

### HOPE FOR THE DISAPPOINTED.

Together on the shore we stand,  
And count the sails that fringe the sea,  
And wonder if there yet shall be,  
Among the ships that touch the land,  
Some heavy-laden galleon  
With treasures just for him and me  
To use and give with lavish hand.  
His arm about my neck is flung,  
His brave voice utters words of cheer;  
But I remember how each year  
Defeat has kept forever young,  
While hope grew old, infirm and seer,  
And now is ready for the pier:  
(Dear Hope, to thee so long we clung)  
We watch the sails far out at sea  
Upon the blue horizon's rim;  
We strain our eyes till sight grows dim;  
But nowhere rideth proud and free  
Our ship "Good Luck" but specters grim  
Across the waves before us skim—  
Nought else will come to him or me!  
But not we yet shall see our ship, O friend,  
Come sailing into port with treasure  
freighted,  
Although its coming may be long belated  
And failure weary us till earth-day's end,  
To the fairest port of that fair world  
Where none shall know dark nights of loss  
and wrong,  
And Hope, reborn, shall sing eternal song,  
And victory's banner ever be unfurled.—  
The proudest ship of all that sail the sea  
Will come, her bosom holding wealth untold,  
And on her prow in characters of gold  
Her name engraved—"Good Luck" for you  
and me!  
What matters—now or then, or here or there?  
Eternity is long and triumph sure;  
Our failures for a moment may endure,  
But all at last a victor's crown shall wear.  
—George R. Lewis, in the Current.

### CANYON JOE.

My recollections of Canyon Joe recall a unique character, whose brief career and violent end are not recorded in the annals of the great and growing West. He was an exotic—a child of the East—who grew to manhood among the rough frontiersmen, and the howl of the coyote, the shriek of the destructive blizzard, were as music to his ear. His nature was, gradually transformed to a toughness that matched well the hardy cactus and the stunted chaparral. He was called Canyon Joe because he was found in a canyon by some trappers and adopted by me. He had strayed from a wagon train on its way to Utah and got lost. At this time he was fourteen years old, and possessed of an amount of nerve which, by assiduous cultivation, developed his capacity to cut a wide and crimson swath in any community that gave him the slightest provocation. When I met him it was several years after the war. I was with a mining party prospecting in Arizona. We were in that black but picturesque mountainous region where old Geronimo so long defied the United States army. There were fifteen of us in the party, including a half-bred scout and several old miners, who knew the country pretty well. One evening we had struck our camp on the mountain side, near a small stream, and put out the usual pickets for Indians, when we heard a commotion and very soon the scout came walking in, leading a horse that had a rider. The horseman was Canyon Joe, and he seemed to be very happy to find white men with plenty to eat and drink. He had two Indian scalps, freshly taken, dangling at the pommel of his saddle, and he explained that he killed the redskins in an open, square fight. The miners present did not credit this and rather suspected that he slipped upon them unawares. His face looked as if it had been tanned for ages by a hot sun and scoured by dirt scooped from an alkali plain. Although only medium sized he seemed to possess a wiry frame and great physical strength and endurance. His eyes were small and piercing black, set very close together, and separated by the bridge of a very thin aquiline nose. He asked permission to camp with us that night, and agreed to act as guide for the party during the rest of the trip. It was considered better to utilize him than to have him at large—so we gave him a cordial reception. After supper we sat before a small fire in front of the tent. Canyon Joe drank freely and began to relate some of his exploits. The half-bred scout, a tall, athletic man, sat, or rather reclined, on the ground by the fire, opposite Joe. He kept his eyes fastened on the latter and listened attentively, but never ventured a remark. Canyon Joe related the following adventure: "It was along in the sixties that I agreed to act as scout for a party of nine men who wanted to explore the country now known as the Black Hills. These men were a tough lot, some gamblers, some miners, and all good on the shoot. I was barely twenty years old, and looked younger, so when I offered myself as a scout they laughed at me and called me a kid. But when they made inquiries, and learned that I had been nearly everywhere in the West, and killed as many Indians as the next one, they accepted my services. If they had not, I intended to ask one or two out to settle for calling me a kid. These men somehow knew that plenty of gold was in the Black Hills, and had a map that some miner gave them on his deathbed. We started up the Little Big Missouri River in a large yawl-boat, with plenty of provisions and firearms. It was slow work pulling up the river, but in ten days we had gone quite a distance. We hadn't been bothered by Indians, and I

thought it mighty queer. It was in the fall of the year and the weather was fine. At night we tied our boat to the bank and camped on shore. We always took precautions, though, against the Indians, for fear of a surprise. Just about sunset one day I got ashore as usual and walked up the bank to select a place to camp while the party rowed along in the boat. I had not gone far when I heard a volley of firearms. I rushed to the river and saw the boat a few hundred yards above, but no one was pulling at the oars. Every man in it was dead or dying. A crowd of Indians on both sides of the river were firing into the boat, and some were swimming out to bring it to shore. The attack was a complete surprise, and I have no doubt the first volley killed them all. I wanted revenge, but single-handed I could not attack them. Luckily I had my rifle and ammunition with me or I would have starved to death. I knew that I was far from any settlement, and that if I escaped the Indians I might meet death in some other form. I crept swiftly from the river, aided by the approaching night, and had gone about half a mile when a big Indian stood right up in front of me. I was a surprise to him, and I know he was to me, but I drove my hunting knife into his breast so quick that he tumbled back without a groan. He was a stray Indian belonging to the band who did the murderous work at the river. For three days I kept up a brisk pace, and managed to kill some game, which I ate raw. Then fatigue began to tell upon me.

"On the fourth day I trudged along weary and dispirited. I knew the Indians were not giving chase, but I didn't know how soon I might meet another band. I came to a shallow stream and waded across. As I started to climb the bank I was struck by the appearance of the soil. I scratched about a little and found that gold was plentiful. For a while I forgot my fatigue and drove two sticks down to indicate my claim. I slept near by that night, and when I awoke the sun was up, and two rough-looking white men, armed with rifles, were standing near me. I tried to get up but I fell back exhausted. The men came forward and asked me how I came there, and what my business was. I explained my escape from the Indians, and then they treated me better. They picked me up and carried me to a small house some little distance away. When they entered the house an Indian woman, who proved to be the wife of one of the men, assisted them to put me on a few skins spread upon the floor. A half-bred girl, tall and handsome, about seventeen or eighteen years old, the daughter, was in the house, and paid scarcely any attention to my entrance. I was feverish from hunger and wanted to gorge at once, but they gave me food in small quantities. For two days I did not stir from the house. In my delirium I must have talked about the claims I had staked, for as soon as I became lucid I noticed that a change had taken place in the people. I resolved to play delicious in order to discover their plans. I raved and talked incoherently, and finally cried out: 'I'll come back and work my claim.'

"The two men were present. They looked at each other and one said: 'That settles it; if he doesn't die of fever he must never leave here alive. He'll have a thousand people here in less than a month.'

"The other responded coolly: 'Yes; we'll do him up if he happens to get well. I am sorry we didn't leave him to die the morning we found him.'

"Well, that talk settled me. I resolved to escape that night. I could not, because I found I was a prisoner. The Indian woman remained awake all night at the door. In the daytime they frequently left me alone, and then I managed to get at the food and eat enough to strengthen me. The second night the husband of the Indian woman kept watch. The next day I was naturally sleepy and slept soundly until noon. Then I awoke and raved in a weaker tone of voice, as if I were gradually sinking. The half-bred girl, I noticed, was sleeping all the afternoon. Before sunset she awoke, and her mother said to her in the Sioux language, which I understood: 'Tacoma, the stranger may die tomorrow. To-night you will have to watch him.'

"Tacoma replied: 'Oh, why not get rid of him to-night? We do not wish to be bothered with him further.'

"They then discussed in detail my chances of getting well. The girl picked up a large hunting knife and looked at me. Her mother motioned her to put the knife down. I believe I would have been settled then and there but for that girl's mother. I made up my mind to escape that night, no matter if I had to fight my way out. It was a bright moonlight night, and I felt that I stood a good chance to have a rifle bullet put in me at long range in making a dash for liberty and life. The girl took a seat near the door and the others soon fell asleep. My rifle was standing in the corner and my large hunting knife was on the pallet. Why they left the knife so near me is a mystery, unless they expected me to use it when eating jerked beef. Tacoma's death watch on me began at nine o'clock. For two hours she scarcely moved in her chair and appeared deeply engrossed in

thought. I remained perfectly quiet and at long intervals groaned feebly, as if my end was near. Between eleven and twelve o'clock she rose and looked at me. I dared not open my eyes. Then she turned and walked stealthily to the door, and to my great joy, opened it and went out. In a second I was on my feet, secured my rifle and had my knife ready for action. With cat-like tread I reached the door and stepped out into the broad glare of the moonlight. The girl was nowhere to be seen. I had resolved to level my rifle and threaten to shoot her if she made an outcry or tried to prevent my escape. I turned to the right of the house and reached the corner, intending to run down to the creek. Tacoma reached the corner from the other direction just as I did, and we collided. She seized me and gave a loud yell. It was all too sudden for me to reflect, I forgot she was a woman and plunged by knife to the hilt in her bosom. As she fell I sprang over her body and made for the creek. I heard the two men coming and knew that I could not escape them by flight. I got behind the banks of the creek and shot them both down before they came within fifty yards of me. I do not know to this day whether they are dead.

"During the night I fled to the south and when daylight came I was many miles away. If that girl Tacoma had not—"  
Canyon Joe's sentence was never finished. The half-bred scout who had listened intently, without moving a muscle, to the cold-blooded recital sprang over the fire that separated him from Joe and buried his large hunting knife to the hilt in the heart of the man who killed the beautiful Tacoma. Joe expired without a groan and before any of us could interpose the scout had cut his scalp clean from his head.

Tacoma was the assassin's sister, and he explained that Joe murdered her in cold blood in the day time in order to make away with the gold dust in the house. The grief-stricken father pursued and was shot, but not killed. His brother, who was with him, was killed. The murderer's name was absent when the murder occurred. He vowed vengeance against the man who murdered his sister, but had no clue by which to discover the name or identity of the assassin. Canyon Joe had drunk too much and lost his discretion, or else he would never have related the story. His body was left on the mountain to the vultures.—*New York Mail and Express.*

### The Panama Canal.

The project of damming up the Chagres with 26,000,000 cubic meters of earthwork, accompanied by a culvert large enough to admit the issue of a stream gauging 400 cubic meters per second, and needing for its course a cutting nearly as wide and deep as that required for navigation, depends, among other things, for its accomplishment on the forbearance of earthquakes. One tremor of the ground would bring down the whole mighty structure. Altogether, M. De Lesseps and his shareholders are in a terribly awkward plight. They cannot very well abandon works which have cost over fifty millions of money, and yet they cannot with prudence go forward. They have two alternatives, and only two, before them. One of them is to sell the whole thing for, say twenty millions to the Americans—who are quite willing to buy the concern—and the other is to suspend M. De Lesseps, and to put in somebody who will personally superintend the works. Who that somebody ought to be we have, we confess, no idea.—*British Trade Journal.*

### Dogs Killed by Electricity.

The morning of July 16th was an eventful one in the history of dogdom, says the *Buffalo Express*. Twenty-seven luckless captives, whose term of probation had passed, were offered up on the electric altar. The new form of execution dispenses altogether with the "dull thud," the "sharp report," and the "loud splash." One by one the doomed dogs were led from the kennel room to the chamber of death. One by one they were placed in a box about two by three, lined with tin, with about an inch of water in the bottom. One by one they were muzzled with a wire running through the mouth. A simple touch of the lever—a corpe. The work of extermination was witnessed by Drs. McMichael, Wendt, Park, Fell, and others, all of whom expressed delight at the expedition with which the work of destruction was performed. At present only three or four dogs, of evident good social standing, remain at the pound. The fresh crop will probably be harvested soon.—*Electrical Review.*

### Figures of a Great City.

London is a great city. About twenty-eight miles of new streets are laid out each year; about 9,000 houses are erected yearly; about 500,000 houses are already erected; about 10,000 strangers enter the city each day; about 125 persons are added daily to the population; about 120,000 foreigners live in the city; about 120,000 paupers and beggars infest the city; about 10,000 police keep order; about 2,000 clergymen hold forth every Sunday; about 3,000 horses die every week.

### LYNCHING DAYS.

#### THE VIGILANTES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

#### How Mexican Injustice Drove Americans to Take Law and Rope Into Their Own Hands—A Record of Blood.

A letter from Paso Robles, Cal., to the *New York Commercial Advertiser* says: This part of the State, being off the main lines of travel, has always been kept in the background, and until a very recent period the administration of justice was very lax. Indeed, it is but a short time since a man was shot to pieces in cold blood, in a village not far from this place, and the murderer was never even put under arrest for his crime. The rifle and the revolver have furnished the only law known here, and tales of bloodshed and crime can be unearthed which make one wonder if it can be possible that this is indeed the nineteenth century, and that we are living under a Government supposed to be as near perfection as possible.

The history of what is now known as San Luis Obispo County has been a blood-stained record. A single incident which occurred in the early days of its settlement by the whites will serve as an illustration. About eight miles north of this place is the old mission of San Miguel, founded on the bank of the Salinas River, ninety years ago, by the condottors of Fra Junipero Serra. This establishment was the second in size of its kind in Alta California. After the segregation of the mission property by the Mexican government this was finally abandoned, and it was supposed to be open to occupancy by any one who felt so disposed. Hither came, in 1847, an Englishman named Read, with his wife and family, consisting of three children and a negro servant. They repaired a portion of the mission building and took up their residence there. As this was the only traveled road from the northern to the southern part of the State, and settlements were at widely separated points, the Reads were often called upon to entertain travelers over night. Read had made money before he came here and was accustomed to boast of his success—a custom which cost him his life. One night there arrived at the mission a party of sailors who had deserted from a vessel lying in Monterey harbor, and who were on their way south toward the mines, which had been discovered there long before Marshal made his great find at the Coloma saw mill. As was his custom Read entertained these sailors in hospitable fashion, and in the course of the evening was led to talk of the wealth he had accumulated since leaving his home in England. The cupidity of the sailors was excited, and after all had retired for the night they invaded the apartments occupied by the Read family and murdered every soul, even taking an infant by the heels and dashing out its brains against one of the pillars of the corridor. Then they loaded themselves with plunder and pursued their journey southward. A day or two later the crime was discovered, and a party was at once organized and started in pursuit. They tracked the murderers through San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, and finally overtook them on the seashore, some eight or ten miles beyond the latter place. Here a short but determined battle occurred, at the end of which every one of the murderous crew lay dead on the sands, while their bones were left to become a prey to the buzzards and coyotes.

From the very earliest settlement this section has been "a dark and bloody ground." It was infested by marauders of all nationalities, but especially by Mexicans, or "greasers," and to this day there are less localities where a white man is not safe unless well armed and constantly on his guard. The first hanging of criminals outside the law occurred as far back as 1853. A party of ten men murdered a pedler not far from this place and then started for Los Angeles, going by way of the town of San Luis Obispo. There they were so foolish as to boast of their crime, and for a time were not molested. After their departure, however, they were pursued by a committee of citizens and overtaken. One of the murderers was killed on the spot. Three were captured, but the others escaped. The three prisoners were brought back to San Luis Obispo, and hanged in public on their arrival, without benefit of the law's delay. Another was subsequently captured, and he, too, was summarily suspended at the end of a rope. But this did not put a stop to crime. Hardly a month passed but travelers on lonely roads were waylaid and murdered, and as many as four bodies have been found at a single time along the highway leading from north to south. Invariably the murderers were Mexicans. Although many were arrested for the crimes, they managed to get free again. The Americans were very few, and it was impossible to get a "greaser" jury to convict a fellow-countryman, no matter how strong the proof of his guilt.

In 1858, however, the Americans were sufficiently strong in numbers to take the law into their own hands, and now began the efficient work of the vigilance committee. A party of eight Mexicans went to a ranch a short distance southeast of this point, which had recently

been purchased by two Frenchmen, named Baratie and Borel. These the Mexicans deliberately murdered. The wife of the former they turned loose, and she finally found her way back to civilization. The news of the murder quickly spread, and a "greaser" was soon caught who had articles in his possession which had been stolen from the murdered man's ranch. He was put in jail, but the Americans had had enough of the manner in which justice was administered by the Mexicans. So a party was quickly organized, the jail broken open, and with the aid of a riata a "good greaser" was quickly made out of the fellow. The rest of the gang were closely pursued by the vigilantes, and another was soon captured. He was brought back to San Luis Obispo. The Americans made no secret of their determination to execute justice. There being no question as to the prisoner's guilt, he was at once hanged in the middle of the town in broad daylight and in the presence of a large crowd, many of whom were sympathizers with and friends of the criminal. Not one dared lift his hand in his defense.

#### A Pathetic Incident.

Mrs. Merriam Grant, one of the people wounded in the Chatsworth disaster, was in the rear car with her husband. In this car was a party of six people. In order that they might sit together Mr. and Mrs. Grant changed seats with a young man and his bride. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young couple were both killed. Mrs. Grant thought this party were theatrical people or concert singers, they were so jolly and sang so well. They could sing, and laughed and told stories and anticipated the pleasure of the trip until late at night. Then Mrs. Grant composed herself in her chair and covered her face with her handkerchief to go to sleep. Nearly everybody in the car was quiet but the jolly party of six. About this time the young bride was requested to sing "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Something in the desire to sleep and rest recalled the sweet old song. The young women sang, and all listened while the train sped on.

As the little gleam of devilish fire appeared far down the track their voices swelled in:

"Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee."

The speed of the train increased down the grade. Again the song swelled:

"How the way appears steep unto heaven,  
The way we're already in sight."

"All that thou'st asked me, in mercy given,  
And then with but a moment of life left for each, Even when poor Ed  
Clintock's hand was giving its last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine the singers sang to their God, who seemed not to be holding them in the hollow of His hand:

"Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to thee."

Enough. It was finished. The engines struck the frail bridge and it sank. The car containing the singers crashed like a bolt of Jove through the two cars in front of it, killing and grinding as a foot kills a worm. In the same instant another car crashed through it, and the singers were dead.—*Boston Advertiser.*

#### Cads and Cowboys.

The cowboys in Buffalo Bill's camp object to the manner in which the visiting crowd beguile, an hour or two by forming groups around the doors of the tents and studying the inner lives of the occupants. Many of the cowboys are married, and have their wives and children living with them in camp, and they do not much enjoy having the path outside their homes besieged by a staring mob, who, perhaps, under the impression that the English language is not spoken in Texas, make the loudest and freest comments on the fittings and the inhabitants of the tent. The cowboys in general are very good tempered and civil. Lately one of them offered mild remonstrance to a thoroughly typical cad, who was making his female companion very merry with his comments as they stood in the middle of a little mob of stagers.

"Why do you stand there all the time and stare and jeer like that?" the cowboy asked. "Surely you ought to have more sense."

"Dare say you Yankees have come over to teach us sense," was the cad's smart reply.

The cowboy looked at him calmly and said: "If you were a foot or so nearer to my size I guess I would try to knock some sense into you," and then the young Texan giant turned and stalked back into the recesses of his tent, murmuring to some friends who were there: "If I stayed any longer where I could see these folks I might lose my temper."—*London News.*

#### How Monkeys Are Caught.

"Papa, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie.

"The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barreled bustle and triple-size cart wheel hat and a fancy parasol."

"Yes," remarked Willie's mother, musingly, "I used to be very much addicted to those little foibles before we were married."—*Washington Critic.*

The Government of Colombia offers a reward of \$10,000 in silver to any one who will discover a new merchantable article of export.

### A Woman from Austria.

Near the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headache, followed by a deathly fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was unable to retain either food or drink. I was compelled to take to my bed for several weeks. Getting a little better from rest and quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little while seemed to spread over my whole body, and throbbled in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and, as I thought, for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of SEIGEL'S SYRUP, (Shaker Extract of Roots) which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a change for the better. My last illness began June 3d, 1882, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little light work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured; and oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for SEIGEL'S SYRUP (Shaker Extract of Roots). Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning the people against the medicine, telling them it would do no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel pamphlets; but now, whenever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed to read, and I have lent mine for six miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told them there was no help for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their beds and could hardly move a finger have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have an attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding district to whom her mother had not applied to relieve her child, but every one crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang, which is rung in our place when anybody is dead, we thought surely it was for her; but Seigel's Syrup and Pills (Shaker Extract of Roots) saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup. MARIA HAAS. Shaker Medicines are now being sold in all parts of the world, and are working wonders, as shown in the above cases. A. J. WHITE, 54 Warren St., New York.