MESSAGE FROM A PLANET.

AN AERIAL VISITOR THAT PUZZLES SCIENTISTS.

Curious Marks Found on the Interior Surface of What is Denominated an Aerolite--The People of Binghampton Excited.

Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 16.—Scientists in this city are puzzling over an aerial visitor that dropped in this vicinity this morning.

Prof. Jeremiah McDonald, who lives on Park avenue, was returning home at an early hour this morning, when there was a blinding flash of light and an object buried itself in the ground a short distance from his premises. Later it was dug up and found to be a mass of some foreign substance that had been fused together by intense heat. It was still hot and when cooled off in water was broken open. Inside was found what might have been a piece of metal, on which were a number of curious marks, that some think to be characters. When opened the stone emitted a strong sulphurous smell.

Prof. Whitney of the high school declared it to be an aerolite, but different from anything he had ever seen. The metal had been fused to a whitish substance, and is of a quality unknown to the scientific men who have examined it.

The aerolite is now on exhibition and will be placed in the geological collection of the high school.

Several persons have advanced the opinion that this is a message from another planet, probably Mars. The marks bear some resemblance to Egyptian writing in the minds of some. Prof. McDonald is among those who believe the mysterious ball was meant as a means of communication from another world.

MILITARY RECOMMENDATIONS.

Widows and Orphans of Military Men to Be Provided For.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16.—One of the most important recommendations in the annual report of the inspector general of the army is that a fund be created for the benefit of the widows and orphans of military men. There is now a stoppage against the soldiers' pay to insure care for him in his old age, and it is suggested that if a similar reservation is made from the pay of persons hereafter appointed to the army, and the fund be increased by the addition of all fines imposed upon commissioned officers by court-martials, the relief measure would be sufficient.

The work of inspection during the year has shown the army to be in all its departments in a satisfactory condition, although opportunity was afforded to recommend a number of small changes in methods and equipments. The new rifle is said to be still defective in some degree in the sights, and it has not been shown to be as satisfactory in skirmish work as at long-distance shooting.

Says It Was Murder.

Denver, Nov. 16.—The jury in the case of Frederick K. Sanchez, who killed his wife in the Colorado House in this city October 30, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Sanchez's defense was that he accidentally shot his wife in a nightmare, imagining a robber had entered his room. Her life was insured for $1,000.

SHORT BITS.

Mrs. Mary Greiner, an aged widow of Tiffin, O., was burned to death in her home.

The Bauch murder inquiry by the coroner at Freeport, Ill., has been continued to Nov. 23.

Lulu McCloskey, aged 5 years, was fatally burned at Danville, Ill., by coming in contact with a stove.

Cattle near Eldora, Ia., are dying from eating cornstalks on which poisonous smut had gathered.

Joseph Fisher, an aged horse trader of Vincennes, Ill., is under arrest on a charge of "bootlegging" whisky.

Near Kansas City, Kan., John Dodds, white, shot and killed Edward Carter, colored, during a dispute over $10.

Frederick C. Sanchez has been found guilty of murder in the first degree at Denver, Colo., for having killed his wife.

William Carr is on trial at Kansas City, Mo., on a charge of having murdered his infant daughter by drowning her.

W. C. McKeller, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company at Kendallville, Ill., committed suicide by shooting.

W. H. McIntoch of Butler, Ind., charged with having defrauded De Kalb county out of $50,000, has been found not guilty.

George F. Gage, senior partner of the wrecked brokerage firm, Gage & Fellow, Boston, pleaded not guilty to embezzlement of $5,400.

W. T. Wicker, a farmer living near Shelbyville, Ind., was fatally scalded by falling into a barrel of boiling water while engaged in butchering hogs.

Joseph Williams, fireman of the Northern Pacific transcontinental train in Minnesota, committed suicide by jumping into the firebox of his engine near Mandan, N. D.

At Galesburg, Ill., Joseph Shaffen pleaded guilty to the charge of having attempted to burn the town of Williamsfield, and was sent to the penitentiary.

A small acetylene gas generator exploded in M. W. Klock's barber shop at Sheffield, Ill., completely wrecking the plate glass front and everything in the place.

Creditors of David Rosenheim, the veteran Joliet, Ill., clothier, whose store was closed by the sheriff Thursday, threaten to begin criminal proceedings against him under the debtors' act, alleging fraud.

Grand Rapids capitalists are to develop the pearl fishing industry in southern Michigan and employ several hundred men gathering mussel shells, in which some valuable pearls have been secured this season.

Chief Hazen of the secret service bureau, at Washington has identified Albert Thomas, recently arrested at New Bedford, Mass., for passing raised United States notes, as Albert Lintner, said to be a noted burglar and confidence man of Indianapolis.

The bank of Antigo, Antigo, Wis., closed its doors by order of the board of directors on account of irregularities in the books. The extent of the shortage is not known. Deposits will be paid in full.

Ex-Representative John M. Langston of Virginia, one of the prominent colored men of the country, is seriously ill at his home in Washington, D. C., and at one time his case was thought to be hopeless, but later he has shown some improvement.

ALL ABOUT TENDING THE BABY

Hints For the Comfort, Health and Beauty of the Child.

If you want your baby's eyes large and fine as possible, keep it in a dark room the first month of its life—in a room with green shades. Did you ever notice how large and liquid a baby's eyes are in their tranquil opening in its shaded corner, and how they retreat and shrink up when the light is admitted? That is the foundation of the miserable small eyes and peering sight which disfigure our people—that and the school books and the small print newspapers and monthly magazines. Impure air also ruins young eyes and dulls their color.

In nine cases out of ten a baby cries from cold, or the effects of cold, such as colic and various internal disturbances. Give a child pure air, good handling, and keep it warm, but lightly clad, and it will survive even a bringing up on patent baby food, if that must be. When it goes out, put the hot soapstone, well wrapped, under the pillow on which it rests; put it near the child's feet, as he rests, and he will sleep surprisingly. When old enough to be taken up, dress him warmly with long silk sleeves and bag-like stockings of fleece-lined silk up to the thigh—stockings he can kick about in, but cannot kick off, as they are tied to the most indispensable part of his furnishings—and you secure healthy skin and well knit muscle growth.

Whatever food is used, don't keep it in the stationary wash basin to cool, or in the dressing closet, or the bathroom, where the worst emanations will get to it, spite of covers and corks. The tiled jardiniere on the window sill can hide milk bottles, and we ought to have some highly ornamental development of the artistic icebox for small new families, which would not ruffle a landlady's feelings in any position or send a husband on sight to the club for refuge.

Feed the baby once in two hours by the clock in the beginning weeks, and lengthen intervals very gradually. Be upon honor about this, always giving a coffeespoonful of filtered hot water as dessert. A baby ought to have filtered water for his bath, and have it much warmer than common. There can be no manner of doubt that the cool bath or the tepid bath has sent many babies untimely to heaven. Anyhow, the child must have pure hot water to drink. It will stop a baby's crying, and soothe craving hunger when there is no proper food to be had, as on long railway journeys. It is a great regulator of small internal economies. But if the baby writhes and cries madly, and no pin is in evidence, and he is otherwise comfortable, and has been well fed, and isn't cramped with lying too long in one position, from which babies suffer agonies as they advance, then diagnose colic at once. Heat a flannel quickly, lay it on the abdomen, turn the child over on its breast across your knees or against your own shoulder, holding the back of the head in the hollow of your palm.

To the papas and bachelor uncles, one parting injunction: Learn to hold a baby so you won't look ridiculous in the eyes of every woman who sees you, nor set the small voter howling. Take the baby with one broad hand under his drapery and the other clasping his spine and head in one dextrous, soft grasp carry him to your shoulder and hold him lying full length against your military breast, the fuzzy top head just showing above your black serge. The change of position stretches his limbs and gives the little fellow relief. Carry him gently about, but don't begin gymnastics with him for a few years yet. If you toss him about the milk may spill out to the detriment of that new spring suit. Hold him quietly and as if it agreed with you—don't lay him on his back—for he spends two-thirds of his life in that position and grows very tired of it. He will love and thank you for a change. Believe me, nothing looks more becoming in a man than gentle, knowing treatment of a baby, without blushes. And never do you walk with any woman and let her carry the baby, even if it is your own wife. There are things every spectator says or thinks at the sight which would wound you if you heard them.

To keep the baby's hair golden, which is the main point many mother's read this article for, feed it pure, unboiled milk, sterilized by standing covered in boiling water twenty minutes. This for the first year of its life, after which it may take fine oatmeal or wheat gruel, boiled gently three or four hours, and crisp, whole meal crackers, very carefully toasted in an oven. Wash the head with the best castile soap (white) daily the first year, after that wash it with a saltspoonful of borax in a pint of hot water, rinsing well in warm water and drying quickly. Weekly anoint the hair with yolk of a fresh egg, well rubbed in the scalp, and rinsed in warm water. Let the child run bareheaded in the sun of early morning and evening by the hour. Nothing is better for bleaching the hair, complexion, or for growth than the early light from sunrise to 9 o'clock. Nor will the midday sun do anything but good to the locks, if the heat is not too great. Using peroxides and other bleaches on babies' hair is absurd and dangerous.

PRICE OF WILD ANIMALS.

Dealers Who Make a Business of Supplying Menageries.

"What does an animal like that cost?" This question, Superintendent Stephen says, is asked oftener than any other by people visiting the Zoo. How old the animal is, what it feeds on, would it harm a person who went into its cage, is it a bad fighter, does it breed in captivity?—such questions as these are not asked much more than about once where the cost is asked about a hundred times. But that's the American of it. The annual confidential quotation of prices of "Zoo animals" was received from the world's principal and greatest animal mart, Hamburg, Germany, yesterday, by the Cincinnati Zoo, and in view of the fact just stated its leading features will prove of interest, and the more especially since figures of this kind are rarely got hold of by the press or public.

Among these confidential quotations are the following, they being net:

Female Indian elephant, six feet high, trained to do several tricks, carries six people in saddle, $1,500; female elephant, five feet six inches high, no tricks, $1,300; young, fresh imported male elephants, four to five feet high, from Burmah, $1,000; females, $1,100; zebras, 5 years old, per pair, $2,000, and both broke to drive in single or double harness; eight months' old zebra, male, $450, and female, three months old, $350; Nubian wild ass, 6 years old, $200; wild asses from the Russian steppes, per pair, $900; double humped camels, per pair, $500; llamas, 4 years old, per pair, $250; Axis deer from India, per pair, $200; Sika deer from Japan, per pair, $$150; waterbuck antelopes, 2 years old (country not given), per pair, $750; Bengal tigers, male 6 years old, female 3 years old, per pair, $1,750; Bengal tigers, female 3 years old, each $750; Nubian lions, 6 years old, per pair, $1,500; Nubian lions, 2½ years old, per pair, $1,000, and 1 year old, $600; female jaguars, 18 months old each, $225; pumas, 3 years old, per pair, $300; India leopards, male, $175 each; striped hyenas, each $75; Russian wolves, each $100; young polar bears, 18 months old, $60, and fully grown, $1,000 per pair; young Russian bears, $150; African and Indian porcupines, each, $40; male kangaroo, $125; beaver rats, $30 per pair; male ourang outang, 7 years old, $1,500.

REPUBLICAN GREENBACKS.

HOW THEY ARE CIRCULATED IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Men Allowed to Earn Only Beggarly Wages Forced to Accept Bogus Money--Guardians of the Nations Honor Every Day Work.

Republican campaigns, state and national, are said to have been for the preservation of a single money standard.

This must be so, because Senator Hanna, Congressman Grosvenor and other republican statesmen so assure the people.

Curious to know how the suffering miners of the Sunday Creek valley were profiting by the sturdily maintained gold standard money, I ran down into the home county of Congressman Grosvenor to see for myself.

This mining town of thirty-five hundred souls lies in a hollow between the hills, is on the Hocking Valley and Kanawha & Michigan railroads, southeast of Athens. It is as wretched as most mining towns, where prosperity has not come, where starvation is a constant menace and the mine owners feed like vampires on their serfs.

Seven mines are in the immediate neighborhood all controlled by the Wren corporation, the largest mining operators in Ohio, West Virginia and Indiana. The shafts are known by numbers, and fully 2,100 men are employed, all residents in Glouster and the neighboring villages. One mile northward is Trimble, a wretched one-street village of 1,000 people, 260 of whom toil in the mines at less than half time, none averaging over seventy-five cents a day. Jacksonville, a mile further, over a muddy road, claims 500 miners, huddled with their families in wretched clapboard shanties. To the westward of Glouster, a short mile, is Hollister, where 300 miners struggle for existence, and near by is Oakdale, with about the same number of coal diggers.

In every face is the same haggard, anxious look. The few women encountered on the streets of all these villages are dressed in single calico garments. Most of them are hatless. Children in the streets are shoeless and hardly half covered. With pinched, pale faces—that indescribable thing that makes the eyes so prominent—the boys and girls solicit help of the stranger within their town.

In every village mentioned is a company store. There are found the only evidences of prosperity. Clerks and proprietors, who from June until October were absent, are again behind the counters redeeming the orders and flat money of the mining proprietors. Practically, government money is unknown. A scrip is the currency of all these mining communities. Contrary to statute, these certificates of indebtedness are made to resemble the national currency, are numbered and stamped, as if they emanated from the treasury at Washington.

A contest for sound money, indeed—this "toady" as it is called is worth its face nowhere but at the store of the company that issues it. At such places the prices of dry goods and groceries are higher than elsewhere. At all other stores, the hotels and saloons, a discount of 20 per cent is made on all such money. The toiling workman, after four or five days in the darkness of the mines receives his four to eight dollars in these greasy shin plasters. His rent is $6 to $10 per month, and nowhere is credit given him beyond one week. Even his glass of beer is drawn with more froth than liquid if he presents "toady" in payment.

Entering one of the typical company stores at mine No. 10, which is one and a half miles northeast of Glouster, I priced shoes and other necessary articles. The quality was always poor and the price fully twice what would be charged in New York for similar goods.

At Mine No. 10 all the forty workmen live in the company's houses and the rent is taken out of the miners' wages in advance. The struggle for life is utterly hopeless, because it often happens that more than one week's work, at the half or three-quarters time in vogue, is necessary to pay for the wretched hovel in which the wife and children are sheltered from the rain and snow.

Never did my eyes behold such abject poverty as this valley discloses.

That suffering has been rife here is conceded by republicans. Into this very section Governor Bushnell sent car loads of provisions during the past summer. The struggle of the miners for their rights began about June 15. Immediately the strike was declared the company stores put up their shutters and nailed up their doors. Their managers disappeared. The thriftiest of the miners who had saved something, found that their scrip would not buy provisions in the shops of the neighboring villages.

If they went to the bank at Glouster to get the wretched stuff changed into silver money they received only 80 cents on the dollar. That condition was no worse than it had been before the strike began. An era of absolute starvation set in, relieved temporarily now and again, by the appearance of a few car loads of flour, potatoes, rice and bean coffee from the state executive.

During the awful summer that is past no one remembers to have heard the voice of Charles Grosvenor, the white-bearded apostle of sound money, raised in protest against the systematic depopulation of his own county by the coal barons. I believe he is on record for the Armenians and the Cubans, but never a word for the starving women and children of Sandy Creek valley, within an hour of his own home.

Hugh Gormley is mayor of Glouster. The name of the town, you observe, is spelled without any English redundancy of letters. It is plain Glouster. Gormley is a young man in the tailoring trade on the main street. He comes from another part of Ohio, but settled in Glouster for life. He is well educated and observing. He has been a reader of Henry George, and believes in much that the dead philosopher taught. He talked freely.

"Present conditions are little better than when the lockout existed," said he. "We all witnessed pitiful scenes during the past summer. Children came to my house in droves crying for food. Poor, little, toddling babies who were hardly weaned. I am only a tailor; nobody can eat clothing. It is relatively a secondary necessity of life. But my heart bled for many cases that came to my notice. We, who had something, but not much, shared with others who had nothing. For this suffering the coal barons, the men who are demanding that we must support Hanna and McKinley, are directly responsible. Coal is not a drug on the market. Overproduction is a myth. The fact is that mine owners can use their money in speculation in Wall street to greater profit. All the coal they can mine could be marketed."

"How do the wages average?" I asked.

"Not above 75 cents per day," was Mayor Gormley's reply. "Miners are paid 65 cents per ton, and two tons is a fair day's work. But the men are not allowed full time. They have to be content with what they can get. The scrip to which you refer is used throughout this entire section, though probably less than in some other sections.

"Paper money is very scarce, and as for gold, we have not seen any here for years. I doubt if there is any in our banks. I really do not know the names of the men who manage the Wren corporation stores. They are not of us at all, but strangers, who are battened upon us. We hardly get familiar with the faces of one set before they are withdrawn and new men sent in their places.

"What sympathy can they be expected to feel for the poor miners? They are legitimate prey for such non-resident sharks. Hundreds are starving today in this valley. Conditions are only better in spots, and yet we are told that prosperity is here, that sound money has brought it and the single gold standard must be maintained. Any government money would be welcome to us. I will not take the plaster money of corporations out of principle, because I believe its issue to be illegal and the uses to which it is put in keeping the laborer under the paw of the capitalist infamous.

"If Hanna is not repudiated by these miners it will be because of the threat that is already current here that if he is defeated all mining will be stopped, all tenants evicted and every dollar of capital taken elsewhere. A starving man is easily frightened. He has not the nerve or courage of a man with a full stomach."

Ocean Tramps Swarm to Our Ports.

New York, Nov. 17—Never since 1891 certainly, and probably never since trans-Atlantic freightage began, have such large quantities of grain been carried abroad as will sail this fall to feed hungry Europe. Any craft that floats is good enough to carry grain this year. The skippers and supercargoes who are ever on the scent for business, and range from South Africa to Hong Kong, in their wayward courses, are now gathering to the American ports as flies swarm in a candy shop.

Twice this fall—once in plain sight of the Coney Island excursion boats—I have seen crews of Lascars eating their queer, foreign-looking meals, squatted flat on the decks of tramp steamers hailing from Indian ports.

The Lascars were sitting in a circle, with a bowl of rice in the center, on the deck. They dip the rice out with their hands, tilt their heads back and throw in—that is, the crude Lascar of commerce does so; though some have learned to eat with spoons by the time they get to New York.

It is a strange mixture of races and religions that gathers on the water front to help feed Europe with Yankee grain. There have been seen this year, Hindoo Mohammedans and Lascars of the same belief prostrating themselves toward Mecca in the ports of Philadelphia and Baltimore as well as New York. There are Buddhists and Confuscians—if that is the correct word; and a ship's engineer told me one day that the cook of his craft was a Mahdist from the Soudan—a man from what has been the most inaccessible spot on this earth for the last fifteen years.

The Mahdist believes that the true believers are invulnerable to Christian bullets.

"But many of the Mahdists have been wounded by the Egyptians," argued the teasing engineer one day.

"True, O Kwageh; but they must have been bad men, or the prophet would not have let them be hurt."

Carpets Becoming a Back Number.

In 1876, the year of the centennial celebration, two bales of Oriental rugs were imported to America. They were the cheapest kind of Eastern rugs, known to the trade as collies, but they marked the practical beginning of the business in this country.

Last season some 1,100 bales of Oriental rugs were entered at the port of New York—probably 30,000 rugs altogether—and these were of all grades, from the cheapest to the most expensive. It really begins to look as though rugs would supplant carpets altogether in many city houses.

"You don't know what a relief it is," exclaimed one housekeeper. "When we moved into our new house with its beautiful hardwood floors, I vowed that I'd never have a tack driven into them as long as I lived. To be sure, the rugs cost a trifle more than carpets at the start, but I'm sure they'll last four times as long, and they're so much easier to take care of."

Just at present the most popular thing in expensive rugs comes from northern China. It was discovered a couple of seasons ago that in some of the small villages in the interior of China rugs of beautiful colors and striking antique patterns were being made. A number of them were brought to this country, where they have attracted favorable notice and have brought large prices, selling easily at a couple of hundred dollars apiece, while the finest ones bring more than twice that amount.

I recently had a talk with a gentleman who has returned from an extended trip through India, Persia and China in search of art treasures in this line.

Prefers to Ride a Cow.

The Marquis d'Ayguesvives owns the first and only cow that has ever been saddled and bridled like a horse. Some time ago a number of gentlemen residing in and about Bordeaux, interested in horses, formed themselves into a club with the idea of holding a horse show upon a glorious scale. Each member of the club was to be responsible for one of the items upon the program of the cirque, and with one exception they all concerned themselves with the exhibitions they would give of their skill with horses.

The one exception was the Marquis, who saw himself covered with glory by doing trick riding on a cow. To this end he began personally to train Suzanne, an unusually intelligent animal. She was treated exactly the same as a young, unbroken horse. During the first month the Marquis found it necessary to groom the cow himself, as well as feed her, in order that she should learn to know his voice and become acquainted with him. Finally, after the most herculean efforts, the Marquis succeeded in getting the cow to jump all sorts of obstacles, and the Marquis became unquestionably the star performer of the amateur circus.

Quaint Ceremonies in London.

Nowhere in the world have so many quaint and queer old ceremonies and customs dating back to mediaeval times been retained as in the city of London. Many of the features of its municipal life have been in existence since the crusades, and among the strangest is the so-called annual Lion sermon, which has just been preached in St. Katherine's church, Leadenholl street, by Dean Clarke, chaplain to the queen, who at its conclusion received the sum of $100, in accordance with the time-honored usage. It seems that in the thirteenth century a former lord mayor of London named Sir John Gayer was wrecked on a desert part of the coast of Arabia. There he was confronted by a huge lion. He thereupon sunk upon his knees and prayed to heaven to help him. When he arose he found to his joy that the lion had turned tail and fled. Upon arriving home he determined to commemorate his miraculous escape, and accordingly left a large sum of money, the income of which was to be devoted to paying for a yearly sermon on the anniversary of his encounter with the king of beasts.

CHOCTAW'S HAPPY REPRIEVE

WALLA TONAKA MAY LIVE TO "PLAY MORE BALL."

Story of the Famous Young Indian Who Was Condemned to be Shot--His Prowess on the Ball Field May Save His Life.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 17—Walla Tonaka, savage and man of honor, Indian murderer, ball player, gentleman and philosopher, did not die Saturday.

He is under reprieve, and it is possible that he may never be executed for his crime. Nevertheless, his willingness to meet the death that had been decreed for him stands as a vivid object lesson of the simple, heroic virtues that have well nigh disappeared under the veneer of a complex civilization.

To meet a parallel of this unruly savage's unconquerable honor, one must go back to chivalry, when white men viewed their personal obligations with such an unclouded vision, like a child or an eagle, that they would rather die than break their word. But then, Walla Tonaka is no knight errant with a coat of arms. He is a drunken Choctaw. Yet every white man who cherishes a spark of sentiment will rejoice that this savage did not need to face the rifles of his brothers yesterday and fall into an open grave with his death song gurgling into silence in his throat.

Walla Tonaka grew to manhood with his tribe in the Indian Territory. He was one of the wildest bucks on the reservation, and one of the bravest. The blood of his ancestors coursed fiercely through his veins, and he irked the petty restraints of life in the Territory. Not one of the young men of the tribe was so bold, so fleet, so strong as he, nor so sure a shot with a Winchester. No one could throw him in a wrestling bout or catch him in a race. Not one earned in such full measure the coy admiration of the most eligible Choctaw maidens; not one so vividly recalled to the old chiefs the brave days of their youth.

For want of more primitive ways of venting his superabundant vitality, Walla Tonaka threw himself furiously into the athletic diversions acquired by the red man from his conquerors. In all the Territory there was no more cunning and skillful and speedy baseball player than he.

There came a day—and it was in no wise different from many another day spent by Walla Tonaka—when he filled himself with firewater and went mad with the potency thereof. All the savage in him mounted to his brain and tingled in his finger tips and blazed out of his eyes. The other young braves who got drunk with him showed savagery enough, but none was so savage as he, because none was so full of what the French call the "joy of living."

And so they made a great noise and did many wild and desperate things. It was necessary for the peace officers of the tribe to quell the disturbance, beside which an orgie in a Tenderloin dive would have seemed like a sewing circle. It so happened that the functionary upon whom this painful and dangerous duty devolved was Walla Tonaka's own uncle, Lampson Young, deputy sheriff of Eagle county.

No words of studied politeness were used. No words of any kind were wasted. The deputy sheriff tried to disarm his unruly nephew at the muzzle of a revolver. There was a scuffle. Walla Tonaka's Winchester cracked, a puff of smoke floated away in a white, trailing wisp, and Lampson Young pitched forward on his face with a hole through his lungs.

Walla Tonaka was tried by the fathers of his tribe, found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be shot, according to the custom of the Territory. He heard the date and place and manner of his death decreed without the quiver of an eyelash and walked away from the court, a free man, to fulfill his parole when the fated day should arrive. For such is the custom of these savages.

However he might scorn to evade the fate he knew he had earned, his friends and admirers, who were many, sought to save him by appealing to the supreme council of the tribe. But the supreme council, after weighing the matter carefully and smoking much tobacco over it, affirmed the decision of the lower tribunal. The word had been spoken. Walla Tonaka must die on a day early in August.

Walla Tonaka showed no change. It is part of the personal religion of such savages as he—bred in their very bones—to act as men would act if they knew and observed the philosophy of Zeno. He had given his word that he would keep the appointment with death, and nothing could have made him disappoint his executioners. It would never have occurred to him to run away. It would never have occurred to the fathers of his tribe to lock him up.

"Is an Indian a dog, that he should break his word?" said Walla Tonaka to a white man who asked him why he did not flee.

And Walla Tonaka would have died in August had not a diversion been created which brought his case—unremarkable to the Indians themselves—to the attention of the world that is civilized. And the world that is civilized rubbed its eyes in amazement at the spectacle of a man who would walk with composure to his death rather than compromise his honor.

The Convention Hall committee of Kansas City wished to raise funds. They decided that it would be an excellent idea to have a game of baseball played by two Indian teams imported from the Territory for that purpose. This wish was communicated to the Choctaw fathers, and the invitation was eagerly accepted. The red man was on his mettle. He would show the white man how nobly two nines of stalwart bucks could play the game of the paleface conqueror. The very best blood in the Territory would, it was determined, be infused into the two representative base ball teams. And then, from one end of the Territory to the other arose the murmur:

"Walla Tonaka! Where is he? How can the red man play ball without the bravest spirit in the tribe? And alas! Walla Tonaka will be under the ground when we go to show the white man how base ball should be played!"

And the fathers of the tribe grieved sorely, for that they knew that Walla Tonaka was indeed the bravest spirit of all the buck ball players. They assembled together and smoked more tobacco over it, and at length they saw a way out of the difficulty. They would postpone Walla Tonaka's appointment with death long enough for him to go to Kansas City and cover himself and his tribe with glory. Then he should return and sing his death song by the open grave. That would not be cheating justice and, at the same time, it would be to the credit of the Choctaws.

Walla Tonaka was willing. He loved base ball. He would be delighted to appear before the white man and be the champion of the tribe. His black eyes glittered at the thought. And, of course, he would return to die on the day set by the fathers.

So it was arranged, and the Choctaw braves journeyed to Kansas City, where they played ball before shouting thousands of pale faces in Fairmount park. And Walla Tonaka, the condemned man, won more shouts than any of the other players.

Thus it was that the story became known. Walla Tonaka's comrades told the white men sorrowfully that their champion was little better than a dead man—that he was awaiting the hour when he should walk to his grave side to pay the penalty of his crime. And the white men could not understand it. Such stoicism was beyond their comprehension. They crowded round Walla Tonaka and pestered him with questions and advice.

"Why don't you run away?" they asked him. "That would be easy. No one could stop you. Surely, you don't want to die!"

"Indian brave!" grunted Walla Tonaka, drawing up his magnificent frame. "Indian not afraid to die. Choctaw not a liar!"

And so insulted was he at the suggestions offered him that a gloomy ferocity crept into his eyes, so that the white men learned quickly that it was not safe to urge their civilized point of view upon this child of the forest.

Most wonderful thing of all, to the palefaces, Walla Tonaka was not only the most dextrous, but also the most cheerful and good-humored of the Choctaw ball players. That was because his companions were grieving for him, but he was not grieving for himself.

After leaving Kansas City the Indians played in many other western towns, and everywhere they went Walla Tonaka was hailed as the flower of them all. Everywhere, too, he was gazed at eagerly as the man who had made an appointment with death and meant to keep it. And when the players finally returned to the Indian Territory, the condemned man went with them, as a matter of course.

This was the date set for the execution. Walla Tonaka was to be shot by four men who were his friends. Two of the cartridges were to be blanks, but none of the executioners were to know which two.

But Walla Tonaka's friends were still trying to save him. As a last resort they resolved to appeal to Chief Isparhecher, and they set out for Tuscahoma, the capital of the Choctaw nation. Those who were anxious to see what they deemed to be justice executed, arranged to have the execution take place at Alikchi, far in the interior, where the news of a reprieve would be late in coming. Moreover, they changed the day of execution from last Saturday to the preceding Thursday.

Still Walla Tonaka was ready, a free man, to obey the behest of those in authority over him.

Chief Isparhecher was merciful. Moved by the prowess the condemned man had won on the base ball field, he granted a reprieve and an order for a new trial. A mounted courier, one of Walla Tonaka's warmest friends, set out from the capital and journeyed at furious speed toward Alikchi. He rode night and day. Three ponies died under him. He looked like a ghost when, late on Wednesday night, when all prepararations had been made for the execution next morning, he arrived with the great chief's order.

"It is well," said Walla Tonaka, "for life seems good."

CRAZED BY CIGARETTES.

Victim of the Deadly Weed Tries to Commit Murder.

Rage, incited by the unsatisfied craving for cigarettes, resulted yesterday in an assault which may end in death.

Thomas Kelleher, 18 years old, of No. 148 Essex street, Jersey City, is one of those unfortunate victims of the cigarette smoking habit who are frequently described as "fiends." His appetite for filling his lungs with nicotine poison in the manner which fascinates cigarette smokers alone had taken complete possession of him physically and mentally, and to satisfy that craving was his constant, eager, unceasing desire; a desire which finally overmastered every other sense and emotion.

On Friday evening Kelleher, his supply of cigarettes and his ordinary source for securing more exhausted, found himself in the vicinity of a little tobacco shop at No. 130 Morris street, kept by Mrs. Leffermann. Kelleher loitered about the show window for awhile, aggravating the appetite which already dominated him by feasting his eyes on a display of the coveted weed in the window. Finally the craving overcame him to such a degree that he entered the shop and asked for some cigarettes from Mrs. Leffermann, who stood behind the counter, admitting that he had no money. He was refused, and then he begged the woman to give him just one, but was again refused. This seemed to upset him mentally, for he began to abuse the woman, and became so disorderly that her husband, who, with their son, nine years old, was in the shop, ordered Kelleher to leave the store. He did so, after again begging for a cigarette. When he reached the street he picked up a big rock and, rushing back into the shop, hurled it at the man who had ordered him out.

His aim was bad, and the rock struck the boy, Daniel Leffermann, in the abdomen, knocking him senseless. Then Kelleher dashed from the shop and ran wildly down the street. Mr. Leffermann gave chase and overtook the cigarette crazy youth, who was turned over to the police.

When the case was called in police court, it was learned that the injuries inflicted on young Leffermann were so serious that there were grave fears for his life. The prisoner was therefore remanded without bail.

AN OPPRESSIVE MONOPOLY.

The People of Sunny California are Crying for Relief.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.—The proposed appeal to the federal courts to crush the coal "combine" of California has excited much attention. No monopoly on this coast has been more insolent or grasping than the Coal Dealers' association of California, which has dictated terms to mine owners and has robbed small consumers for years. Coal has always been dear here, but the recent development of British Columbia, Oregon and Washington state mines gave good promise of cheaper coal. The dealers, however, were determined to retain their monopoly, and the price of coal is actually higher now than when it cost more to import it. A long ton of domestic coal in British Columbia costs $2.50; the freight is $1.25 and the duty 67 cents, making the cost laid down here not more than $4.50 a ton. Washington and Oregon coal can be delivered here for about the same price. Yet in this city consumers pay $10.50 a short ton for British Columbia coal, $8.50 for Washington and $7.25 for Oregon coal. The coal producers have an ironclad agreement that they will sell only to the California association in the state, and no retail dealer can do business who refuses to patronize the monopoly. As only fifty thousand tons of the eight hundred thousand tons of coal annually consumed are produced in California, the power of the monopoly may be seen. These facts have been submitted to the federal district attorney, and he has sent the papers to Washington.

President Iglesias of Costa Rica has taken another step to secure his re-election. He has exiled his predecessor, former President Mora.

The season of the California Jockey club opens next Monday at Oakland.