live in Lill—but what's the use? You would not believe me, and if there is one thing I cannot bear it is to have anybody doubt my word." Hereupon he took out his notebook and furtively jotted down a few more facts about Brobdingnag.—Chicago Record.

## Not Needed.

American Statesman (to Porto Rican): "The arrangement is altogether for your benefit. You will not have to pay any duty on the goods we send to you. Consequently, you will get them cheap. And we only put enough tariff on our products to keep them from coming into ruinous competition with the products of our own manufacturers. Don't you see?"

Porto Rican: "But how about our manufacturers?"

American Statesman: "Oh, you won't have any; they are already petering out!"—Chicago Tribune.

## The Modern Murder.

"Oh, why," moaned the hapless victim, "did you kill me?"

"Because I am of unsound mind, of course," retorted the assassin, brusquely.

For this was no time to be asking questions which in the light of events a casual knowledge of contemporary jurisprudence answered themselves.

## Why?

He: "Why are women afraid of mice; the little things can't hurt them?"

She: "Why are men afraid of pink dragons and green snakes that they think they see in their boots sometimes? The things are only imaginary, and they know they can't hurt them."—New York World.

## The Evidence of a Bill.

"A man with a bill," announced the court chamberlain.

The king was visibly affected.

"He must be a bird," exclaimed his majesty, thinking of the rigorous measures he had taken to prevent creditors approaching the royal person.—Detroit Journal.

## Would Have Been Hard on Her.

"I wish I had studied law," she remarked, regretfully.

"It would have been a bitter experience for you," he answered.

"Why so?" she demanded.

"You would have had to let the Judge have the last word."—Chicago Post.

## Mean M's Scheme.

Bloobs: "Closest ought to be ashamed to teach his wife to play poker."

Sloobs: "Oh, there's method in his madness. He gives her an allowance, and then sits down and wins it all back."—Philadelphia Record.

## Great Chance For Him.

"I see by the newspapers," said the casual caller, "that there is a man in Canada with three lungs."

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" exclaimed the baseball fan, enthusiastically, "what a 'rooter' he would make, wouldn't he?"—Chicago Post.

## The Facts of the Case.

"I understand that Banker Bustupp was really the victim of people in whom he had placed confidence."

"I guess it is so. Poor man, he was more skinned against than skinning."—Indianapolis Press.

## PORTO RICAN SCHOOLS.

RAPID PROGRESS IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

Two Races Side by Side—The New Free Schools—American Teachers Have Shocked the Natives—A Word of Warning.

(Ponce, P. R., Correspondence.)

Through the schools and the church in every land come civilization. Reliable statistics from the Insular Board of Education show that only one in a hundred can read and write in the Island of Porto Rico; that there are 250,000 children without school privileges; that it will cost about \$2,000,000 to build the necessary school houses, and an annual expenditure of \$500,000 to maintain them.

In the city of Ponce there are several small schools still taught by Spanish teachers. The American school, which is the largest, has a commodious building, built for school



purpose by the Spanish Government. During the last fifteen months 300 pupils have been in attendance, with seven American teachers. The principal, a male teacher, has charge of the high school department, with about twenty pupils under his instruction. The remaining six teachers are young women, nearly all of them from the State of Virginia.

The teaching is entirely in English, or supposed to be, but I noticed the teachers seemed to speak fluently in Spanish occasionally, and that most of them had acquired the language by absorption or contact with the children.

The kindergarten class, numbering 50, were at their calisthenic exercises, something of great value to these people, as they never exercise in any way. The children are of slight build, keen and bright looking, decently clothed, fairly clean, and all wore shoes and stockings, a rare thing in this slipshod land.

The school building is very cool and airy, one story in height, with a court and large playground. The school is opened each morning with our national airs, which are sung with true vim and fervor. The listener feels a curious emotion as he listens to his "home songs" so dear, sung by these little people, and feels that through these miniature men and women are coming the future thoughts and forces that are to change this narrow, bigoted little island into broader and more intelligent living.

No young girl in Porto Rico goes to any place without a chaperon, and more often a dirty little plebeianity is the animated piece of humanity that is considered a safe escort for women grown. Such was the escort a young woman brought with her the other day who came to distribute supplies to the destitute. This diminutive specimen of human depravity was scarcely clothed and was seven years old, perhaps, sent out with this well-dressed girl of mature years to protect her—from what?

The present teachers have seen fit to walk about the streets without this important adjunct, have received their men friends and taken drives about the city with them, and otherwise conducted themselves as young women are wont to do in their native land; all of which shocked the senoritas, and more especially their mammams, the senoras.

A word to some of those young women contemplating coming to Porto Rico to teach may not be amiss.

It is always well to remember in going to a new country to assimilate one's self with existing customs. Teachers going to San Juan, Mayaguez or Ponce can make themselves fairly comfortable and acquire the language more readily by living with Spanish people. It is true, few Americans like native cooking, and if at all fastidious will become heartily sick of it. There are a few Americans who keep boarders and make life livable to their countrymen.

If a teacher is assigned to a country school she will in all probability be the only English-speaking person there; will get her mail semi-monthly, suffer tortures with the food, coffee and innumerable insects. To such a one I say: Don't under any circumstances drink water not boiled. Don't employ a native doctor, but bring a few simple remedies and a knowledge of their use. Don't bring a lot of silver and jewelry. You will be relieved of its care sooner or later. Don't fall to bring a chafing dish and a knowledge of its uses. Don't bring any warm clothing except the suit necessary for the journey. Linen skirts and shirt waists, with pretty muslins, are worn the year round. Don't accept invitations without proper chaperon.

## GOSSIP IN WASHINGTON.

Society Pleased Over the Prospect of a Veritable Palace.

(Washington Correspondence.)

Society in Washington is much interested in the new palace, not yet finished, of Mrs. R. H. Townsend, of Philadelphia. Before her marriage she was Mary Scott, a daughter of the late Colonel "Tom" Scott, of Pennsylvania Railroad fame. Her wealth runs up into the millions, and the mansion aforesaid will cost her about \$400,000. It will be nearly twice the size of the famous Letter house on Dupont Circle, being 125 feet in width and 123 in depth. Mrs. Townsend is building it, she says, for her young daughter, now seventeen years of age and almost ready to enter society. It will be the scene, doubtless, of some of the most gorgeous entertainments ever given at the national capital.

The front will be of Indiana limestone, having much the same effect as white marble, quarried at Bedford, in that state. There will be four stories, and the entire west wing will be occupied by a ballroom, by far the finest that has been seen in Washington.

Entering the great house, one will find himself in an immense stair hall, forty-six feet long by thirty-six feet wide, on the left of which will be a spacious reception room and a billiard room with two tables, one for billiards and the other for pool. On the right will be Mr. Townsend's own particular den, in which he might work if he were obliged to do so. As a matter of fact it will be his playground. All the rest of the space on this floor will be devoted to service purposes; that is, kitchen, scullery, servants' hall, man servants' rooms (the maids will be quartered upstairs), chef's cold room, laundry, drying room, etc. The establishment will employ about thirty-five servants, and a French chef will superintend the commissary department.

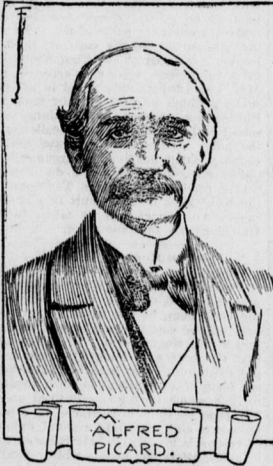
Even the servants in this establishment will enjoy every luxury. Each of them will have a room to himself or herself, with running water, and their bathrooms will be reserved for their own exclusive use. In all there will be fifteen bathrooms in the mansion. There will be an elevator, operated by electricity, so that nobody need walk upstairs unless so inclined. The apparatus, indeed, will be automatic, so that a person will only have to step aboard, touch the proper button, and find himself in a moment at the floor desired.

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Features of the Great Show—The Commissioner General (Paris Correspondence.)

One of the many beauties of the exposition and one of its permanent features, which will remain after the other ephemeral adornments of the magic city have passed away, is the Petit Palais. Compared to the Grand Palais, the Petit Palais is insignificant, but it will attract great attention, nevertheless, in spite of its being overshadowed by its greater rival, for were it alone by itself, it could not be considered a small building by any means, and it is in reality a perfect gem of architecture. Its proportions are harmonious in the extreme, and it carries with it an air of aristocratic elegance that seems to breathe the very spirit of old France—the France of the Louis, the France of olden chivalry and nobility.

With one exception the United States has the largest amount of space—210,000 square feet, partly in the heart of the exposition grounds and partly in the annex in the Bois de Vincennes. There will be five build-



ings in the main grounds and two in Vincennes. One national pavilion will be the only expensive building we will construct. This will be on the bank of the Seine, alongside the structures of about thirty other nations, with Austria on one side and Turkey on the other. In general this building bears a remote resemblance to Grant's tomb. In the porch, which opens on the Seine, there will be an equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded by a quadriga, representing the Goddess of Liberty in the Car of Progress. The main hall of the building will contain reception rooms for the different states.

Of course, the show is constantly compared with the World's Fair at Chicago, but comparisons are odious. It is both better and worse than that exposition. But all in all, the Paris fair is a marvel, and its success is largely due to the powerful executive force of M. Alfred Picard, the commissioner general of the exhibition.

## THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

HOW HE IS TAUGHT BY THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

He is a Fine Young Man of Thirty-One Years and It is Declared Will Make an Ideal King—Good Queen Margherita.

(Rome Correspondence.)

The life of King Umberto and Queen Margherita of Italy is spent so quietly in the almost monotonous fulfillment of their duties that they enjoy the privilege of having little or nothing said about them. Whether in the royal palace of the Quirinal, or in the villa at Monza, or in the shooting box among the crags of the Gran Paradiso, their habits are the same; early rising, frugal table, wholesome activity and the company of a few select friends. The King generally retires at 10 and the Queen about 11 o'clock.

The education of the Prince of Naples up to the age of 13 was intrusted to his mother. No more accomplished or loving mother could be found for him, mens sana in corpore sano being the end at which she successfully aimed. It is not through a short official audience that one can appreciate the full value of her accomplishments, no matter how deep an impression her beauty and grace may create.

What makes her a model wife, mother and Queen—the person, in short, to whom the education of the heir apparent could be intrusted with absolute guarantee of success—is not so much her learning, her command of the German, Italian, English, Spanish and French languages, her artistic instincts or her musical talent, as her courage and exquisite sense of honor and uprightness.

The education of the Prince of Naples has not been too indulgent. He was watched strictly, even in his behavior towards his playfellows.

After a boyish quarrel with one of them he was heard to say: "It is well for you that I am not the king, or I would have your head cut off at once."

These words reached the ears of the King, and the punishment was not long in coming.

When that very afternoon the Prince, attired in his dainty military uniform, drove out of the Quirinal, the sentinels and the other officials at the gate failed to recognize his presence and to pay him the customary salute. He had been deprived of the privileges of royalty for a week!

His military education was intrusted to Colonel Oslo, and his scientific training to some professors from the University of Rome. He was not allowed to advance a step in his career unless by passing through strict examinations.

English he could speak from childhood, his governess being an Anglo-Saxon in the truest sense of the word. He grew fondly attached to this lady, and was deeply grieved at the news of her death in 1887.

I do not know how many languages he can speak now, but I know that while traveling from one end of Europe to the other he could address all the personages whose hospitality he enjoyed in their native language.

His great passion is numismatics. When he first began collecting coins and medals he slept with the key to the treasure box under his pillow. For many years his father has given him valuable collections of coins as Christmas presents.

After traveling in Egypt, England, Germany, Russia, the Levant, the Black Sea and Turkestan, he was sent to Naples to serve with his own regiment stationed there, and in 1894 was promoted to the command of a division whose headquarters are in Florence.

I hear that the place of honor in his library is given to books on wars and travels in the East. This particular is best known to those who follow auction sales of books in Rome. When we detect the familiar outline of a certain Couquiner, who bids high prices for such books on war, and for scarce editions of Italian poets, we know that he is trying to secure the first for the Prince, the others for the Queen.

In spite of his 31 years, the Prince of Naples is rather timid in the presence of ladies, quite the reverse on this point from his cousins the Duke d'Aosta, Royal Artillery, and the Comte de Torino, of the First Dragoons, who are the greatest favorites in aristocratic circles, and who seem to bring life and entrain wherever they appear.

There is a third cousin, that is to say, a third cousin of the late Duke of Aosta, who is more like the Prince of Naples in timidity of manners, modesty of life and devotion to his career. To this enthusiastic sailor the steel deck of a cruiser is far preferable to the waxed floor of a dancing hall. Following in the footsteps of Queen Margherita, he has taken up mountaineering when on leave of absence.

## The Stamp Question.

Meaning that she should purchase a few stamps ahead and not be bothering the druggist every day in the year, he said:

"Don't you know that a druggist doesn't like to sell stamps in that way?"

"Is it possible he is afraid I won't pay him?" she asked spiritedly.

"Pay him?" he demanded. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I purchased four yesterday, and as I forgot my purse I asked him to charge them—the man thing."

"Have mercy!" he cried. "Woman, spare me any more."—Indianapolis Sun.

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