

THE PROMOTION OF WILLIAM GRAVES...

BY ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE.

IN the remote distance stretched a line of rugged mountains, their bleak canyons and gorges made beautiful by the blue haze that rested upon them. Nearer, on either hand, the great California desert, its yellow sands and alkali flats giving back the intense heat of the summer day in radiant pulsations. No animals, no birds, no life anywhere, save for the little gray lizards that bask in the sun and lazily blink their beetle-like eyes in such dreamy reflection as a lizard knows.

Across the valley of desolation the double iron line of the railroad stretches southward and eastward, and flit-betide the man who journeys there on a summer day. Through the closed doors and windows, the almost imponderable alkali dust penetrates and stifles him, and the passengers gasp in the heat that cannot be excluded.

Stand at the little station, with its huge water tank, its tiny agent's shanty, and two or three scrubby trees breaking the deadly monotony of the desert, and look northward along the track. At first you shall see nothing except that double line bisecting its kingdom of loneliness, but as you continue to gaze, a tiny, toiling speck will gradually reveal itself to you; a speck that sometimes passes as if it might toll no further, and then again advances very slowly toward the point where you stand.

That toiling speck is a man, and the man once was known as William Graves. It has been years since he has responded to that name, and if you were to call him by it now it is doubtful if he would for a moment recognize that he was addressed, but such was the name that was recorded in the register of the little church where he was christened long before he met the world and was crushed by it.

The man, dust-stained and perspiring, with the blood running like fire in his veins, toiled slowly onward until he came to a place where the track crossed a small gully that had been worn by the frequent rains of winter. There he paused and looked, first toward the station, now scarcely a mile away, and next at the gully. At last he shook his head and muttered to himself:

"If I go in now I probably won't get anything to eat, and the agent'll be sure to spot me if I try to get out tonight. Better wait till evening. There's some shade in the gully, anyhow."

In the shade on the side of the ravine nearest to the westerly sun the man took a drink of hot water from the battered canteen he carried at his side, and then laid himself at length on the ground, the tattered coat he had carried on his arm serving for a pillow. For a long time he lay there as if he had been carved of stone. So motionless was he that the lizard, frightened by his coming, had scurried across the gully, gradually drew nearer to investigate the strange intruder. Scared by his own temerity, the little reptile occasionally whisked away again, but as the invader still lay immovable, he drew nearer and nearer after each retreat, until he reached a point where he could investigate the poorly shod foot extended toward him. It was thus satisfying his reptilian curiosity when the man for the first time spoke.

"Nothin' to be afraid of in me," he said; "we're partners in misery, I judge, but if you'll give me a pointer on how you get a square meal out here on the desert I'll be obliged to you."

A childish shout followed close on the remark, and at the unexpected sound the lizard scurried away to a distance he considered safe, while the man started to a sitting posture.

"See him run!" said the voice. On the sand, at two or three rods distance, stood a boy, a trimly-built and daintily-clad little fellow, at whom the man gazed in amazement before he found voice to say:

"Well!" There was no suggestion of fear in the response. "Don't you think you're a long way from home?"

"Yes, I'm discoverin', like Robinson Crusoe."

A recollection of the tale of childhood beat through the world-confused brain of the man, and he continued the childish conceit:

"And you've found Friday, haven't you?"

"Are you Friday?"

"I guess you might as well call me so."

"All right, an' I'm Robinson Crusoe. Only, that isn't my real name; my real name's Arthur Henry Fulman, an' I'm ridin' in the car with my pa."

"Who is your pa, Robinson Crusoe?"

"He's the Gen'l Man'ger, an' we had to stop here till to-night. Come on, now, let's go an' find the goats."

"You forget about my condition, Robinson."

"But you'll tell him you want it for Friday?"

"Of course!"

"That's it! I knew you'd make that mistake. Can't you see yourself what trouble it would make?"

"N-n-o."

"Well, it would. You'd say, 'I want some food for Friday,' and the cook would say, 'For who?' and you'd say, 'For Friday,' and he'd say:

"'What, that old savage? You see, he doesn't know that you are going to have me for a good servant, and like as not he wouldn't believe it.'"

"What had I better do 'bout it?"

"Well, I think you'd better not say a word to let him, or anybody, know that you've found Friday. What do you think?"

"All right."

"All right. How soon will you be back?"

"Pretty soon."

"Well, I'll be waiting for you, an' I guess the goats won't be much scattered by that time."

After Robinson Crusoe had gone, Friday again lay down, and before long the lizard timidly renewed his investigations. The man lazily watched the little creature for a time before he again spoke:

"It may not work, partner; but if it does I'll see that you have a square meal for once. This desert air must get kind o' unsatisfying to you as a regular diet sometimes."

At the sound of a human voice the lizard again slid away, and the man arose to look down the track. Robinson Crusoe was coming, and that he had been successful in his mission was indicated by the fact that he was alone, while a parcel was tightly clutched in one of his chubby little hands.

"Now, then, Friday," he announced immediately upon his arrival, "you eat this and you'll feel better. Then we must hurry away the goats, for the cook said that he would ring the bell for me to come before very long."

It is much to be regretted that Friday, who at first ate so ravenously as to astonish Robinson Crusoe, finally so delayed the eating of his supper, as well as the spreading of a repast for the lizard, that the bell rang for the return of Robinson Crusoe before the search for the goats had begun. This was a fact that greatly disturbed Mr. Crusoe, but he regained a certain amount of composure when Friday, who did not seem to be greatly grieved, assured him that he probably would be there if ever Crusoe should return.

When No. 6, with the General Manager's private car attached, pulled out of the little station that night it bore an unsolicited and unticketed passenger in the person of Mr. William Graves, more recently known as Friday.

It had been a trying task to hide behind the tank and reach the brakebeam of the private car unseen, but Friday was a past master in strategy along that line, and, after various narrow escapes, he had succeeded.

As the train sped eastward a ceaseless storm of cinders beat upon him and the dust blinded his eyes, but he pulled his frowzy hat as low as possible, and consoled himself with the reflection that each hour was taking him further from the country of absolute desolation. In his comfortable bed in the car above him slept Robinson Crusoe and dreamed, perhaps, of Friday and captured goats, and as the worn wayfarer beneath him pictured the little fellow there a tender smile tried to make itself visible through the grime that hid his countenance.

On flew the train. Brady's had been passed, and Shirrell's; then came a stop which the man on the brakebeam could not understand. There was no station here; this he knew, and, even if he had not known, the glance he stole from his hidden point of observation would have convinced him. He had protruded his head as far as he dared in order to obtain a better view when a succession of shots and the sound of hurried footsteps caused him hastily to withdraw it.

"Some of the boys after the stuff on board," he muttered to himself. "Well, let 'em get it. They won't have any reason to bother me."

With this pleasant reflection Friday settled back to the enjoyment of the gratification he found in temporary relief from the flying cinders. He was thus pleasing himself, and at the same time trying to imagine just what stage the outside proceedings had attained, when two shadowy forms passed by his retreat and the low murmur of conversation came to his ears.

"I tell you there is the biggest kind of money in it."

"The old man will be wild. He thinks he is the only kid that ever lived."

"So much the better. We won't get a cent less than fifty thousand ransom."

"He'll have every officer in the State out after us."

"What good will it do him? Give us a two hours' start, and we are certain of more than that, and the best posse that ever chased a man can't get us."

"How'll we do it?"

"Easy. You an' Bill take the front door of the car, and Jack an' me will take the rear. If he tries to do any shooting, drop him."

As the footsteps retreated and the voices died away the man on the brakebeam started as if to emerge from his retreat, at the same time muttering to himself, "Well, I don't know." Then he took a second thought and settled back again.

It was a critical time in the life of William Graves, foot tourist and man Friday, as he lay there and thought. Neither the precept nor practice of his later years of living had tended in the direction of heroism, yet he lay there and contemplated the doing of a heroic deed. Not that he considered the deed in that light; probably his entire thought was best expressed in his own muttered words: "The little chap was good to me; he fed me when I was hungry." But heroism needs not to be labeled such in order to make it so.

As he lay on the brakebeam and thought, a dozen little things made it evident to the man that matters on the outside of the car were rapidly progressing to a denouement. Two men passed to the rear of the car, and he heard footsteps on the front platform. If anything was to be done, it must be done quickly.

William Graves hesitated just a moment longer. Then, very quietly, he emerged from his retreat. In the darkness on the outside of the car he hesitated again, but only for a moment.

"I'll take a chance," he muttered to himself; "he was good to me."

A second later the two men on the front platform of the car were surprised as a shadowy form swung itself from the ground to their side.

"Is that you, Tom?" whispered one. "Where did you leave the brakeman?"

The answer was a staggering blow that knocked him to the ground, where he lay, stunned by the force of the fall. In another moment the two men that remained upon the platform were engaged in a desperate struggle. Back and forth they swayed for a minute; then there was the crack of a revolver, and William Graves fell. He had just time to fancy that the shot was echoed by another, and then the dim cars seemed chasing each other in a fantastic race, and he knew no more.

The General Manager had taken a hand in the struggle; that was the meaning of the echo he fancied he heard before the world and he parted company for a time. The General Manager's shot did execution, too, and, with two of the outlaws disabled and the passengers aware that resistance had become possible, it took but brief time to put the rest of the gang to rout.

When William Graves came back to the land of the living from the unseen country where he had journeyed for a little while, his eyes opened upon such a scene of luxury as caused him to close them again with the notion that he must be dreaming. Then, as he slowly opened them again he became aware that a very small voice was addressing him:

"How are you now, Friday?"

"Pretty well, Robinson."

"Does your shoulder hurt much now?"

For the first time the man who had passed from the brakebeam of a private car to a place on its softest bed noticed that something did appear to be wrong with his right side.

"It does seem to hurt a little," he said.

"That's where the robber winged you, but my pa fixed him. Going to go after goats with me when you get well, Friday?"

"I guess I will, Robinson."

That was all the two talked then, for a tall man appeared and said to William Graves:

"You would better go to sleep now. There will be time for talk hereafter."

So William Graves, with no room in his mind for anything except wonder that he, the man of the brakebeam, should be placed amid such surroundings, went to sleep.

It was quite a week later, and Robinson and Friday had had many a talk in the meantime, when the tall man sat down by the bed in his house where the wounded man still passed much of his time, and said to him:

"Tell me something about yourself, if you please; not at present about that night, for I saw you when you attacked the two men, but about yourself."

By this time William Graves knew that the tall man was the General Manager, and, notwithstanding the kind treatment he had received, he stood somewhat in awe of him. So he merely turned uneasily on his bed and said:

"Where isn't much to tell."

"What is your business?"

"Brakebeam tourist."

The tall man smiled. "So I judged," he said. "Did you ever have any other business?"

"Used to railroad it."

"What happened?"

"Went on a strike; never got back."

"What made you attack those two desperate men the other night?"

"Heard them say they were going to steal Robinson. He had been good to me."

Pluck and Adventure.

TORTURE FOR BRAVE SCOUT.

OLONEL KOSTERLITSKI, commanding the International Boundary Rifles, of Sonora, Mex., has received from Major Joaquin Fontes, of Potam, Rio Yaqui, a letter giving an account of the tragic death of "California Dan" Ryan, chief of scouts under General Luis Torres, at Torin. According to Mayor Fontes, El Renegado, leader of the Yaquis, shifted his position from Otejuota to Bacum without the knowledge of the Mexicans. In this way he was enabled to set the trap into which Ryan fell.

Ryan became chief of scouts under General Torres through the influence of the American General Egan. Egan introduced and recommended Ryan to General Torres, and subsequently the Mexican General made the Arizona cowboy chief of his scouts in the vicinity of Torin, at a salary of \$120 a month.

Through Ryan's efforts the Yaquis were kept away from Torin and confined to the bush between Bacum and Otejuota. Owing to the success of the chief of scouts the Yaquis desired his death more than that of any other man excepting General Lorenzo Torres.

Since November 1 there have been numerous skirmishes between the troops of General Lorenzo Torres and the Yaquis under Gutierrez in the vicinity of Otejuota, which is the stronghold of Gutierrez. It was believed that El Renegado was closely confined at Otejuota, that there was no danger from the Yaquis in the vicinity of Bacum, where the forces of Lorenzo Torres were quartered. But by making a long or very intricate detour El Renegado succeeded in changing his position from Otejuota to a point between Bacum and Torin and within four miles of Bacum. In order to accomplish this strategy he could not have had more than a dozen Yaquis with him.

On November 23 General Luis Torres received from his brother Lorenzo a telegram asking for scouts. The despatch was regarded as urgent, and "California Dan" and George W. Wilson were sent to join Lorenzo at Bacum.

The two scouts left Torin with an escort under command of Captain Yslas, and rode ahead. They were seen no more, and were supposed to have entered Bacum. When the troops reached the town the scouts had not been heard of, and nothing was known of their fate until several days later, when Wilson arrived with a tale of horror.

It appears that when the scouts had made a turn in the road that hid them from the escort they were set upon suddenly by a band of Yaquis that had been concealed by the roadside. So unexpected and fierce was the attack that the scouts were thrown from their horses and fell into the thick growth of cacti and pethava on the roadside.

Before they could utter a single cry they were beaten over their heads by maceenas in the hands of the Yaquis until they were unconscious. After being gagged and bound to their horses they were brought by their captors to the Yaqui camp at Otejuota, where they were tried by the Yaqui Council of War, consisting of El Renegado, Gutierrez, Maldonado, Cupo and Fierro Tenabato. El Renegado acted as president of the council.

"California Dan" was condemned to death. Gutierrez and Fierro voted to spare him, while Maldonado and Cupo voted death to him. El Renegado, who held the deciding vote, voted with Maldonado and Cupo. Wilson was acquitted, in order that he might tell the Mexicans what had happened to "California Dan." Wilson was warned to leave Mexico.

"California Dan," whose hunger was great, was given a splendid meal before being led to execution. This was not the result of generosity on the part of the Yaquis, but was because of their desire to make his death all the more excruciating.

At the execution grounds, in the presence of Wilson, the Yaquis, with dull saws, cut off the feet of "California Dan" just above the ankles. After this they unbound him and told him to go and report to Lorenzo Torres for duty. By goading him they compelled him to walk beyond the intrenchments of Otejuota. In the bush, about one hundred yards beyond the intrenchments, he fell and expired in great agony.

Next morning the Yaquis took the body of "California Dan" and bore it to the roadside. There they suspended it by the neck from a tree. At this spot they released Wilson, and told him to send Mexicans to cut down the body of their friend and give it decent burial.

Wilson, after reaching Bacum, declared that he did not intend to leave Mexico, but would lead a force of troops to recover the body of "California Dan," for the reason that it is in a position controlled by the Yaquis of Otejuota. The body is in open sight of the Mexican troops of Cocorit. —New York World.

SMASHED BOTTLE ON COUGAR.

Four children of Mr. Rodenberg, whose home is at Big Skookum, go to school at a public school house a long way off. One Wednesday during the last of June these children, being on the road homeward, were straggling along at some distance from one another, when a cougar sprang out of an ambush and seized the little boy who brought up the rear. This little fellow was the youngest of the party, being only six years old, and least likely to resist the beast, as that watchful crea-

ture seems to have known when it saw the school children going by, single file. The cougar seized the lad by the head and sat upon him, snarling at the other boy of the party, an eight-year-old youngster, who came running with might and main to save his brother. The brave boy had in his right hand a milk bottle of heavy glass. He took hold of one of the cougar's ears, and with the bottle began to beat the snarling beast over the head. At the third or fourth blow the bottle broke, and a hundred fragments of glass were scattered about. It is possible that some of the fragments entered the cougar's blazing eyes, for as soon as the bottle broke he let go his hold and ran off, plunging into the bushes, from which he did not again emerge.

Meanwhile the unhurt children took the wounded boy into a farmhouse. The wounds were all flesh wounds, and when they were dressed the little fellow grew quite animated in his account of the adventure, which was soon the talk of the neighborhood. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

The Siberia that the Russian convict knows is, if half the reports about it are true, a place where life is worse than death. Yet it is not an uncommon thing for the wives of Russian convicts to follow their husbands into exile in that dreadful land of hardships.

Quite recently there set out for the mines of Siberia a lonely woman with a baby in her arms. She will trudge the whole distance, if her strength holds out, alone, begging her food where she can. Her sole object is to join her husband, who is a convict.

He was one of the Russian troops who, some months back, refused to fire on a mob that was demonstrating against the iron hand of bureaucracy. He was court-martialed and sentenced to the mines for life. He was less lucky than certain others, who were merely shot. Without delay he was dragged to the penal settlement, and not for days did his wife learn what had become of him.

As soon as she knew she sought permission to join him. It was only by chance that she got within hearing distance of an official powerful enough to grant or deny her permission, but he did neither; he merely said that the road to the mines was an open road, and if she could walk the distance no obstacle would be put in her way.

So she set out.

If she falls by the roadside and dies of exhaustion or starvation, with her babe on her bosom, the world will never know. But the world is richer for her effort and her love.

A THRILLING CAREER.

After costing the Italian Government the sum of £120,000, and the services of five regiments for nearly two years, Musolino has at last been caught and caged. But, great as has been the terror inspired by this famous bandit, his actual power was small compared with that of several uncrowned kings whose names are far less known to the public. At the age of fourteen, Boris Sarafoff, a young Bulgarian, attacked single-handed the prison in which his father and grandfather were lying in chains, after cruel torture at the hands of the Turks. He was seized and flogged almost to death.

The boy swore to devote his life to revenge. He entered the Bulgarian army and gained a name as a magnificent cavalry leader. His bravery and open-handed generosity made him the idol of the people. In 1895 he left the regular army and raised an irregular corps, with whom he retired into the fastnesses of the mountains. Since that time he has headed no fewer than 384 raids into Turkish territory. Once he captured the Turkish town of Melnek with no more than forty men, driving before him 300 Turkish troops. The terror of his name has penetrated to the Sultan's palace, and his secret agents are said to be found in Constantinople itself. His aim is to organize an immense rebellion in which all the Balkan States shall join, as well as Greece, seize Constantinople and proclaim a Christian kingdom of the East. Not only Turkey, but Austria, Russia and Britain know that this man holds in his hands the peace of Europe. —Pearson's Weekly.

BRavery OF THE MATABELE.

A man is considered brave, and rightly so, who walks up to a tiger on foot, armed with an express rifle; but this reputation for courage pales before the Matabele who, armed only with a spear and ox-hide shield, attacks a lion.

Their tactics are described by F. C. Selous, in the Sports of the World. A lion having killed an ox, a band of Matabele warriors would track him and surround his lair. When the king of beasts was ringed the warriors closed in on him. Finding retreat cut off on all sides, the lion stood at bay, facing first toward one of his naked assailants, then toward another, growling hoarsely all the while. A chosen man then rushed the lion, shaking his shield and shouting out words of contempt and abuse.

Almost invariably the lion accepted the challenge, and charged down upon the intrepid savage. As the lion charged, its challenger, after making one stab at it with his assegai, was dashed to the ground, but endeavored to fall beneath the cover of his great ox-hide shield.

At the same moment his companions rushed in from all sides, and the lion was soon stabbed to death. In these encounters many men were killed or more or less seriously mangled; but a single lion, when once surrounded and brought to bay seldom escaped.

When, as often happens, a party of lions were attacked, one or two were usually killed, and the rest broke through the cordage. —London Express.

The Funny Side of Life.

WOMANLIKE. She sits beside the window all the day. But never sees the people who go by; Her look is very, very far away And now and then she draws a gentle sigh.

She waits for one to come who never will, For one who bade her wait for him one day; And if he came she'd spurn his touch, but still She waits for him and grieves her life away. —Chicago Record-Herald.

DISINHERITED. "Remember, my daughter, that 'the meek shall inherit the earth.'" "Yes! But some chesty individual will always smash the will!" —Puck.

THE REGULAR THING. Cleverton—"You've been pretty ill, haven't you?" Dushaway—"Yes, sir! So ill that several doctors had to be called in disagreement." —Puck.

WHY ASK? "And what does your son intend to write—historical novels or literature?" "As I said before, he expects to get rich from the work of his pen." —Chicago Record-Herald.

A SURE THING. Fluddubbe—"Do you suppose that girl Bilkins is to marry is as rich as she is said to be?" Pinhedde—"No question about it—I know Bilkins." —The Smart Set.

A STUDY OF A RICH MAN. "I wonders how a rich man feels?" "Well, I'll tell you. He feel dissatisfied; Now dat he got it he can't keep it; en ef he do keep it somebody else will sho' git it!" —Atlanta Constitution.

HIS BADLY CHOSEN PHRASE. "Don't you think that young Hunker wants to marry Miss Dollyers for her money?" asked Hojak. "I think so," replied Tomdik. "I heard him say that he loved her for all she was worth." —Judge.

POSITIVELY RUDE. Miss Cutting—"I'm surprised to see you here, Mr. Softleigh. I thought you were traveling in Europe."

Softleigh—"Well, I—aw—did think of going, doncherknow, but—aw—at the last moment I changed me mind."

Miss Cutting—"Indeed. But I am sure you couldn't have lost anything by making the change." —New York World.

RESPONSIBILITIES. "Remember," said the serious citizen, "that wealth has its responsibilities."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "So long as you are humble and obscure you can say 'I see it' and 'I done it' and eat with your knife all you want to." —Washington Star.

HE KNEW. Mrs. McCaul—"Isn't this little Johnny Gadaway?"

Johnny—"Yes'm."

Mrs. McCaul—"I was just going to call on your mamma. Is she at home?"

Johnny—"No'm! She's just went down on the next block to look for me." —Philadelphia Press.

JUST THE SIZE. The silver moon peeped up behind the hills of Lake Roland.

"What is the height of your ambition?" she asked, more to break the monotony than anything else.

"Oh, about five feet two inches," he replied, gazing into her dark eyes.

The cards are out.—New York Herald.

THE COMMON ENEMY. Captain Hull was recounting the glorious victory of the Constitution.

"And so," he concluded, "we were plainly one too many for the Guerriere."

"Yes," interrupted his officer; "we were a Hull lot."

Throwing bouquets at each other, they then retired to fight the Secretary of the Navy. —New York Times.

ITS BHEEF CAREER. In an evil hour the Association of Kitchen Ladies, numbering forty, decided to hold a cookery competition.

Five prizes were to be given. The affair came off, and the five prizes for excellence in cookery were awarded.

Whereupon the thirty-five kitchen ladies that had failed to win any of them indignantly resigned and broke up the organization. —Chicago Tribune.

