

KING'S MESSENGER

Over the stubble grass,
Over the hurrying plain,
Tiptoe as a cloud's pass,
Hand on the pulsing rein.

Mother and sire withstood
The bride in her bowler alone,
The embers warm from the wood,
And I, like the night, have flown.

A crust and a backwood look,
A breath for the heaving steed,
A drink from the ice-bound brook,
And then but speed—and speed.

For them I leave, is the sound
And brilliance of sound and light;
For me, the echo from frozen ground,
And the frozen stars at night.

I know not the way I go,
I read but the news I bring,
I halt not at hail of foe,
I ride—I ride for the King.

—Alice Brown, in Harper's.

IN SUSPENSE.

BY AN OLD MINER.

THERE were ten of us in the prospecting party which, in the winter of '89-'90 left Hardyville, on the Great Colorado, for Central Arizona and the mountains south of Zuni. Over 300 miles of desert, mountain and canyon we passed, and at last the Sierra Blanca, south of Zuni, was sighted and we were in the land of gold and the Indian.

I had command of the party, having been through that region before with General Beale, and I gave strict orders against separating when we reached the head waters of the Chiquito, where our prospecting was to begin.

From the very first hour we were in luck. Never had any of us seen such indications, and we were all sanguine that in a few months we could turn back, with our pack mules and horses laden down with gold dust and gold nuggets.

We were at work for a few weeks before we saw any signs of Indians, and then but the track of one, who must have passed through, or rather close to, our camp the previous night.

I did not like this; but the fact gave us no trouble, and that day, in company with Sam Howard, I ascended an arroyo, along which the indications of gold grew better and better as we advanced.

We were on foot, with our trusty rifles on our shoulders, and felt safe from the attack of Indians, particularly on the mesa, for the sides of the table-like hill were nearly precipitous, and the only visible means of ascent was by the arroyo up which we had come.

"One week at this is all I want," exclaimed Sam, looking around, like one in a delightful dream, at the prodigious profusion of golden particles.

"Well, Sam, what will you do with all your wealth when you have got back?" I asked, as we proceeded farther and farther across the mesa, seeing no diminution in the visible wealth it contained.

"I will make a bee-line for home, and just as soon as a bee-line get ready I will marry," he answered, gleefully, as he saw in imagination the bliss of such an event. Then he turned and asked, "What will you do, old fellow?"

"I left home, Sam, to win wealth for the wife and two little ones I left behind years ago. That wealth secured, I will go back, get a farm, and be happy with the dear wife who has been so true, and in seeing my children grow up with more of the blessings of wealth and education than I ever enjoyed," was the reply.

My first impulse after making this discovery was to send down my companions, but the fascination of the place was too great to leave it for a moment; so I determined to make a thorough exploration of this El Dorado, and when this was done, to go down and report to our companions, whose delight at the discovery it gave me a great deal of pleasure to imagine.

We walked so slowly, and in so many circuits—stopping at times to examine the ground, and to put nuggets into our bags—that the sun was nearly down when we halted under the shelter of a rock at the further side of the mesa, and ate with a keen relish the bread and meat we had brought with us. We had walked a long distance, but I knew we were not over two miles in a straight line from the head of the arroyo; so when the meal was over, and washed down by a draught of water from Sam's canteen, we started back, half-intoxicated with delight, while Sam's boyish shouts came back in laughing echoes from the rocks and precipitous walls of the mesa.

"Hold, Sam!"

I laid my hand restrainingly on his arm, for I heard a shrill yell following his last shout, and my trained ears told me at once it was not an echo.

We both listened breathlessly, and in a few seconds again came the yell, from a rock about 300 yards in front, and this was answered, not by echoes, but by a chorus of fierce yells that seemed to come from the walls of the mesa around us.

"Indians!" ejaculated Sam, with a pale face.

"Yes, Indians; and all around us!" I replied, for the yells increased in fury, and I heard the zip zip of arrows on the rocks about us, though the archers were not visible.

"Get your rifle ready, Sam, and follow me!"

I knew that our only hope of safety depended on getting into the arroyo before dark—indeed, it was the only means of descent I knew of—and once in there, I thought our friends below

might hear us, and come to our assistance.

We both had our rifles and pistols ready, and dashed ahead.

The gold specimens were now a burden, but we clung to them as if they were dear as life.

We had not gone over 400 yards when, in the indistinct light, we saw the head of the arroyo; but, to our horror, it was guarded by a band of exultant Indians. To add to the danger of the situation, the savages seemed rising boldly from the rocks about us.

Together we raised our rifles and fired at the Indians before us; then drawing our pistols, we dashed forward.

I was straining every nerve, when I heard a groan behind me, and turning quickly, I saw Sam stagger and fall, while not ten yards behind him was a pack of exultant demons.

I knew my young companion was wounded, if not dead, and that in a few seconds the Yavapai would be on him with their glistering knives. I sprang back and reached his side in time to bring my clubbed rifle down on the head of an Indian in the advance.

The suddenness of my action checked the rest. Without a moment's hesitation I blazed away with both my pistols, and when these were exhausted, I picked up Sam's and answered every arrow with an unerring bullet.

Two shots more, and all the chambers would be exhausted, then there would be nothing left but to die fighting over the prostrate form of my companion.

"Leave me! leave me! Remember your wife and children!" groaned Sam. I did remember them, and with a terrible anxiety at that moment; but the thought only intensified my resolve to save my friend.

I took deliberate aim at one I supposed to be a chief from his actions, and I saw him leap into the air and fall on his face.

One shot more was left, though I raised both pistols as boldly as if every chamber was loaded. I had my finger on the trigger, and would have fired, but I saw them running back in the darkness, as if panic-stricken.

In a moment I slung both the rifles, and securing the pistols, I picked up Sam and ran back for the protection of the rock for which I had first aimed.

My first work was to reload all the arms; then, watching to see that I was not surprised, I examined Sam's wound as well as the darkness would admit. He had fainted and lay like one dead. I found an arrow had struck him in the back, and now protruded through his right breast. I cut off the flint head of the weapon and drew it out, and then forced some water between his lips from his own canteen.

A groan told me that he was reviving, and at the same instant I heard a rumbling sound that seemed to be approaching. I was at a loss to discover what it meant at first; but the mystery was soon solved. The Indians were rolling rocks toward us in a circle, determined to crush us under their weight, or to hurl us over the cliff.

The rocks came nearer. I could see the black outlines rolling in, and hear the grunts of the Indians, who were taxing their strength to move them.

I had not many minutes to think. I felt along the edge of the cliff for some distance, and found that, while not perpendicular near the top, the angle was very sharp, and to the valley below it was fully 200 feet. It was my only hope and I determined to risk it. Hastily strapping Sam to my belt, I dropped first one rifle and then the other, and I heard them rolling down, down, as if they would never stop.

Fastening the pistol, I took a last look at the stars, and clasping Sam in my arms, I lay on my back, and feet foremost I slid over the side of the mesa.

I kept my perpendicular position, though I felt my clothes being torn as I was dashed over the rocks with a quickness that took my breath away.

Down! down! down! It seemed as if it would never stop. My breath was leaving me, and consciousness, too, when suddenly we were stopped with a jerk, and I must have fainted. When I revived, I found we were balanced one on each side of a stunted cedar tree, while away below us I imagined I could see a black yawning abyss.

I can never forget the horror of that long night—a horror increased by the thought of the abyss below, and the fact that Indians for hours hurled rocks down that swept by us with a thundering sound and a mighty force.

I had no recollection of how our friends, who had been searching, found us at daylight, and carried us to camp, nor could I believe till I saw it, what they told me—that the cedar to which we clung was only six feet from the solid earth, instead of being over a frightful abyss.

Sam got well and lived to go back wealthy to his Julia, as I did to my wife.—New York News.

How Balzac Worked.

In twelve years Balzac wrote seventy-nine novels besides an abundance of tales and newspaper articles. When in full swing he led the life of a recluse, refusing to see even his most intimate friends. He usually went to bed at 8 o'clock, after a light dinner, and got up at 2 in the morning to resume writing. At 6 he took his tub, lying in the water one hour, after which he drank a cup of coffee. Weidert, his editor, was then admitted to bring proofs, take away corrected ones and wrest, if possible, fresh manuscript from him. From 9 he wrote till noon, when he breakfasted on two boiled eggs and some bread. From 1 to 6 he continued his writing. For six weeks or so he would keep this up; then he would mysteriously disappear for months.

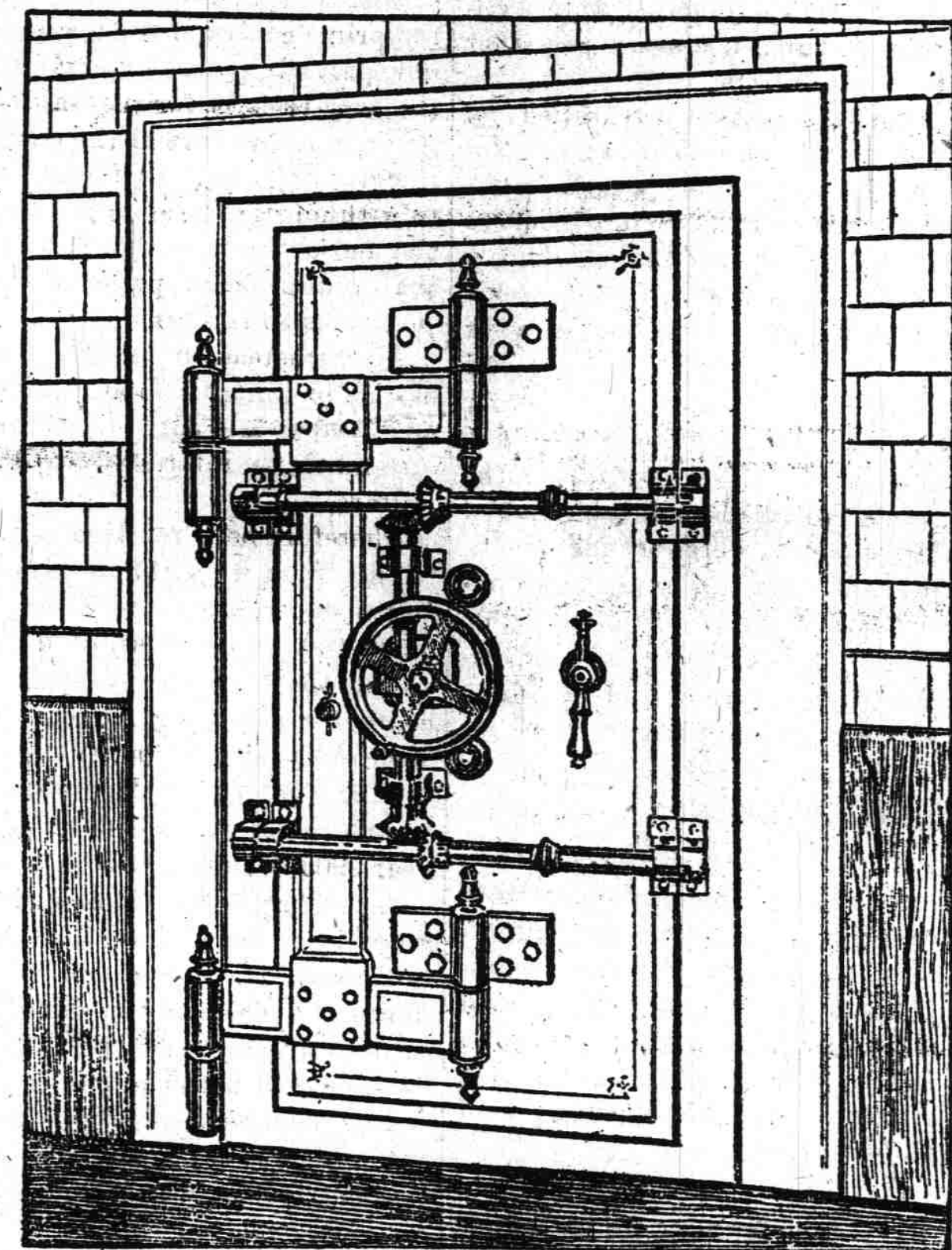
BANK ROBBERS' DAYS HAVE PASSED.

Why the One-Story Bank Building is Preferred.

ALTHOUGH by no means sufficient to be described as an epidemic," said an old bank official the other day, "the number of safes that have lately been broken open in stores and offices are enough

and explosives in existence could break into the strong boxes. That any cracksmen should successfully attempt such a feat is nowadays an utter impossibility. To begin with, he would have to escape the outside and inside watchmen, the patrol and the electrical appliances. And if this could be done, there would still remain the vaults, which open only by time locks and would be a nut that no living man or band of men could crack in a month, much less a few hours.

"Architects do not design the safes and vaults, of course. And the chief safety idea in these new buildings,



THE BANK VAULT DEFIES THE CRACKSMEN.

to make the old fellows in the banking business recall a type of criminal who used to occasion us a good many uncomfortable forebodings for our own strong boxes. Nowadays, however, the bank burglar is practically an ancient history so far as the cities and larger towns are concerned.

The fact that banks were always more or less in danger from their own tenants still survives as one of the reasons why modern banking buildings, such, for example, as the beautiful new Riggs National Bank at Washington, or the fine modern home of the famous old Bowers Bank in New York, are one-story structures with no other tenants than the banks themselves.

"The bank buildings erected in the past few years," to quote a recent remark of Mr. Philip Sawyer, of the New York firm of architects who originated the single-story banking structure, "are practically impregnable; that is, their construction is such that nothing short of a wrecking outfit with unlimited time and all the tools

aside from their distinctive architectural character, is the one-story structure occupied by the bank or trust company alone, thus absolutely doing away with the time-honored scheme of cracksmen who rent rooms for legitimate business in a bank building, and then put in shifts at night burrowing into the vaults. It is one more safeguard added to a number of others."

In addition to this isolation, the modern vault depends not only on its own strength, which the skill of the old-time expert criminal often proved a very weak straw indeed to lean on, but also on various electrical contrivances that make it impossible to approach within striking distance of the vault without giving an alarm in several quarters, among them, of course, the nearest police station.—Newark Sunday Call.

The present London price of an ounce of medium would be \$400,000, according to Dr. Hauppson in a recent lecture at Leeds.



School Attendance of Russia, Japan and the United States Contrasted With Population.

This illustration indicates the average school attendance in the United States, Russia and Japan, in proportion to the population of each country.

A New Torpedo.
The British Government is experimenting with a new torpedo for destroying submarine mines. Its mechanism is such that, if it misses the mine it has been fired at, it sinks when it reaches its limit range.

Artificial Indian Caves.
Among the interesting sights of Hindoostan are the Karle caves of India, artificial temples of worship, which were cut out of solid rock a century before the Christian era, it is claimed.

A Queer Notion.
The Rev. George Martin, an English clergyman, is against all labor-saving devices and goes around the London markets upsetting barrows and pushcarts because without their use more men would have employment. Between times various magistrates admonish, threaten or fine him.

October dividends among the mines of the Cripple Creek district, Colorado's famous gold camp, reached nearly \$400,000.



New York City.—Whatever styles may come and go, the coat that combines a fitted back, with double-breasted box fronts is always in style, al-

to the right and ends in a great flower of a rather loose type up under the chin. Each petal is a work of art. The wristband and the neckband are embroidered in something the same fashion.



DOUBLE BREASTED COAT.

ways in demand. This one is finished at the neck in regulation coat style, and includes sleeves of the very latest cut with roll over cuffs. As illustrated the material is black cheviot

New Napoleon Hats.
A fashionable milliner in the Rue de la Paix has introduced a new Napoleon hat. This, worn with a single lock of hair on the forehead, accompanying a long redingote, is now fashionable and most becoming for women with high foreheads. An exquisitely pretty coiffure, replacing the theatre hat, is formed of three classic bands encircling the hair, with one erect ostrich plume.

Blouse Waist.
Waists that are shirred over the shoulders are among the latest and most novel shown and are singularly attractive in such materials as chiffon veiling, chiffon taffeta and the like. This one is made in shirt waist style, with a box pleat at the centre front, the material being taffeta in one of the new reseda greens. The sleeves are shirred to form cuffs in harmony with the yoke of the waist, and are finished with pointed turn overs that match the stock.

The waist consists of the fitted lining, fronts and back. The shirring over the shoulders are in tuck style, so providing becoming fullness below, and the closing is made at the centre front through the box pleat. The

A Late Design by May Manton.



stitched with corticelli silk and finished with a collar of black velvet, but any cloaking material is appropriate and when liked the coat can be made longer, as shown in the small cut.

The coat is made with fronts, backs, side backs and under arm gores, the fronts being faced to form the lapels. The sleeves are full at the shoulders, narrower at the wrists, where they are finished with cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is five yards twenty-seven, two and three-quarter yards forty-four or two and five-eighth yards fifty-two inches wide, with three-eighth yards of velvet.

A 'Mum' Waist.
If they were not actually embroidered in Japan, these 'mum' waists look to have been. The characteristic rich, flat, heavy style of embroidery distinguishes them. One may have them made up or in a box ready to make up. A mammoth 'mum' is embroidered on the one-piece waist front. Done all in white on white it is richest. Some, however, will prefer it in all white on a light blue, apricot or pastel rose ground. In some few instances the embroidery is in shaded colors, mostly delicate ones shading to white. The giant chrysanthemum grows on a long, foliage-decked stem, which starts at the waist line, curves

sleeves are made in one piece each, with the shirred cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and one-quarter yards twenty-one, three and



SHIRRED WAIST.

three-quarter yards twenty-seven, or two and one-quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

Passing of Billowy Skirts.
The billowy evening gown is an extravagant garment and always more or less of an anxiety, entailing repair of some kind if not the actual replacing of frills, after each time of wear. This fact, together with a desire for change, is beginning to tell upon the popularity of the billowy variety of frock, and fashion is seriously considering the adoption of more solid and lasting materials for evening wear. These are not difficult to find, and in the soft

For Bands on Skirts.
A band of fur is around the foot or some of the handsomest skirts. These skirts trail and are not for the promenade.