

NAPOLEON OF PERU.

PIEROLA HAS WILD AMBITIONS FOR CONQUEST.

The Peace of the South American Republics No Longer Safe--The Intrepid Leader of the People May Establish Empire.



NICHOLAS de Pierola, twice dictator of Peru, is now the president, elected by the people. Pierola has been termed the Napoleon of South America. Twice he has been exiled from his native land and twice he has marched upon Lima with troops composed of hardy mountaineers, and, after fierce fighting, has won his way to the executive building. His last battle occurred in May, and one thousand dead men lay on the paving-stones of the City of Kings before he was its master. Then he appealed to the people and they, by a splendid majority, gave him the greatest gift at their hands, writes C. H. Hazeltine in Leslie's Weekly.

Pierola has in view the aggrandizement of Peru. He believes in a more liberal treatment of foreigners, the attraction of capital to his country, and the opening of the interior. He proposes completing the road to the wealth of the Cerro del Pasco mines and furnishing an outlet for the treasure that is known to be in hitherto inaccessible regions. For fourteen years he has been striving to bring this about, but each time that he occupied the executive chair an overthrow came before he could accomplish anything. Now that he is president he has the opportunity he has fought and waited for. To show the wonderful energy of the man a bit of history is necessary, yet it is history one cannot find in books.

In 1876-77 Peru prospered as she never had before, under the administration of Prado, an eminent jurist. While at the height of his successes he was shot down by a fanatic, and succeeded in office by Prado. In 1879 Peru sided with Bolivia against Chile in a struggle for the control of the Antofagasta nitrate beds. Then a cloud settled down upon the northern republic. Her superior navy was defeated. Her allies, the Bolivian soldiers, deserted during the first battle. In October, 1879, the southern part of the state was held by the enemy, and a march on Lima was expected. One afternoon of that month Prado ordered his state barge to be ready in

at midnight. Pierola, mounted upon a black horse, commanded the revolutionists. At two o'clock there were five hundred dead and the government was defeated.

But Pierola, as dictator, felt the effects of Prado, the knave. The country bankrupt, the army and navy destroyed, he could do nothing in the face of the victorious Chileans. They captured Lima, and they gorged themselves with southern territory. Pierola's friends turned against him and he was compelled to flee. Four years later he returned and, by force of arms, again won the place of dictator. But the people were against him and again he fell. From that time until this year he waited patiently, slowly organizing another army in the mountains. Again he has been successful, and now vox populi follows the clash of arms. Pierola, president of Peru, is as brave a soldier as South America ever produced, and he is loved by his troops as Napoleon was by the Guard. He is married and has several grown children. As a statesman he has yet to



MADAME PIEROLA.

demonstrate his ability, but there are many who believe that his advent signals prosperity for a country which has seen only reverses for fifteen years.

A Well Dressed Man. In addition to his knowledge of the law, Judge Harmon, the new attorney-general, has the reputation of being one of the best-dressed men in Cincinnati, and one of the few able to keep their linen immaculate in that soot-stained city. Judge Harmon has found leisure to acquire various accomplishments. He knows a good deal about music, he fences skillfully, and he is enough of an artist to have painted some very creditable miniatures of his daughters. Judge Harmon is still a few years under fifty, and even younger in personal appearance.

HOW HE GOT THERE.

Biographical Sketch of Gen. Russell A. Alger of Michigan.

General Russell Alexander Alger, the favorite son of Michigan in three national republican conventions, and the peer of any living American, had an humble beginning, writes an admirer. He knows what it is to be poor, for in his life, he has been a laborer in a brick yard, a farm hand, and like Lincoln, has a record for splitting rails. It was as a "logger" and "rafter," however, that he found his way to fortune. General Alger was born in Lafayette, Ohio, Feb. 27, 1834. He labored on the farm until he reached the age of 20, when he crossed the line into Michigan, and then journeyed to the lumber woods of the Grand River valley. He secured a job as a lumber shover at a saw mill at the princely salary of \$12 a month. Later he became a "rafter" on the Grand river. At Grand Rapids he engaged in the lumber business on his own account, and the enterprise proved very successful. In the meantime he had not neglected the work of self-education, and in 1859, he was admitted to the bar. In 1861 he raised a company of volunteers and went to the front as captain of the Second Michigan Cavalry. He distinguished himself at Gettysburg and in the Shenandoah valley. He came out of the war as brevet major general. After the war he engaged in the lumber business at Detroit and amassed a large fortune. In 1884 he was elected governor of Michigan on the republican ticket. His administration as governor for two years was distinguished by many reforms. He refused a re-nomination. In 1890 he was



RUSSELL A. ALGER.

chosen commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. It is believed he is worth \$8,000,000. Twice a year—Christmas and Thanksgiving—he distributes large sums of money among the poor of Detroit and elsewhere. General Alger was one of the first to suggest the Grand Army of the Republic.

Messages sent over the wires of the New York police department amount to more than 1,000 a day.

AMERICAN TURQUOISES.

One Gem Which Ages Ago Was Mined by the Aztecs.

Although the United States cannot claim to be considered one of the great gem-producing countries of the world, almost every known variety of precious stone has been found within its limits. Few gems, however, are common enough to be of decided commercial importance and systematic mining is rarely carried on. The only exception to this is afforded by the turquoise. The last edition to the "Mineral Resources of the United States," gives the value of the rough gems of all kinds produced here during 1893, as amounting to \$264,041—of which \$143,135 goes to the credit of the turquoise mines.

Almost all of the American turquoise come from Santa Fe county, New Mexico, or Mohave county, Arizona. As in Perzia, the turquoise, both in New Mexico and Arizona, occurs in veins permeating volcanic rocks, a yellowish brown trachyte being the commonest matrix. The Pueblo Indians find them an easy way of making money as they can be obtained with little trouble, and, after being subjected to rough grinding, can be readily sold to travelers. Formerly, when the Indian was more unsophisticated, choice stones could be obtained from them at the outlay of a few cents, but of late years the sellers have begun to realize the value of their goods, and now few real bargains can be secured.

The ancient inhabitants of Mexico mined the turquoise extensively, and the invading Spaniards found it largely used to incrust human skulls, and also to inlay mosaics and to decorate obelisk ornaments. Traces of the old mines can be found to this day, and rubbish heaps are common in the turquoise district. In the Arizona mines they tell how, on a tunnel being run through a turquoise deposit, the miners came across the remains of a more ancient tunnel, its top and sides rent and caved in as if by an earthquake, while in a small space, three or four feet each way, was the skeleton of the unfortunate Aztec, who had been imprisoned there by the falling in of the roof. In one hand the skeleton still clutched the handle of his old mine hammer, and at his side was a leather bag containing, as the discoverers found, several choice stones. It only shows that in the old days men would take as big risks in search of treasure as they will now.

Another tale of turquoise drifts up from Yucatan. It tells of an idol in an ancient temple around whose neck, arms and ankles are hung strings of magnificent turquoise, while each of its eyes is a single large stone. The narrator, a Mexican miner, claimed that these eye stones were about three inches in their largest diameter. There is something in this story irresistibly suggestive of Rider Haggard's idols.

VAGARIES OF SMOKERS.

Queer Tastes and Fads of Men Who Know What They Want.

"It's a queer fact," said a Broadway cigar-dealer to a New York World reporter, "how tastes differ in the matter of smoking materials. I really believe no smoker enjoys trying a new brand of tobacco and that solid contentment is only secured when the smoker has become thoroughly used to some particular brand.

"One of my customers, a wealthy man, who buys a large quantity of high-grade cigars, always smokes stogies himself and carries a supply in his pocket for emergency. I have seen him when treated to a genuine perfecto slyly slip it into his pocket and light one of his stogies. Another man, who can only afford a small sum for his tobacco, smokes but one cigar a day, and that a choice one. He declares that no other kind will satisfy him, and that one good smoke after dinner is worth six cheap cigars spread over the day. "Some cigarette smokers, who can afford to buy the best, always ask for a particular brand of five-cent variety, and will take no others. One customer insists that I send to Texas for a special five-cent cigar that is made in Fort Worth. He has tried about everything in my stock, but can't find anything that pleases him. He lived for several months in Texas and got so used to the particular flavoring used in that cigar that he is almost as bad as a morphine fiend when the supply has given out. Of course there is a great variety of tobacco grown and this gives much choice for individual tastes, but the fact remains that a smoker will see so great a difference between differently shaped cigars made from the same leaf that one is delightful and the other distasteful to him. Some men want a box of cigarettes and ten minutes' talk for five cents. We have men who squeeze and pinch every cigar in the case before selecting a 'two-fer' and then the women—but it would take too long to tell you how they buy cigarettes. Women are far worse than men in the variety of their smoking vagaries."

Growth of the Aluminum Industry.

The growth of the aluminum industry, and presumably of its use, is shown by the fact that the total output of the substance has increased from 223 pounds in 1885, worth at the factory \$2,550, to 550,000 pounds in 1894, worth \$216,250. The cost has been reduced from nearly \$10 a pound to less than 60 cents a pound. Hitherto Pittsburgh has had practically a monopoly of the industry, but the establishment of an aluminum plant near Niagara Falls, which will utilize the new electrical power developed there, will materially increase the output.

A Connecticut man is about to begin a lawsuit against a young man of his town for selling him a dog that was deaf in both ears.

THE SHEPHERDESS.



ONCE upon a time there was a very good king, who had the happiness to have a queen who was equally admirable. They were both under the protection of a very powerful fairy, who promised them a daughter of such matchless beauty, virtue and accomplishments, that all the princes of the earth would strive to win her for a bride.

When she was born there was fine music ringing through the air, and it was remarkable that the roses appeared a month earlier, and remained in full bloom till the very last day of autumn—a compliment paid to this charming princess, who was called Rosalie.

Up to her tenth year she grew more beautiful every day, when suddenly the good king, her father, was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot. This had such a terrible effect upon the queen that she took to her couch, and rapidly passed away from a world that was insupportable since the lover of her youth had been taken away from her.

As she was bidding her daughter Rosalie farewell, the good fairy, who was named the Queen of Bonheur, suddenly appeared at her bedside and said: "My dear queen, I have always been a friend of you and yours from your infancy, and have come now to take charge of this beautiful daughter of yours, who will be exposed to great perils till she has reached her sixteenth year, when she will be exposed to the perilous ordeal of being loved by a wicked giant, who dwells in a neighboring kingdom. I have come now to tell you that I will take charge of the Princess Rosalie, and bring her up as a shepherdess, while your old ministers can govern the kingdom in her name."

The queen tenderly embraced her weeping daughter, and joined the Kingdom of the Blest.

The next morning Rosalie found herself in a most beautiful cottage, covered with roses, passion-flowers, and honeysuckles. But instead of royal robes, she was dressed as a shepherdess. On her table was a pretty ivory crook, and a pretty little glass for her to drink her milk from.

As though led by instinct she went into the neighboring meadow and found a flock of sheep. They gambled around her as though they had known her from their tenderest days. Here she remained in that calm peacefulness which is the chief charm of rural seclusion, and three years passed as though it were a dream.

One morning, in the sultry month of July, she retired to a pleasant spot to rest awhile. Here she felt overpowered by the warmth of the day, and gradually slid into slumber.

While she slept the prince of that Kingdom beheld her. He had been hunting since dawn, and had outstripped his companions. He was astonished at the marvelous beauty of the lovely creature before him, and remained rooted, as it were, to the spot. Hearing the faint baying of the hounds at a distance, and fearing to rudely disturb the slumber of the enchanting girl before him, he hastily retraced his steps, and advanced with all speed to

ARE THESE YOUR SHEEP? where the sounds of his approaching courtiers seemed to come from.

When he had regained their company he set spurs to his horse, and was soon in his own palace.

At the evening banquet his conduct was so strange and indifferent that his parents, who tenderly loved him, inquired in vain what ailed him; but he quieted their apprehensions by assuring them that he had overfatigued himself in the chase.

Seizing the first opportunity, he retired to his own apartment; but it was not to sleep. The image of his unknown divinity rose ever before him. He paced his room till day broke, when overwearied nature asserted her sway and he fell into a short but profound slumber. He dreamed that he was a shepherd, and that the fair object of his thoughts was his companion. He was pressing her milk-white hand, and gazing tenderly into the lovely depths of her beautiful eyes, when the entrance of one of his attendants aroused him.

His disappointment was extreme when he found that his glorious vision had all flown; but while he made his toilet he resolved to make his dream a reality.

His own disguise was that of a shepherd. When the festivities were at their height he quietly slipped away from the festive throng, and ere his departure was noticed he was miles away from the palace.

Great was the consternation of the courtiers, and profound the grief of the king and queen, at this mysterious disappearance of their only child.

The next morning while Rosalie, the princess shepherdess, was sitting in the midst of her amiable flock she was surprised to see the handsomest young shepherd she had ever seen coming toward her. As he drew nearer to her she was more and more astonished, for she had never, not even in her dreams, seen anything more beautiful than the being now before her.

He approached her with the utmost reverence, and said:

"Fair shepherdess, are these your sheep?"

She said they were. One word led to another, and when they separated she was as much enamored of the young stranger as he was of her.

For three months they lived in this delicious paradise, for Mirsant, his squire, had provided him with a flock of sheep, which the prince told the fair Rosalie belonged to the king, which was, indeed, the truth.

It is utterly impossible to describe the happy life these two young lovers led. Prince Gracioso—such was the prince shepherd's name—had a hut about 200 yards from the pretty cottage of Rosalie, and when they had seen their flocks to their nightly rest they would roam about or sit on the greensward, watching the stars as they came out, one after the other, like little children come out to play. When it was time to separate, Gracioso would escort Rosalie to her cottage, and, after the most lingering and tender adieux, she would insensibly accompany her dear shepherd to his hut. Then there would be another lovely parting, when he would return to see her safe within her abode. It was sometimes nearly morning ere they had courage to tear themselves apart.

In the meantime the grief of the king and the queen was very great at the mysterious absence of their beloved son, who, being the idol of the people, was equally bewailed by them.

One morning, when Gracioso and Rosalie were seated on a green bank, talking those sweet nothings that make up a lovers' conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a cavalcade of gallant knights with a gorgeously attired band of musicians, who rode before them.

What was the surprise of Prince Gracioso when out of the brilliant throng his father and mother, the king and queen, came forth!

Rushing up to the prince, they embraced him tenderly, and after the first transports of joy were over, they gently reproached him with his unkindness in not informing them of his safety.

When they turned their attention to the shepherdess, they were struck dumb with her surpassing loveliness. Nevertheless, the conviction that it was for the sake of a low-born lassie they had endured so much grief, and a natural fear that the infatuation would result in his sharing his future throne with an unwoman woman, made them look very grave and forbiddingly upon Rosalie.

The innate dignity and womanly pride of Rosalie rose at their conduct and throwing down her crook and rising to her full height, she said to the queen, whose countenance wore the most forbidding frown:

"Madame, I was not aware till this minute of the rank of your son. I thought he was really the shepherd he appeared; but you may be surprised to learn that I am as nobly born as your son, for I am the Princess Rosalie, of the Kingdom of Flowers, and had the misfortune to lose my royal parents some years ago. I was placed here by a benevolent fairy, who watches over our family, till I am sixteen, to avoid the persecution of a horrible giant, who wished to marry me that he might rule over my kingdom."

As she pronounced these last words, the good fairy who had befriended Rosalie came through the air in her magnificent chariot, drawn by two eagles, whose eyes were like stars of fire.

"What Rosalie has said is the truth; but she is more than a princess—she is the Queen of the Kingdom of Flowers. She can return to her palace and ascend her throne at once, for the cruel giant died about an hour ago, and the beautiful Rosalie has nothing to fear."

The king, the queen, the prince and Rosalie, now entered the chariot of the good fairy, who touched with her wand the prince and Rosalie. Their rustic robes immediately became splendid gowns, and in a few minutes they descended at the palace of Queen Rosalie.

Upon entering the grand hall they found the chief officers of state awaiting the arrival of their beautiful sovereign, for the good fairy had apprised them of the approaching advent of their long-lost queen.

All that remains to say is that the lovers were married the next day, and lived to a good old age, as happy as the day is long.

Writing on the Moon. L. L. Hawkins, of Portland, Ore., has hatched the biggest scheme yet. He proposes to throw flashes of light against the moon from a heliograph, so that the message can be read around the world. He is a level-headed, practical man and says there is no question of success.

Briggs—"I have just written a long letter to a girl, but somehow I haven't said a thing." "I wish I had that gift. I once wrote a long letter to a girl, and if I hadn't said anything in it it wouldn't have cost me so much."—New York Herald.

CAN MAN REVERT TO THE APE?

Studying the Antics of Three Greek "Monkey Children."

We have to do with three children born in Greece, in the Isle of Xeraphos, two boys and a girl, the eldest (Marguerite) aged twelve years, the second (Nicolas) of ten years, the last (Antoine) eight years of age. The pointed shape of the head and the flattening of the forehead are very marked; the state of idiocy which is the consequence of this formation of the head manifests itself in the stupid expression of the face and in the whole exterior appearance. The attitude of the three children is absolutely that of the monkey; the arms and wrists are bent and held near the body, and they walk bent over forward like the anthropoid apes, the legs held apart and unsteady, sometimes even on all fours, but resting on the closed fists. They are constantly in motion; night and day they keep stirring, even when asleep. The head is at times maintained in a more or less automatic rotary movement on the neck as an axis, especially with the eldest (the girl), who is also more idiotic in other respects. They all three, especially the oldest two, present a deviation of the knees and feet known as valgus. They do not speak, but only give vent, from time to time, to inarticulate, automatic cries, especially when they are feeling happy. They cannot fix their attention long on one object. They hear pretty well and see objects quite far off. They recognize no one, not even the people who feed them; their food has almost to be put into their mouths.

We may say, in this connection, that the phase of embryonic development that corresponds almost exactly to the monkey's brain coincides precisely with the arrested development that characterizes the brain of the microcephalous person, so that this last, in its retarded and deviated evolution, reproduces the morphological characteristics of the simian brain. * * * The microcephalous idiots properly so-called, and notably the remarkable specimens that serve as a subject for their study, are in a real state of intellectual inferiority relative to the monkey * * * because they have not undergone the influence and the consequences of the adaptation to the environment and to the circumstances that lead to and make necessary the struggle for existence, and preside over evolution, to the perfecting of the cerebral functions. * * * We can, after these preliminaries, define the true microcephalous person: An abnormal product, regressive or reversible—that is to say, atavistic, whose origin or point of departure is at once in an arrested and a deviation of the embryonic development of the cranio-cerebral system which characterizes the primitive state of the ancestral stock of man, and reverts thither. * * * We have now studied what Carl Vogt justly calls "monkey children"—that is to say, types in which the human or hominal characteristics have undergone regression towards the ancestral type, which is evidently the simian type.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

Complications That May Follow If They Get the Ballot.

Today, in the household, the man is the voter. Suppose the wife becomes a voter, too. She will, says the North American Review, either reproduce her husband's political views, and there will be in one house two democratic voters, and in another two republican voters where there has been one. And this is no gain toward a deciding of questions. It is only a multiplying of ballots, producing no change of results. Or else the wife would take the opposite side from her husband's, and, instantly, with all the heat and violence of party differences and political disagreements, a bone of contention is introduced into the home; a new cause of dissension and alienation is added to the already strained relations in many families. Then there is the question of mistress and maid. Shall the cook leave her kitchen to cast a vote, which shall counterbalance the vote of the mistress, or shall the employer undertake to control the politics of the kitchen cabinet? And all this, not merely on the voting day or in the deposit of the ballot, but the weeks before and after the election are to be spent in the heat of discussion or in the smart of defeat. The American home is not too sacred and secure today to make it safe to undermine it with the explosive materials of politics and partisanship. And meanwhile, as things are now, the intelligent woman, interested in some great measure of reform, has in her hand, not the ability to rival, offset, or double her husband's vote, but the power of her persuasion, her affection, her ingenuity to influence it. It would be incredible if it were not shown to be true, that any large number of thinking and intelligent beings, knowing, feeling, using this tremendous power, should be willing to run the risk of losing it by substituting a thing far lower and feebler in its stead. And with the experience of what she has gained from her sex, with the evidence of what voting men have brought about for her under the influence of non-voting women, and through solicitude for their interests, the rashness of this proposed experiment defies description.

Yet She Went. Mrs. Flyabout—"You don't look as if your trip east had done you any good." Mrs. Grief—"It didn't do me any good. I knew it wouldn't, but the doctor said I needed change and rest. That's why I went. I was car sick all the way from here to New York and sea-sick all the way from New York to Boston." "Then how about your change and rest?" "Why, the railroad got the change and the ocean got the rest."—Chicago Tribune.



PRESIDENT DE PIEROLA.

Callao, and, traveling by a special train from Lima, he reached the seaport, where he announced that he intended inspecting what remained of the fleet and also the forts, so as to be ready for the coming conflict. The people shouted their bravas as he stepped into the barge, accompanied by brilliantly-uniformed officers. He doffed his hat and addressed them, saying he would yet save Peru. The executive party visited the fortifications in the bay, then the two wooden cruisers. There was much powder burned in saluting. The barge then turned shoreward, but Prado, as if the idea had just come to him, bade the coxswain steer for the steamship Islay, then lying at anchor in the outer bay and due to sail for Panama; saying, as he did so, that there was a friend on board to whom he wished to deliver his parting salutation. Thither the barge was rowed, and the president tripped nimbly up the slide-ladder. He never came down it again, in Peruvian waters. The barge waited and waited until the big ship nearly capsized it when heading around to get her nose to the sea. The officers of state cursed and called out that their president was being kidnapped. The captain of the Islay smiled at them and ordered full speed ahead. As she was fairly under way Prado, smiling and debonair, appeared near the after-rail and kissed his hands to his aides. In his cabin he had several hundred thousand dollars. He went to Paris and enjoyed himself.

That night came the opportunity for Nicholas de Pierola, an under-secretary in the war department. He issued a pronouncement and sent forth trusted friends. "Pierola! Pierola!" shouted the people. "Yes; anybody rather than the knaves at the palace!" For Prado's ministry had declared they would carry on the government.

At ten o'clock there was a rumble of wheels and a clatter of hoofs; a battery of artillery and a squadron of cavalry had deserted the barracks and declared for Pierola. Infantry soon followed; then men arrived from every direction. A barricade was erected across a side street leading to the Grand Plaza. It was attacked by the government forces