

OLD ROY BEAN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

He Is "the Law of Texas, West of the Pecos"

For many years one of the stock stories of the professional funny men of the country has been of the coroner who held an inquest over the body of a man found dead, and in one of whose pockets was a pistol and in another \$50. The story relates that the coroner stopped the inquest at once upon discovering the pistol and cash and fined the dead man \$50 for carrying a pistol without a permit, collecting his fine from the cash pocket.

neral solemnities were an affair of the past, the killer was honored with a request to appear at the bar where liquors and justice were dispensed alternately. The sage who was "the law of Texas west of the Pecos" had evidently devoted some spare moments to the study of his first murder case, for the judgment that was rendered and entered on the docket is certainly without a parallel.

"I have carefully examined the crim-

an accomplished bartender had filled a large beer glass with pure alcohol and then he reversed the Terror as if he had been handling a toy. "Now, look here, stranger," said Mr. Bean, in tender but deceptive tones, "you have been finding fault with the quality of my whisky and you have seen proper to satisfy your fastidious taste, to order a peculiar drink which I have taken the trouble to prepare for you." The Terror turned his white face toward the bar, and when he saw a tarantula and a vinegar roon floating about in a tumbler of alcohol he uttered a groan of distress and his knees began to tremble. "There is the peculiar drink and the trimmings that you ordered, young man, and my name is Roy Bean," said the old man, as he pushed



Down in this part of Texas, writes a Fort Clark correspondent, is the man with whose action this simple and ingenious tale originated. He is Roy Bean, who for ten years in the young days of Texas was justice of the peace and coroner of the town of Vinegar Roan, being, as he expressed it, "the law of Texas west of the Pecos." He is still living at the town of Langtry, on the Sunset railroad, 300 miles west of San Antonio. No man knows whence he came. The railroad builders found him away out here on the great desert plains, and when the gamblers and toughs and tenderfeet came along with the first trains and at once proceeded to run the country according to their own notions, old Roy Bean declared himself a justice of the peace and boldly announced "I am the law of Texas west of the Pecos." It is highly probable that a few people who were in favor of law and order invited the strange character to assume the judicial position, and that on account of his desperate courage and fearless judicial demeanor he afterward was appointed to fill the office of justice of the peace.

Early one morning it was reported in the town of Vinegar Roan that a man had fallen from a bridge near the place and that his dead body was lying on the ground close to the water. Roy Bean, as justice of the peace and ex-officio coroner, at once summoned a jury. There was no testimony to be taken. The man was a stranger, and it was not easy to determine the cause of his death. He might have fallen from the bridge or he might have been murdered. The coroner searched the dead body, and when he found a pistol in one pocket and \$50 in the other he turned to the jury and informed them that in this matter their services were of no value, since it would be necessary for the court to render a verdict without their aid. The court fined the dead man \$50 for carrying a pistol and took possession of the money, since the fees of the coroner amounted to just \$50, and the body was buried on the lonely prairie at the expense of the county.

Vinegar Roan was named after the most poisonous little reptile that infests the western plain. It can sting a Gila monster to death in the twinkling of an eye, and then turn about and chase a rattlesnake from his den. Chain-lightning whisky is no antidote for the poison of the vinegar roon. Roy Bean named the place, and while acting justice of the peace he divided his time between the judicial bench and a roomy saloon and gambling house, where there were none to dispute his authority, for he was sole proprietor.

One fine day a gambler, while in an unusually hilarious mood, sent a pistol ball crashing through the brains of a Chinaman. When the citizens of Vinegar Roan had ceased to celebrate the exit of the Celestial, and the fu-

inal statutes of Texas," said Roy Bean, "and I find that there is plenty of law to punish one white man for killing another, but there is no law to punish a citizen of Texas for shooting a Chinaman."

Roy Bean was not at all a bad man. He was as brave as a lion and liberal to a fault. He was the right man in the right place. From San Antonio to Los Angeles he was known as the tamer of the long-haired Wild Bills and all other desperadoes. No task pleased him better than one that afforded him an opportunity to make a swaggering, boasting bully wilt and take a seat in the back-ground.

One day one of these gentry from Arizona strolled into his place bent on having some recreation. "I have been spending a few weeks in San Antonio," he said, "and my shooting irons were getting rusty." After taking a few drinks at the bar he began to berate the mild and feeble qualities of the liquors offered for sale in the infant city. "Give me a little tarantula juice with a real Vinegar Roan floating around in it!" shouted this Arizona terror.

"All right," calmly replied the old man behind the bar. "I think we can accommodate you, but you will have to wait a few moments."

"Well, get up the beverage!" roared the terror, "and I'll amuse myself during the delay by dropping a few bullets around promiscuously among the lamps and bottles and such things."

"As you please," suavely replied the old man. "I like to see a stranger enjoy himself."

The terror glanced at the polite bartender rather suspiciously, but he never once dreamed that he was talking to old Roy Bean.

Fairly choking with suppressed merriment, old Roy went out on the plains only a few steps from his saloon and after turning over two or three rocks he got a big tarantula and a monster vinegar roon. After mashing the heads of the poisonous reptiles, he returned to the bar-room, entering the door just as the Terror with a wild Comanche yell began to rain lead among the bottles and glasses. As the patrons of the house started through the doors and windows in confusion, old Roy shouted, "Keep your seats, gentlemen. This infant cyclone will be of short duration." The next instant the Terror found himself standing on his head and his weapons were falling upon the floor. Mr. Bean held the amazed man in that position until

part of the population would welcome them as a means of advancing the country's prosperity. English-made machinery now used there is of the old type and not up to date. In Lisbon the old style of transportation is being changed to the electric system. While English capital is conducting the enterprise, every bit of material, from the smallest bolt to the modern cars, is of American make. Portugal sends us cork, and we send her petroleum and wheat, but in my opinion, the balance of trade, now in our favor, could be materially increased if our

the trembling Terror towards the bar.

The amazed and thoroughly alarmed stranger found voice enough to beg for mercy. "Drink every drop of it or I will break your neck," said Judge Bean. The poor devil gulped down the awful mixture, and with a scream of terror sprang out into the street. He "hit the earth a-running," and he never slackened his speed until the town of Vinegar Roan was far behind him. It is supposed that the man's stomach instantly rejected the fearful poison, for he lived to tell of his experience in Vinegar Roan, though he said there was not gold enough in the world to hire him to revisit the place.

No lawyer was allowed in those old days to question the jurisdiction of the court or take an appeal to higher judicial authority. He fined a "pettyfoggling lawyer," as he called the attorney for even hinting at an appeal. "I will have you to understand, sir," roared the enraged justice of the big judicial district, "that there is no appeal from this court. I am the law of Texas west of the Pecos River. Let the supreme court at Austin and your little district court at El Paso tend to their business and I will tend to mine." Felonies and even divorce cases were tried and the decisions enforced, in spite of the angry protests of attorneys and the frantic threats of litigants and prisoners. Divorces were granted and thieves were convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary. Peace prevailed, and long before this strange character was checked in his wild career a child might have carried a purse of gold through the streets of Vinegar Roan at midnight without fear of being molested.

Chinese Superstition.

When Gen. Grant was visiting China, Chester Holcombe, for many years secretary of the American legation at Peking, secured for him a privilege never before that time accorded to a foreigner, the privilege of admission into the sacred precincts of the Temple of Heaven in Peking. Now, it is contrary to the settled belief of the Chinese to admit a member of the female sex, young or old, even to the temple ground, under any circumstances. It is said that should a Chinese guard venture even to carry a baby girl in his arms within the forbidden lines he would probably be punished with death. Not knowing of these restrictions, a number of ladies in Gen. Grant's party ventured to follow him when he visited the sacred edifice, says Leslie's Weekly. Realizing the seriousness of this action, Mr. Holcombe afterward apologized to the emperor's representative for the conduct of his countrywomen, and was informed that the intrusion would be overlooked, but must be kept as secret as possible, for should the populace learn of it an anti-foreign outbreak would be likely to follow. They would not forgive such a pollution of their most sacred building.

manufacturers were to take full advantage of their opportunities in the little kingdom.

Mohammedans Number 195,000,000.

The number of Mohammedans in the world is about 195,000,000. Of these, 18,000,000 are under the rule of the Turkish government, 23,000,000 are ruled by other Mussulman sovereigns, 36,500,000 are subject to African princes, 20,000,000 live in China, and 99,000,000 are under Christian rulers. Of these last about 58,000,000 are under British rule.

POUND OF COAL.

Wonderful Power Stored Up in Nature's Subterranean Fuel.

Let us take a pound of what we will call average coal, containing, say, 10,000 heat units. This would be somewhat smaller in size than a man's fist. A pound of this coal if expended in mechanical work, would give us 236 horse power. Imagine at the time of the Pharaoh's two long lines of men, extending over half a mile, all pulling steadily, at the command of the taskmaster, at a great rope, to raise some huge obelisk, and as you see them sweating, tugging and straining, think again of this small lump of coal in which nature has placed an equal amount of power. In some countries men who have been specially trained as porters, to carry heavy loads on their backs, will, as a full day's work, carry a total of from 350 to 600 pounds a distance of one mile. And yet each has expended but one-third of the power stored up in this pound of coal. An exceptionally strong man has been known to do one-half horsepower of work as his mightiest effort, but in two and a half minutes, work at this rate exhausts his muscular force. Let us suppose 100 such men putting forth such extreme effort at rope, or crank, or crowbar; as they fall back, red-faced and puffing, to catch their breaths, we might imagine this little black lump saying to them: "I can do as much as your whole company, and then can stand it for fully two minutes longer before I am exhausted!" Let us now turn to another portion of the human race. From the earliest times spinning has been a much-prized accomplishment of the fair sex. We need look back only to our own grandmothers. We can picture them, from their own stories, told us when we were children, as rosy-cheeked damsels sitting around the open fireplace and spinning from early candlelight till bedtime, let us say possibly two hours. Let us then consider for a moment the thousands of spindles rattling and whirling in a modern cotton factory, impelled by the power locked up in coal. One pound of this coal carries the potential energy to do the work of 3,000 such spinners. In sawing wood, a man may work at the rate of about sixty strokes a minute, and consider himself a "top-sawyer," and his saw blade may have progressed five feet a minute; but a circular saw, driven by machinery, may be put through seventy times as much wood. And yet this one little pound of coal contains power enough for 180 such saws.—E. D. Meier, in Cassier's Magazine.

TEST IN PRONUNCIATION.

Relief Exercise That Will Puzzle Most Expert Scholars.

An exercise in pronunciation was placed on the blackboard at a teachers' institute, a prize being offered to anyone who could read and pronounce every word correctly. The book offered as a prize was not carried off, however, as twelve was the lowest number of mistakes in the pronunciation made.

"A sacrilegious son of Bellal, who suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his Lances, in order to make good the deficit resolved to ally himself to a comely, lent and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a callopeard coral-necklace of a chameleon hue, and securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as a coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most unexceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrilegious to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge letters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

New Mexico First in Sheep.

Today the seat of the sheep-shearing industry of the Union has shifted from the middle west to the plateau region between the Rockies and Sierras. Ohio is still doing very well in the business, with nearly 3,000,000 head, but she has dropped from first to fourth in the list of mutton producing states. New Mexico is at the head, with more than 4,000,000; Montana has nearly as many, while Wyoming leads Ohio by a few hundred thousand head. Idaho closely follows Ohio in the rating. Oregon, California and Texas each has about 2,500,000 sheep.

Pronouncing the Spanish "J."

A friend of mine who happened to be in Las Vegas, N. M., managed to make a blooming idiot of himself at the dinner table at the hotel in the presence of several women. He had been down-town, and in pronouncing some names had been told that all words beginning with "J" were pronounced as beginning with "H," so when he had been invited to dine with a friend and several women he took the menu, and, in order to show his knowledge, he ordered in a tone of thunder: "Bring me some howl and jelly."—Denver Times.

Poor Boy's Rise.

Representative Connell, of Pennsylvania, began life as a driver boy in a coal mine at 75 cents a day. He has just entertained about fifty of his fellow-members at one of the most elaborate dinners given in Washington this season.

DRIED LIZARD TEA

A MEDICINAL DRINK MADE FOR CHINESE ONLY.

Lizards Cut Open in China, Dried, and Sent to the United States to Make the Cup That Cheers—Dried Lizards Durable.

The devious wanderings of the acute Chinese mind and the queer shape which Oriental logic takes were well illustrated in a recent decision of the United States general appraisers in New York. The question was whether dried lizards, from which the Chinese make a medicinal drink—for themselves only, thank heaven—come in the same tariff category as frogs, whose legs are eaten as food. If the answer were yes the stuff for the Chinese concoction, according to Chinese logic, ought to come into America at a lower rate of duty. The Collector of Customs in San Francisco took the negative end of the argument, whereupon a Chinese firm of importers appealed, with the result that the decision of the collector was affirmed.

In China the lizards are cut open, stretched on bamboo sticks and dried. In this condition they are exported to the United States to make the cup that cheers and cures the Chinaman in this country. The appraiser in San Francisco returned the stuff as a medicinal preparation not otherwise provided for, and assessed it at the rate of 25 per cent ad valorem. Then the importers "kicked." They represented that the merchandise is not a prepared medicine, but is merely dried lizard, and should be taxed at 10 per cent ad valorem as an unenumerated, unmanufactured article.

The Chinese members of the importing firm delved deep into the mysteries of the American tariff. They rested their claim upon a Treasury decision

in which the goods in that case were frogs intended for food, though there was no contention that they were for any other purpose, and the sole question was whether they were dutiable as prepared meats or as dead frogs. The statement of the lizard importers showed that the lizards are used only as medicines, being boiled in water, as herbs and similar articles are prepared. This concoction is drunk to impart vigor and strength. Several years ago, however, the Treasury Department was called upon to decide this same question, and it held then that the stuff was a medicinal preparation. Therefore, in accordance with this decision, the New York general appraisers announced that the dried lizards are dutiable as a medicinal preparation, as assessed.

Cockroaches Desert Newspaper Offices.

It is a singular fact remarked upon by the inhabitants of newspaper offices that the cockroaches, once so numerous in such places, have almost disappeared. Time was when the little brown pests fairly overrun the homes of the press. Not only did they exist by thousands in the composing-rooms, but they also got down into the editorial quarters. Observing printers say that the disappearance of the cockroach began with the introduction of typesetting machines. This is believed to be true, for in the big city offices they have become scarcer and scarcer ever since about 1888. Now one is seldom seen there. Whether the insect disapproved of the new invention or whether there was something on the movable type which gave him sustenance is not known, but he is gone, and there are few to regret his departure.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard in mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.—Quarles.

INSURANCE IN CHINA.

American Companies Unable to Do Much Business There.

New York Tribune: A general war in China, no matter how large the number of victims, would cost the life insurance companies of the world a great deal less than war in any other country of importance. As a consequence, Mongolian wives and children have little chance of receiving insurance money should their bread winners be numbered among the unfortunate. The Chinese have never made any great effort to insure their lives. It is true, but those who tried found it almost as difficult as does the American negro. It is not the color that the insurance companies object to, nor do they consider either race especially prone to suicide, but there are natural objections to their being considered good risks.

There are but three American life insurance companies which have written any business in all Asia. One of these has placed most of its policies in India, another has made a special effort in China, but most of the policies are written on the lives of white residents. The total number of policies written by American companies for all Asia was only 6,172, insuring the holders to the extent of \$13,583,141, and on which they paid a total premium of \$780,548. Statistics are not given of the number of policies held in China, but the percentage is small and the number of policies held by Chinese smaller still.

Although China is prolific in clubs and secret societies, none of them have life insurance departments. The fraternal societies for the purpose of assistance during sickness and insurance against death is unknown in the empire. The societies are mostly political and too much wrapped up in intrigues to bother with insurance matters. Some of the societies mix in religion to the extent of having a miniature joss house in connection with their meeting rooms, but do not depart further from the social or political idea which the society is supporting. The members usually say long prayers before embarking on any new business enterprise, or taking a new move in the tangled game of Chinese politics, and they never fail to present the club's particular god with a costly offering when any such undertaking is brought to a successful conclusion.

Few of the Chinese living in America have taken out insurance on their lives. The rich merchants who could afford it think they do not need to look out for posterity in any such fashion, and, of course, the poor Chinese can not take out endowment policies. It is for the benefit of the poorer classes that a mutual insurance society has recently been formed in San Francisco. It is not well under way as yet, and the Chinese of this city do not seem to be acquainted with the details of the scheme. It is said to be modeled to a certain extent after a well-known insurance order.

The first Chinese policy to be written in this country was issued about ten years ago to a rich Mongolian merchant who lived in Montana. The company did not care to take the risk, and so informed the hustling agent who had secured it. As soon as the Chinese found that they did not consider him desirable he wanted an insurance policy worse than anything else on earth. He told the agent that he just had to have it. After much correspondence the company said it would write the policy for an extra premium, and named a figure so high that the Chinese would not have considered it for a moment under ordinary circumstances. As it was, he ac-

cepted the offer and the policy was made out.

Nearly all of the Chinese ministers to the United States during recent years, including the present incumbent, Minister Wu, have taken out policies of one kind or another. It is a case of advertisement with the company more than anything else. Several of the Chinese consuls have also insured their lives. The other Chinese policies held in this country were taken out by thoroughly Americanized merchants.

HEAT AND MOISTURE.

Interesting Experiments Recently Made on Fabrics in England.

At a recent meeting of the Philosophical society in Cambridge, England, experiments upon the rise of temperature of fabrics when moistened were described by Dr. L. Cobbett. Dr. Cobbett showed that if expired air is breathed through several layers of dried filter paper wrapped round the bulb of a thermometer a temperature of ten degrees centigrade or more above that of the body may be registered (Dr. Dudgeon's experiment), and that if a roll of flannel thoroughly dried, be warmed to ninety-six degrees centigrade and put into saturated steam of 100 degrees centigrade the temperature within the roll may rise thirty degrees centigrade or more above that of the steam (Dr. Parson's experiment.) Dr. Cobbett concluded that such substances when quite dry have the property of uniting with water and of generating heat in the process, and this without becoming damp in the ordinary sense of the word, and maintained that the source of this heat is not alone the latent heat of the vapor condensed, because a rise of temperature takes place when dried filter paper is wetted with water at the same temperature, but he must include also either the latent heat of water converted into the solid state—as Sir W. Roberts has suggested in discussing Dr. Dudgeon's experiment—or else the energy set free in a chemical combination between the material and the water.—Nature.

Automobile Propelled by Salt.

A new automobile has been invented by a Russian named Huta Serky. He has discovered a new system of locomotion based on the use of a certain kind of salt, the composition of which is, as yet, his secret. Two pounds of this salt placed in the box of the automobile, and subjected to a certain heat, forms a gas which puts a cylinder in movement. The automobiles that were tried in Moscow produced the best results. The emperor of Russia, who takes great interest in this invention, intends to send Serky to Paris to make known his secret. The Russian press is of opinion that it will cause a great revolution in the trade.—Lisbon O. Dia.

The Tael of China.

The "tael," which is, strictly speaking, a weight and not a coin, differs in various cities and provinces of China, the weight of silver recognized as a "tael" being greater at some points than at others. By common consent, rather than from its intrinsic value, the Halkwan "tael" is taken as the standard, and while it varies in value at different times, it is quoted in a recent consular report at 72 cents in gold.

Field for Americans.

There is a great field in Portugal for American enterprise, writes John N. Irwin, United States minister to that kingdom, in the September issue of Success. Our manufacturers really ought to "prosper" in that little known country. In the first place, they are made most welcome. The king and the queen, both young and truly regal, speak English perfectly, and are among our warmest admirers. They reflect the sentiment of their people. In the second place American goods are needed, and the progressive