

Arrested for Murder.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 16.—Richard Heath, son of the late General Heath, has been arrested for the murder of Louis B. McWhirter in Fresno last August. Fred W. Polly is in jail at Fresno for vagrancy, charged with the same crime.

McWhirter took a prominent part in Fresno politics and made many enemies. His life was threatened and he took \$50,000 life insurance. On the night of August 29 McWhirter was aroused by a noise in his back yard. He went, partially dressed, revolver in hand to investigate. A succession of pistol shots followed and McWhirter was found in the yard with a bullet in his chest. Two heavy clubs indicated that there were two assassins. The insurance companies believed he committed suicide and refused to pay the policies. The tragedy created a sensation throughout the state.

When taken into custody Heath indicated that he expected it, but declared he could prove an alibi—that he went to bed at the Grand Central hotel in Fresno at 11 o'clock on the night of the murder, and was asleep at the time it occurred. He declares he was McWhirter's friend and holds the theory that McWhirter was killed by mistake.

During the campaign McWhirter brought Joseph E. Baker, a well-known newspaper writer, to Fresno to conduct a newspaper in the interests of the McWhirter faction of the democratic party. Baker, by his writings, incurred Heath's enmity and Heath went around with a revolver to kill him. McWhirter and his family went to the mountains, leaving Baker in a house, returning a few days before the murder. The theory is that Heath, not knowing of the return went to McWhirter's house to kill Baker, but instead killed McWhirter.

The fact that Heath had been arrested was not generally known until Tuesday morning, as Heath was taken immediately over to Oakland and put on a train for Fresno, where he arrived last night. Heath had just come to the city from Los Gales, where he has been taking the Keeley cure. He is well known in San Francisco, where he has friends and relatives of high standing.

FRESNO, Cal., March 16.—The city is greatly excited over the news of the arrest of McWhirter's murderers. The arrest of Heath in San Francisco was a great surprise, though he has long been suspected. The grand jury is now in session here and it is understood will return indictments against Heath and Polly. It is believed Heath will plead insanity as a defense. The name of a third man to be arrested is not known, but it is stated he will be caught before morning.

Opening the Strip.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—Secretary Smith received a telegram from Arkansas City, Kan., signed by a delegation representing the house-seekers on the border of the Cherokee strip, strongly urging that the strip be opened to settlement at the earliest possible moment, and stating that great destitution existed among the people. The secretary replied that it was impossible at this time to say when the strip would be opened, because certain preliminaries required by the act providing for the opening of the strip must first be complied with; that the president appreciated the situation and sympathized with the people, but that they must wait in patience until executive action opening the strip could be had.

Moslem Mobs.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 16.—Moslem mobs have possession of Ceneara. They have robbed hundreds and killed many, sacked churches and burst into private houses and shops. All places of business are closed and trade is utterly stagnant. Violence and theft continue day and night. Christian caravans are being robbed and merchants murdered. The prisons are crowded with Armenian prisoners. The most conspicuous Armenians in Ceneara and Marsovan are imprisoned. A few escaped by paying a high ransom.

Right Reverends at the White House.

WASHINGTON, March 16.—A very dignified delegation was introduced to the president yesterday by Bancroft Davis, recorder of the supreme court. It was composed of four bishops of the Episcopal church, Right Reverends Paret of Maryland, Potter of New York, Whitaker of Pennsylvania and Hare of South Dakota. The object of the visit was to discuss with Cleveland the Chinese exclusion act in relation to his bearing on American interests in China. They said a strict enforcement of the law would be apt to endanger the property and lives of Americans. They told the president they came to him not as representatives of the church, but as citizens, and they had no suggestions to make, but had simply come to confer with him, and Cleveland said in reply that he had to enforce this as well as the other laws of the country. The bishops admitted this, but suggested that it might be possible to mitigate in some degree the severities of the law's operation. The president told them he would do what he could and the interview terminated.

St. Louis, March 17.

St. Louis, March 17.—At the annual meeting of the Missouri Pacific road the old list of directors was chosen, with the addition of Howard Gould and Louis Fitzgerald of New York. The annual report of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain & Southern shows gross earnings of \$27,041,897; operating expenses, etc., \$2,057,771; surplus, \$24,984,126.

Horrible News

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 17.—The steamship City of Rio de Janeiro arrived from Yokohama and Hong Kong. A Yokohama paper prints an account of the extermination of a band of pirates in a Chinese village. On the 15th of January last two piratical craft were run into one of the numerous inlets in the vicinity of the city of Fan-Tu for shelter from a blinding snow storm, and having made all snug alongside the beach, some of the pirates landed. It so happened that some of them were recognized by inhabitants of the village who had suffered from the depredations of pirates. No sooner had the men returned to their junks than the alarm was silently given and the principal men of the village determined to wreak summary vengeance on the unwelcome and frequent visitors. Accordingly three hundred well armed villagers surprised the pirates, burst open the hatches and doors of the cabins and poured a stream of bullets upon the fifty or sixty pirates, who were huddled together for warmth on the lower decks of the junks. Hardly any resistance was made, all the pirates but two being almost hacked into mincemeat by the exasperated villagers.

Met a Revolt-Ing Fate.

These two pirates, escorted by the whole community, were led to the grave of a young man who was murdered in a previous raid by pirates, and, after being secured to a couple of stakers, the two nearest relatives of the dead man plunged a knife in the breasts of the pirates, and ripping open their bodies extricated their hearts, which were then put on a plate and placed on a table, upon which were already lighted candles, and incense was burned.

While all this was going on the female relatives of the deceased, dressed in mourning colors of white, gathered by the side of the grave, crying and calling out to the spirit of the dead to receive the sacrifice that was being offered. The offerings were left at the grave at the end of the ghastly ceremonies, and the villagers proceeded to ransack the piratical junks, after having first thrown the bodies overboard into the sea. The plunder from the junks, gold, silver, cash, silks, satin and rice, was then equally divided among the families who had ever suffered at the hands of pirates, and as the final act of the tragedy the junks were towed in the stream and set on fire and burned to the water's edge.

The hearts of the victims sacrificed were afterwards cooked and eaten by the dead man's relatives, or those who desired to do so. Thirty-four lives were lost by an avalanche of snow at Hida, Japan, February 16. A fire destroyed 220 houses, injuring three firemen, at Yawatachom, Japan, February 14. Smallpox continues to spread in the straits settlements. The Japan Gazette has been informed that there are no less than 300 cases of the pest in the English and American settlements alone.

A Gaily Find.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 17.—Eight human bodies, packed in four barrels, was the gaily discovery made by a freight handler of the Newport News & Mississippi Valley freight depot yesterday afternoon. Five of them were the remains of men and the other three of women. Whether there is any criminality attached to the matter or whether the bodies were intended for dissection by medical students is not known. Yesterday a young man appeared at the depot and stated that he desired to ship a quantity of household goods to Big Clifty, Ky. He gave his name as W. T. Gwens and from his appearance the clerk took him to be a professional man. He returned two hours later with an express wagon containing the household goods he had mentioned during his previous visit. Among other things were four ordinary barrels. That was the last seen of the man, though nothing more was thought of the matter until the horrible contents of the barrels was discovered by one of the clerks.

The freight handlers began moving the barrels and had moved two of them when they discovered what they were handling. The third barrel was placed upon a truck and while it was being rolled across the floor one of the pieces of the head of the barrel broke out. This loosened the entire head and when the men attempted to open the barrel it broke and the head, shoulders and arms of a human body rolled half way out of the barrel. On the arrival of officers an examination of the other barrels was made and all of them were found to contain human bodies. Some of the bodies were found to be cut to pieces. This led the officers to believe that the barrels had been packed in the dead room of some medical college for the purpose of dissection. It has been suggested that the stranger in a dealer in that kind of ghoulish goods and being unable to dispose of the bodies here, intended to ship them where he could not them without fear of discovery. Big Clifty is sixty-two miles from Louisville.

Two New Directors.

St. Louis, March 17.—At the annual meeting of the Missouri Pacific road the old list of directors was chosen, with the addition of Howard Gould and Louis Fitzgerald of New York. The annual report of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain & Southern shows gross earnings of \$27,041,897; operating expenses, etc., \$2,057,771; surplus, \$24,984,126.

Opening the Cherokee Strip.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—Active preparations are about to be begun by Secretary Hoke Smith for opening the Cherokee strip under the provisions of the Indian appropriation act ratifying the agreement with the Cherokees. The ceded tract contains 8,145,622 acres, for which the government agrees to pay \$8,595,735 of which amount the sum of \$295,736 is to be paid at once, the remainder, \$8,300,000, in five equal annual installments, beginning March 4, 1895, the deferred payments to bear 4 per cent annual interest. If however the Indians so desire, they may realize at once on the sale of their lands, as authority is given them to issue a loan for the full amount, pledging the principal and interest due from the government.

The preliminaries to be observed prior to opening the outlet to settlement by proclamation of the president will consume considerable time. Seventy allotments are to be made to Indians who were bona fide residents of the strip prior to November, 1891, and engaged in farming, and the strip is to be opened to settlement under the provisions of the act to organize Oklahoma territory. These allotments are to be confirmed by the secretary of the interior before the strip can be opened, and a list of them published for the protection of the settlers. Rules and orders regulating the occupation and settlement must be prescribed and published twenty days before the issuance of the president's proclamation.

Settlers are required to pay \$2.50 per acre for land east of parallel 97 1/2, and \$1.50 per acre for land taken between parallels 97 1/2 and 98 1/2 with 4 per cent interest from date of entry to date of final payment. The act provides for special reservations of sections sixteen and thirty-six and also such other sections as the president may determine.

An Excited People.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—From the district jail it was reported that Schneider slept a time in the early part of last evening. He retired for the night shortly after midnight without being told of the president's adverse decision on his appeal for a respite. His brother William, and Lawyer Wiltshire, of Indianapolis, a relative of the family, who has been active in his efforts to obtain a respite for the condemned man, are at the jail. The usual indifference to attempts at kindness that have characterized the conduct of Schneider of late have had no variation. Sympathy for his family is widespread in this city, but it can be asserted very positively that the move in the case was registered in the president's absolute denial to lighten in the slightest degree the punishment. All the judicial proceedings meet with very thorough acquiescence.

Lawyer Mattingly, who has been counsel and defendant of Schneider, had published yesterday afternoon a long statement addressed to Schneider and in the nature of an appeal to the public against the hanging of a man alleged to be insane, and in addition reflecting in no small degree upon the consistency of the jury, also criticizing the ruling of the judge who presided at the trial.

No case in more than a score of years, outside of that of Guiteau, has excited this community as has that of Schneider. His violent assaults on two or three occasions upon court officials and as late as yesterday upon the officials, led to the impression that tomorrow's tragedy will be prolific more than an ordinary sensation.

De Lesseps Trial.

PARIS, March 18.—Barboux, counsel for Charles de Lesseps, summed up to his client in the Panama trial. He spoke at great length, always earnest and often eloquently. At the beginning of the trial he said his case was so strong that he was willing to try it before a jury of stockholders, and he again expressed the conviction that he could secure de Lesseps' acquittal. The court room was well filled when he began to speak and became crowded before he closed. Why had Charles de Lesseps been selected to bear the brunt of the charges of bribery, he demanded when others, known to be guilty, had been untouched? Charles fully answered as those against De Lesseps were made against a dozen other men but they were ignored or permitted to escape. The prosecution was bound to produce in court testimony connected with the so-called bribe givers and bribe takers. This it utterly failed to do. Clemenceau might have given some conclusive testimony in the trial but he was restrained from doing so. The minister might have given the most vital information but they saw it to withhold it. Why had they not produced copies of the menacing telegram sent by Herz.

The advocate general said: "They are at your disposal." Judge Des Jardins: "Let them be produced in court tomorrow." Continuing, M. Barboux asked why Cornelius Herz had been permitted to flee the country. Why had he not been seated among the prisoners, or at least named among the accused? Merely for ten years he had been the broker of the radical party.

Alabama Blast.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., March 18.—At Newton, Dale county fire destroyed the hotel, town prison, postoffice and stores; loss \$50,000.

A Suicide.

WALKER, Mo., March 18.—Dr. J. N. Dixon, a wealthy physician and prominent democrat politician, suicided yesterday morning with a revolver. He was registered of lands in 1884.

FLORA MERWYN'S FORTUNE.

BY GEORGE HENRY MORSE

CHAPTER XIX. REWARD.

The banker's daughter looked up with a vivid shock, as her name, spoken suddenly, unexpectedly in the accounts of the man to whom she owed her sorrow and bereavement, fell upon her hearing. Erect, trembling, she faced him, and the heart of the plotter, expecting reproaches, shrinking timidly, accusation, took courage. She was neither the frightened child of the past, nor the bitter, crushed woman of the last hour he had seen her. Her face, growing steadily paler, took an icy taint to his expressive depths, her eyes never leaving Arnold Dacre's face, she stood like a queen at bay, a being turned to stone.

"Flora" he repeated. "I have sought you everywhere. You did not expect me, but—speak, girl! why do you stare at me so stupidly?" He quailed before the never-wavering glance. This unexpected keenness and silence puzzled him. "What have you to say to me?" was forced slowly from her reluctant lips. "What have I to say?" cried Dacre, misconstruing the hidden contempt, resignation and resentment that pure soul harbored against him, supposing that her troubles would make her a crushed despairing woman, reckless of all save a craving for peace and safety. "Much that can interest you, Flora. I hold your destiny, your future in my hands."

She did not reply, she might have been marble for all she moved. Steeled to the heart, suggested by the circumstances of the case, she stood curbing every emotion. "We will not waste words," continued Dacre, "for I see you are in a frame of mind to listen to me, and probably act upon my advice. You are a refugee, an accused accomplice in the robbery of the bank. You can never return to Ridgefield. You are a beggar, I can enrich you. I can restore to you your former, your father's name."

Only the eyelids quivered at his words. "Go on," she said, sternly, chillingly. "I offer you wealth, luxury, peace. If you will marry me, I will take you to some far spot where life shall be a perfect holiday. I can give you a stately home, love, devotion. You can forget the past, it is your only hope, or else you are an outcast, a pauper. Choose—riches or the almshouse, love or desolation."

"And if I refuse?" "The accented were ominous, but the eager scoundrel ran on glibly. "Then I leave you to your fate—a bitter one. I leave your father's honored name in the mire of disgrace, where it gravels. Your lover! Oh! you start, my dear, he is now a prisoner at my will in the town jail at Deepford. Wed me, and I agree to clear your father's name of the last vestige of crime, I agree to free your lover. I agree to restore to you the fortune now in my possession. Speak! will you consent?"

She fairly took his breath away with the sharpness, the suddenness of her reply. "Yes," she said simply. "A cry of joy parted the schemer's lips. "What! you agree? You will wed me?" "On one condition, I will undertake the marriage ceremony, yes." "And that is?" "Word for word, truth for truth, from beginning to end, are to be the story of the trouble at the bank—all your part in that fraud, all the details as they occurred."

"It is a bargain! You will wed me first?" "If the story will be forthcoming." "I vow it. Wait, I have brought the magistrate with me. The ceremony can be performed now, at once. I will return within two minutes time." He sped back through the open doorway. His whole soul was aflame with hope and triumph. Shrewd plotter that he was, he never discerned the latent warning that the girl's immobile face expressed.

"She is too crushed to resist," he gloated, as he dashed through the wood in quest of the laundress. "She demands the story of the crime at the bank. Good! I will tell it. She suspects it now. Anything, anything to gain her as my bride." Blind schemer! Had he lingered a single moment, he would have seen Flora Merwyn speed to the adjoining apartment. Hurried tones issued thence in excited consultation. Then she came back to the outer room, and, stealing her face to utter coldness, she awaited the return of the man she was leading to his doom.

"Farce for farce!" she murmured. "Oh! the torture of even glancing at the foul-hearted monster, but, for my poor murdered father's sake, for Ray Webster's sake, I will go through with the ordeal." The silence was broken a minute later by the reappearance of Arnold Dacre. Behind the eager plotter followed his hired emissary, the laundress.

"Here is the magistrate," spoke the cashier. "He is prepared to officiate at the ceremony." "You agree to confess all—to release Ray Webster, to vindicate my father's name later?" demanded Flora. "Yes, only by explaining all to you can I make you understand the truth, and how it may be told to the public without injury to me—unless John Wharton shall bear the blame. They cannot punish him."

"All ready!" spoke the coarse-grained laundress. They joined hands. A sickening shudder traversed the girl's frame at the contact, but she steeled her heart to the ordeal. The ceremony was completed. "My wife—mine at last!" breathed the plotter, joyfully. "Flora! let the past die out. A life of devotion." "Send that man away."

He thumbed at her shrinking face and at her icy tones, but he whispered to the laundress to return to the horses. "Now, the story—the confession," spoke Flora Merwyn, a strange glow in her impenetrable eyes. Without apology, the villain began his narrative. In total possession of the girl and fortune alike, what had he to lose? In a reckless but deprecating sort

of a way, he revealed all the dark plots that had led up to the present hour. "He stepped towards her as he concluded. "For your sake I did it all," he spoke ardently. "The speculation was wrong, but I was led to hope I could double the money. Ray Webster was my rival, and I removed him from my path—all in love and war. Your father's death was no fault of mine. Flora, my wife, some foreign elixir, a life of devotion will claim its reward in your love."

He paused. Over the face of the girl never came a sudden change. The long repressed emotion she had kept in check burst forth. Horror, repugnance, vengeance in her blazing eyes, she regarded him with a look that made his very soul shudder within him. "Your reward!" she cried. "Monster! self-confessed thief, forger, and assassin, your reward is—there!"

She flitted aside to make room for another form, suddenly appearing over the threshold of the door of the next apartment. It was the Sheriff of Ridgefield, and he held in his extended hands— "Ray Webster's reward, indeed—a pair of glittering steel handcuffs.

CHAPTER XX. CONCLUSION. Arnold Dacre paled to the lips at the sensational denouncement of the moment. As to Flora Merwyn, utterly exhausted at the difficult role she had assumed and carried to successful execution, she sank to a chair, half-fainting, overcome.

"Take that man away," she gasped. "Ray Webster! I thought—" "What does this mean?" parried the petrified schemer. "I'm sorry," spoke the Sheriff, "Mr. Dacre, out—"

"You need express no regret at handling such a scoundrel unmasked and in his true colors at last," interrupted a stern voice. "Mercy!" gasped the petrified Dacre. "Ray Webster! I thought—" "That I was in jail at Deepford? Scarcely," retorted the convict. "I was for ruse, Arnold Dacre, you played with edged tools, Sheriff, arrest that man!"

A spasm of dread convulsed the plotter. In a flash, he discerned the truth. He had been led into a trap. His appearance had been unexpected, but Flora Merwyn had undertaken the task, of winning a confession from his lips, and had committed him in the coils of a subtle subterfuge.

As to Ray Webster, there could be but one explanation of his appearance here—some innocent person had been arrested for him, or he had hired a man to impersonate him. Aware of the laundress's scheme to arrest him, he had probably hired some willing substitute to disguise himself and take his place, for he stood denuded of blue spectacles and false attire now.

"Click!" Like the stroke of doom, that ominous sound rang out as the Sheriff snapped the handcuffs over the wrists of his prisoner. "Arrest me?" raved Dacre. "Sheriff, that man is your prisoner—an escaped convict and embezzler—Ray Webster!" "He is an embezzler," replied the officer calmly. "Your own confession proves it."

His own confession! Arnold Dacre gritted his teeth with impotent rage. These people were witnesses to his act of impetuous folly. They had overheard his conversation with Flora Merwyn—his own willing substitute to disguise himself, and pronounced sentence on his many iniquities.

"Your career is run," spoke Ray Webster. "Flora, my darling! do not tremble so. Oh! my brave one, the task I essayed of unmasking this heartless scoundrel, your woman's wit, executed reading. Sheriff, this man must be lodged in jail. I will accompany you and deliver myself up to the authorities. Flora, courage, only a brief time, and my innocence shall be proven."

"You forget!" hissed the malignant Dacre. "This woman is my wife—that victory, at last, is mine." "Your wife!" uttered Ray Webster, scornfully. "No, I denounce the farce that desperate circumstances made necessary, but Flora Merwyn was already a wife. She wedded secretly this moral-lun."

Arnold Dacre gnashed his teeth in baffled, impotent rage. Verily, the end had come, and vengeance full and complete had been executed. One last resource was left him. His wicked eyes gleamed as he thought of it. He had directed the laundress to return to Deepford. In the saddle bags of the steed he had driven, he had stowed the precious package. It would not be discovered or removed. He could bank on that, get word secretly to the laundress, and employ it to purchase his liberty.

"Take your pauper bride," he raved, pale and malignant at the calm and dignified Ray Webster. "The fortune at issue shall never be yours." "Her fortune?" replied Webster; "that she already possesses. I handed it to her this morning." "You?" "Yes." "It is false. I have the package—" "No, you have a dummy stuffed with old newspapers. I reached the cave before you did. The real contents of that package are now in the possession of their real owner, my wife," concluded Ray Webster, with a loving caress of the woman whose deep devotion was only saddened, by the memory of her beloved father's cruel demise.

One month later, a series of rapidly-occurring events startled Ridgefield. The first was a public explanation of all the details of the crime at the bank. The rehabilitated Ray Webster and his wife in the estimation of their friends, it removed every stain of evil from the fair Merwyn name.

The depositors were paid in full out of Flora's fortune, and as the last dollar of debt was liquidated, Arnold Dacre was marched to the State Penitentiary on a fifteen years sentence. As he entered that living tomb, another man left it—Ray Webster, bearing a full pardon from the Governor.

John Wharton recovered his reason. His story was an atonement for the past, and only went to enforce the villainy of Arnold Dacre, and the innocence of Ray Webster. The latter found a trace of his missing family, and, with the injunction to "go and sin no more," the contrite tool of a wicked scoundrel, with the recovered Tom Cupple left Ridgefield never to return.

The tanker, Abel Merwyn, has no monuments to his integrity—only a grand old mausoleum in the Ridgefield cemetery, the other the staunch and massive bank.

For Flora insisted that Ray should continue the enterprise. His existence vindicated her dead father's memory. They are worthy of one another, these tried souls, and only the saddening thought of Abel Merwyn's fate, darkens the entire union of two noble hearts in the trust and devotion of perfect love.

[THE END.]

A Prehistoric Monster. If I were to speak after the common fashion of the elephant as "a mammoth," of the rhinoceros as a Titan, and the hippopotamus as Behemoth, you might fairly charge me with having forgotten that these animals, big as we think them, are really, after all, only the pygmies of other species. But I have not forgotten it, for before me lies a paragraph announcing the discovery in Siberia of one of those colossal animals which nature is very fond of dropping in, in a staccato way, just to keep our pride down and to remind us, we creatures of a degenerate growth, what "winter" meant in the years gone by, and what kind of a person an inhabitant of the earth then was.

He had to be very big, indeed, very strong and very warmly clad, to be called the fittest in the glacial period, and to survive the fierce assaults of the paleolithic epoch. The rhinoceros, therefore, except by some cubist distortion of the most colossal, and is also by some far heavier.

It appears that an affluent of the Tanai river was making alterations in its course, and in so doing cut away its banks, revealing the imbedded presence of a truly Titanic pachyderm, which, for want of a better name, has been temporarily called "the rhinoceros." But it is such a creature that if it were to show itself now in the swamps of Assam or on the plains of Central Africa, it would terrify off its path all the species of the present day, whether one-horned or two-horned, and make no more of an obstinate elephant than an avalanche does of a good-humored but that happens to stand in the line of its advance. At one time the whole skeleton of the great dead thing stood revealed to human eyes, such an appearance of mummy as should have had some evangelist like Prof. Owen close at hand to translate it to the world; a vision of dry bones fit for the prophet of South Kensington himself. Unfortunately, however, there is no large choir of professors in Siberia. They are wiser beyond measure in Arctic suffering, and graduates in the mysteries of cold, but they know very little about fossils. So the straggle that was cutting away the banks took the skeleton in its day's work, and cut the monster of the past away, too. Its head was eventually resected, and so was one foot, said to be at Irkutsk. *See also Heratium.*

This fact, if set on upon one of the rhinoceroses of modern times, would have fatten it as smoothly as the philosopher's corn rolled out those naughty boys of Corinth who had ventured to tie the erycine through the lung-hole with a string. Beside its size, the huge monster in question asserts its superiority over existing species by being clothed in long hair, a fleece to guard it against the climate in which it lived, and from which even the tremendous panoply of the nineteenth century rhinoceros could not sufficiently protect the wearer. Thus, clad in a woolly hide as colossal in physique, the Siberian mammal not only lived, but lived happily amid snowy glaciers that would have frozen the polar bear and made iceless of arctic foxes.—*Hurper's Weekly.*

Evidence Enough. A New York broker, who left the street three or four years ago, one day received a call from a man up the river, who announced that old Blank was dead.

"Old Blank. Yes, I remember; so he is dead?" "Yes, and his heirs are trying to break the will."

"They are?" "Yes, and they are going to prove he was crazy. They want you as a witness."

"Want me? Why, I know nothing of the old man, except that I once invested \$10,000 for him."

"Well, that's all they expect to prove by you."

"What, eh?" "Why, if you'll come into court and swear that the old man let you have \$10,000 to invest for him; the case is made out. When can you come?" He never went.—*Wall Street News.*

A Great Indecentum. A New York nabob, who recently made a trip to Southern Missouri on business, fell in with one community which appreciated him 100 cents on the dollar. The village tavern-keeper bribed three or four rangers to quit quarreling an hour earlier than usual; the undertaker offered 40 per cent off in case his services were needed; the postmaster was awful sorry there was no mail for him, and, as the millionaire got ready to leave, the leader of the brass band took him by the hand and said:

"Say, Mister, we like your style, we do, and if you want to settle down here with us you can be elected a Justice of the Peace quicker'n Jack Robinson!"—*Wall Street News.*

The Hochi Shinbun gives some particulars of the army of Japan, as follows: General officers, 80; Colonels, 253; Captains, Lieutenants, etc., 2,869; staff officers, 2,062; cadets, 78; non-commissioned officers, 6,918; rank and file, 109,493; workmen, etc., 700; total, 121,905.

This green cucumber season and the ditto medical graduate are eventuated about the same time.