

## FOUND HIS WIFE IN OPIUM DEN.

Back of the plain statement that William C. Riley, employed in a hotel in Chambers street, New York, has begun proceedings for an absolute divorce, lies a romance in which the glamor that Chinatown exerts over so many white girls proved potent to tear a youthful, highly educated young woman, a member of a fine old Virginia family, from the side of a devoted young husband.

After a search continued indefatigably for seven years, during which the tobacco plantation he owned near Richmond, Va., was sacrificed to provide funds to keep up the hunt, the husband succeeded in locating his wife at No. 11 Pell street, where on the second floor she was living as the wife of a Chinaman who had taken the American name of Wilson. This was last November. His fortune was all gone; Riley had been obliged to accept a place as a waiter.

"Ethel, I have hunted seven years for you. I do not care what your life has been in those years. If you will return to me and leave your associates I will forgive you," said the still affectionate husband.

"I tried of you long ago," said the girl. "I prefer to lead the life I am living rather than return to you. I like Chinamen better than I do white men; they are more respectable and treat women better than white men do. I refuse to live with you."

The husband pleaded in vain, and then resolved to obtain a divorce. He, however, told his counsel, George Robinson, of No. 248 West Forty-fourth street, that if a compromise could be effected not to continue the legal proceedings. The lawyer called on the wife in her Pell street home, accompanied by Mr. Riley.

Another white girl was in the room. Wilson and another Chinaman departed when Mr. Riley and the lawyer were admitted.

"You are persecuting me. Why cannot you let me alone? Get a divorce, if you wish; only leave me in peace," answered the young woman when the lawyer and Mr. Riley in turn again urge her to return to her former life. Then she continued, her eyes flashing angrily:

"You married me when I was a child of 12. That was eleven years ago. You were rich then, and I liked you well enough; but I grew tired of seeing your face always around and ran away to New York. I came to Chinatown, and am glad I did, for this life just suits me. I propose to live it. You see not hope to change my feelings, for my determination is fixed.

"If you permit this to be published in the newspapers I will kill you, for I do not want my family disgraced. I

never have communicated with any of them and never shall, and I do not want them to know what has become of me. It would kill my mother if she knew the life I was leading."

As she spoke tears came into the husband's eyes. She certainly was handsome still, despite the dissipated life she had led. On the bed the husband saw an opium layout. His wife's fine figure was clad in a gauze dress, which served to accentuate the graceful contour of her form. Her thick, light brown hair was arranged tastefully and set off the fine oval of her face, which though ordinarily pale, was now tinged with the flush of excitement. He seemed unable to give up the wish to reclaim this beautiful, intelligent creature.

"We can go back to your old home in Richmond, and no one will ever know anything about the last seven years; they shall be blank," urged the husband, clasping his hands, as if praying to her to heed his words.

"No," she replied, and her look and voice were hard. "I have outgrown a quiet, respectable life. I know too much of the world. Had I known as much of it as I do now I never should have married you at all. Really, you had better leave me to my fate. I ask nothing of you or my former friends, save to be let alone."

Without speaking to his wife again, Mr. Riley then left with his counsel, who will institute proceedings at once.

To a reporter, Mrs. Riley said: "If this thing gets into the newspapers it will make my mother and sister, who is now 17 years old, wretched, and might mar their future happiness. I shall say nothing. My life is my own affair, entirely, and does not concern the public. I have resolved not to become reconciled to my husband, and the sooner he gets a divorce the better I shall like it."

T. W. Earle, president of the Star of Hope Mission in Chinatown, said he would be glad to assist Mr. Riley to obtain a divorce, for he declared the woman was absolutely irreclaimable. He had labored for years to convert her, but she merely laughed at him.

"The worst of it is the woman is educated and highly intelligent," said Mr. Earle. "In her room are works of standard authors, which she reads with eagerness. She argues that there is but one life for her. No man ought to continue as her husband, even in name."

Admiral Dewey has accepted an invitation to spend three days, May 24 to 26, in New Orleans during the flower carnival in that city.

## SKETCH OF THE MAFIA.

Rome, April 15.—The stringent steps recently taken by the Italian government in the celebrated Notarbartolo case, in order to run to earth the pestilent "Mafia," have once more drawn attention to this most desperate of all organized bodies of men—a society that the government will fail to suppress.

To American ears, unaccustomed as they are to that fearful thirst for vengeance, that spirit of the vendetta which still disfigures so much of sunny Italy, it is hard to explain the real power and scope of the Mafia. Briefly, the Mafia is a species of Free Masonry of the lowest possible description, the main objects of which are the protection of all members who transgress the laws. In other words, it may be regarded as an anarchist's protection society, of which the power is unlimited, and the tolls are everywhere.

The members of the Mafia are legion, and, strangely enough, more often than not join against their own free will. The rich man joins either to advance his personal position, to carry on an hereditary feud, or because it is intimated to him that his influence and wealth are necessary to the society. If he refuses his crops suddenly take fire, his cattle eat something poisonous, or he himself is either found dead or carried by "brigands" into the mountains and held for all the world like a pledged article in a pawnbroker's shop until a heavy ransom is paid.

### POWER IS RESISTLESS.

The poor man, too, is equally bound to throw in his lot with the Mafia. Nor can one wonder at his choice when we recall the alternatives. Upon the one hand his endeavors to earn an honest living will be boycotted by practically all his neighbors, and even by the large landowners and shopkeepers to whom he may apply for work. Once let him join the brotherhood, however, and no matter what his crime he will be protected to the last penny of the association. Here is the now famous case:

Some months ago one M. Notarbartolo was appointed by the Italian minister of the interior to inquire into certain financial scandals by which M. Panzollo, member of parliament for Palermo, was alleged to have defrauded the Bank of Sicily of large sums of money. So fearlessly did the unfortunate Notarbartolo execute his commission that he was immediately murdered by a man of the name of Fontaine, who is alleged to have been instigated to the commission of the deed by Panzollo's use of the machinery of the Mafia.

No Sicilian jury dared to convict either the murderer or his instigator. Both men were members of the Mafia, and Sicilian jurymen know full well that those who bring justice to a Mafiaist may expect to pay the extreme penalty at the earliest possible convenience of his brethren. Similarly, too, the judges feared to convict, the police and the lawyers were equally culpable. The Italian government is bringing every possible means to bear upon the society in order to break it up, even to shifting the entire case from Palermo to Milan, or practically the entire length of Italy. Whether, however, the society has yet run its allotted span is an extremely mooted point. It would surprise no one if, on the contrary, the government itself went under as the result of the conflict.

### SIGN IN THEIR BLOOD.

The ceremony of initiating a Mafiaist is much the same in all branches of the society. The candidate smears the effigy of the saint with the blood ob-

tained by cutting his own thumb. He then sets fire to the little figure and takes the following form of oath:

"I swear on my honor to be faithful to the brotherhood. As this saint and the drops of my blood are destroyed, so will I shed all my blood for the fraternity; and as these ashes and this blood can never be restored, so can I never become free from the brotherhood."

He then shoots at a crucifix (to signify his willingness to kill even his nearest relative if bidden by the society) and with that the ceremony is complete.

So far as can be learned the Mafia keep no written records of any nature whatsoever. Their commands are invariably transmitted by word of mouth and death by the dagger is the usual reward of disobedience. The bond that unites the members is neither political nor religious, since men of all creeds and political opinions are alike dominated by its acts. Each large town has its secretary, who keeps the local units of the society in touch with the governing body, the constitution of which is known only to a very few.

The usual meeting places of the Mafia are the great cattle fairs, at which they assemble from Girgenti, Frapani and other provinces for the discussion of their plans. Like our own criminal classes they disguise their conversation by the use of a species of back slang peculiar to themselves.

They identify strange members by means of a few apparently every-day questions, to which a set form of reply is given by the initiated. The central stronghold of the Mafia is in Sicily, where every other person one meets belongs to this terrible organization.

### THE "COMORRA" OF NAPLES.

A very similar society is that known as the "Comorra of Naples," the members of which can be hired at a fixed tariff for the perpetration of practically any iniquity. Its record is similar to that of the Mafia, although, owing to the comparative smallness of its scope, it is perhaps less well known to the foreigner. So far back as 1862 M. Marc Monnier issued a pamphlet denouncing its many iniquities, and since that day it has fully lived up to its evil reputation.

In the winter of 1872-3 an English doctor, who had an exceedingly good practice near the Chiaia, was suddenly directed by a mysterious letter to remit the sum of 1,000 francs to a certain postoffice, under pain of instant death. He immediately retorted by engaging a bodyguard of four men. The Comorra, however, were not so easily disposed of, and speedily informed him that one of his children would be murdered in his place. He only escaped a certain fate by instant flight and the total loss of his splendid practice.

In 1878 the Comorra found another English victim. This time it was an inoffensive horticulturist, who, by his successful sale of flowers interfered with the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by the clients of the Comorra. He was murdered one evening in his garden, as a warning to all would-be competitors of the other Comorra flower growers.

About the same time, too, a certain Carlo Borrelli, who had offended the society, was murdered by its orders. The murderer, one Raffaelli Esposito, was captured, and upon his passage under escort through the Toledo, received a remarkable ovation from the Neapolitans. The whole populace showered flowers and blessings upon his head, while they did not scruple to brutally mutilate the body of the murdered man as it was awaiting burial in the mortuary of the Poggio Reale cemetery.

## BUCKING BRONCO IN CITY.

An amusing scene was witnessed by several hundred people in front of an express office in Broadway one day recently. It was a sight entirely unusual in New York, except in a circus or Wild West show—a bucking bronco, trying to kick his harness off and destroy a big red-eyed demon. He was a vicious little red-eyed demon, with a kick that meant destruction every time it landed. The crowd stood at a distance and admired the energy and pertinacity of the beast while the unhappy man in the seat "threw the rawhide into him" in a vain endeavor to make him settle down and go to work.

The bronco humped himself and jumped into the air, coming down stiff-legged with a jar that would have loosened the teeth of any man had one been on his back. Then he slanted his ears back, gave a snort and kicked at the wagon, but he was hitched so that he could not reach it. Hitched with him was a staid old horse, almost twice as big, who had probably never been outside of New York, and did not seem to understand the antics of his partner, while he took care to dodge the bronco's active heels. Persons in the crowd shouted advice to the driver, and soon his became jocular in its tone, and every one was enjoying a free outdoor show.

The bronco continued to buck and rear and kick in a most tireless manner, showing that he had a good constitution, hardened by his life in the west, and that he was endowed with an amount of perseverance that would have won him success in any other calling than that of a bucking bronco. However, as a bucking he was not entirely a failure.

At length a tall, spare man, in a big hat and a sandy mustache and goatee, emerged from the crowd and took hold

of the bronco's bridle, while the crowd shouted to him to "look out!" The tall one took a firm hold of the "bronco" and began to kick him on the shins.

Suddenly the bronco seemed to recognize a familiar, for he straightened up his ears and relaxed his muscles and became a small, quiet pony with not a buck nor a kick in his system. He seemed to be ashamed of himself, also, and sorry that he had made a scene on Broadway.

"Now," said the tall man to the driver on the wagon, "the cayuse is all right again. Just a bit of western temper. Got to know how to handle 'em, that's all."

The driver picked up his reins and clucked, and the team moved away, the bronco with hanging head, but faithfully pulling his share of the load.

### THE ORGAN GRINDER.

Beside the curb, out in the street, The organ grinder stands, With stubbles on his swarthy face And very dirty hands. And while you curse him plays away Like twenty German bands.

The ragtime airs you gayly hummed A ear or two ago, Forth from the box he wheels around In jangling currents flow— The waltzes always hard and fast, The marches mild and slow.

I often think Pandora must Have chanced along one day, And opened up the box the first Poor Dago had to play, And thus ungraciously let all But discord get away.

There is electricity in a kiss, says a scientist. Perhaps that is why kissing shocks some people.

## A CYOTE WAS IN HIS BED.

M. J. McMahon, a ranchman living near River Bend on the Union Pacific road, eighty-three miles east of Denver, came into Denver recently for surgical treatment, and the story he tells is weird and startling in the extreme. Mr. McMahon is not much interested in the psychic phenomena involved, nor is that to be expected when he apprehends that he is in danger of hydrophobia. The prevention of that dread malady and not the solution of the problem of transmigration or kindred questions is what brings him to Denver.

Mr. McMahon is a widower, and lives with two of his hired hands at his ranch. At 3 o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a heavy blow against the window near his bed. He still listened, and presently he again heard a sound as of a body being hurled against the window. Three times this was repeated and at the fourth blow the window gave way with a loud sound of splintering frame and glass, and an animal sprang into the room.

It was too dark for Mr. McMahon to see what kind of a beast had come to visit him. The room was very dark and he had not a firearm of any kind in the house, nor a weapon of any kind at hand. So he lay quiet and waited. The animal came up to the bedside and, instead of leaping upon him, as he feared, it stood quietly looking at him and finally laid its head on the bed and gazed at him. Its action was so much like that of a collie dog which Mr. McMahon used to keep that he put his hand to touch it. He put his hand on the animal's head and stroked it down over the back, as he used to do for his dog, and he did this several times without a sound or a motion on the part of his strange visitor.

Then the weirdness, the strangeness, the unnaturalness of the uncanny situation dawned upon him and he was seized with terror. He was certain that he had either a strange wild beast from the plains or a mad animal to deal with. His two hired men were asleep in the second room from his, and he was alone in the darkness with this strange presence. His overwrought nerves demanded action and would no longer remain still. Seizing a blanket he leaped from the bed and, protecting his hand with the blanket, he grappled in the darkness with the animal. Probably

the challenge was accepted, and a pair of great fangs pierced the blanket and sank into his right hand. With his left McMahon got a grip on the beast's throat, and wrenched his right free, tearing two long gashes in the flesh. Then, still holding the throat with his left, he wound the blankets and coverlets around the beast's head in an endeavor to smother it.

His frantic grasp on the throat of the animal was so fierce that his thumb was sprained and almost dislocated, yet that writhing, leaping form threatened momentarily to get free from his grip and clutch his own throat. He screamed for his hired men to bring a light that he might see, at least, what he was fighting. They were so slow in coming that he knew the battle would be over before they arrived, so he threw his antagonist on the floor and got outside the door.

Then he told his hired men the situation. They lit lamps, armed themselves with clubs and peered cautiously in at the door. At first they could see nothing, but they finally made out the form of a very large coyote lying on the bed. He lay outstretched, with his paws on the pillow and his head lying between them, just as the faithful collie used to lie. The men wanted to kill him with their clubs, but Mr. McMahon forbade it, and told them to drive him into a vacant room and hold him prisoner. Mr. McMahon went to the kitchen and began to bathe his wounds, while the men prepared the room for the coyote.

Before they were ready he leaped out at the window by which he had entered and walked round to the kitchen. Standing on his hind legs the animal placed his front feet on the window sill and for several minutes stood gazing at Mr. McMahon as he cleansed his lacerated hand. Then he got down and walked dejectedly away over the plain and was lost to sight.

Mr. McMahon is greatly exercised over the affair, believing that the brute was suffering from rabies. Those who are disposed to delve into the weird beliefs of the red men are wondering if this may not be the coyote who ate the heart of the faithful collie, and is now inhabited by his spirit.

Man soon wearies of the worship of humanity.

## DRIVEN MAD BY HIS WIFE.

Because his wife insisted upon coloring her black hair to a golden hue, Andy Maxwell, a farmer of Newkirk, Okla., went mad, says a correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. His eyesight was so sensitive that the thoughts of having a golden-haired wife grew and affected his mind until he lost his senses.

The story is worthy the imagination of such as "The Duchess" or Laura Jean Libby, and did it not come from a court of justice, would hardly be accepted, even by a credulous world. But Probate Judge Neff has investigated the case and says Maxwell's mind is seriously impaired. His wife cannot go near him to comfort the man she made mad, because her hair is now green, being in the stages of regaining its original color. Dr. Bowers, who is attending the insane man, says as soon as Mrs. Maxwell's hair regains its original color she will attend to him, and perhaps this will cure him.

Maxwell is a prosperous young farmer, while his wife is very beautiful. Her picture has appeared in several newspapers as that of the most beautiful woman in Oklahoma. Her hair is originally black, but recently she decided it would be more attractive were it blond. Her husband, who is very devoted to his young wife, begged her not to change the color of her hair, but she was determined to do it. A quarrel ensued, during which time the young wife proceeded to a hairdresser's.

"Give me yellow hair and I will pay you \$25," she blithely said. The hairdresser was delighted, and Mrs. Maxwell's raven locks loomed up like a golden sunset when she left the

establishment. She arrived home just before supper time and met her husband at the door. She removed her hat to allow the radiance of her golden yellow hair to fall full upon him at once.

The poor farmer looked at his wife, gave one shriek and went yelling to the barn. He did not come back until supper was over. Mrs. Maxwell went to bed early, but was awakened about midnight by someone trying to choke her. It was her husband.

She said: "His eyes were dilated and wild. He was breathing heavily. I cried for him to stop or he would kill me. I saw at once that the poor man was mad. I was frightened but finally I persuaded him to let go of me and I would go and wash the yellow off my hair. This seemed to please him and he let me go. I went into the kitchen and out into the yard. I ran to town in my nightgown and summoned Dr. Bowers, who came and pronounced my poor husband insane.

"I am so sorry for him, but I did so want yellow hair. It is so pretty. They told me he would get well if I got my hair dyed back to its natural color. I have even everything, but still it is a pale green and I fear it will never come back to its natural color. And poor Andy may never get well again if it don't."

Mrs. Maxwell summoned an expert hairdresser from Kansas City to wait on her, but the blonde did good work and on that account Andy Maxwell may remain a lunatic the rest of his days. He is being guarded at his home, Judge Neff not yet having ordered him to the asylum.

## THE LAST FARRAGUT VETERAN.

Timothy Murray, chief master-at-arms on the United States ship Pensacola, now stationed off the Pacific coast, is the only enlisted man now in the naval service who was with Farragut's fleet during the civil war.

He is not quite fifty years of age. Born in Ireland on November 4, 1850, he ran away to sea at the age of twelve. Only a year later he enlisted in the United States navy at Boston as a second class boy, serving on the United States frigate Niagara, and after December, 1863, on the flagship Hartford. He has a keen remembrance of Farragut at the battle of Mobile Bay, on August 5, 1864.

"When the squadron started up the bay," he says, "the old admiral was in the port main rigging with a rope around his waist, so that he could lean over and see what the fleet were doing. At the moment the Brooklyn ran hard aground Captain Alden sang out, 'Torpedoes ahead!' It was then the admiral used the famous words: 'Torpedoes be damned! Give her four bells!'"

"During the entire action in the bay the admiral was sometimes on the poop and sometimes in the main rigging. He was, I assure you, a busy man.

"That he was in constant danger is evident when you remember that the Hartford lost twenty-seven killed and twenty-five wounded. Only three of the officers who were on the ship that day now remain in the service—Generals Heywood, now commanding the marine corps; Admiral Watson, then a Lieutenant, and Captain Whiting, then an ensign.

### DOUBLE BRACKETS.

"There seems to be smiles all over your face this morning."

"No wonder! There's a new baby down at our house."

"H'm!"

"And a new piano."

"Well, you'll get precious little rest in the future."

"Don't you believe it! The baby makes such a racket you can't hear the piano; the piano makes such a racket you can't hear the baby."—News.

## ARIZONA OSTRICH RAISING.

Arizona has an ostrich farm and takes great pride in it. There are only four other farms in the country—two in California, one in Texas and one in Florida. According to the recent report of the governor of Arizona to the secretary of the treasury the Arizona ostrich farm, although the youngest of the lot, is the largest and most remunerative. It is situated three miles from Phoenix in the Salt River Valley, a region which in official eulogies of the territory is proudly termed the "New Eden of the West."

The experiment of raising ostriches in Arizona was begun in 1891 with a single pair of birds. In 1898, when the flock was sold to a company, it contained 104 birds, 38 of which were of breeding age. Since then forty-seven chicks have been hatched and the flock is growing rapidly. The net profits of the company last year are said to have been \$2,500. These figures do not take into account the additions to the flock, which are estimated to be worth \$100 each. The birds are first plucked when six months old, yielding about twelve ounces of feathers each that are worth \$7.50 a pound. After that they are plucked every eight months, yielding an average of one pound of feathers at each plucking, worth, at the present market prices, \$17.50 a pound. How long the birds will continue to yield feathers, says the governor of Arizona, is not definitely known, although in South Africa they have been yielding feathers continuously for fifty years with no signs of decreasing.

According to the governor's report, the ostrich, as a housekeeper, is a much maligned bird. The popular belief is that the female ostrich digs a hole in the sand, lays her eggs therein and trusts the sun to hatch them out, while the male bird shirks family responsibilities entirely. This is not true, at least of the Arizona ostriches. The birds always pair off during the breeding season, and the male bird makes the nest by resting his breastbone on the sand and turning slowly round and round, scratching the sand up with his feet, until a shallow hole is made some three feet in diameter and about a foot deep. The female then lays usually fifteen eggs, and the birds take turns sitting on them. The female occupies the nest during the daytime, except for an hour at noon, when the male relieves her while she goes off to feed. The male bird takes possession of the nest at night. As a female ostrich will lay three settings, or about forty-five eggs, before she stops, about thirty are taken from her and placed in an incubator, the birds being permitted to hatch the last fifteen eggs laid.

The eggs hatch in about forty-two days and the old birds help the chicks to get out of their shells.

An ostrich chick one week old will weigh five pounds, and at maturity about three hundred pounds. The chicks grow very rapidly, reaching a height of about five feet in four months. At four years, when full grown, they average nearly eight feet in height.

The first few days after hatching the chicks must be carefully watched and cared for to keep them alive, but after they reach the age of four weeks they are pretty well able to shift for themselves. The young birds are fed a little grain, but the old birds obtain their entire living from the alfalfa on which they graze. During the breeding season each pair of birds is placed in a separate enclosure, otherwise they are apt to get into shindies which often result disastrously. One acre of alfalfa will furnish feed for four full grown birds throughout the year. They require very little care, one man being able to do all the work connected with the farm and its 150 ostriches, with the assistance of an additional hand occasionally, when plucking or other extra work has to be done.

Arizona takes a very sanguine view of the future of its ostrich industry. Indeed, some enthusiasts predict that there are "millions in it," and that the Salt River valley will become as important an ostrich raising country as South Africa. During the last fiscal year \$1,700,000 worth of ostrich feathers were imported from that region into the United States. A duty of fifteen per cent ad valorem is imposed on imported feathers, and, following precedents and history, if the infant ostrich industry thrives and prospers it will doubtless be able to get as much more protection as it sees fit to howl for.

### VERY STRONG.

Stubb—The woolen mill down the street was destroyed by fire this morning.

Penn—You don't say! Why, Smythe and I were standing in the same block and never heard an engine.

Stubb—Wonder you hadn't caught a whiff of the burning wool.

Penn—That was impossible. Smythe was smoking a cigar he bought on the train.—Chicago News.

Ex-Governor Wolcott of Massachusetts said at the recent banquet of manufacturers in Boston that "rum, gunpowder and the bible must not be linked together in unholy alliance, but Christianity, civilization and honest trade make their march together across sea and continents."