# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

## TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

## OMAHA, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891-TWELVE PAGES.

THE CURTAINS DOWN.

Vendome hotel.

week.

season.

opera house.

"St. Marc.'

early in August.

lays in London.

York about July 10.

country next season.

GOD'S FOICE. Ralph Waldo Emersor God said, "I am tired of kings! I suffer them no more; Up to my ear the morning brings The outrage of the poor.

Pages 9 to 12.

"Think you I made this ball A field of havoe and war, Where tyrants great and tyrants small Migh harry the weak and poor!

"Lo! I uncover the land, Which I bid of old time in the west, As the scuiptor uncovers his statue When he has wrought his best.

"I will divide my goods! Call in the wretch and slave; None shall rule but the humble, And none but toil shall have.

"I will have never a noble; No lineage counted great; Fishers and choppers and ploughmen Shall constitute a state"

## AMONG THE APACHES.

We had been prospecting for a month through the Mogollon mountains in Arizona and had met with the poorest luck imaginable. Being almost out of provisions, we decided to return to the ranch, for we were fully convinced that the precious metals were entirely too looking at us till we rounded a bend in scarce in that locality to warrant us in prospecting further. The country over which we were compelled to pass in order to reach the ranch was of the roughest character, abounding in jagged cliffs, steep hills and deep ravines, making travel both tedious and laborious.

It was owing to th' | fact that we decided to take a different route to return to the one we had come over. Our plan was to make a raft large enough to contain ourselves, our pack burros, and prospecting outfit, and float down the Rio Salinas till within a few miles of rapids, when we would land and complete our journey by the overland route. This would not only save us a forty mile tramp across a very rough country, but would place us within thirty miles of home, in a fresh condition, besides saving us about two days. There were three of us in the party-

Paul Sanford, Arrajo and myself. Arrajo was a half-breed-part Spanish and part Zuni Indian, and a perfect giant in strength. He was not over five feet six and was rather heavy in build, yet he was as quick and active as panther. I never knew his age, though think it could not have been over thirty at the time of which I write.

The plan of accomplishing part of our journey upon a raft was first suggested Arrajo, but it was eagerly accepted Paul Sanford and me, who saw not ily the advantage of such a plan, but felt enthusiastic over the prospect of a journey down the pleturesque Salinas upon a raft. This, we felt, partially would compensate us for the disappointment we had sustained in our fruitless

trip to the hills. By the aid of an axe Arrajo soon had a sufficient number of pine logs cut. These were then rolled out into the stream and fastened securely together by means of stout withes of hickory and mesquite. When everything was in readiness to begin our journey we placed plercing the foaming billow of the rush-our traps aboard the raft. We found ing stream. Arrajo, oar in hand, stood

ished to see the brave half-breed still standing erect upon the raft, using the oar with all his strength to force our craft further from the shore. I called loudly to him to abandon his

dangerous post and seek safety behind the dead burro with Paul and me, but he gave no heed to my words and worked with undiminished vigor. I now discovered that the current of

the river was growing more rapid every moment, and looking toward the shore I saw that we were fast leaving the Indians behind. However, they had anti-cipated this it seems, for I saw them hastily scramble up the rocky ledge to the hill above and come swiftly in pursuit.

But we were now beyond gunshot of them and, floating rapidly with the now swift-running current, we promised soon to outstrip them in the race and leave them far behind. But, being fully aware that we could not land on the opposite side owing to the precipitous cliffs that skirted the left bank of the stream, they

still kept up the pursuit. It was soon evident, however, that they would never be able to overtake us, and they doubt-loss realized this, for after following along the bank of the river for nearly two inlies they suddenly stopped upon the summit of a high clff, and stood the stream a mile below. The presence of a band of hostile

Apaches in that vicinity was a great surprise to Arrajo as well as to Paul and myself. There had been no outbreak among the Indians in Arizona for more than a year and ranchmen and prospectors along the Gila and Salinas and been permitted to ply their vocations in peace.

As soon as we had passed beyond the reach of the pursuing savages Paul and rose from our recumbent position upon the raft.

"What shall we do now, Arrajo?" asked. But the haif-breed made no reply. I saw him glancing eagerly from shore to the other, an anxious and troubled look on his face. Suddenly he pointed to the precipi-

tous cliffs that skirted the shores of the tiver and said! "We have passed the best landing

place; we will soon be in the great rap-1817

ment.

His words sent a chill of fear to my eart, and in an instant I realized the served with a razor?" awful peril of our situation. Walled in by perpendicular cliffs, with no chance

of escape, we were being drawn swiftly into the great rapids of the river. In escaping one danger we had been forced into another even more terrible than the first. It is impossible for me to describe the feeling of helplessness and

despair that came over me at that mo-I knew that it would be impossible for us to land, walled in as we were with hara?' perpendicular cliffs, and there was nothing to do but wait and trust to Arrajo's superior knowledge to suggest some plan of deliverance.

it. There was a crash, a violent

On that part of the raft which had

broken away from us were the two bur-ros and the body of the dead one. For

one moment it whirled close to our side,

hen turning it struck with a crash on a

mass of sharp rocks. I saw the broken

and splintered timbers of the raft rise

half out of the water, quiver for one

brief moment, then pitch downward and

Our frail craft now swept through the

dangerous channel and glided into

smoother water, but we had only passed

the first and the least of those danger-

ous points in the rapids and I knew that

it would be impossible for us to pass

ible since a perpendicular cliff rose

Throwing one end to me, he said, hur-

"You and Paul fasten thisto your belts

he held in his hand about his head.

dly:

twenty or thirty feet above the water.

For.

disappear in the roaring flood.

"Madam, I must--' We were now running at a fearful rate "Nor you won't say I buy my aspara-gus by the cord and have it sawed in lengths to suit; nor that I have to rivet of speed, and already the water about was flecked with foam. The raft soon began to rock and pitch violently as it the clothes to the beds to keep the bugs was whirled swiftly along on the now turbulent waters. Far below I could from dragging them off to their dens; nor that I clean my table cloths with see masses of sharp and jagged rocks and paper; nor that my bread is so heavy that you can hear it drop when great difficulty, however, in getting the ready to guide the raft through the danyou swallow it; nor that I use my sugar gerous channel, while Paul and I stood to scour the knives and forks with b giving it to the guests; nor despairing and helpless, not knowing fore thatwhat to do The last gleam of the sinking sun He threw up his hands in eloquent had now died away on the summits of appeal and the woman stopped for an in the hills, and the gray shadows of the stant. "Because, if you don't promise," she twilight were fast gathering over the went on, "I won't let you board here for stream. In a few moments we had entered the \$200 a month in advance. I've neard of ock-pierced rapids, and all about us the you before.' foaming capped waters were leaping It took him fully fifteen minutes to reand whirling with a deafening roar. over from her unexpected assault, and A sharp rock loomed just ahead; I then he abjectly promised everything, saw Arrajo using the oar with desperate and she took him in. energy, but we were swept rapidly down

Glancing toward Arrajo, I was aston- | top of the cliff, then it settled over the stump of the pine. "Jump for your lives!" The sharp, Imperative command came from Arrajo and without an instant's hesitatation we leaped from the raft into the rushing stream. I felt a quick, sudden tighten

ing of the rope, and then we were swept under by the roaring flood. Though bewildered and strangled I clutched the rope, and with the instinct of self preservation drew myself upward till my head was above the water. As I did so I 'ound Paul and Arrajo at

pear in comic opera next season. my side, both clinging desperately to the rope. The current had swept us around against the cliff, and there we country. clung with only the small rope between

us and a watery grave. As soon as we got our heads above about August 1. water Arrajo explained that one of us must climb to the top of the cliff, while the other two remained in the water so public next season. as to subject the rope to as slight a strain Isaac Walton Miner will probably manage the Grand next season and conduct it as a as possible Paul, who was an excellent climber, popular priced house.

was the first to ascend the rope. As soon as he had reached the top of the cliff Arrajo signalled for me to follow. I did as directed, but was so nearly exhausted when I reached the top that I sank down almost helpless upon the rocks. Then we were soon joined by Arrajo, whose coolness and bravery had escued us from the very jaws of death. We reached our destination the next morning by sunrise, only too glad to return alive from a trip that had proved

#### so disastrous. She Knew Him. A well-known wag it Detroit, who has

been living around in various boarding houses here until his reputation has been fairly well established, applied at a quiet place out on Michigan avenue for a stali and feed, says the Free Press.

"So," snapped the woman, "you want to try this one, do you?" "I thought so, madam," he replied

meekly. "And if I let you come you won't refer to the board as a shingle, will you?

"Certainly not, madam. I am not in the-"Nor you won't say all the coffee needs

s cream and sugar and coffee to make t fit to drink?" "Madam, I-" "Nor you won't say the butter is

"I assure you, mad-" "Nor you won't say the chickens crowng in the eggs wike you every morn-

ng in time for breakfast?" 'My dear ma-"Nor you won't say the beefsteak is

such a tough it wouldn't be recognized in decent society?" "Madam, you an-" "Nor you won't say the desert is juarter section out of the great Sa-

"Great Cæsar, madam, I---"Nor you won't say we stand the napking up in the corner between meals?

Modjeska has just returned from Europe. Julia Marlowe and her mother are in Lon be supported by a strong company, Mrs. Dion Boucicault playing the leading female role. Dixey has gone home to Boston to study his Edwin Booth is in Boston, quartered at the Margaret Mather has secured two new part,

It is now said that May Waldron of Stuart Manager Tom Boyd will return from New Robson's company, who was a passenger on the City of Richmond during that vessel's last disastrous trans. Atlantic trip, was the first to discover the fire. The floor of her Charles Wyndham will again visit this stateroom grow warm and she smelled smoke. She is said to have instantly given the alarm, Mrs. Leslie Carter deales that she is to apand thus partly averted the danger. As there were plenty of other theatrical people on board, the public will probably soon hear that a few others were the first to discover the fire—Arthur Dacre, or Amy Roselle, or J. E. Dodson, or Seymour Hicks. The decorations in the Boyd threater are by far the handsomest of any threater in this Colonel David Walshingham Haynes, treasurer of Boyd's, will take his vacation

Already managers, stars and actors are Eva Mountford has a new version of East making preparations for the tours that will constitute the early months in the season of 1892-3. The first company that will leave the metropolis is the Palmer Madison Square troupe in "Alabama." Its members will make a Pacific coast trip under the manage-ment of Al Havara. "Thay no direct to Dem yune which she proposes to spring upon the ment of Al Hayman. They go direct to Den-ver, where they open on July 13, preceeding thence through Utah and Oregon to 'Frisco. The Daniel Froham Lyceum troupe are al-ready very near San Francisco, where they The Dramatic Times says: "In the aggregate the stars have cleared \$1,234,567,890, 000,000,000,000 this season." John E. Kellerd is to play the title part next season in a play called "Lincoln," i which Mrs. McKee Rankin has an interest. will begin an engagement on July 7. Daiv's stock company is still in Chicago, meeting with Stage Carpenter Uhl of the Boyd is busily varying, but generally encouraging success. Charles Frohman's "Men and Women" com-pany remain in 'Frisco, but they have changed engaged in getting the paint frames ready for the scenic artist who will arrive next recently to "Diplomacy."

"Jane," the comedy which is to open the fall season at the Madison Square theater on August 3, will be the last legitimate comedy With Crawford's, Boyd's and the Grand opera house in the field theater goers will not suffer for the want of datertainment next that will be seen at that celebrated theater that will be seen at that celebrated theater for the remainder of Manager Palmer's lease, he having arranged to turn over the theater to Hoyt and Thomas for their attractions after the close of the run of "Jano," Two of Georgie Drew Barrymore has been engage by Charles Frohman as one of "Mr. Wilkin-son's Widows." The company is now in Chicago. the comody parts in the new play will be acted by Miss Johnstone Bennett and Paul Arthur. Both have been abroad during the It is still a question what Mr. Crawford will call his theatre. Certainly he will not be permitted to continue the name Boyd's summer to see the London production It is one of the theatrical sensations of the London George W. Sammis has arranged with T season, and has already run for nearly three Harry French for the rights to "Dr. Bill," and will start out with this successful comedy season, and has already run for nearly three bundred nights at the leading comedy theaters and as yet shows no signs of diminishing popularity with the Londoners. David Belasco, who is to stage manage the piece at the Madison Square, returns to the theater Bianche Marsden, besides her play "Ga-brielle (Gerard," has finished a comedy called "Windfalls," an Irish play and a farce-com-edy, and is still working. with which he was connected during the first tive years of its existence. Noxon and Toomey, the scente artists, have

#### ABOUT WOMEN.

W. D. Howells in Ohio Farmer, May, 1859. The sweet shade falls athwart her face. And leaves haif shadow and half light-Dimples and lips in open day, And dreamy brows and eyes in night.

When will Emma Jack learn wisdom? She has signed once more with Charles Locke for next year, notwithstanding that Locke is away behind in salaries for the season just So low the languid eyelids fall, They rest their silk upon her cheek, And give delicious laziness To glances arch and cunning meek.

anything supposed to be good enough for the Euglish stage, but it now happens to be the case in regard to "Niobs," now playing at Boston. It cannot frown, the placid brow Hidden in rare obscurity; They cannot hate, the indolent eyes! The sins they do not strive to

And in the sunshine of her cheeks One of the theatrical noveltics of the season will be the production of "The Leaven worth The wanton dimples are at play, So frolic-earnest in their sport Case," Anna Katherine Green's famous book by Joseph Harworth. It will alternate with They do not care to look uway.

Mr. J. L. Toole has been giving "Ici on Parle Francais" in damb show, to the great delight of his London admirers, but his silent Spriggins was not so funay as some of them expected it to be.

J. M. Hill's failure has been the sensation of the week in theatrical circles. Yet it was not unexpected. In fact, Hill has been losing building for the medical department. money for three years past, and the botton had to be reached sometime.

hearly all the flats printed for Boyd's new

heatre. They will paint the borders, hor

"The Old, Old Story," which was produced at a trib matinee in the Lyceum (New York) Theatre last March, will be sent on tour next season, beginning in September.

It is not often the Americans produce

izons and the curtains here.

""he Sneik" is the title of a new comic opera written by Harry and Edward Pau-ton, which will be produced at Havlin's July 19. "The Sheik" depicts the comic side of bling that of the finest antique quarries. graduates this season is Miss Mary K. Montthe French occupation of Algeria. gomery, who has just taken the highest hon-

profession. It is so long since his brief engagement on the "legitimate" boards that his reappearance will be of great interest. Mr. Frohman feels confident that the comedy is exactly suited to his abilities, and he will Eugene Field. Strange that the city thoroughfare, Noisy and bustling all the day, Should with the night renounce its care And lend itself to children's play! O, girls are girls, and boys are boys,

And shail be so till dolls and toys Are with the children swept from earth. The self-same sport that crowns the day Of many a Syrian shepherd's son, Beguiles the little inds at play I hear their voices in the street, Yet 'tis so different from them Come, brother, from your winding-sheet,

'I want cast-iron soap!' to Bar Harbor."

"But what's your papa going to do!" "Why." in a surprised tone, "he's going to stay home and earn money to send us, of course, just as he always does."

#### A Little Girl's Idea of a Party.

scent of new mown hay, When song birns warbling blithely and

brooklets running free And the busy little insects join in minstrelsy. And who would be invited? First, the

who would be invited first, that thoughtful little boy s With the heart so sweet and loving—1 mean Lord Fauntleroy; Juanita and her brother, kind little Sarah

Crewe, And Dorothy and Douald and a host of others too.

Yes, and all the story people-"Little Wo-men." "Little Men;"

And all Miss Alcott's people-the children of

ber pen. And when it came to parting I'm sure we'd

And O, if Love, kiss-winged, should come all agree We had ne'er before attended such a pleas-And light on such a rose as this, Could brow or eve or dimples blame ant company. Such lips not giving back a kiss

Youth and Age. Drake's Magazine: Grandmother (severe to little Johnny, who is calling for a second The widow of Dr. T. E. Richardson of New Orleans has presented to the Tulane univer-sity a gift of \$100,030 to be devoted to a new

ly to little Johnny, who is caning for a second plate of pudding) — You ought to know better than to call for pudding twice at the dinner table; you didn't hear me doing it. Lattle Johnny — No, ma'am, and you won't Harriet Hosmer has one of the most won terful inventions of the century, that of producing marble from limostone, closely resem-

ear me doing it either when I get to be as old as you are. One of England's brightest girl college Possibly Auntie Wished It Was.

Harper's Bazar: Little Fannie (to her

He Had One.

A Center hot.

ohnny; I dare say you are right," replied

A Pair of Twins.

Fashion Bazar.

There were two little kittens, a black and

And graudmamma said with a frown:

Now run to nurse, for 'tis growing late,

The morrow dawned, and rosy and sweet

Came little Bess from her nap; The nurse said: "Go into mamma's room

'Come here," said grandmamma, with

From the rocking-chair where she sat;

With their wee heads, vellow and brown,

They Were on Him.

Detroit Free Press: "There are no flies on your pape." remarked a gray-baired Detroit

"Yes, paph," she responded sortly, as her pretty fingers tangled in his silver locks, "yes

He Was.

Johnny and his Pa's shirt.

Bunnie's Winks.

The National Game.

Detroit Free Press: "Doa't neglect your education, Johnny," said the lad's mint; "who knows! You may be a senator some

A Correction.

It's a place where they raise thunder.

Kate Field's Washington: Little Hadlar

Drake's Magazine: Susie Cumso (aged even)-I wonder if that eagle is married? Freddy Fangle (aged nine)-Don't you see

widower to his lively and lovely daughter.

And then to grandmamina soberly said,

Which one are you going to drown?

God has sent you two little sisters:

New, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the bables a moment.

there are-time flies,"

It never will do to keep them both,

The black one we'd better drown.

Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,

"One kitten's enough to keep;

And time you were fast asteen."

And look in grandma's lap."

"Speak out,

the stove on the piea that he had forgotten one of his sample cases. While he was ab-sent Joe borrow:d a couple of handfuls of double eagles from the manager of the store and stowed them away in his pocket.

As soon as Jones put in appearance again to confronted him with a Winchester and

## NUMBER 16.

Pages 9 to 12

## JOE BLUFFED THE DRUMMER.

One Omaha Traveling Man Who Met More Than His Match.

TALL HUNTING STORY FROM WYOMING.

Another Omaha Knight of the Grip Has a Thrilling Experience on Lake Manawa-Samples and side Lines.

There is a good story told out in Wyoming

Elated by his success Jones pigeonholed

for the rest of his trip his stock of drammer

varas and entertained the folks he met by

graphic descriptions of the exciting sport he

had enloyed. His brethren of the trip with

whom he associated came to the conclusion

that Jones had suddenly blossomed into .

The oftener the story of that hunt was re-

It so happened that one of those whom

Jones tried to impress with his skill as a margsman was Joe Bernard, a ranchman living near Saratoga in

the Platte valley and close to the Sierra Madres, where there is the best hunting in

the west. It used to be the rule before Joe

began to keep hotel in Saratoga that his serv-lees were onlisted by nearly all the big hunt-

ing parties that made periodical visits to that section. In company with Al Huston and noted English hunters be had seen about as

much and as exciting sport as most men. Joe listened attentively to the recital of the feats performed by Jones and then started in

to give some chapters from his own experi-ence. The drummer stared at him in great

wonderment when Joe told about riding up on a band of antelope one day armed only with a revolver. With that six-shooter he declared he killed every animal in the band. "That was mighty quick shooting," com-

mented the traveling man, who waited in

vain for somebody to question the accuracy of these statements.

But Joe long since attained a certain po-toriety on account of the "tall" stories he de-lights to tell. He assured Jones that a man

wasn't much of a hunter in section of the country if couldn't fire rapidly. One thing

to another until Joe was invited to give other instances of his skill. Not much urging was required, and finding that he had an atten-tive listener Jos aunounced that he coald at thirty paces put ten shots into the neck of a

beer bottle, and the last one would enter the target before the first knocked out the bettom

That seemed to be too much for Jones, who mmediately retired from the circle around

mighty nimrod.

were detained.

#### And let us two be boys again. Astronomical.

THE YOUNGSTERS.

Hi-Spy.

nd have been so since Abel's birth,

By night in stately Babylon.

Kate Field's Washingtonian: The gov-erness had drawn the constellation of Orion

at the expense of M. C. Jones, who travels for Paxton & Gallagher of this city. While in the blackboard and was explaining where o find it in the sky, when a very little girl on one of his trips a few years ago Jones was taken out hunting by a customer living not glanced up and said, in a woe-begone voice far from Separation. Antelope wege plenti-

"I am put to bed at 6:30; but I'm going to look for Maria tonight." An older and wiser child explained: "Ethel doesn't know much about astron-omy, but I do. I know Venus and Mars and O'Brien too." ful in that locality then and the traveling man had no difficulty in bringing down sevoral at short range.

Cast-Iron Soap.

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery to buy a cake of castile soap. When she got there she couldn't remember the name. "Is it glycerine or catmeal soap?" suggested the grocer. Gracle shook her head. Then she brightened up like a flash. "Now I know!" she exclaimed triumphantly.

#### The Family Beast of Burden.

poated the more marvelous developed the exploits of Jones. After trying these stories Two little girls on a Cass avenue car were liscussing their plans for the summer, says on traveling companions and others who did not understand how easy it is to bag game in some sections of Wyoming, Jones gained confidence enough to publish his adventured in places where old hundres were among his auditors. This was the case at old For the Detroit Tribune. One said : "Papa and mamma and Freddie and I are roing to have the lovellest little tent on Orbard lake, and we'll have just heaps of fun or weeks and weeks." "O," said the other, with a worldly and su-Steele, where the man and his sample boxe

perior air, "that's so common. Mamma and her maid and nurse and baby and I are going

## St. Nicholas.

I'd like to give a party some lovely summer day, When the air is warm and fragrant with the

burros aboard, and it was only after we had blindfolded them that we succeeded in doing so.

Then by the means of a large oar which he had fashioned out of a pine sapling Arrajo pushed the raft out from land, and we floated swiftly away on the bosom of the stream.

It was our purpose to float down the river some forty miles. which was as far as we could venture with our raft, owing to the turbulent rapids and dangerous wils below the point where we proposed to land.

It was early in the morning when we commenced our journey, and we had shock, as we struck, and the next instant hopes of reaching our landing point be was thrown flat upon the raft, and fore sunset. We had only traveled a clung , desparately to the timber, close to the side of Paul and Arrajo. The few miles when the river narrowed and grew more rapid. On either bank now raft parted in twain as a great foaming rose high bluffs and precipitous cliffs, billow swept over it and for a moment blackened and semi-scorched whose summits threw a grateful shade across thought we were lost. But swinging clear from the rock we shot onward, Arthe stream, affording a most welcome rajo still struggling to guide us away protection from the fierce rays of the rom the dangerous rocks that lay be summer sun. fore us.

Late in the afternoon we had left the great canons and had reached a point in the river where the cliffs along the banks were less high and precipitous, though it was plain to see that the current of the river was growing more rapid with every mile that we travelled.

The sun had gone down behind the towering hills, but upon their jagged summits still lingered the red, sultry glare. Upon the left bank of the stream rose perpendicular cliffs a hundred feet above the water, but on the other side the cliffs ran in a low chain along the water's edge, and it was toward the latter that Arrajo cast his eyes, looking eagerly for a place to land

afely over those that lay before. "Good landing place a little further down the river," he said, after scanning the bank for some time. A few moments glancing down the river, I could see not a quarter of a mile ahead, masses o jagged rocks in the channel around which the foaming waters leaped a dozen feet into the air, to full again in feathlater he pointed to a gap in the cliff on the right bank and expressed his intenlanding there. The place was ery spray into the seething torrent. Every vestige of hope left me as I saw this and turning to Paul I saw that he still an eighth of a mile below us but he commenced to steer the boat toward was as pale as death. Arrajo still stood the shore.

But at that instant he glanced toward with oar in hand, a strange look of perthe cliff, uttering an exclamation as he plexity and resolution on his swarthy did so. lisago.

Suddenly he dipped his oar into the water and steered the raft toward the "Los Apaches!" he cried, and quickly changing his oar to the other side, he steep cliff that skirted the right bank of began to guide the raft back toward the the stream. Was he going to try to and? No; this would be utterly imposmiddle of the stream.

Glancing shoreward I saw a score of plumed and painted savages emerging from a clump of bushes upon the hill A few vigorous strokes of the oar and the raft was gliding swiftly along the very edge of the cliff. Then dropping and running toward the river. I saw the gleam of weapons in their hands and heard the sharp, warning the oar upon the raft, he quickly picked Arrajo commanding us voice of flat upon the raft. up a long lariat that lay at his feet-one fall had barely time to grasp the startled and terrified Paul by the shoulused to picket the burros-and began to coil it in his hands. der and force him down with me when the loud report of fire..rms sounded on the cliff and a shower of bullets cut the as quick as you can; be ready, and when I tell you, both jump into the water." water about us or buried themselves in the logs of the raft.

The frightened burros uttered snorts of terror and would have leaped into the stream had they not been held fast by the riatas. I realized in a moment that we were in the most deadly peril. and uttering words of caution to Paul who lay trembling at my side. I hastily pulled some of our camp effects between us and the foe.

through the rapids, now close ahead, The first volley from the savages' rifles was almost instantly followed by came to us in a thunderous roar, sending a chill of terror to our hearts. The cliff along whose base we were now running, varied in height from twenty to fifty anothor, and I heard the bullets whiz within a few inches of my head. At the same moment one of the burros went feet, and I saw that Arrajo had his gaze down, a bullet in its brain, and lay still fixed upon some object on its summit at apon the craft without uttering a sound. Half dragging Paul with me, I took refuge behind the body of the expiring a point where it was not over twenty eet high. This object, as I soon discovered, was the stump of a broken pine that grew on the very verge of the cliff. As we drew near I saw the loop sudanimal, and lay there, a prey to the most acute terror.

Although we were well provided with arms, we made no effort to use them.

### Some of Rret .. arte's Heroes.

Much interest was caused in the appraiser's building by the arrival of five picturesque backwoodsmen from the imber country of Mendocino, says the San Francisco Chronicle. They were living illustrations of characters seldom found outside the covers of border romance and Bret Harte sketches, and the scent of balsamic pine and red ciny was heavy upon them. Yet the healthy mountain ozone at which Jonquin Miller throws such fiery exclamation points was reflected in the sparkle of their eyes and

in the blush on their stout cheeks. They had journeyed on foot and stage, and, then again, on foot and by stage from "up thur beyon' Booneville

lown to the unyielding cobbles of civilized San Francisco. The "hull" truth of the matter is that Uncle Sam has been losing trees up in the Mendocino country. He has been missing trees sorely, and, after gloomily counting the stumps that dotted his forests, he opened up war on the ruthless

woodchoppers. From the United States courts subpoenas were issued to the five backwoodsmen beyond Booneville, ordering them to appear as witnesses in this city against some of their companions. They sent responses that they had no money to travel on, that stout shoes were scarce, and that they would not blister thair feet for a dozen Uncle Sams in San Francisco.

But they were assured that Uncle Sam would see them through, so they dropped their axes, nailed up the doors donned double X cavalry boots and started away. A leaf from their ex-perience will be enough. It was related vesterday in the district attorney's office by one of the forest pilgrims,

"When we got down to Booneville, he said, "the ornery cusses thar wanted to charge us 50 cents for a meal, four bits for a bed, and damme if they didn't want to make us pay 50 cents for a drink Think on it! Fifteen cents all round We had to chase out o' the town, and that night we slept in the Booneville cemetery on slabs!"

But the ordeal is over. The examinations have been continued, and today the five disheartened foresters, safely released on their own recognizance, will journey homeward.

#### Manners.

Then he began swinging the loop which Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her. Although neither Paul nor I had the slightest idea what Arrajo intended to Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you. In the Parlor-Stand till every lady we obeyed as quickly as possible only too glad to grasp at the faint hope that his words gave us. The sound of the waters rushing

in the room, also older people, are seated. At the Street Door-Hat 'off the mo-

ment you step in a house or private office. Rise if a lady enters the room after

you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat. In the Street-Hat lifted when saying "Good bye" or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat or acknowl-

edging a favor. Keep step with anyone you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going

denly shoot upward from the half breed's hand. It rose swiftly till it reached the through a crowd or public place.

Baron De Grimm has designed some ver handsome costumes for "A High Roller," which will open at the Bijou Theater August His dresses for the vachting scene are

said to be wonders of artistic skill Mr. Thoodore Thomas begins his senson of farewell concerts at the Madison Square garden on July 6. He intends giving weerly festivals of Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt, Mon delssohn, Meyerbeer and Schubert music, M. Gaston Mayor has secured the sole rights for England and America of a musical dumb play, written by MM. Carle and Reim-rod, with music by M. G duge. The novelty their husband's journals. will be produced in London about Septembe

lext. Miss Pearl Eytinge will star next season in a new play written by herself entitled "Vivian." Miss Eytinge has engaged Max Freen an to superintend the production, and also secured an extensive wardrobe from Paris. William Terriss has been making a hit at

the Lyceum theatre in Sothern's old part of Hugh de Brass in "A Regular Fix." Th The farce was put on at brief notice when Ellen Terry was compelled by the influenza to retire from "Nance Oldfield."

The songsters of earlier times were well paid, too. Catalini's charge for singing "God Save the King" was \$1,000. Rubin received as profit on one concert in St. Pet ersburg \$37,500. Sontag received \$10,000 at a single benefit performance.

Manager A. H. Canby basseriously injured his star by pasting huge posters all over Europe, portraying Francis Wilson in herolo size. The picture is a good one, and now the European critics say that it is true that Wil s indebted to his legs for more than half of his success. Edwin Foy has returned to the fold. All

the difficulties between him and Manage Hender-on have been amicably settled, Mr. Foy joined the extravaganza of "Sin bad" at the Chicago opera house on Sunday night. The rest has benefited him very much, and his voice is stronger than it eve was before. Several farce comedies will deal with the

baccarat scandal. "The City Directory" will have a scene in which the comedian, made up as Albert Edward, will deal the cards to company during a song descriptive Franby Croft episode, and the High Roller company will close one of its acts in a row over baccarat.

The "clipping bureaus" get many queen orders, but few queerer than the one sent re-cently to the New York **agency** by Edward Remenyi, the violinist, who wanted all the obituaries of himself which were published when he was reported drowned on his way from india to South Africa. Remenyi wants to know all about the accident and what people said of him.

Gus Phillips, better known as "Oofty Gooft," who is lying scriously ill at St. Vincent's hospital, declares that he is going to live despite the newspaper stories of his expected death. He is very anxious that his old friends should visit him and help him pass away the hours which the physicians say are already numbered.

The choral rehearsals of the English version of M. Andre Messanger's three-act comic opera, "La Basoche," brought out originally at the Opera Comique in Paris, have already been commenced at the Royal English opera. When the time for its production arrives, it will probably be sung in nightly alternation with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe."

Leybach, the famous organist of Toulouse who will be rembered by a number of showy pieces which he wrote for the piano, has just uled. He was born in Alsace in 1817, studied under his brother and subsequently with Pixis Kalkbrenner and Subsequently with Pixis Kalkbrenner and Chopin. His works exceed 250, among them being a "Method" for the harmonium, which has been trans-lated into four languages, and three volumes of a "Practical Organist," containing 200 organ pieces. organ pieces.

The great change that has come over the world in regard to singing is illustrated by the fact that among the thirty artirts at the Royal Italian opera at Leudon only two are Italians, while the eminent Belgian tenor, Van Dyck, who has made such a sensation in London lately, and who will be the Parsifal at Bayreuth this summer, does not sing in

Italian at all. Yot he is next to Alvary, the nost coveted of tenors.

Harry E. Dixey's engagement by Charles Frohman to play the title role in "The Solicitor" next season has been the subject of much " gossip during the week, especially among the

ars at the University of London young woman of twety-two, the daughter of a Unitarian clergymen.

Political advancement of women is rapid in ing such a story? Bombay. One womin has even been ad-mitten to the senate as a worthy member. Fanny (stoutiy)-Well, I heard auntie say she had something from Mr. Smith's own The political revolution in Kansas becomes lips, and what else could it have been ! easy of explanation when it is considered that twenty two newspapers in the state are edited by women. And this enumeration does M. Quad: A boy who wasn't much bigger not embrace the many wives of editors who

than the top ear on a corn stalk after a dry summer was standing on the corner of Canal write editorials as well as society matter for and Houston streets puffing away at a cigar in the most vigorous manner, when a motherly old lady stopped and placed her A young woman won the great prize offered oy the University of Zurich for the best paper on the "Anatomy of Plants." The professors were astonished to find the author of the hand on his head and exclaimed: "Mercy on me! but haven't you a mother!"

the pedagogue.

grav.

smile.

treatise, which they pronounced thorough and complete, a young girl of Saxony, Louise Muller, hitherto uuknown in literature. "I has, mum," he courteously replied, and if you hain't I'll lend her to you all summer and not charge a cent!'

An old New Hampshire lady, a regular at-An old New Hampshire lady, a regular at-tendant for many years upon the May anni-versary meetings in Boston, says that "there's a sight m re speechifyin' and more eatin' that there used to be, and nowhere near so much praym'; and it beats all how Texas Siftings: "Now, Johnny, if six men can do a piece of work in one day, how long will it take one man to do it?" asked a teacher of a sharp little boy. "The school teacher is a plamed fool if he thinks I can answer that question," whispered Johnny in the women have come to the front in every a low voice to the next boy.

Grace R. H bard, a young lady of Chey enne, has been appointed secretary of the Wyoming agricultural college and the agri-cultural experimental stations. The lady is a graduate of the lowa state university, and has for some time been a member and secre-tary of the board of university trustees. One of the prettiest women in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky is Miss Nanette McDowell, the great-gauddaughter of Henry

Clay. She is a slight and graceful women, with auburn hair, blue eyes and a perfect oval face, a little pale and serious. She lives with her father in the old Clay homestead of A-hland, one of the most beautiful and romantie places in all Kentucky.

The wife of Governor Campbell is "one of the shrewdest politicians in Ohio." She is, besides, a woman of extraordinary tact and She is, so free from snobbishness and ostentation that she has made many an influential friend for her husbaud. At the time the governor was a member of congress Mrs. Campbell be came very popular in fashionable Washing-ton society, but no visitor from Ohio was ever too uncouth or awkward to receive a warm welcome from her.

All the women of the Vanderbilt family are notable for their good looks. According to the Epoch, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a calm, lovely face, which is suggestive of the Madonna, a clear, paic skin, deep, darg blue eyes and soft brown nair. Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt has a fine figure which she carries with much stateliness; her eves are dark blue and her hair is a ruddy, bronze brown. Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, however, is the beauty of the house of Vanderbilt. figure is extremely graceful, her complexion ovely, her eyes have other things suggestive of heaven in them besides their celestial blue and her hair has the glint and glimmer of

singular case to settle, says the Boston Globe. A physician came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age, who so resembled each other that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together. for the first time saw a tame rabbitt twitch-Now it happened that by the carelessing its lips as it munched a cabbage leaf. "O, look, mamma," he cried, "the rabbitt's winking at me with its nose." ness of the nurses the children had be-

to make sure that they received back their own infants?

children weren't changed at all.

"Are you sure of it?"

"Perfectly." "Well, if that's the case, who don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

About a week ago, a dispatch in one of the papers stated that a breed of oysters had been discovered in Australia one of which was sufficient to make a meai for a hungry man. Since that dispatch saw the light of day, just 7,452 jokes have been made from the fact and each one had something to say of the church festival oyster soup.

an empty beer bottle and announced that he last night. I heard her say so. Mamma (overhearing)-Come to me in-stantly, Fanny. What do you mean by tell

was ready to perform the feat if there was any money in it. Slamming down the pocket-ful of gold coin on the counter he offered to bet Jones \$500 he could dispose of those ter shots in the manner described. A bystander chucked down another pile of gold and de-

of the bottle.

chared his willingness to stand half the wager or increase it that much more. "It's foolish to talk of such snooting," said the drummer. "It can't be done." "Money talks," replied Joe, jingling his gold, and his words were echoed by the vol-

unteer backer. Silent for a few minutes, Jones put on a smilling face and called out: "Fill take cham pagne." So did the rost and Jones pild the "I'll take cham pagne." So did the rost and Jones paid the bill. You can't joke him about that bluff now and the investment in wine appears to have been a good one, judged by his popu-larity. But he lets other folks tell of their hunting trips and is a good listener.

Enormous Fishes in Lake Manawa. On a beautiful evening early last week a portly gentleman-bearing a close resemblance to n certain distinguished eastern lawyer who had a fondness for spoons during war time-was seen to eater a small boat in c ompany with a young man who was evidently his body guard. The cold moon shore calmly on the placid lake as the geatleman took the oars and delightful visions of fine sport and a heavy haul filled the breasts of both. Pulling far out on the shining lake the hook was carefully baited, and with a strong arm, the double of the gallant Ben arcse, and swinging the lead around his head, threw the line at least one hundred feet into the water. Not a word was spoken as he hauled the line slowly over the stern of the boat. By and by it was harder pulling, and with a face radiant with excitement the fisher called out to his companion: "Sam, I have a bite, and it must be a whopper!" Dropping the help, Sam rushed to the stern of the little boat and caught his friend around the waist so that he would built have a bite. Brouthbash could pull harder on the line. Breathlessly they hauled, when in an unfortunate moment the portly gentleman arose to look over the stern, expecting to see the fish wabble in the clear water. The sudden motion tipped him over and he turned a somersault into the take Happily for him he has traveled in lowa for several years, so that he felt at home in the dampness. As he arose to the surface he swam toward the boat and made a desperate ettempt for dim inside. Be it because here attempt to climb inside. Be it known, however, that the gentleman carries con-siderable avoirdupois and ever and anon as he pulled himself together, that portion of his anatomy which gives him the aldermanic appearance would come in contact with the side of the boat and prevent his getting in out of the wet. Then it was that his friend Sam came to his rescue and suggested that he would the his feet to the stern and tow him ashore. This was decided on, and manfully Sain plied the oars and soon reached terra firma. Just then a kindly cloud spread its mantle over fair Luna, and the gentleman who had the bath stood on the beach to wring his clothing. Boarding a motor car, they reached Omaha none the worse for their trip; but both told such enormous fish stories that each evening since the lake has been covered with fishers, anx-ious to catch the "whopper" that was lost through the unexpected bath. On Saturday Ed Maurer was kept busy attending to the wants of the crowds who congratulated the gentleman upon his joining the Baptists, in-sisting that he believed in immersion and that his bath was intentional.

The Kilpatrick Koch dry goods company is pleased to state that he will be able to attend to his business next week as usual.

#### TREBOR

#### Couldn't I ool Her Papa

Free Press: The daughter of a well-snown Detroiter has been in love for a year or more with an eastern youth, and he did not like it at all. The other morning he called her into

"O yes, he has, papa," she protested, with a queer little smile that he did not fail to

#### A Misunderstanting.

"I thought," said the boy's mother, old you I wanted you to stay where I could put my hand on you." "I d-didn't know," he whimpered, "that ye

Uncle George-Sis knows better than that

wanted me to git across yer knee an' stay there."

"Education, nothing !" said the youth scornfully, "I kin play ball better'n de sena-tors now." his library. "What do you want to marry that fellow fer?" he inquired. "He has no visible means Bobby-What is a nursery, Uncie Georget Sis says it's a place where they raise trees. of support.

"Don't try to work any of your funny bus mess on me, my child," he said sternly. " more scatty what you were going to give me, but it will not go. His father is not in it. He left town yesterday with all the bank's finds he could get his hands on, and today he is the most invisible man on the whole list of our acquaintances."

it's a bald eagle! A Chicago Solomon. A famous Chicago lawyer once had a Harper's Young People: Johnny had just put on his father's flannel shirt, which was too large by several sizes. "Huh!" he extoo large by several sizes. "Huh!" he ex claimed. "This shirt wouldn't fit me if I was two pairs o' twins."

come mixed, and how were the mothers

"But perhaps," said the lawyer, "the

"O, but there's no doubt that they were changed," said the physician.

It Went the Rounds.

golden sunbeams in them.