THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: MONDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1887.

FROZEN AND THAWED OUT.

A Captain's Wonderful Ride in; the Hard Winter of '40.

NOT MIND DYING. DID But Coming to Life Again was Terri-

ble-A Horse that Broke a Channel Through the Ice-An Awful Experience.

New York Sun: "Whenever cold weather begins to approach," says Capt. R. L. Zeby of Uniontown, "I can't help thinking of the remarkable winter of '39 and '40, when I was frozen to deathfrozen square, plumb to death, sir! Nobody was ever frozen any deader than 1 was, but I had the luck to be called back to life. And that coming back over the boundary makes me ache yet to think of it! I didn't mind the dying. That was rather a pleasure. But the coming to life! If I ever freeze to death again, I'll leave word some way that the man who resuscitates me does so at his peril. "That was a great winter, that winter of 39 and '40. And the fall of '39 wasn't so common, either. Neither was the spring of '40. I'll tell you why. The first snow fell on Oct. 3, '39. The last snow came down on May 16 in '40. Between these two dates there wasn't less. than six feet of snow on the level all the time, and where the wind had good chance at it twenty good chance at the uncommon. feet wasn't anything uncommon. We had sleighing for over eight the thermometer for five months was at no time higher than twenty above zero, while most of the time it sported between 15 and 20 degs. below. This memorable fall, winter. and spring I am speaking of may not have been so memorable in this part of the country. It was in New England where I encountered them, and espec ially in Maine, where I then lived. they were as memorable as that here about, maybe some of you will recollect

them. "In February, 1840, I had an interest in some lumber way up in the Piscata-quis region, and I had to go up there and see how things were getting along. It was a long journey, but the sleighing was like glass, and I had one of the best horses that ever stood inside the thills. On my second day out the thermometer stood at 20 degs. below, and was inclined to go lower. I knew I would reach one of those queer little villages common to the Maine backswoods early in the evening. There I intended to stay all night, and drive on next morning to the house of the agent of the lumber property, twelve miles further along reached the village, and found that there was no tavern there. Accommodations were offered me at a private house, but I was informed that I could not obtain a drop of water for my horses in the entire settlement. There had been no rain since winter set in, and there wasn't a well or a spring anywhere in the region in which there was a drop of water. The nearest water was in the Piscataouis river, two miles away, to which the few stock in the village were driven every day to drink, and enough water was brought back in buckets to keep the wants of the villagers supplied.

This, of course, upset my plans. My horse was badly in need of water, and couldn't think of letting him go on all night without a drink. So I ate supper in the village and started on, intending to water my horse at the river and proceed to the agent's the same night. It was a the same night. It was a starling night, but the air was filled with that peculiar frozen mist frequently noticeable on very cold nights As we neared the river this haze be came denser, until finally it was with difficulty I could see ahead of me. It was like passing through a storm of scaly ice. Suddenly, as I was thinking that we must be almost on the margin of the river, there came a crackling sound, a loud splash of water, and the next second my horse was floundering about in the water, which also covered the sleigh, the robes, any myself up to my waist. In that thick bank of mist the horse had plunged into the river below where we had been told to cross, and had broken through the thin ice that had formed since ice had been cut away that evening for the purpose of allowing the village cattle to drink. The water splashed about by the horse soon drenched the rest of me, and in less time than I can tell it I was coated with a rapidly thickening armor of ice. I guess my noble beast must have floundered at least a minute in that hole before he knew exactly what had happened. When the situation did come to him he became quiet. threw his fore feet up and lodged them both in the ice with a concerted blow like a trip hammer. The ice was thick, but beneath that blow an immense cake was broken off and carried down in under the edge of the ice below. The horse swime onward, dragging the sleigh with it through the rapidly freezing slush. Once more he pounded the ice ahead of him with his powerful fore feet, and again the ice yielded. During all this time I was shouting for help. I might, at the first break, have turned and leaped back to shore, but had not collected myself in time. It was now too late, and even if it had not been I was so stiffened by the casing of ice that I couldn't have moved to save myself from death. The horse kept on, and strange as the story seems, broke a chennel for fifty feet across that river, and drew the sleigh out safely on the other side. And he didn't tarry when he got there, but started off at the top of his speed toward our destination. He soon struck the road and away we went. I knew that although one danger was es caped, a greater was before us, and I urged the horse on with my voice. My robes and clothing had frozen so solid that if I had been encased in iron I could not have been more motionless. My horse was a jet black, but his icy coating made him stand out, even in that frozen mist, like a spectre horse We were not yet half way to the agent's house when I felt myself growing drowsy. I could no longer use my voice The clatter of the horse's hoofs and the creaking of the runners on the ice sounded to me like thunder claps and wierd, hideous crses. I knew that I was freezing, but I labored hard to reuse my will and fight with it against my fate. The stars looked like great coals of fire, although before they could be seen but dimly through the peculiar haze. The trees, with their branches covered with snow, took on the shapes of gigantic ghosts. Still I preserved all my powers of reasoning. Finally I felt myself growing deliciously warm. A languor, such as De Quincey might have described, with attending visions of loveliness, took possession of me. heard the most delightful music. Still I made one mental effort to shake off this fatal spell, and that was all. "I don't know how far I was from the agent's house when I froze to death, but the thing I remembered I was suffering such tortures as the victim of the rack might feel. He never felt vorse. Suddenly, at my feet, the pricking of a mil-

lion needles assualted my flesh. 'orturing me at that spot a moment. until I writhed in agony, it dashed quickly up my leg, stopped an instant, as if gloating in my misery, and then crawled with that awful pain slowly upward, un-til it seemed that tiny jets of the fiercest flame were being blown into my body heart and brain. The intensity of this agony was not constant. If it had been would have died again in a short time It came in waves, so to speak. Each wave was a little less furious than its predecessor, until at last the storm was passed, and I found myself a weak, speechless, limp, and helpless mortal lying on a robe before the fireplace o by friend, the agent. He had rought me back to life, but, as true as my

to thank him.

down.

I tell you, I did not feel it in my heart "When I was strong enough to hear it he told me that he was awakened in the night by the peculiar and loud neighing of a horse. He looked out of the window and saw a sight which startled him—a ghostly horse and sleigh and driver in the road before the door. He recovered himself and went down. Then he discovered that the driver was dead. He quickly carried the driver into the house, laid him on the floor before the fireplace and recognized me. Knowing that even if I was not beyond all aid, nothing could be done for me until the robe and clothing were thawed, he made the fire blaze and hurried to the rescue of the faithful and ntelligent horse that had reasoned with itself that it must stop at the first house it came to on that terrible night and that life and death depended on it. By the time the horse was cared for I was was in shape to be resuscitated in case any such thing could be done. I was stripped and rubbed briskly with snow and snow water for more than an hour tion. before I gave any evidence that I might be called back. Then another hour was spent in the same treatment, when spoonful of brandy was poured down my throat. After that the circulation write. was started and my agony began. That suffering lasted for an hour, and,-well. I can say this: Freeze to death if you want. You'll like it. But don't let

'Tis an Ill Wind

anybody fetch you to again.

That brings with it gusts of rain from the northeast. When the wind blows from that quarter on a wet day, the rheumatic are apt to suffer, even if seated by their "ain comfortable ingle" in a cosy arm chair. A few wine glassfuls of Hostetter's Stomach Bittersmost genial and comforting of specifics -will afford them unspeakable relief. There is ample proof on record of its efficacy in this disease-more particu-larly if used for its relief at the outset. Chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, and a lack of tone in the kidneys and bladder, should also be treated with this useful, family medieine of botanic origin. Appetite improves, refreshing slumber once more visits the weary cyclids of the nervous, and the circulation is enriched and accelerated in consequence of its invigorating and regulating action. Use it as a protector against getting wet.

Books and Magazines.

"SERMONS FOR CHILDREN," is a recent publication issued from the house of Charles Scribner & Sons, New York. These sermons have been selected from the discourses of the Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, late dean of Westminster The little work is valuable and instructive to the old as well as the young.

A RECENT publication is entitled, "Only a Year and What It Brought." Jane Andrews is the author and Lee & Shepard, Boston, the publishers. A pleasing tale, with ample moral and sufficient adventure to make it attractive, this little work commends itself to the nger readers as one they may perus with profit. HARRIET F. POWELL has translated New York. the very interesting conclusion of the Buchholz family, entitled "Frau Wilhelmine." The work is an excellent one and one which will bear careful reading. Chas. Scribner & Son's publishers, New York. A VERY entertaining tale is that entitled "The fortunes of the Faraday's," by Amanda M. Douglas and published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. The book is particularly appropriate for young readers though it will be found decidedly interesting to the older ones. THE DECEMBER number of the Woman's World, by Oscar Wilde, and and published by Cassel & Co., New York, is replete with excellent articles from the pens of some of the ablest writers on affairs in which women are especially interested. The number is handsomely illustrated, and welt worthy the subscription price, 35 cents single number, or \$3.50 per year. cent works on railways, published by Ginn & Co.

contribution. In the departments are numerous short contributions from eminent sources. "Baby Grace" is a sad little Christmas story in verse; and "Thanksgiving" is an amusing item of statistics. There is not a dull page between the covers of this superbly printed periodical. The December is a strong, instructive, and delightful num-Price, \$5 a year. 743 Broadway, ber. New York City.

WITH THE December number, The Writer, that bright Boston magazine for literary workers, ends its, first volume. The magazine was started as a sixteen-page monthly. It has been increased in size to thirty-two pages, and the success that has warranted this enlargement assures for it a prosperous future. Its value and helpfulness to all who write have been reiterated in nearly two thousand newspaper notices. written by practical newspaper men, who know better than anybody else what such a magazine should be. Of all these only three have contained anything like adverse criticism, and these three criticised only minor points. The Writer begins its second volume with brilliant prospects. The December number is especially solid and valuable. It contains: "Several Newspaper Topics," speeches at Boston Press club dinner by Charles H. Taylor, Eliot Lord, C. M. Hammond, and Robert Luce; "A Half Hour With a Very Modern Poet," by John P. Lyons; "How to be Interviewed," by W. E. Brigham; "Same Things Barorise Should Avaid " Interviewed," by W. E. Brigham; "Some Things Reporters Should Avoid." by D. J. McGrath; "The Writer's Brain," by Frederick E. Lyster; "The Telegraph Correspondent's Work," by H. R. Chamberlain; "Why a Writer Needs Physical Exercise," by William "Bobbaced and Discourse T. Brigham; and "A Picayune Suggesby William H. Hills, besides the usual interesting departments of "Queries," "Helpful Hints and Sugges-"Queries," "Helpful Hints and Sugges-tions," "Literary Articles in Periodi-cals," and "News and Notes." The magizine is indispensable to all who

IT IS a peculiarity of Harper's Magazine for December that it contains no continued stories. It is a volume com-plete in itself. The short stories and sketches are exceptionally good, however. "Inja" is an almost painfully re-alistic tale by Amelie Rives. "Annie Laurie" is a pleasing bit of fiction by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with four il-Elizabeth Stuart Phenes, with Captain lustrations by Reinhart. "Captain Santa Claus" is by Captain King; "Cradock's Heldest" is by Frances Courtenay Baylor; and a delightful Courtenay Baylor; and a del sketch of "His Day in Court"" Charles Egbert Craddock.

is by CHRISTMAS WIDE AWAKE is made up of thirty-five poems, stories, sketches, papers of all sorts, long and short, and pictures fifty-seven. Publishers, D.

Lothrop company, Boston. CHAS. E. MERRILL & Co., New York, nave in press, and will publish this month. 'First Steps in Electricity,' by month. Mr. Charles Barnard, describing a great variety of simple experiments with electricity, the laws that govern it, and their application to the telegraph, telephone, electric light, cable railways, tc. The book is designed for the entertainment and instruction of young people at home or in school, and most of the experiments may easily be performed with materials to be found in every household.

THE PAINTER'S Enclyclopædia, containing definitions of all important words in the art of plain and artistic paintings, with details of practice in coach, carriage, railway car, house, sign and ornamental painting, including graining, marbling, staining, varnishing, polishing, lettering, stencil, gilding, bronzing and valuable hints and helps in scene painting, porcelain mainting, plain painting, distemper painting, plain painting,

ated a worthy comparison character to throne" describes him in politics ex-"Little Lord Fontlercy." in the heroine actly. His greatest quality as a poli-

of her story, "Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minghin's." Mr. Frank R. Stockton gives "The Clocks of Rondaine," and Rev. Wash-ington Gladden tells of "Santa Claus in the Pulpit." H. H. Boyeson tells the strange story of "The Bear That Had a Bank Account;" while J.T. Trowbridge gives an account of "How the Hart Boys Saw Great Salt Lake," and Sarah J. Pritchard draws an interesting

sketch of "The First Christmas Tree in New England." Edward Duffy, reporter for the New York World, recounts the stirring adventures which attended the baloon voyage. "The Children's Christ-mas Club of Washington City" is a

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brief history by Edmund Alton. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mary E. Wilkins, Amelie Rives, Edith Thomas, and H. C. Bunner contribute the poetry for the number, and there is the usual complement of short sketches, jingles and pictures.

THE DECEMBER CENTURY opens with a frontispiece portrait of Lincoln from a photograph made about the time of his inauguration, which event is the subject of the present part of the Lincoln history. Prof. Charles W. Shields, of Princeton college, contributes an important and interesting paper entitled "The United Churches of the United States." Mr. Kenna's second paper deals with the "Prison Life of the Russian Revolutionists." An illustrated paper on the "Sea of Galilee" is con-tributed by Edward L. Wilson. Mr. Brander Matthews contributes an interesting study of journalism entitled "Notes on Parisian Newspapers." Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer writes this month in her series on the English cathedrais, about Durham. The fiction of the number embraces the second part of "The Graysons," by Edward Eggleston; the second fourth of George W. Cable's novelette of the Teche country, "Au Large," and the first part of "The Du-santes." Frank R. Stockton's sequel to

'Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." The poetry of the number is contributed by Mrs. Annie Fields, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Edith M. Thomas, "Stuart Sterne. Maurice F. Egan, Henry Ames Blood and Walt Whitman, (a stanza "Twilight") and in bric-a-brac by John Vance Chency, Charles H. Crandall, Jennie W. Nettner, and others.

THE DECEMBER Harper will be interesting as usual, with the following contents: Frontispiece, illustration for "The Vicar," by Edward A. Abbey; "Old Garden Flowers," F. W. Burbridge, F. L. S., with ten illustrations by Alfred Parsons; "The Vicar," a poem, Winthrop Mackworth Fraed, with ten illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey; "Another Way," a poem, An-drow Lang, "Unia" a story Amelia

drew Lang; "Inja," a story, Amelie Rives, illustrated by Frederic Dielman; "Pauline Pavlovna," a dramatic poem, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; "His Day in Court," harles Egbert Chaddock, with five illustrations by A. B. Frost; "The Convict's Christmas Eve," a poem. Will Carleton, illustrated by Gilbert Gaul; "Five F'clock Tea." a farce, William Dean Howells, illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; "Precious Stones in the United States," George F. Kunz, with a colored plate and sixteen engravings; "Captain

brews.

who

Santa Claus," a story, Captain King, U. S. A., illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum; Anthony of Padua, A poem. Harriet Lewis Bradley. With one illustration from the painting by Murillo; Annie Laurie, a story, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart; Craddock's Heldest A story Craddock's Heldest. A story. Frances Courtenay Baylor. Illustrated princes in the town. by Frederick Barnard; From Heinrich Heine, a poem, William Black; Editor's Drawer: A Christmas for the Rich as well as for the Poor; "A pe-tition to the Queen of England" (Mark



A BUNDLE OF LETTERS TO BUSY GIRLS, by Miss Grace H. Dodge, is a recent publication from Funk & Wagnalis, New York.

the English Illustrated Magazine prom-These twelve letters are all on "Pracises to be an unusually attractive one tical Matters" which enter into the life of all our "girls." Miss Dodge origin-The full-page illustrations, of which there will be no less than fourteen, comated what has become a large institution prise: Portrait of Rembrandt, by him-self; Potato Planting; Study of Head, -"Working Girls' Socseties," in which every Tuesday evening is devoted to "Practical Talks." These letters have from a drawing by Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.; Herons, from a drawing by Maude M. Clarke; St. Senen Cove,Corngrown out of those talks. They lay no claim to literary merit. All is subordinated to produce wise, practical and much-needed instruction, is plain comfington as Mrs. Ford; Mrs. Abington, from the picture by Sir Joshua Rey-nolds; David Garrick as Abel mon-sense, brief and wonderfully effec Drugger, from the picture of Zoffany; The Post Boys, from a drawing tive words. They are indeed a model. The author, as one of the "girls," puts herself on their level, and speaks in their language, and voice their feel-ings, wants and trials. Nothing could be more wisely done, for the object in Inn," from a drawing by Hugh Thomson view. And the little book cannot fail to do great good to the class of girls for

whom it has been prepared.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NUE-SERY for December gives its usual quota of new things and something more in happy glimpses of holidays to which the by Prof. Minton, and the author of "John Herring" will also be continued, and there will be a chapter of a new one little people are looking forward with great expectations. These stories and pictures will go straight to the juvenile heart and set young ears listening for the first tingle of bells denoting the ap-proach of beloved Santa Claus. Pub-'That Girl in Black."

lished by Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bloomfield street, Boston, Mass. . .

THE COMPLETION of the eighteenth volume of the Magazine of American Stuart F. Weld. Another article is by Hon. David A. Wells. In "The Rise of the Grange Movement," Mr. C. W. History with its December issue is an event of interest. These elegant vol-Pierson nagrates an interesting chapter. imes, elaborately indexed, are preserved Mr. Grant Allen gives, in "American Clinque-Foils" a bright and valuable by its subscribers in the choicest of bindings, and they are constantly in contribution. Professor Huxley on "Science and Practical Life," is a plea creasing in value with age. It is the only magazine extant where back numbers are in as great demand in favor of the article by knowledge for the love of it, in the certainty that The conthe current ones. tents of the holiday issue are most agreeably diversified. "Our Counall desired practical advantage will not fail to be fortheoming. A portrait and sketch--the latter by J. Howard Goretry Fifty Years Ago," by the editor, presents a series of quaint pictures made at that time, and never before are given of John Jacob Baeyer, a distinguished German geodetist. The edi-tor at his "Table" discusses the human published in this country, together with striving after ideals as an "Alleged Ar-gument Against Evolutica," and Lesincidents in connection with the journeyings of Lafayette in 1824 and 1825, not least among which is a graphic sing's paradox respecting the pursuit of account of his entertainment by the truth. fishermen of the oldest club in America, at the State in Schuykill, "Stephen A. Douglas and the Free Soilers," by A. W. Clasen, is an informing and readable

encil or palette is used. Price \$2. M. r. Richardson, publisher, 57 Rose street,

WITH THE forthcoming number (December, 1887) the "Political Science Quarterly" completes its second year. In this number Mr. Henry C. Bannard attacks the oleomargerine law; Dr. Wm. A. Dunning reviews the legislation of the reconstruction period. Prof, John B. Clark, of Smith college, discusses "Profits under Modern Conditions," and Mr. F. H. Gidding endeavors to determine the natural rate of wages. Prof. F. J. Goodnow gives a concise descrip-

tion of the historical development and present condition of England's local government. Mr. Martin Ward, long a resident of British India, shows the progressive impoverishment of that country under English rule. In the department of book reviews, Prof. Freeman, of Yale, criticises recent works on English benefit societies; Dr. Hart, of Harvard, reviews Tyler's "Patrick Henry," and Dr. Seligman, of Columbia, gives a compte rendu of several re-

THE DECEMBER (holiday) number of

vall; Mrs. Yates as Medea, Peg Wof

'Courtyard of the Church House," Sal-

DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

With six illustrations (Edward Everett

Scribner's Magazine, issued Norember 25, is a superb Christmas number. The illustrations have been increased to double the usual number.and represent the best work of the most amous artists and engravers. The number is an unusually excellent one throughout.

It is a blind confidence to suppose yourself incapable of mistake. It is indeed a serious blunder to refuse to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup when you even suspect you have taken cold. Price 25 cents.

What a grand, great country this is with its vast territory, its big rivers, its pretty women, and its Veni Vidi Viai cure-Salvation Oil.

GREAT PEOPLE OF NEW YORk. Power Exerted by Depew, Grace,

Conkling and Others. New York Correspondence of the Globe Democrat: Another man to whom people go for every sort of help, for advice upon business, family affairs, politics, love and literature, for half an our of brilliant mental fencing or for a jolly change of witticisms, is Chauncey Depew. He is a social monarch, whose thronc is set far above Ingersoll's, be-cause he holds a vastly important semi-public position, interests himself in the possible range of subjects, and is widest accessible to nearly everybody at nearly all times. Since Harry Clay died this country has never known a man as pop-ular as Depew—and Clay left off where Depew begins, as the saying goes. Chauncey Depew is the one other man besides Ingersoll who is spoken of lov-ingly,though in a limited circle Eugene by Hugh Thomson; The Meet at an Kelley, the Irish banker, shares this "Courtyard of the Church House," Sal-isbury, "Crane Ridge," Salisbury; "Old Lady," from a painting by Rembrandt. The illustrated articles inclue "The Sea of Galilee," by Laurence Oliphant, "Ornithology at South Kensington" by R. Bowdler Sharpe, "What Players Are They" by J. Fitzgerald Molloy, and "Coaching days and Coaching Ways," by Prof. Minton, and the author of most enviable reputation with these two far more versatile fellow citizens. Mr. Depew mounts his throne at 8 o'clock in the morning at his home, where he sees intimates, his wife and boy, his news-paper and his family mail. When you paper and his family mail. inderstand that during two hours his front parlor, back parlor and dining room are occupied by men and women coming and going constantly, you can estimate for yourself whether he pos sesses a rival in popularity. At 10 he goes to his office, where other callers are scattered through three rooms, and by Mrs. Molesworth under the title of

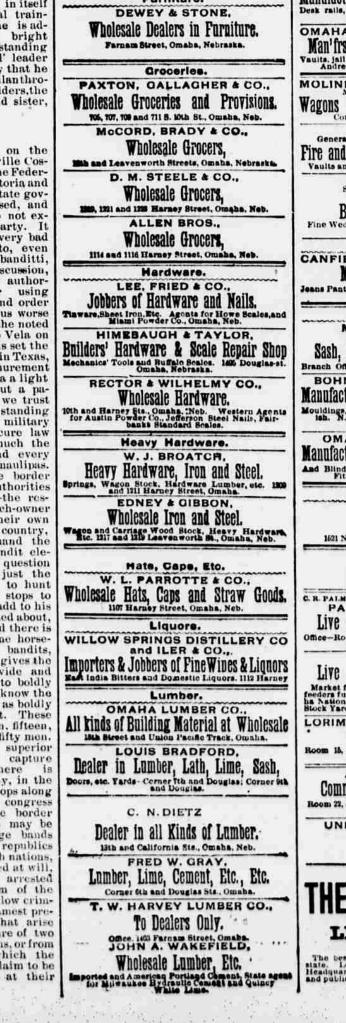
here, among his railroad reports and THE DECEMBER number of "The Poppapers, over his luncheon, between the alar Science Monthly," is one of even calls of subordinates and amid all the more than the usual variety and attracexactions of his post, he continues to receive the world at large, which retiveness. The opening article is en-titled "Inventions at Panama," by news the attack after business hours at his dwelling door again.

"Sometimes you would think I was the only man people called on," he once remarked, "as if it was the fashion for me to stay in doors and for every one else to turn out and visit me.

Then there is ex-Mayor William B. Grace, about whom, if his importance is understood out of town, it is only by reports that are as whispers compared to his popularity here. He is a little man of Napoleonic body under the brain of an American Talleyrand. He lives three lives. In one he looks after the most important interests in Peru and attracts merchants and shipping men, South American travelers, speculators and natives for advice and entertain-ment. In his second life he moves as a master politician, planning, building

up, tearing down, giving counsel, do THE READERS of St. Nicholas will disnating money like a prince, encourag-ing novices, aiding officials and statescover in the December number that Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has cromen. The phrase "a power behind the pleasure.

and sing his praises loudly. He is the liberal Hebrew, the prophet of the mod-ern Judea. He teaches children for a profession and men for recreation. presides over a wonderful philanthropic oundation, well worthy a letter in itself for the manual as well as mental train ing of youth. Among men he is adfor his originality, bright mired thoughts, comprehensive understanding and groat tact. He is a natural' leader and manages men so skillfully that he could change a miser into a philanthropist. In literary circles the Gilders, the refined and elegant brother and sister receive the most homage. Border Bandits. In speaking of the banditti on the lower Rio Grande the Brownsville Cosmopolitan says: The action of the Feder-action, a paper published in Victoria and in active partisanship of the state gov-ernment, can hardly be indorsed, and we trust that its utterances do not express the sentiments of its party. It seems to us, to say the least, very bad taste for a political paper to, even covertly, uphold the cause of banditti, even in the heat of political discussion, and to attack the military author ities in this section for using every effort to maintain law and order on the frontier. It seems to us worse taste to champion the cause of the noted bandit and murderer, Lorenzo Vela on whose head the price of \$1,500 is set the day he is delivered in any jail in Texas and who should consider immurement in the fortress San Juan de Uloa a light pumishment for his-crimes. But a paper does not make a party, and we trust to see the state authorities standing shoulder to shoulder with the military to put down banditage and secure law and order on the frontier, so much the advantage of every citizen and every ranch-owner in the state of Temaulipas. On the American side of the border there is no question, for the authorities -state, county, and federal-the residents of towns and every ranch-owner along the border see that their own safety, the necessities of the country. and its future prosperity demand the utter extermination of the bandit element on the frontier. The only question is how to be done. Here is just the trouble. A sheriff starts out to hunt down a party of bandits; he stops to secure a party of rancheros to add to his force, the matter becomes brusted about. in every ranch or neighborhood there is some dissolute character, some horse-thief, some secret agent of the bandits



Twain); "Shot through the Head: after the fashion of a French Vaudeville Hale.