THE WRECK AT ROUBIDEAU

The Bridge Was Gone and the Engineer Did Not Discover It.

A LEAP INTO GUNNISON RIVER

Degan's Plunge Into a Torrent of Ice Cold Water, His Swim for Life and His Narrow Escape.

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Roubideau bridge was a long, wooden structure spanning the Gunnison a few hundred yards to the east of Roubideau tunnel. Emerging from the tunnel, eastbound, the engineer found a rail curving to the left, hugging the hill that hid the bridge from view until the engine was almost upon it. That was when the road was new. Now the hill has been cut away and the track straightened from the mouth of the tunnel to the bridge. One day in August, 1883, there came a cloudburst that flooded the western slope as, old-timers said, it had not been flooded for years. The steep watershed, tipping toward the sunset, spilled the flood into the Cimarron and Uncompahgre, and they in turn poured it into the Gunnison until the stream was full to the bank tops.

And while this wild river went roaring down toward the cataracts of the Colorado, No. 8 came screaming up among the curves that wind away from the Utah desert to the dark and dangerous crevice called the Black canyon. Andy Degan, a "Q" man who had come to Colorado with a good letter and one lung, had the first section of No. 8, an express, mail and baggage car, out of Grand Junction that night forty minutes late. What the Mormon had lost climbing Soldier summit Degan was expected to make up going down Cero hill. Down there in the canyon he was striving only to lose no more time, for he was a new man running for a reputation. Like all the old Burlington men, he was an expert driver, and, it seemed to me, took hazard cheerfully, realizing, it would seem, that he had at best only a few years to live. He had, this night, what we called a Rockaway engine; a high, short, compact locomotive built for the kinks, so numerous in the first rough draft of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad. The night was still and starlit, the earth was dry and the silvery river on his right rippled away over the rocks clear as crystal. The Rockaway made easy work of the three light cars, steamed like the Sprudel Brunn at Karlsbad, and ran like a deer. When the fireman was not feeding round the furnace door he hung over the arm rest and watched the world go by. Degan, gaunt faced and silent, sat at the open window trying the water and whistling for curves. Uncle Sam's servant in the mail car was shuffling letters and newspapers. He had finished the Ouray bag, which he would leave at Montrose, the Crested Buttes and Ruby Camp bags, to be dropped at Gunnison, and was now making up the Leadville pouch for Salida. Over in the express car the messenger, hung about with six-shooters, stretched upon a canvas cot, billed to the agent at Sapanero, was stealing a little sleep. Degan, being eastbound, had the right of way, and only looked at his watch occasionally to figure where No. 7 would meet them. His orders ran him thirty minutes late, and made it the business of No. 7 to fix and make the passing point. The first section of No. 8 was probably making forty miles an hour when Degan whistled for Roubideau tunnel. A moment later they were swinging round the curve where the dark river lay in the shadow of the hill. While Degan, leaning out of his window, strained his eyes to get a glimpse of the bridge, the Rockaway turned sharply to the right and headed straight for the open river. Below the tunnel it had been a silvery starlit stream; here it was a roaring river, running bank full of black water. For an instant Degan thought the engine had left the track, but feeling the rail still beneath her wheels, he realized a second later that the bridge was gone. The fireman saw the break in the track and leaped out of the cab as the engine plunged into the boiling flood. Degan at the first scent of danger closed the throttle and applied the air. As the engine dropped over the bank she turned on her side, releasing the patent coupling and at the same time, parting the air hose, applied the automatic pressure to the wheels of the three light cars so suddenly and so effectually that only the mail car tipped over and hung with her nose in the water. The mail agent climbed to the side door and finally, with the help of the bleeding fireman, succeeded in escaping from the slanting car. When the postal clerk and the fireman pounded on the door of the express car the messenger, waking suddenly, warned them if they attempted to enter the car he would shoot. The deafening roar of the river made it impossible for them to hear what he said, and when they began to heave great stones against the car door he made good his word, nor did he stop until a dozen 45-caliber bullets had crashed through the door and sides of the car. After waiting for some time the messenger concluded that the robbers had been frightened away and cautiously peeped out. "Well, you idiot," said the postal clerk from beneath the car: "Are you out of ammunition?"

Degan lived a lifetime in the moment when the Rockaway was leaping into the flood; and now, when the engine struck bottom, twenty feet from the surface, she began rolling over and over, like a carnoch in a flooded barnyard. The picture of his past life which had been suddenly flashed before his eyes now disappeared, and the engineer, hopeless as it may seem, found himself watching for an opportunity to slip out of the cab of the rolling engine. Now he felt the engine slam up against a big boulder in the bottom of the river, and at the same time his hands grasped a floating something. It was the fireman's waste box, and the engineer, holding hard to it, was dragged out of the cab and carried to the surface. He had barely time to breathe when a floating drift swept over him, forcing him into the water again. He held to the waste box, having a hand in one of the handles, and was soon brought to the breast of the river again. All this had occurred in a very brief space of time, but Degan was not a strong man, and the strain was beginning to tell on him. Once in a while above the billows of the boiling flood he got a glimpse of the low banks of the river, running backward in the dim starlight. The roar was deafening. The river surged against the sands, the banks crumbled and great cottonwood trees that had stood there for half a century swayed to and fro, and finally fell into the roaring flood. At times the waste box swung near the shore, eddied back like a girl on skates and then shot down the middle of the mad river at a furious rate. Unless you have seen a mountain stream at flood you can form only a faint notion of the force and speed of the Gunnison running bank full. Great rocks, the size of a sleeping car, are rolled along the bottom of the river as marbles are rolled by the stream of a garden hose, and here, at the half open door of death, Degan turned to look, and was awed by the awfulness of the wild scene. When first he found himself at the front of a fast express, timing the train with a touch of his hand and fixing the speed by the turn of a lever he had marveled, as most men do, at the speed and power of the locomotive, but all that was mean and tame compared with the force of this fearful flood. Here, indeed, was energy; awful and irresistible. A mighty force that only the granite walls of the canyon could resist, and he, a tiny speck upon the heaving bosom of the seething tide, was fighting, even hoping for life, for an engineer never gives up so long as there is breath in his body. Degan was feeling strong again and was now watching a chance to pull for the shore, when the leafy top of a falling tree caught him and dragged him below again. Tangled among the bough with his waste box the desperate driver fought with all his strength, and in a little while felt the waste box bearing him up and on once more. He was now in a narrow, straight chute, at the lower end of which the river made a short bend to the left, and away from the railroad track. Degan saw the curve and hoped that he might be thrown upon the bank at the bend, and the next instant the box was driven hard against a huge rock and went to pieces.

When Degan regained consciousness he was laying full length upon the flat top of the rock against which his life preserver had been wrecked. The gray dawn was upon the river, that was already settling back to its normal bed. His clothing was torn, his hands bleeding, his bones ached with the chill of the morning. One of his legs was broken, and the pain of it made him feel faint. The river was falling rapidly. If he could walk at all he could walk ashore without getting water in his trouser pockets. The sun came up and dried his overclothes and warmed the rock upon which he lay.

Presently he heard a locomotive screaming down the canyon and when she came round the curve flagged her. Behind the engine was a wrecking train, coming up from the junction to find and fish the Rockaway out of the river.

The crew was greatly rejoiced to find Degan. They bore him tenderly to the waycar and carried him to the company's hospital at Salida, and there it was he told me the story of the Roubideau wreck.

CY WARMAN.

HE HELD TO THE WASTE BOX, HAVING A HAND IN ONE OF THE HANDLES.

GOOD BREEDING IN JAPAN.

Wherein the Oriental Excels the Western Born.

Lafcadio Hearn has probably done more than any other man to make the western world acquainted with the real life of Japan. The story of this man's life is one of the strangest ever recorded. His mother was a Greek, his father an Irish officer in the English army. He early had to shift for himself, and eventually found his way to the United States. Here he was reduced almost to the condition of a tramp, although he was finely educated and a man of rare gifts. At length he secured employment in newspaper work, and then his rise to an exalted place in literature was rapid. A visit to the West Indies awakened in him the slumbering desire for a home amid greater refinement and mere aesthetic influences than were to be found in America or Europe and where climatic conditions would be more to his liking. He settled in Japan, married a Japanese wife, took a Japanese name, embraced the Japanese faith and became an oriental in every respect save birth. He is now a professor in the university at Tokio. He is afflicted with an affection of the eyes which makes it impossible for him to turn them in their sockets. A story is told that he did his first work on an American newspaper in Cincinnati. It is said that he applied for work one night and was refused. Just then a message came to the editor to the effect that a murder had been discovered at the gas works. All the reporters were out on assignments, and the editor turned to the uncouth applicant and asked him to look into the matter and report. Hearn returned in the course of an hour or two and said that a man had been murdered and his body had been thrown into one of the furnaces. Hearn was commissioned to "write it up."

Some time later, so the story goes, the editor went into the room where Hearn was writing and found him stretched at length on a table with a tablet under his face on which he was writing, his affliction making it easier for him to write in that position. The editor picked up several of the sheets and perused the delicate handwriting. He was amazed at the literary quality and laid his hand approvingly on the writer's shoulder. A half-savage growl was the response.

"Oh, that's all right," said the editor. "You may give us all that kind of stuff you can."

Hearn's story is known as "The Gas House Murder" and is regarded as a reportorial classic. It secured for him a permanent position and opened the door to his future success.

The Boston Journal has a somewhat different story and relates it after this fashion:

"They were talking at the Porphyry about Lafcadio Hearn's latest book, 'Gleanings in Buddha-Fields.' 'Do you know why Hearn determined to live in Japan?' asked the professor. 'After he left New Orleans he went to Cincinnati, where he did newspaper work. He soon suffered terribly from an enlarged and projecting eye that disfigured him and made him grotesque. He was stared at, he was mocked and insulted, and, what was even worse, he was pitied openly. A sensitive man, he kept the house during the day and took exercise only at night. Occasion called him to Japan. To his amazement, in that country nobody, not even a humorous boy, showed by sign or word that the stranger was disfigured or set apart in tavern, street, shop, field. Mr. Hearn was treated as though he were a normal being. Thankful and overcome, he said to himself, "Here is the land of true civilization, and here will I live and die." He has taken to himself a Japanese wife, he is known by a Japanese name, and the last I heard from him he was professor of English in a Japanese university.'

"'Such civilization,' said the telephone expert, 'must be the result of generations of training.' 'H-m!' answered the professor; 'the rude Japanese were undoubtedly put to death years and years ago. I have seen much of their country and never have I found there a boy who by look or gesture would express surprise at any dress or speech or habit that might seem to him outlandish. How different it is here in Boston. And yet there has been improvement. I remember that I was one of the first to wear a helmet sun hat. Boys jeered, women giggled, old crusted Bostonians looked at me supercilliously and suspiciously, omnibus men and hackmen would often address me jocosely or coarsely from their vantage seat. I have sometimes thought that the yearly execution on the common of the conventionally rude would make much for civic civilization. But if this ceremony had been performed twenty years ago the town might have been depopulated.'"

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HOW SEED IS SCATTERED

Marvelous Means Supplied by Nature for Disseminating Plant Life.

SOME SEEDS PROVIDED WITH WINGS

Wind, Water and Animals Supply the Power of Locomotion—The Tramp Traveler and the Explosive Pod.

Plants have most intimate relationships with man, for they furnish to him his food and clothing, and enter into the construction or manufacture of everything pertaining to his necessities or luxuries. They have relations to the animals that are quite as important to the latter, since they furnish them with food and homes; they have relations one with another of their own kind, and they depend upon their surroundings. It is the setting forth of these various relationships, says a writer in the Boston Transcript, that lies at the basis of Dr. Goodale's scheme of exhibition at Cambridge, and the result as shown is testimony to the value of this scheme.

That part of descriptive botany which has attracted the most attention on the part of popular writers is perhaps the distribution of seeds, and with a large case full of specimens at the head of the stairs in the hallway, the Cambridge collection may be said to begin. It is philosophically a proper beginning, for it is the most important relation that the plant has to anything, since, without facilities to perpetuate its kind, no other relations would have a chance to exist. The plant may struggle along under adverse conditions of soil; it may adapt itself to disadvantageous kinds of climate; but its story is ended if its seeds fail to germinate. One of the important factors to the growth of plants is, therefore, the traveling of the seeds. If no means existed for them to get away from their parents they would drop to the ground at the foot of the mother stalk and taking advantage of the movement of other things, and sending the seeds abroad with them to seek advantageous places in which to live.

SCATTERED BY THE WIND.

Some of the little seeds in the showcases are so light that a breath will blow them away, so that there can be no possible difficulty in their dissemination. All seeds are, however, not so light, but these, perhaps, sprout wings, like some of the conifers, or they may have plumes like the thistledown or dandelion, and float away with the breeze. Then, again, it may be that the fruit enclosing the seed has wings, as have the maple keys and the elm seeds; or, it may be that the seed case is light and rounded, so that it can roll over the ground before the wind without really being lifted. The pine cones are of this variety; when dry they are very light, their rounded shape is adapted for travel by rolling, and in some of the species the seeds, which lie between the blades of the cones, are themselves furnished with wings, so that they have a supplementary means of travel after the cone has come to rest. Of the rounded there would be a superfluity of plants in one place and none at all in another, the species would be confined to their original localities without power to get away, and the places would know only those kinds of plants that had always been there. The prolific ones would grow in clumps about the parent and would choke one another, or, maintaining their growth, would exhaust from the soil important elements of plant food, and thus in a few years injure the whole group. Travel is, therefore, essential to the best development of plants just as it is of men, and Dame Nature knows the fact, and in considering the problem of distribution has been exceedingly clever and ingenious. Indeed, one could hardly credit the number of different ways invented were not the examples at hand to prove them. Hundreds of species are here in the cases ready for inspection, and they illustrate the different methods with a clearness that description in books can never hope to equal.

MEANS OF LOCOMOTION.

Plants have within themselves no means of moving from place to place, and with the exception of a few which liberate their seeds with little explosions, like the balsam, can not of themselves send their seeds on journeys. They must, therefore, avail themselves of the things in nature that do move, and these include the wind, the water and the animals. So there have been developed in a hundred different ways some means of seed-cases which are light, no one is more curious than the California cucumber, a great gourd a foot or two in length and three or four inches in diameter, a contrivance with enormous surface proportionate to its weight, and splendidly fitted for traveling before the wind.

In other species it is not the seed or the fruit that is sent to travel, but the whole head of the plant, as in the hydrangea, falls off, dries and becomes a light ball that is a mere plaything to the wind. Even more curious is it when the whole plant leaves its former place, and like the rose of Jericho or the tumbling mustard, becomes just another such rolling ball. Thus in seed, fruit and plant there has been established in many different ways and in many different parts of the plant an adaptibility for movement with or before the wind. It may be the inflation of a seed, fruit or pod, it may be a flattening and twisting of the seed-case, as in the locust, or it may be one of a hundred diversities of outer form or internal structure which lessens the comparative weight and permits the wide distribution of the seeds.

FLOATING ON WATER.

It is no surprise to one to find that nature has taken advantage of the movement of water in streams and the ocean to secure the distribution of seeds, and the division containing such things is well represented in Dr. Goodale's series. The variety in form is not so marked as in windblown seeds, for while there may be great diversity of wings there is really only one principle in boats. The essential feature of a boat is that it shall float, and this is already a quality of many of the woods and seeds, so that they may go on short voyages without special adaptation. But for traveling great distances, along a coast or across an ocean, an ordinary seed is ill prepared, since its thin coat is not sufficiently proof against the softening influence of the moisture. With a hard coat like that of the nuts the ability to float is lessened, for the denser woods sink in water, so that some provision must be made to increase the size of the shell by air chambers within it or by providing a float. Examples of the former construction may be noted among the tropical nuts, while a most familiar and striking instance of the latter is the cocoanut, which, with its hard shell, is able to endure the longest voyages, and with its fibrous husk is in condition to float along for months. Many of the seeds that fall into the water sink to the bottom. If the stream is deep these may be lost, but in shallow places they find themselves imbedded in the mud, where they are moved about sometimes by the fishes and more often by the feet of wading birds. This last strange agent in the distribution of seeds is much more important than one might imagine, for the birds flying from place to place, often over great distances, carry upon their feet the seed-laden mud, and the plants growing therefrom may establish themselves at hundreds of miles from the home of their parent. Some experiments made by different naturalists show that the bottom of shallow water is surprisingly rich in seeds, and in some instances hundreds of plants have been grown spontaneously from a single teaspoonful of river mud. But this means of transportation is one dependent upon animals and belongs to another group.

THE TRAMP TRAVELER.

The seeds that steal their rides by attaching themselves to animals are very numerous and strike one at once on account of the extreme ingenuity that has been expended in devising means for accomplishing the end. Most of them catch in the fur or the feathers of the wild or the tame creatures and remain there until brushed off either accidentally or voluntarily. Anyone who has gathered a choice assortment of beggar's ticks on his clothing can testify to the pertinacity with which they cling, and cannot help but admire the ingenious way in which nature has taxed him for a portion of the carrying trade in seeds. Sometimes the seed adheres by means of a glue which coats it, one of the Virginia mistletoes being of this kind; but the more common method of attachment is by hooks. A single coarse hook or a pair is quite sufficient for some of the larger seeds, whose weight might fracture finer hooks; others, like the carrot, have a few hooks, and from this they grade upward numerically till we recognize our close friend the burdock, whose adhesion is so perfect that one might readily believe it to be gummy. The hooks may appear on any or on all parts of the seed or the case containing it in infinite variety in form and position.

Then again seeds steal transportation in other and stranger ways. Some of them encase themselves in toothsome fruits or berries which are freely eaten by the wild animals and birds. In this group the seeds have a hard coat which is not affected by the digestive processes, so that the vitality and germinating powers are not injured by the short sojourn in the animal's stomach, and at last find themselves established in life perhaps at a great distance from the ancestral estate. Others still present their credentials to the animals in the shape of an esculent pod like the St. John's bread, while others have still different forms of attractiveness as food.

AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

Home of the Siyots at the Topmost Corner of Mongolia.

Far away to the north of the Desert of Gobi, where the Salan range splits the tributary waters of the rising Yenisei and the Chinese empire melts into Russian Siberia, right at the topmost corner of Mongolia, lies the territory of the little-known Siyots, says the Pall Mall Gazette. Three hundred years ago, when the pale-faced Russians broke into Siberia, the Siyots fled before them. They alone would not bend the knee to Russia. Southward they fled over the Salanski passes into the kingdom of the dragon, donned the pigtail and became Chinese, dispossessing in their hurry a fine race of people.

The Siyots of today are divided into two classes with diverse occupations. Those of the north, inhabiting the slopes of the Salan, are hunters, worshippers of devils, eating meat and even carrion. Those of the south, who dwell upon the plains, are herders of horses and cattle, Buddhists by religion, men of cleanly habits, eating only milk and millet seed.

So wild and desolate is the region of the Siyots that even the government maps are utterly wrong about it. Rivers are omitted, misplaced and transposed; erors of seventy to 100 miles are common. Even the intrepid Prjevalsky, who passed through Uliassutai, Kobodo and Urga, did not turn aside into this great northern waste. A strange face is never seen there, and life goes by queer ancestral customs.

The Siyots live in round "karals," or tents, built of movable lattice, with a felt-covered conical top. Inside is a neat hexagonal arrangement of boxes or cupboards, wherein the stores are kept. Very scornful are the yof the barbarous Turbets, their nearest neighbors, who have no boxes in their tents, and are otherwise uncivilized. "What manner of boors are these?" asked a Siyot, on coming to a Turbet encampment; "they tether their horses to their tents, instead of erecting a horse-stick! They deserve to have their tents pulled about their ears." Even less complimentary were his remarks upon the Turbet women, who wear blue smocks instead of the gay green knickers of his own girls, and do not plait their hair.

As touching the plaits of the Siyots, the custom is as follows: When a young man woos a maiden he calls at the karal of her father with presents of oxen, sheep or goats; from that time the girl divides her single plait into two. Six months later he repeats the visit, and the gifts; then the plaits are increased to three. Six months later the marriage takes place and the maid, now wife, surrounds her head with a glory of many plaits. The dress of the Siyot youth is simple, consisting of reindeer skin, hair inward, with caps of manifold variety. All officials, as in Russia, are distinguished by buttons of colored glass upon their caps. The commonest official is the starista, or village headman, who finds post horses when the traveler is in need and keeps a kind of order. Further up the scale are dispensers of justice, dread officials with summary power to dock the frequent offender of hand or foot, but not of life, or to send him to Urga to be flogged for the delectation of his Chinese masters. Horse-thieving is the most frequent crime calling for punishment. Up to twice, or even thrice, a village will pay fines for a suspect lurking in its midst, but at the fourth time it delivers him up to bear his own burden of whip or maiming.

On visiting a Siyot in his karal the following is the unalterable procedure: From your boot you draw your long Chinese pipe with its ornamental mouthpiece and fill it by thrusting the bowl into a tobacco pouch slung at your girdle. You light it with flint and steel, take a puff, then pass it between two fingers of the right hand to your host, who meanwhile has lighted his own, and slips it in exchange for yours under your thumb. Each smokes the other's out, fills it again and returns it. The same thing is then gone through, but less formally, with the women of the establishment. Everybody smokes and takes snuff. The ceremony of taking snuff is no less elaborate than the foregoing, even the manner of holding the snuff bottle and stopper being fixed de rigueur. The salutations also require knowing. A man's health is not inquired after until curiosity has been glutted respecting his flocks and his family. Then his last night's rest must be ascertained. Meantime the women are busied about the central fire and the great cooking pot in which milk is kept continually simmering. As the thick milk rises to the top it is skimmed off into another vessel and collected, where it serves as a sort of cheese. Sometimes the scum is mixed with water, boiled up, and a fatty butter collected off the top. This is stored in bladders and is much prized. For food the skim cheese is handed around, mixed with a dough of millet seed or pasty flour.

The religious customs of the Siyots are not their least interesting feature. Everywhere, on the banks of rivers, or at the top of a difficult pass, are stones or sticks adorned with little rags. Sometimes wisps of horsehair are attached to them. These are "god-sticks," and are an offering to the demon of the place for averting the dangers of crossing. Whenever a Siyot acted as a mountain guide, or forded a river, he expressed his gratitude for safety by adding a quota to the "god-stick," or at least by placing upon a cairn one stone for each of the party saved. Should a Siyot fall ill—and smallpox is very prevalent among them—he calls in a medicine man to drive away the devil. The medicine man is dressed in a long red robe adorned with imitation snakes, brass ornaments and finery. Beating a drum he yells all night in the chamber of the sick man, turning and twirling upon his heels. Finally he falls exhausted in a sort of trance, biting his lips so that blood is spread upon his face. Then he is considered to be in the very act of exorcism. Vaccination, lately introduced by the Russians and the Tartars, is said to be interfering with the business of the medicine men. The custom of devil-driving seems to exist only among the northern Siyots, who live upon the mountains. Southward the people are strict adherents of Buddha, and it is common among them to see the long yellow-robed or red-robed Lamas. There are extremely superstitious, and willingly pay large presents to the priests for fancied privileges. A Lama has a vision and announces that A. will die within three days. A. gathers together his possessions, never doubting of the fact, but before he dies intrusts his servant with a bribe to be conveyed to the Lama, also through the medium of a servant. The Lama protests against bothering the god with so trumpery a matter as the life of A., but, being persuaded to do so, gets him respite for three years. At the end of this time the procedure takes place again. A rich man, on dying, will dispatch his servant for many miles with gifts to the nearest Lama, to inquire after the future of his soul, and know where and in what form he will reappear on earth. And the Lama accepts the gift and tells him.

There is, however, a phenomenon greater than the Lama. This is a "gigi" or holy boy. When a community acquires unusual prosperity, its first ambition takes the form of a gigi. It sends to Thibet for him, and obtains him only at a great price. The gigi rides roughshod over the Lamas, and is regarded by them consequently with some jealousy. For this reason, also, his acquisition costs the community dear.

The Siyots, both of the north and the south, have a curious method of asking favors. In the north a man comes to you, greets you with salutations, and presses into your two palms a little coil or roll of leather. If you accept it you are bound to grant him anything in moderation that he may ask. Among the southern, or Buddhist, Siyots it is a flimsy rag of coarse-wove silk that the supplicant presses upon you. These rags are held devoutly to the forehead when praying. All pious Siyots will invest quite a large proportion of their income on them. What the meaning of the leather roll may be it is difficult to say.

The Siyots are secretive, and prefer to communicate nothing. Ask how many they number in a village, and the reply will be: "Every day some die and some are born; how, then, shall it be told?" To those who have lived long among them, however, they will expand upon many sacred subjects. They will even show the much-dreaded caves of the ancient race they dispossessed, situated 200 versts southwest of the junction of the Bei-kem and Kha-keem, sources of the Yenisei. Russians who have inspected these dwellings report vast finds of elk bone, charcoal, and even of brass implements. But few know certainly about them, for if the Lamas heard of it it would go hard in fines and damnations for the luckless Siyot who betrayed the secret of his race.

A FEROCIOUS CAT.

The Pet, Jealous of a Kindness to a Dog, Attacks Its Mistress.

Ada Gray was attacked by a big black cat last night, relates the Buffalo Express. She had a terrific battle with the animal for about three minutes, and was rescued by a man who was passing the house. She then took a hammer and beat out the savage creature's brains. She attributes the cat's onslaught to insane jealousy of a dog.

The Gray woman is one of the old-timers of the slums. She lives in one of the shabby dives of the district. She has associates of both sexes, but she was more devoted to the cat than any human being. It was one she had raised from kittenhood and had had it for three years. The animal had never shown any sign of violence. In fact, it was most affectionate and was the pet of several women of the neighborhood.

About 7 o'clock last evening, while Ada was eating a frugal meal of cold meat and unbuttered bread, a little fox terrier strayed into the room. He sniffed around and halted at the table with the scent of the meat in his nose. He looked up, as if begging for a morsel or two. The woman looked down and recognized him as a neighbor's dog. He had never entered her house before, but she didn't want to be unfriendly to him. She picked out a scrap of meat and threw it down to him.

Her cat was in the seat of a chair that stood near the table. It had its back up and was bristling at the dog while he was begging for food. The moment the woman threw the meat the cat leaped at her face. It buried the claws of its forepaws in her cheeks and clung there, with the claws of the hind paws fastened in the bosom of her dress.

With a scream that could be heard to the farthest end of the slums the woman jumped from her chair and tried to pull the cat down. She grabbed it about the body and broke its hold, but the moment its fore claws were released it used them in a most vigorous pawing at her face. The cat seemed to have supernatural strength and the woman could not entirely free herself. The animal still clung to her dress, and when she tried to disengage the hind claws the beast used its fore claws on her face and neck.

During the struggle the woman kept up a series of screams. A man who was passing the house rushed in thinking a woman was being murdered. The moment he entered he saw the woman and the cat in conflict. The cat was spitting and clawing and trying to bite her face. Its back was toward the man. He grabbed it about the middle of the body and gave it a jerk and a throw at the same time, which landed the beast on the floor.

Blood was streaming from the woman's cheeks and neck, but, now that she was free, anger overcame her pain, and, like a maniac, she grabbed up a hammer that lay on the table and pounced upon the cat. She caught it between her knees and held it there until she could get a good grip on the back of its neck. Then, holding its nose close to the floor, she struck it a blow on the head with the hammer with all her might. Its skull was crushed in and it was as good as dead before she struck it half a dozen times before her fury was spent. Then she picked the bleeding creature up by the tail and hurled it into the street.

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An Evening Symphony.

Judge: They were sitting in the quiet moonlight, gazing upon the various heavenly bodies visible above the chimney tops. One of his arms was around her waist, one of his hands held hers, and, if he had possessed more arms and hands—which unfortunately he didn't—they would probably have been similarly engaged. The music of a fine old organ from a church across the way floated toward them, and the shrill churr of a cricket calling to its mate in the grass occasionally broke the stillness. Altogether it was a heavenly time.

"Isn't it perfectly beautiful?" she softly said as the music paused for a moment.

"Yes," he answered musingly, "and they are said to do it with their hind legs." And so the charm was sadly broken.

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To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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