hushed in mined them. At last on one of the pages, and, glanders, on one of the pages, and, glanders, nodded at Gilbert.

Question' (he read). "Where did you to see it?" (the blue cioth skirt). "Answer. In the closet of my room."

A solemn pause followed, and the rosecutor eyed the witness narrowly as she sat trembling in the chair. "Well?" he queried, at lust.

"I didn't mean that!" Miss Mapes burst out, excitedly. "I don't know burst out, excitedly. "I don't know hurst out, excitedly. I threw it away. I

The woman gusped and paused, her eyes again seeking Barstow's with an am Joring expression, but the lawyer responded with as cruel a giance as I ever saw in human face, and the house-ceeper cowered under it as she sank back in her chair. Gilbert watched her for a moment in silence, and then quietly remed his seat. That is all, Miss Mapes," he mur-

Barstow had uttered no word of objecon during his adversary's long examinion of the witness nor had he assisted
or in any way, and I thought he might
out attempt a cross-examination. He
sited only an instant, however, before
e sprang at her with a question, his
lice shaking with fury.
"Have you now told everything you
now about this case?" he demanded,
tyagely.

't you know you haven't?" he

"We'll see about that. Was there any love lost between you and the late Mr. Gregory Shaw?"

The woman visibly finched at the question, but recovered herself immediately visibly flinched at the re was no question of love between

"There was no question of love between us," she answered, bravely.
"Didn't you hate each other?"
"I don't know what his reelings were."
"But yours!—yours! Tell us about yours! Didn't you hate him?"
Barstow leaned towards the witness, his finger shaking in her face.
"I didn't like him."
"Like him! Didn't you dislike him?"
"Tes."
"Did you hate him?"
"I don't think so."
"Think again, then."
"I have thought."
"Didn't you loathe him?"

Didn't you loathe him?" "No."
"Didn't you fear him?" "No!"
"Didn't you despise him?"

"Didn't you despise him?"

"Yes,"
"Did you never love him?"

"Yes, I did once."

"Oh! A woman scorned—eh?"

The questions had been pelting her with stinging force as fast as the words could fly, and the witness was visibly weakening under them.

"Didn't you advise Miss Emory—your so-called friend—not to marry him? continued Barstow."

"I did."
"Didn't you warn her that he'd once

"Didn't you warn her that he'd once made love to you?"
"I did."
"Didn't you express your contempt and losthing for him in as strong terms as your vocabulary would permit?" my contempt for him-

expressed yes."
"You did? He made loye to you, and you warned the defendant against him and expressed your contempt for him, eh? I thought you told us everything you knew about this case?" matters have nothing to do this

this case."

aven't they? Wait and see, madam it and see! When did you learn that Shaw was to marry Miss Emory?" "Never."
"Didn't Miss Emory tell you so the very night he died?"
"She did not. She told me she had refused him. She said—"
Barstow's arms flew out at the witness

furiously. "We heard you say all that!" he shout ed. "But I want facts and I'm going to Gilbert leaped to his feet, his hand alsed in protest. "Your Honor," he interposed, "I ob-

brutal and uncalled-for ject to those brutal and uncalled-for comments which are not only insulting to the witness, but unseemly in a court. Barstow turned flercely upon the pros-ecutor, his eyes flashing dangerously. "When murder and manners are more he snapped. "Until then, sit

down!"
The prosecutor flushed augrily, but, ignoring his opponent, again addressed the "I move to strike the comments of "and I object to their repetition."

"Strike them out, stenographer," Judge Dudley ordered, "Now Mr. Barstow." The defendant's counsel waited scowl-

"Now, your Honor, I move to strike that out," he thunderes.

Barstow swung savagely upon his adversary.
"If you interrupt me again, sir," he shouted, "I'll make it a personal matstow!"
"Gentlemen, this wrangling must ceuse," interposed the Judge. "M. Barstow, confine yourself to questions, and remember this is cross-examination, Mr. Gilbert."

Again Barstow faced the witness and med his furious attack.

you and Miss Emory were the on-ving persons who knew of your al-exchange of rooms?" he inquired, menacingly.

"Yes."
"Did none of the servants in the house

"Did none of the servants in the house discover it?"
"No."
"And you have concealed it until now?".
"You knew of it!"
"I knew of it! You mean you told me?"
"Then say what you mean! Now tell us about Mr. Shaw's making love to you—give us the dates, the words, the actions, everything—a regular heart-to-heart talk."

ed and hounded once more with rejent-less fury.

Shaw had mide love to her, and she had at one time thought him honorable and sincere. She had not hated him until he had proved himself a liar and a cow-ard. That was long ago. She had re-mained in his employ because he had begged her to do so, and because she had neither forgotten nor forgiven. She hoped to get another position, and be-use.

Once Barstow was at her throat tear-ing answers from her with hideous fe-rocity.

rocity.

* She had remained his housekeep because she hoped to better herse hadn't she? She wanted to housekeep keeps, didn't she? Wasn't she plotti hadn't shey She wanted to housekeep for reeps, didn't she! Wasn't she plotting and planning to become Shaw's wife! No-no-and no again! She had come to hate him less of late years because she had neother forgotten nor forgiven. She had known of his making love to Missemory for more than a year. She and the secretary were intimate friends—Did Shaw know she was warning the girl against him? No. Had she ever protested for Shaw, and demanded that he cease his attentions to her confidential friend? No. Not on the night of the murder? No, nor on any other night. Would she swear she had not heard that Miss Emory had consented to become Shaw's wife? She had already so sworn. Would

and I could see the man's face teching with annoyance as he listened, deenly he turned and looked the dedant squarely in the eyes, at the same as speaking a few emphatic words, if expected the episode to end there, this Emory instantly responded in equally emphatic manner, and conced speaking, until the lawyer intersted her by moving forward to the I again, roughly shaking off the dening hand which she had laid upon arm.

taining hand which she had laid upon his arm.

The room had watched the whispered conference in awed astonishment, and as Rarstow's harsh voice broke the silence many eyes were still turned upon the defendant standing resolutely beside her chair.

"Now this skirt Miss Emory gave you—was that another secret between you?"

"No."

The answer was low and the standing resolutely beside her chair.

The answer was low and feeble. Bar-stow put his hand mockingly behind his ear.
"No-do you say?" he thundered. "Give me the name of any living person who knew of her gift!"
The witness gazed dumbly at her uestioner.
"You can't give me any such name,

The housekeeper shook her head at the igerish eyes glaring hungrily at her. "Did you ever wear the skirt?"

"Did you ever wear the skirt?"
"No."
"Then why did you accept it?"
"I used the lining."
"Wanted to rip the inside of it out, eh? Well, now, I'm going to rip the ininside out of something else." Barstow stepped forward and shot his finger straight at the woman's eyes. "Didn't you destroy that skirt on the morning of November 3rd?" he thundered. "Deny it if you dare!" he thundered. "Deny it if you dare!"
Miss Mapes leaned forward in her chair, her lips moving silently and her hands cluiching the air. Then she suddenly swayed and fell upon her face. Before an attendant could, reach the prostrate woman, Miss Emory darted toward her, but met Barstow's restraining arm. Instantly she freed herself and

ing arm. Instantly she freed herself and sprang forward again with such impetuosity that the lawyer had to hold her for a moment in his arms. There was a short struggle, and then she turned upon him with a look which I shall never forces? forget.
"Let me go_you-you coward!" she

(TO BE CONTINUED.) NOT A MAN IN KANSAS IDLE.

Free Employment Bureau Unable to Meet Demand for Labor. Topeka Herald.

Kansas has not an unimployed laorer, so fa ras T/ B. Carew, director of the free employment bureau has been able to ascertain. Mr. Grew has applications for nearly 200 men who are wanted at once in various parts of the State, and he has not one application for work. Some of the demands for help are exceedingly pressing, in several counties men being wanted for threshing-machine crews in order to take care of the wheat crop.

week ago Mr. Garew had an application from a man who wanted to be a cook, but he got a job the same day, E. Brehl, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, has written to Mr. Garew that a party of young men in that city were planning to emigrate to Kansas f unskilled labor could do the farm harvest work. The letter asked for nformation regarding workmen Kansas Mr. Gerow wrote that he would find plenty of work for members of the party as soon as they

London's Private Parks. ondon Globe.

Awa to the west of London are several private parks of considerable size and of great scenic charm; the most noteworthy being Syon, Oysterley, and, in a minor degree, Gunnersthey occupy continually increases, owing to the rapid extension of Western London, and judging-from what has occurred elsewhere it is a safe prediction that their owners will be tempted sooner or later, to throw be tempted sooner or later, their beatiful properties into the market for building operations. We believe that in tow out of the three instances just mentioned some outliving portions of the estates are al-The defendant's counsel waited scowlingly until the prosecutor had resumed his seat, and then sprang at the witness with unabated fury.

"Is there a living being anywhere on this earth who ever heard of your exchanging rooms with this defendant on the night of Shaw's death?"

"Yes, Miss Emory,"

"Oh, Miss Emory," I thought you were going to give us the name of some dead person—like Shaw, for instance."

Gilbert again sprang to his feet protesting. ready covered with bricks and mortar, have the courage to face such heavy expense to the rate-payers. On the continent, State funds are frequently employed for similar purposes while in the United States private generosty usually comes to the rescue. But circumstances are so largely different 'Pray don't wait for that, Mr. Bar- in this country that there is every prospect that London will be hedged in with ugliness on the west as well as elsewhere.

September's First Science.

Santa Fe New Mexican. To discover the heart of an oyster the fold of flesh which oystermen call "mantle" must be removed. This is fatal to the oyster, of course, but in the interest of science and for the benefit of the "curious" it is occasion-ally done. When the mantle has been removed the heart, shaped like a crescent or horned moon, is laid to the view. The oyster's heart is made up of two parts, just like that of a human being, one of which receives the blood from the gills and the other heart talk."

Miss Mapes turned scarlet, stammered out a few inarticulate sentences, and paused. Instantly Barstow was at her with a furious burst of questions, heartless, cruel, brutal inaufries which tore like murderous fangs and drove her to cover. One could almost hear the howl of savage satisfaction in the lawyer's pursuing questions as he leaped after her and drove her in frantic flight. Again and again she turned and met his onslaught bravely, only to be overpowered and hounded once more with relentings of the shell. It is oval in shape, and, though not readily drives it out through the arteries. in shape, and, though not readily discovered by an unpracticed eye, it may be readily located by gently pushing a blunt bodkin or similar instrument along the folds of the surface of the body at the place men-tioned. Connected with the mouth is the canal which the oyster uses in conveying food to the stomach, from whence it passes into the curious little set of netted and twisted intestines referred to.

Laborers From the South and West-Statesville Landmark.

Statesville Landmark.

A number of men who have been employed on the South and Western railroad in McDowell county were in Statesville yesterday returning to their homes in the North. A representative of The Landmark talked with two of them and their story of the deception and cruelty practiced by thesefights practiced by thesefights practiced on the employes of this road is one to stir the blood. They say about 100 men left the camp Saturday. A state of practical peonage, or slavery, exists and the laborers have great difficulty in getting away. The men with whom The Landmark talked wanted to leave as soon as they arrived and saw the situation, but they were compelled to stay two months and 15 days.

In its next issue The Landmark will state in detail the facts as learned from these men.

PLUPERFECT PUSH STORIES FRESHMAN WHO HELD THE SACK

Salpe-Hunting Yarns—Doc Slater, Who Had the Meanest Disposition on Record, and Some of the Jokes He Played Upon New Students— The Story of Boggs and How He Neatly Turned the Joke on His Fellow-Students.

BY M. H. THORPE.

"When it came to playing jokes tion of any fellow I ever knew," said Barrett, Nebraska. '98, as the Pluperfect Push were getting ready to djourn last evening.

"There's always a motive behind any prank. Some fellows, you know, love a joke because there's a lot of od-natured fun in it, while others enjoy getting a fellow in a fix and leaving him there. Doe Slater be-longed to the latter class; he always went after a poor freshman with malice aforethought, and he had the reputation, and I might say he deserved it, of being the worst enemy the freshman class had on the campus, and it took a green freshman named Boggs, from Arizona, to call the turn on him."

This sounded like a good begin ning to the president, so he quietly motioned to the waiter to fill up the steins, and the bunch, taking their cue from the president, settled themtheir selves comfortably back in chairs and looked expectantly at Barnett removed his hat Barnett. and withdrawing his pipe and pouch from his pocket, went on:

"Yes, sir; Doc Slater really enjoyed seeing a poor devil in a hole more than he enjoyed a square meal. He flever was known to laugh out leud, although his pranks with unsuspecting freshmen made the college laugh heartily for weeks at a time. poor fool of a freshle would in from a private party to some come which he had been given a fake invitation by Slater and would storm around, wanting to kill some one, never laughed. The rest of us howled, but Doc would six ply remark to the furious freshman, 'It's all in your training, freshie.'

"Doc would inveigle a new student into accompanying him on a fruitstealing expedition, then put another student next who would cop the freshman in the act. He would reease him on condition that he would apologize to President Andrews the next morning.

The next morning bright and eary, the freshman, who had lain awake all night in mortal terror, would timidly enter the august presence of the and haltingly f president of the university and blushingly tell fatal misstep. Of c owuld tell him that it course his first, and that it would be his last, The kindly old prexy would worm the whole tale of poaching from him, then quietly tell him 'to go and sin no more,' and incidentally that the university employed no police to guard the sacred preserves.

"On one occasion Doc, got a fresh freshman who was 'keen' for some sort of prank, to go with him swipe the prexy's pet goose They waited until the dead then quietly stole up to the yard where the goose Was was inclosed by this chickwiring, and was fully sev-Doc got the freshen feet high. man to go inside after the goose while he guarded the gate.

"No sooner did the freshman get hold of the goose than it gave out a mighty squawk, and Doc quickly bury. The selling value of the land locked the gate on the outside and bolted. The prexy caught the freshextension of man frantically trying to scale the with one hand. ing in the other the limp and lifeless form of the pet goose. He got fired and Doc looked sorry when we told him and said that the gate had a spring lock on it, but we always had our suspicions."

The breezy proprietor of the grill room came in and whispered to the president that it was 11:55 o'clock, and "would the gentlemen wish to order anything more?" Williams Virginia, '99, who was drinking milk and vichy, whispered 'no more.' but Sanders, Stanford, '96, gathered up the steins quietly. Actions speak louder than words, and they were soon returned brimming over with creamy Umbacher or some other Ger-

"About this time Boggs blew in from Arizona," continued the speak-"He was long, lank, and cadaverous, with an expressionless face and pale blue eyes-just such a fellow as Williams would fight shy of in a poker game. He attended to his own business, never opened his face, and I suppose that's why Doc Slater felt that he opght to be given a run for his money.

"The lanky freshman had violated no college traditions, nor had he 'tarked back at' and upper classman that we could learn of, but Doc just didn't like his looks. So he called the bunch together in his room one night and suggested that Freshman Boggs be 'taught his position.' He said, which none of us believed, that the Arizona freshman had defied the upper classmen, and in the course of conversation with another loyal reshman had declared he would give any bunch of sophs a run for their white alley, if they dared tackle him.

"At this startling information of reason in our very midst, we all mustered up mock indignation and ecided that Freshman Boggs should be taken out that very night and doused in the lake. Dos at this point ventured the outsion that that was only the ordinarypenalty, and that a like that of Boggs' deserved something more drastic. He suggested that it was his mature and deliberate judgment that the freshman

should be taken out snipe hunting.
"Ever been snipe hunting?" queried Barnett, as he relighted his pipe and leaned back in his chair. "Well, the fellow who goes for the first time is it. The theory is that snipes, if suddenly aroused from their slumb-ers at night, will fly toward a light, and the light blinding them, they fall to the ground stunned. that remains is to pick them up and chuck 'em into a sack.

"Of course, after the fire is built, the freshman, who is enjoying for the first time the sport of hunting the elusive snipe in this novel fash-ion, holds the sack and keeps up the fire, while the old hands at the business sally forth to scare up the

"It usually takes a good deal of noting around to keep up a big fire properly, especially if the brushwood is scarce. By the time the freshman is scarce. By the time the freshman has done the trick for two or three hours and no fellows or snipes have showed up, he keeps up the fire for a while longer. To be sure, he is no quitter, and it may be a bad night for

snipes, anyway.

"A good, plucky freshman will keep it up until 1 o'clock, and the most foelish one will keep it up for an hour longer. I kept up the fire and held the sack until 5 o'clock.

"Then the electro-eyed ifreshman drops the sack and wanders over to see how the horse and, wagon are getting along. It is usually and always gone for about five hours, gone within ten minutes after he piled on his first stick of brushwood.

"Then the long walk to the cam-pus. Great time that for meditating. Great time to think of your past and future. All the world seems a hollow mockery, and its pleasures like a snowball in the river. If he doesn't lose his way, the freshman will reach the campus just as the sun begins to peep over the eastern hills, a sadder his way, he usually turns up some where sometime next day, hungry and footbors. As I remember now, believe he is more footsore than hun-gry. And I claim the distinction of having made the trip twice."

A quizzical smile lighted up Barnett's face, as he puffed great clouds of smoke toward the ceiling and recalled the incident.

"Bob Allen was detailed to next to Boggs," he continued. called on him casually the next day to borrow a red ink and pen and started up a conversation, during the course of which he learned four things: namely, that the freshman from Arizona was lonely, that he had never been snipe hunting, that he felt sure he would enjoy the sport, and that he could join the bunch that night.

told him he "Bob whether there was room sure for him in the wagon but he would see and let him know. wagon but Bob hurried to the gang and bubbled over as he told how easy a mark Why, he told me he was Boggs. didn't have a red ink and pen, and

would a black one do?'
"Doc Slater didn't say much, but set about making arrangements. hired a spring wagon from a stable and at 9 o'cleck we started. Doc did the driving and as he made no signs of slowing up at the little patch of timber land three miles from town where we usually did our hunting, some one suggested that he tie up. I know a better place about two miles farther,' said Doc.

"Doc had blood in his eye as he tled up to the fence and led the way into a patch of underbrush. A big fire was built, and then, after the unique manger of bunting snipes in Nebraska was fully explained to Boggs, there was some skillful parrying as to who should stay and keep up the fire. Each did the Alphonse and Gaston act until finally Doc said, with an air of captain of the party, that since Mr. Boggs was our guest he should have the position of honor.

"As we scurried out into the brush to scare up the snipes, there was an audible snicker as some one turned and saw the long, lanky freshman innocently standing there by the fire, holding a large gunny sack waiting expectantly for the snipes to drop at We kicked about for a his feet. We kicked about for a while, yelling and whistling, so that the freshman could see that we were doing our part, antil finally we rounded up at the place where we

had left the horse and wagon.
"It was gone! We hunted all around, accusing one another of hiding it from the party, but each one swore he knew nothing about it. Mechanically we started down the road toward home, trusting to luck that the horse had only been driven half a mile away by some other sophs

who had followed us.
"Nothing doing. We walked the whole six miles home, and about the only enjoyment we got out of the trip was in talking about the Arizona freshman's surprise and chagrin when he found the wagon gone, and in debating how long he would keep up the fire. He's so damned smart, it'll

trudging along the dusty road, wear-ily dragging one foot after the other. Bob never went out for football because he was too fat. "'That's dead right,' said another fellow, panting. I never saw a more precocious freshman in my life. This

him good,' said Bob Allen, who was

night's work will be a great benefit to the university." "So, unconsciously our own misfortune was saddled onto the Treshman. We were up to our necks in trouble, and not knowing whom to be sore at, we attributed the whole bunch to Boggs, who at that moment

or tearing his hands on briars trying

to get more wood for the fire. "It was long after midnight when we reached the dorm, and we immediately tried to learn who had play ed the joke on us. All the fellows swore no knowledge of the hoax until a couple of fellows returned from the stable, where they had learned that the horse had been found wandering around on the main street of We at once jumped to the town. the conclusion that the horse had broken loose from his fastenings and had come home on his own accord. Thus assured, and Bired in body and

limb, we rolled to bed. "Next morning we , cautiously made some inquiries about Boggs, but no one had seen him. Doc, still sore on account of the six miles walk, went around to Boggs' room to get a little satisfaction with a jeer and a taunt at the freshman's expense.

"His roommate said he had gone out with a bunch of sophs the night before and had not returned yet, so Doc joyfully returned and told us that the freshman was still holding the sack. That helped some. The picture of poor old Boggs, his clothes dank with dew, eyelids like lead, and eyes full of smoke, waking up to the fact that he had been made the victim of a vile joke, served as a balm to our hurt feelings.
"That night the freshman had not

yet returned, and I'll admit we began

to get a trifle worried. We gathered together in Doc's room and talked it over. About once every hour some one would trot over to Boggs' room to see if he had showed up, there was nothing doing. but "Along towards midnight, when we had half a dozen under our belts, we began to see visions of foul play. Bob Allen started it by telling of a fellow who was once hazed on the same trick and who wandered around the woods all night until he daffy. Everybody knew the story was only a myth of Bob's, invented for the occasion; but, somehow, couldn't help but bring up the subject of the missing freshman. Af-ter a deal of frenzied suggestion we decided that we would get up early the next morning and go after him

the next morning and go after him if he was still missing.

"We left the campus about six o'clock, as none of us could get a wink of sleep. We drove rapidly to the spot where we had tied the horse previously, and had no difficulty in finding the charred timbers of the fire. The fire had evidently not been kept up very long after we left, as we saw part of a soap box which we had brought from town still unburned.

burned.
"A short distance from the fire we found a coat, which we remembered the freshman had worn, and on it were stains of blood! A few feet

the ground

struggie had taken place.

"We atood with blanched faces.

"He's been murdered by tramps or highwaymen," whispered Doc Slater hoarsely. "Let's get back to town quickly as possible and notify the police!"

reiteration to make the police be-lieve our story, and it was only after we had confessed the whole story to prexy that the police would stir a foot. Boggs had now been ab-sent two days and nights, and the sergeant detailed two officers to return with us to the spot to make a further examination. "By Jove, you should have those papers that afternoon. In big

headlines, Doc's name appeared as the leader of a 'cowardly band of students,' who had lured an innocent young man from Arizona to a prob-able death. What those papers didn't say about us was because there are certain postal laws of which you all know. "Prexy got busy and called

up on the carpet before him. He talked low and sadly of the terrible deed of whish we were the cause. He said he had just wired the parents of Boggs and that the senior Boggs was on his way to Lincoln. "It seems peculiar, looking back on it from this distance, but I tell

a multi-murderer. The prexy had wired our parents, and mine ordered me to come home at once. "I was glad to get away, and lost no time in getting down to the station. There I found Doc Slater. But we didn't take the train. policeman told us that we were under

leave the city. "Life had small joy in it for us that Tuesday afternoon. We had played that trick a score of times before and had never met such dire consequences. After all, were we to blame? 'Sure not,' said Doc Slater, but unhappy Bob Allen added: Would a jury of our peers think so?

"A mighty cavalcade of students and citizens (the city papers drew a fine line of discrimination between the two words), under the command of the military department of the university, was formed that noon, which was to systematically scour the woods for the body of the

unfortunate Boggs.
"The freshman class met and passed resolutions of sympathy. The university was closed. Crape was tied on the doors of the principal buildings. The bell on the chapel was tolled at noon and the chaplain delivered a funeral oration." Barnett paused and took a sip of

"I've often wondered," he continued reflectively, "if we would have been convicted and sentenced to hang if Boggs had not returned to Lin-coln on the 3:06 train that afternoon. He had been to Omaha to visit an old friend, he said, and resented the implication that he had been murdered.

"The lanky freshman had hunted snipes before, and when we started out to scare up the snipes he hiked out quietly and drove back to the campus. He had daubed his coat up with some blood and had planned the deception to the queen's taste, taking the midnight train for the city. We were gathered together in Doc's rom that night discussing a letter which the prexy had written us individually and collectively, as it were, when there was a knock at the

door. "Doc opened the door and heard to swear softly as the liveryman presented him with a bill for \$6 for the use of 'one horse and buggy.' "

Hindu Plague Town. London Globe

The ruined houses and temples which form the town encircle a great mass of rock that rises a sheer 300 feet above it. This rock is crowned with an ancient fort, and with still more ancient temples, the summit being reached from the town by a great flight of worn and sunbeaten steps, cut in the face of the rock and orna mented with carved archways and porches. The temples on the summit are Jain and Brahmin, and the great red stone fort was raised by the mighty Mogul Emperor, Akbar the Wise. But all is now decay and desolation. In equal ruin lie the carved wonders was wiping the smoke out of his eyes of Jain priests and pious Brahmin, with the inlaid marbles and arabesques of the Mogan emperors. the only inhabitants are the mangy hyena and the flerce panther, and perhaps some starving wretch, having exhausted the generosity of his caste fellows has crawled up from the ruined town below to crouch in some dark recess and to die-alone. It is but early March, but the heat is intense; already the blazing sun of Indian summer beats down with a force that is not soon forgotten, while from the sun-beaten surface of the rock there seems to leap the flery breath of 1,000 years of flerce sunshine and hot winds. Far down below the flat-topped roofs of the ruined houses shimmer and tremble in a haze of heat. Away on all sides the horizon stretches like a petrified sea; mile after mile of arid stony hills and barren plains, across which smoking pillars of hot air and dust whiri in a mad dance mocking the empty fields and the withered trees; while the whole lanscape trembles in an intolerable glare. Down in the narrow stone-paved streets of the town miserable wretches who have known the meaning of a good meal, mutter and stumble along in dimless classes of the Greeks, besides using misery. The air here is like a fur-nace; the minute shops, little dark stone recesses blackened with the moke and toll of centuries, are mostly deserted, and if some poor wretch with the glazed eye of cholera, or the crouching attitude and fetid breath of the plague lies down in the rutter to die, the only interested spectators will be the great, heavy-winged birds of prey, vile objects, that with gorged clumsiness circles and Some men in every community readily wheel in a sky that is at once cloud-note differences in points among fowls less and colorless.

The Latest Glove Fad.

Philadelphia Record. Garters for gloves are the latest being the natural sequence of the long glove worn with the new short-sleev ed shirt-waists, for certain styles of which it is imperative that the glove be as free from wrinkles as the stockings. There are two kinds of these gloce garters. One is for display and is made of gold, so fashioned as to be flexible and elastic and looking much like a bracelet. The other kind is made of ordinary elastic like a stocking garter, but without the fan-cy buckles sometimes seen—at least worn—on the latter. This kind of glove garter is not meant to be seen and the sleeve comes down over it. For outdoor wear these garters generally dispensed with and gloves are allowed to wrinkle.

Sare Sign of Impending Death. we Mrs. Ellen Ross, of Salem, is very low and her death is expected any n it time. She has not spoken a word for feet six weeks. THE ORIGINAL

DELVING INTO FOWL ANCESTRY abits of the Jungle Fowl, of All Kinds of Hens., A Habits of the Jungle Fowl, Ancestor of All Kinds of Hens, Are Being Studied in a Boston Park—Six Little Birds From the Distant Himalayas Attract Thousands of Visitons—The Hen in History—Known in China 3,000 Years Ago—Incubators Used in Egypt When the Pyramids Were Young.

Correspondence of The Observer.

Boston, Aug. 31.—The answer to the celebrated question "Why is a hen?" may be discovered this summer by those who visit a modest

mer by those

mer by those who visit a modest collection of fowls maintained as part of a miniature goo in the Middlesex Fells reservation of the metropolitan park system of Boston. Not that any considerable number of the thousands of Bostonians and strangers from every section of the country who alight from the Boston Elevated Com-pany's cars in Medford and Meirose, and make the delightful trip through the great forest park established by the efforts of the far-seeing Elizur Wright, the celebrated insurance expert, and who peer into what seem to be ordinary chicken coops at the reservation headquarters on the shores of historic Spot Pond, are aware that among the domesticated fowls there present are half a dozen of their great, great, great grand fathers and grandmothers, many times removed. From the beautiful little jungle fowl of the East Indian wilds to the useful bird of our barnyou I felt like a murderer, and if I looked like Doc Slater, I looked like yards it is, so to speak, a far cackle in point of time, although the outward differences between the original and some of our ordinary bantams are so slight as to defy detection by the ordinary layman.

Not so many of these bright colored bantams-as they appear to be-have surveillance and that we could not ever been brought to this country, it is said, and the sight of half a dozen in the Fells picking up grain, hoppers and maggots, along with derived varieties representing no cnows how many centuries of cultivation, is one to suggest speculation as to the long course by which leghorns, Plymouth Rocks and all the other innumerable chickens which lay several hundred million eggs annually United States ever came to be.

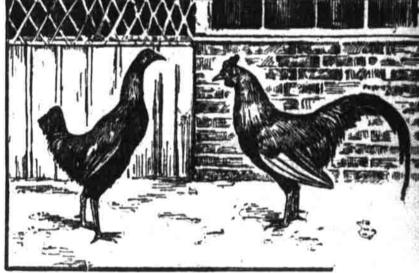
For the average American, ever, he may survey with pride the well-plumed chanticleer in his barn yard-or his back yard-is not usually ready with an answer to questions regarding the origin of a fowl a hundred, perhaps a thousand, generations of men from their downy couches. He knows about eggs and dressed poultry and possibly a little something which he ought not to know about the fighting palities of different breeds of game cocks, but the explanation of the long processes by which hundreds of different types have become fixed to such an extent that only through human peglect will they revert their original type-why, even after two generations of Darwinism there are plenty of people who don't know row strengthened lobes arising

types, the great layers and era, have been established working slowly, patiently, given end.

Far as many of the varieties present day have traveled fro Gallus bankivs, or original fowl, which is now on the nucleus of what is exp ome oBston's big zoo, the tion through all courses or mentation of some of the pri characteristics is very appar jungle fowl looks like a little When it and the red-greasted s bantam are exhibited in the bantam are exhibited to cage the layman is puzzled to cage the layman is puzzled to They do not fight with one a more than would be expected of any two scions of different breeds.

Comparison is usually made a bantam, rather than with a fi stred rooster or hen. That is o fair, since the smaller variety necessarily more of a size with original jungle fowl than are original jungle fowl than are the great creatures fattened for the mar-ket. The bantam, of course, it should be explained, is not any separate va-ricty, but represents a condition that cannot be established in any variety. Did you ever think how these little fellows are produced? They can be created from almost any type of fowl created from almost any type of fi by selecting the hatchings that ca late in the season, taking the smallest scantily through the winter, and con tinuing this process for generations until a race of dwarfs has been produced. case of the red-breasted fowl a tam is reached which looks prisingly like the little fowl that is the great grandfather of the whole clucking family. The difference mainly one in the feathers of the though the close observer will also see that the primary feathers of the jungle fowl are a little longer those of his domesticated cousin. is, in fact, somewhat nearer to aboriginal bird which flew; and, deed, in his native habitat he lift himself very readily to a roosting place out of danger and other sly creatures of the ground One is the natural product of the East Indian wild; the other represents no one knows how many turies of human interference the workings of natural selection.

The jungle fowl experience in the Boston park has shown, thrives sur-prisingly well in the climate of the northern United States. He is widespread in northern India, and lives up to a height of about 4,000 feet in the Himalayas. A detailed tion shows a similarity of his appearance to many of our barn yard varieties. His comb is ample, an irregular outline, and with



FORTY CENTURIES SEPARATE THEM. The Rooster to the Right is the Orig inal Jungle Cock; His Companion is the Red-Breasted Game Bantam, with Tail and Comb Trimmed.

artificial. Not all the "whys" can be answered anyway. Just by what processes of artificial selection each variety fowl has been established is not a little obscure. The historians of our race have generally been more concerned with recording the battles of human game cocks than the evolution of egg-laying breeds of hens. It is, however, practically agreed that all the varieties—except the silky fowl—were derived from this same jungle fowl, which lives wild in the thickets of northern India, Indo-China, islands of Malay Archipelago and in our colonial possession, the Philippines. Darwin's main contention regarding the derivation has been established. But the ways by which, after the little creatures were first tamed, they were handed on to the races beyond the great mountain wall of India-all that is as unknown as the origin of the human race itself. Only the Chinese have any definite tradition bearing on the subject, a cetestial encyclopedia of the sixteenth bentury stating that the hen was introduced from the southwest about 1400 B. C. For the rest it is simply known that at the dawn of history bivilized man was already awakened by the loud crewing of the cock eardier in the morning than his natural inclination would have induced him to arise; that the Egyptians, ploneers in so many modern inventions, had great incubators in which forty or fifty thousand chickens could be hatched at a time; and that all the products of the hen, were arnow is so characteristic of the under world, cock fighting.

Countless generations of breeders have had practical, 'nevel until recent years scientifically accurate, knowledge of the laws gov erning the establishment of distinct 'varieties. Most of the breeding, that is to say, has been done instinctively. of the same brood, and are quick to decide what points among fowls 1 decide what points they want to embhasize. Without any fine spun theorles they breed for those points by choosing the individuals which correspond most closely to their and mating these, a process which is continued generation after generation,

until a new type has become fixed.

This, of course, is all there is to it, simple, easy demonstrable princi a simple, easy demonstrable principle, although most people outside the fraternity of breeders of poultry, horses, stock and other human assistants have no conception of the remarkable results that have been achieved, sometimes within a very few years. The improvement of the game cock—one of doubtful value to humanity—is in direct illustration. In some parts of this country, and parhuamnity—is in direct illustration. In some parts of this country, and particularly in several of the Southern States, a process prevails of farming out a number of roosters together and allowing the better fighters among them to triumph over the feeble. The strong perpetuate their kind so that generation after generation an increasingly doughty class of fighting cocks is evolved. The men in this negative farious business, having a certain and

what is meant by selection, natural or the crown. The head, back sides of the neck are long hackles of a clear, bril golden-orange color. Below the hackles the upper part of the back is blussh-black, and the centre of the lesser wing coverts are of a deep, rich chestnut. The quills are brownish black, edged with pale, reddish yellow. The tail is black, with rich

green and blue reflections.

The habits of the jungle fowl in captivity are not so different from those of other hens. The males have voices which are heard in the gray dawn, giving thanks for deliverance from the dangers of Reynard, the fox, Pussy, the feline, and other prowlers of the thicket. It is noted, however, that the last note of the jungle cock's

crow is rather less prolonged.

Interesting though an Ame chaony of jungle fowls is by reason of the history unwritten, but not unimportant, which its presence sug-Commercial usefulness cannot claimed. The eggs are small would command no great price, in the season when tubs water are giving up their contents. There would be no especial value in using him to cross with later varieties or in developing new varieties out crossing. Natural evolution is Natural evolution is tion hardly more frequently. But as a spectacle in a little cage of his he is quite the cock of walk.

His Chicken Proposition.

Denver Post. Col. John S. Irby, secretary to Denver's mayor, was seated in his office a few days ago when a man came in and inquired for his "Honor." The man was told that the mayor was not in just at that time, but he took a seat anyway. It was plain to be seen that he had something on his mind and wanted to talk. and wanted to talk.

"You're his secretary, are you?"
he asked. Col. Irby replied in the

he asked. Col. Irby replied in the affirmative.

"Well," the man continued. "I came to kick about a mudhole near McKinley boulevard and Seventeenth avenue. It's causing us people up that way all kinds of trouble. Yesterday seven of my chickens got into the dirty water in it and were drowned.

"Is that so?" came from Col. Irby, quietly, "Yes," continued the man that hole was caused by bad

ing,"
"Well, I declare," drawled Col.
Irby, quietly once more.
"It's flerce," the man went on.
"Now, what shall we do? What
about my chicken proposition?"
"I know what I'd do," said the would you do if you were me?