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How a Party of Hebrew Traders Met a Troop of Russian Soldiers and How a Mountain Pass Came by the Name "The Jews' Leap."

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There is a pass in the Caucasian mountains, along which runs a trail that no animal can turn on and no two animals can pass each other on.

In the spring of 1878 a party of Jews, ten in number, were on their way with a pack of heavily laden mules to the Don country, where they were to attend a fair.

If the road was all right, the man sent in front fired off a bomb, the explosion of which told as it echoed along the pass that the way was clear.

Captain Blatzky, who was going south with a small escort of mounted Cossacks, wholly ignoring this precaution, said to his guide:

"There are no soldiers coming this way. The only party we can meet is some Jewish peddlers, and if they get in my way I will hurl them over the cliffs."

There was nothing left for the soldiers but to obey, so they rode on and at length entered the pass, Captain Blatzky bringing up the rear.

The setting sun was pouring his level rays through the pass when the Russians reached the highest and narrowest point, and here they were brought face to face with the Jew traders, who by the custom of the place had the right of way.

When Captain Blatzky saw the party that opposed him he drew his sword and shouted out:

"Curse the dogs! Hurl them over the cliffs and ride on!"

The Jews heard the savage order and held a hurried consultation. To go back was impossible, for all were leading their mules, as the Russians were their horses.

"We have the right of way," replied the foremost Jew, whose only weapon was a stout staff.

"You have no rights!" roared the Russian.

"No rights in the valleys and towns," replied the Jew resolutely, "but up here, nearer to God and man to man, we are equal."



IT WAS TOO LATE.

"Pitch him over and stop his talking!" yelled the officer.

"Try it and take the consequences!" was the spirited response.

The guide leaped forward with drawn sword, and the merchant, a stalwart young man, raised his staff and stood on the defensive.

After fencing for a few seconds the Jew's staff was cut in two, but before his assailant could strike him with the sword he leaped forward, caught him in his arms, and the two fell over the cliff and dashed in a bleeding mass on the rocks below.

The second Russian sent the Jew's burdened mule after his master, and then stood face to face with another resolute man armed only with a stout stick.

The Russian lost a precious second of time in trying to draw his pistol, for the staff whistled above his head, and unconscious and never to be conscious again, he tumbled into the depths. Then the Jew sent the Russian's horse after him and came face to face with a second man.

Seeing the fate of his companion, the third Russian leaped forward, like an enraged animal, and caught his opponent in his arms. The struggle was brief and fierce. The issue would have been doubtful had not the Cossack's horse plunged forward in its fright and dashed against the men, hurling them and itself into the awful abyss.

Both parties were now wrought up to a frenzy that blinded them to all considerations of life.

The Russians were like bloodthirsty savages who find their slaves rising against them in revolt.

The Jews lost their habitual prudence and were stung to a desperate resistance by the memory of many generations of outrage and rapine.

In the dense settlements the Russians might be masters; here they were men to men, with all the advantage of arms on the side of the transgressors.

The fourth Jew picked up a sword that a Russian had dropped before he went over and down to death. He was a young man, unskilled in the use of such a weapon, but even if he had been the wall of rock to the left would have balked all sword play.

With the fury of a tiger he hurled over his opponent and sent his horse after him. The Jew had lost a brother and his gray haired father was behind him.

With such a war cry as never burst from Jewish lips since the Maccabees led Israel to victory, the young man swept every living thing from his path till he came face to face with the last man, Captain Blatzky.

The Russian fired his pistol straight into the young man's face, making a serious but not a fatal wound. Certain it is it did not stay the irresistible onset.

The officer's sword leaped up, but it was too late. He felt the wet blade at his throat, and the next instant he had joined the men whom he had so ignominiously led to death.

The surviving merchants hastily made their way into Turkish territory, where they were safe, leaving behind them a name and a memory that will last as long as the mountains—"The Jews' Leap."

At a recent trial growing out of a rail road strike up in the center of New York state an Irish boy of fourteen was one of the witnesses called for the prosecution and although, for reasons that will be obvious, his evidence was not taken, it was generally felt that he was a match for some of the lawyers.

As he was small for his age, the judge decided to learn for himself if the boy knew the nature of an oath; so assuming a manner never seen off the bench, and never necessary on it, the judge said:

"Daniel Horan, do you know the nature of an oath?"

"Do you mane swearin?" asked the boy.

"Faith I do. Shure no man could be drivin mules on a dump for two years and not know all about swearin. Would yer honor loike to hear me?"

"No, sir!" said the judge angrily. "Do you know why men are brought in here and sworn on the Bible?"

"Because they can't help themself's."

"Perhaps that; but do you know what a lie is?"

"Do I know what lies is?"

"Yes. Come, answer. Well, what are lies?"

"Things that ain't true."

"And what will happen to you if you tell a lie?"

"Nothin, if it ain't found out. If I was to lie to the boss about lickin a mule and he found it out he might give me the grand bouuce."

At this juncture the audience laughed, the judge rapped and the officers shouted:

"Silence in the court!"

"What is your religion?" asked the judge when he could get his breath.

"I believe I'm a Catholic," replied Daniel Horan.

"Are you not sure?"

"Do you ever go to mass?"

"No."

"Did you never see a priest?"

"Oh, yis."

"Ever speak to one?"

"No."

"Did a priest ever speak to you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Come here, you little raskil, and hold my horse, and if you let him get away I'll lick blazes out av you!'"

"Remove the witness!" shouted the judge. "He is not fit to be sworn."

And Daniel Horan stepped down, with his left eye shut and his tongue in his cheek, and there was a general feeling that the case for the prosecution had not been strengthened.

Not at First Sight.

When Handel, the celebrated German musician, went to Ireland to give concerts, he was much perplexed by the illness of the man he had brought with him to sing bass.

On explaining his trouble he was told that there was a man in Dublin, a printer named Gorman, who had a good voice, an excellent knowledge of music and who was a member of St. Patrick's choir.

Handel, who was a fussy little man, was much delighted at being able to secure Gorman, and decided to call a rehearsal at once.

The Irish bass singer appeared in his best suit, and with an expression on his broad face that denoted peace with the world and perfect satisfaction with himself. He knew every Irish air that had ever been composed, and so he had confidence in his own "ability to do bass to anything the little Dutchman might trot out."

But the rehearsal had not been under way ten minutes when Handel's quick ear noted that the bass was not only out of tune and pitch, but that with characteristic Irish independence it was singing entirely in its own way and without regard to the text.

Handel stood up on tiptoe and swore in five languages. At length, red in the face, he shouted to Gorman:

"You tam rascal! What for you tell me you sing at de sight?"

"And so I can," said the imperturbable bass.

"Den you tak dat und sing et voice!" roared Handel.

"Oh," replied Gorman, as he picked up the score and looked over the notes upside down, "this devil a man o' mine said I could sing at first sight. Just wait, yer honor, till I get acquainted wid the tchune!"

ARE YOU IN THE SWIM

THEN YOU MUST WEAR A RUSSIAN BLOUSE.

A Pretty Style is Dark Green Camel's Hair and It Should Be Embellished with Belt and Buckles—Bloom and Blossom Best Spring Millinery.

(Special Correspondence.) New York, April 28.—If you want to be in fashion you must be Russian, or near it as circumstances will permit, and in any case you must manage one or two blouses, and as the blouse is the dis-



THE POPULAR BLOUSE.

tinctively Russian part of the costume the rest will go. There is no limit to the materials you can employ, from lace and wash goods up through wools and silks to velvet.

A pretty style is dark green camel's hair or Bedford or cloth, trimmed with a few rows of gold braid, below which is a band of imitation astrakhan; and the same should be used on the collar and cuffs and up the side which opens, which can be right or left, as pleases the wearer. The belt is largely a matter of taste, but it really ought to be rather wide and the buckles should show somewhat of the rude barbaric effect.

Hats of any kind will "go" with the blouse suit. I should not forget to mention that a snug fitting waist is required beneath the blouse to maintain the figure. The backs are simply gathered to the belt, as in front, and the skirts are usually plain, though trimming is admissible.

A very striking if not elegant effect can be obtained by having the basque part of brown cloth, with a plastron of light tan richly braided with gold braid and with rows of gilt buttons down each side. Hussar braiding is also very appropriate to this style of garment, but it requires to be worn only by ladies of tall and commanding presence.

One more good word for the blouse costume. The skirt to it being so long, it can be made to cover many shortcomings on a dress skirt that has seen its best days, and it can be worn over a skirt of different color and material, therefore its utility and popularity can be well understood.

If we can judge by the sudden blazing out of the flame of fancy for Watteau plaits and Watteau bows it will not be long before the shepherdess style will prevail everywhere, but I am inclined to think that this is an evanescent fancy; but the bloom and blossom seen on the spring millinery has its root deep in the love of women for real flowers. The Swiss mountaineers wear artificial flowers and call them the "real" ones. Odd, isn't it?

Flowers are so perfect that it is almost impossible to resist the temptation to smell them, and the bonnets that are trimmed with them are so pretty! One for an elderly lady was

made of shirred lilac satin, with one upright bow of deep heliotrope ribbon, and a wreath of large and perfect pansies, slightly crushed, encircle it. The strings were of lilac ribbon. Another bonnet for a younger head had a wreath of bits of blue forgetmenots around it, and the crown was made of grass, twisted into a knot on the crown. A butterfly bow of white point de gene lace was placed in front. I have seen several kinds of flower bonnets made in this same way, particularly those of blue violets; the effect is always pretty, and such a bonnet is suitable for almost any age or occasion.

Another dainty bonnet was made of black figured net, and at the back and front are set jet ornaments, and tiny bunches of such flowers as one may prefer. Daisies, violets or small bunches of star flowers or white lilac are delicate and refined. Black velvet strings.

These bonnets or similar ones cost all the way from eight to thirty dollars, according to whose name is stamped on the lining. Ladies who are sensible enough to recognize beauty independent of a milliner's name will buy their materials and have a bonnet quite as pretty for two or three dollars.

Point de gene is the lace of the season in white and cream, and surely is rich. Black chintilly and dotted fishnet for overdresses and founces are much liked. Black lace veils, dotted or traced, are lined with white tulle. This makes a woman look almost as pretty as do the famous Turkish veils that are so much talked about, and which really do more to enhance the beauty of those women than any one knows who has not seen them dress. If our women knew just how lovely they would look in them they would all wear yashmaks.

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