SHASTA.

The Romance of a Trail that Was Scented with Roses.

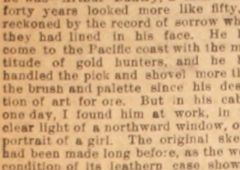
BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

CHAPTER I.

An artist in Yreka! The time and place were unreasonable, for it was 1856 in Northern California. Yet there he was—Arthur Bantry, a man whose forty years looked more like fifty, as reckoned by the record of sorrow which they had lined in his face. He had come to the Pacific coast with the multitude of gold hunters, and he had handled the pick and shovel more than the brush and palette since his desertion of art for ore. But in his cabin, one day, I found him at work, in the clear light of a northward window, on a portrait of a girl. The original sketch had been made long before, as the worn condition of its leathern case showed. There was a sweet and delicate face, about one-fourth the size of life, and Bantry was carefully touching it here and there with the veriest tip of a fine brush. I saw that he was deftly adding slightly to the apparent age of the subject, and I laughed at this.

"It can't be a portrait, Arthur," said I, "or you'd be taking off the maturity instead of putting it on."

Instead of answering me, he gazed



"HE GAZED BEYOND ME."

beyond me, with an arm on the rude table, and his body leaned forward as though he saw, or was trying to see, the original of the picture. Distraught moments in the conduct of my friend had previously puzzled me, and I had guessed that some deep affliction had affected his manner, if not his mind. Now I realized that the likeness had something to do with the matter, and I hastily apologized for my ill-timed levity. At this moment the cabin mate of the artist entered.

Nelson Garth was as handsome a fellow of 25 as ever gave distinction to the rough garb of an early California adventurer, or preserved the signs of culture in the transition to the manners and customs of the wilderness.

"Ah, my sweetheart!" he exclaimed, on seeing the picture; and thus he, too, perceived that the occasion was not one for careless comment. "I didn't mean to be disrespectful," he added, "and I'm in dead earnest about my regard for that girl. The face is lovely. I admire it—somehow feel that it is a presence—that it is something tangible."

Arthur Bantry straightened up in his chair and said: "Boys, that is a portrait of my wife and daughter both." As we lifted our eyebrows in surprise and inquiry, he gravely continued: "I was a pioneer in these parts, as you know, long before the Forty-niners came. A roving disposition, and a desire to find wild and unused subjects for pictures brought me here. That was excusable. The bad thing that I did was to let my wife and child accompany me. The mother was as adventurous as I in pursuit of picturesque Nature, and together we ventured recklessly into the wilderness of Indians. Our child, Rose, was then only four years old. One day I was sketching at the edge of a forest, while the mother and child plucked wild flowers. I had outlined a landscape, and into it I meant to introduce the figure of the child. For that purpose I had separately sketched her face, and was giving it the final touches when, in sport, she scampered away. Her little hands were full of wild roses, and as she ran she scattered the leaves along her trail. 'Chase me, papa,' she cried, 'follow the rose leaves.' The mother pursued the runaway, and together they disappeared behind an immense tree at the border of the woods. Instantly I heard the exultant yells of Indians, and the affrighted shrieks of my wife and child. I rushed to their rescue, but it was too late, even had I been able single-handed to cope with a band of twenty. I only saw and heard the captives departing from me into the forest, and that was the last of them to me. This portrait is the one that I made that day. But from year to year I have added to the age of the child's face. That was my only way to keep her with me. In doing this I have been guided by the well-remembered face of my wife, whom the little girl resembled wonderfully at the time I last saw her, and who may have preserved the likeness until now, if she be alive. I have made every possible effort to find a trace of them, but with no success whatever. Whether they are alive in miserable captivity, or happily have been killed by their captors, I do not know."

That was the story told by the artist at Yreka, and it introduced the girl of the picture to us as vividly as a living creature. Upon Nelson Garth this singular acquaintance with Rose Bantry palpably had an impressive effect. He had already whimsically fallen in love with the picture, and now he became engrossed in thoughts of the original.

Let that stand for a prologue to the historical melodrama which I am to write. Half a year later there was an expedition against the early Modocs, through the gleaming snows and under the somber pines of majestic Mount Shasta. And why this expedition? Because the Indians rose up one night and massacred every white person, with the single exception of myself, in all the vast region now comprised in Modoc County. I was not in my own cabin at the time, but had taken a party of young Indians and gone a day's journey deeper into the mountainous wilderness on a grand annual elk hunt. Possibly my absence from home had something to do with the sparing of my life. But I think not. My insignificance both as a boy and holder of property saved me perhaps.

Our great elk hunt had been wonderfully successful. My excuse for killing thirteen huge cows with my own hand at that time is found in the fact that a friendly tribe of Indians down the mountains near my own house was literally starving. I at once sent back a runner to bear the good news and to bring the famishing tribe to devour the tons of meat where it lay. It was the return of this runner, with hundreds of hungry Indians creeping on after him up the mountain and through the dense woods, that brought me my first news of the terrible massacre. It seemed incredible; it seemed utterly impossible that I should now be the only living white person in a place that only the season before was teeming with happy and hopeful settlers. I took two fine and faithful young Indians, and descending almost with the rapidity of shot on our snow-shoes to the flumes and green grasses of the far-off valley, I found only dead bodies and burned ruins. Believing myself to be the first white man to learn of the massacre, I hastened on alone to the nearest white habitation. This was the now famous Soda Springs, the property of perhaps the wealthiest man in the world, Senator Stanford. I was a part owner of the Springs at this early date. We had a little mountain hotel, my two partners and myself, and took stock to winter at our ranch deeper in the mountains. And this was what I was doing at the time of the massacre away over the spurs of Mount Shasta to the East. I chose to take care of the stock and live with only Indians about me, simply because I liked solitude, and the silent dignity of the Indian was always more decent to me than the garrulous white man.

I hastily told the terrible news, and then threw myself into the saddle, arms in hand, and set out through the tortuous and tedious mountain trail for Yreka. This city of Yreka was at that time a sort of capital of Northern California; a populous and most prosperous mining town, with banks, miles of brick houses, hundreds of hotels. A great city was Yreka in the days of old. I had a ride before me of more than seventy miles. The narrow, snow-bound, steep and stony trail was simply terrible. But I was splendidly mounted. My horse had all the gathered strength of a winter's rest in his strong and supple legs, and he continually bounded along like a ball. I fell from my horse into the arms of friends at Yreka.

When Arthur Bantry heard the news, he cried: "Now for a campaign of extermination against the Modocs."

That was the general sentiment at Yreka. But Nelson Garth and I knew that Arthur Bantry hoped, forlornly yet ardently, to search once more for the lost trail of the rose leaves.

CHAPTER II.

The motley army which set out from Yreka contained no more eager men than Arthur Bantry, who sought to learn the fate of a wife and daughter, and Nelson Garth, who was actuated as really by love of an unacquainted sweetheart as though he had wooed her. And I had been able to impart a faint gleam of tidings from Rose. A year prior to this time some half hostile and wholly wild Indians had visited my camp with a white girl, whom they proposed to sell for two horses. The girl could not talk to me or understand a word. She had been a captive since a mere child, and as she did not want to come to me, and as I would have surely been misunderstood I did not buy her but waited, hoping some white men might come my way and help me with their presence and advice. And that was all; I had never seen her any more. But I had kept up constant inquiry for her and had sent word to Lieut. Crook, now Gen. Crook, and famous in many wars, who was then in charge of the nearest military post, of the fact about this poor white girl prisoner. Of course, when the massacre took place, the first question in my mind was as to the fate of the white girl who was a prisoner among that nomadic band of savages.

When I saw the portrait of Arthur Bantry's daughter, even though he had made her grow to womanhood in the picture so strangely, I recognized her as the captive. Desiring to learn more before exciting him, I had worked slow; but now I told him all. Beautiful she was as any dream of beauty. She was sad and silent, piteously sad. She had stood pulling at the tasseled tops of some tall grass at the side of the trail, as the Indians sat on their ponies bartering. That was all she did, and said nothing. She only looked at me once, out of her great, sad eyes that nearly all the time kept looking down. And she did not speak, in any tongue, when I spoke to her. And she would not come to me when I asked her to. Nor did she give me her hand when I offered her mine. And so she went away. But I thought, after she was gone that night, she did not dare show any concern or emotion. I thought, and I thought a thousand things, indeed. I offered my young Indians the two horses for her. Finally I offered to give two horses for even any information about her. Let the fact be at once and frankly confessed that it is doubtful if I should have gone down into the valley of death after the massacre but for the memory and the hope of this beautiful, sad and silent girl.

As the expedition camped for its first night under the somber pines and fir and cedar trees that dotted the mountain slope, it was as motley a set of men as ever grouped about any camp fire on this earth. Could Shakspeare have but seen that gang! Perhaps twenty-five of the men had lost brother, father, friend, fortune in the massacre. These were sober and quiet enough. Perhaps a like number had lost nothing, having nothing to lose, and were now merely adventurers—on their way out to plunder the dead, possibly. Perhaps a like number were of the lowest form of humanity, for the jails had been given a holiday.

As we stood at breakfast, a tin cup of coffee in the right hand and a sandwich of dough and burnt bacon in the other, two tall and comely Indian warriors stood over like silhouettes against the rising sun on the crest of the snowy mountain before us. Instantly I knew them for my two young friends who had gone down into the valley of death with me when we had first heard of the massacre. Take a map and trace the route of my travel since leaving my own camp, and you will see that in three days I had made almost the entire circuit of the grandest and sublimest snow peak in all the world. I was now not forty miles from my own camp, my own Indians, my own cattle and horses. These swift and splendid young fellows had kept promise, and were coming to tell me how things now stood. Their information, whatever it might be, was of the greatest importance. Did the compact with the Modocs still hold good? Was Pitt River and Modoc and Shasta still friendly, or had they quarreled over the plunder, after the fashion of white nations? All this was important to know.

But such a panic! Pistols in the air instantly! A dozen, forty, fifty shots! The two tall and shapely figures melted back and away as they had come. And that was all—all except a "stampede" of horses, cattle, mules, men! The cattle first took fright at this apparition—those two shapely and shadowy savages on the steep, deep snow under the pines that lifted before us—and they, like the men in the early morning, started for the world below! Then the mules, madly braying, followed the bellowing cattle. Then the horses. Then the men dashed bravely down the mountain after their horses. And they never came back—cattle, horses, mules or men!

Ike Rodgers, the banker, whose father had fallen in the massacre, pulled the remnant of men together that afternoon, had what few cattle butchered that had lodged in the snow, and as night came on, and the crust of deep snow hardened, the little band set forward, silent, slowly, in single file, through the great solemn woods to cross the Sierras. Each man had a horse and drew a sled. The sled was often only the hide of a bullock with blankets, bread, bacon, arms, ammunition, anything indeed that fell to the lot of the man who drew the sledge in the general distribution of provisions. Here were stout, daring, audacious hearts now. Napoleon on the Alps, the hunchback Hannibal before him were simply luxurious robbers in comparison with this sobered and earnest little string of men on their tortuous way through the pines to recover a kingdom that had been lost to civilization. Cortez drawing his ships by piecemeal over the isthmus knew nothing half so terrible in that warm and luxurious land. For here with us on the very first night nearly every man had feet, face, or hands badly frozen. And the wolves? Before it was yet quite full dawn we were compelled to form a solid circle with our faces to the wolves; our sleds and horses in the center. And such beautiful teeth! We sat down on our sleds facing the wolves. The wolves promptly sat down right before us, their great red tongues lolling out of their hungry mouths, their beautiful white teeth glistening in perilous contrast. Two sleds of beef had already been captured and instantly devoured.

"Look here. I've cut myself somehow," whispered one of the men who had lost a sled. We only discovered that he was hurt by the blood that made the white snow red. This poor fellow was reputed to be a professional pickpocket when at home in the enjoyment of civilization and liberty. But he was a good soldier here, and did not even cry out when a wolf tore away a handful of flesh from his leg; but he merely laid it to some accidental awkwardness of his, had his leg bandaged as we all sat there, shivering and looking down into a thousand hungry throats, waiting, praying for sunrise. But had that poor pickpocket by sign or sound indicated that the wolves had begun to eat our men as well as our provisions, there would probably have been a two-second panic. Then some few white bones on the bloody snow—the red epitaph over the common grave of the "Army of Northern California."

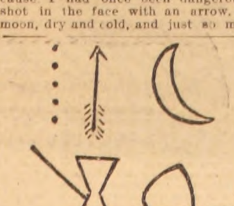
When light came and the wolves went back a little from our faces we made roaring fires and broiled, or rather burned, our beef, so that it would be less heavy, and, finally, less attractive to the wolves in these terrible marches at night. While this was being done I posted on alone with Capt. Rodgers, whom I had come to know and greatly respect, if not to quite yet trust, to see, if possible, if there was any abatement in the tremendous depth of snow, for our sleds were now all worn and broken, our horses were weak and failing for want of food. After an hour or so we

"WE CROSSED A HUGE BEAR TRACK."

crossed a huge bear track, or rather what Rodgers called a bear track. It was simply the track of about twenty Modocs on the war-path! They were going toward my own camp. But I kept my own counsel. There was no turning back now. To tell the worn and half-hearted band of men that the Modoc was also with us would have insured a sort of paralysis. It was push on now or perish.

This "bear track" at this time and place could mean but one thing—and how you need a map of the whole thing here—and that was now between the three Indian tribes that hovered about the base of Mount Shasta. Either this or the Modocs were merely on their way to my camp for cattle. This broad bear track was pointing direct for either my cattle or the scalps of my Indians. In either case the only immediate danger to the little army was the danger of a panic. But this is the most fearful danger that any man has to meet in war, especially in the wilderness, where the wild beasts, where even the elements, conspire to destroy.

Captain Rodgers sat down to rest and I went on alone to the top of a bold and tremendous mountain of snow, from which the grasses and flowers of the desolated valley could be seen. It was here that I had rested with my two young Indians both on going to and returning from the scene of massacre. We had left a letter here in Indian characters, and as these two Indians who had created the panic before mentioned had probably passed this way I hoped to find a new letter from them here. I was not disappointed. It took some patient search, some circuitous and tedious delay, which I have not time to set down, but a letter I found on the inner side of a scale of sugar-pine bark. Bear in mind that the sugar-pine tree is always used by the Shasta Indians. You might search the forests in vain for any sign on any other tree than the sugar-pine. It was written in sign language. In the first place an arrow, the arrow is my name. Five dots to the left were merely complimentary adjectives, as if to say: "My five times brave and upright and five time faithful brother." The arrow was given me as the sign of my name, because I had once been dangerously shot in the face with an arrow. A moon, dry and cold, and just so many



THE LETTER.

days old, was the date of the letter. And now here is all the news; and most important it was, as you will see. The sign of the Modoc is the reed, or rather the tule: a long slim line represents the tule. This shows the early history of the Modoc and his "floating islands" among the reeds and tules of the lakes. An awkward figure, looking like a demoralized hour-glass, represents the Pitt River Indians. You see they come by time round from an immemorial custom by keeping a continual girdle of blind pits drawn around the edge of their vast and fertile valley. As these blind pits had sharpened elk and deer antlers at the bottom, to say nothing of deadly pointed spears set upward, you may well understand that they were terrible enough to give a name to any people. And in the latter the tule or reed, although badly broken, is thrust downwards entirely through the pit. So I easily read that the battle was a bloody one, and that many Modocs were killed, as well as many more of their enemies.

And what did an awkward and helpless and overturned heart mean? And what was the round and helpless little circle for? Ah, me! This postscript of the Indians' letter on a bit of sugar-pine bark, may be briefly translated thus: "As for the matter of the beautiful girl, we can only say that we have learned nothing at all; and all our search and inquiry has ended where we began, in this narrow little circle."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNFORTUNATE DENTON.

He Was a Natural Genius, but Died on the Gallows.

What living man has ever heard of the unfortunate Denton? asks Walter Besant, in the Queen. His life was written and published in a newspaper—name and date unknown—the day after his execution. This fact shows the nature of the misfortune which befell this unhappy person. The biographer truly remarks that the history cannot but "excite a sigh in every feeling heart." Indeed, yes. The unfortunate Denton was a tinman who got some education, found that there was no happiness for him except in the society of books, and became a bookseller in York. He presently removed to London, where he developed extraordinary powers: for, seeing a speaking automaton—was it like a speaking image exhibited about fifteen years ago?—brought over by certain ingenious foreigners, he proceeded to construct one for himself, which spoke admirably. This machine he exhibited. He also made a writing automaton—one wonders what has become of these puppets. He studied chemistry; he translated Pinetti's "Book of Deceptions;" he carried on a business of plating coach harness together with his trade of bookselling. He made mathematical instruments, pentagraphs, etc., and was, in short, a most ingenious, clever and accomplished creature. And then—why? Was it in order to get rich? I think it was rather in order to gratify his conceit—just to prove to himself how clever he was—this successful man actually began to coin base money. He was found out, however, and was tried, sentenced, and duly hanged. On the scaffold he behaved with great levity, laughing at the devotion of his fellow sufferers, and, in a truly scientific spirit, directed that his body should be converted into phosphorus, which was done. And so, to misquote a famous passage,

The hand that once made puppets speak and write,
Now tips a match the kitchen fire to light.
Unfortunate Mr. Denton.

Playing Tricks with Vegetables.

Some very pleasant surprises for children may be obtained by getting fruits to grow inside of glass bottles. Some, especially of the cucumber family, can be inserted into the narrow mouths of bottles attached to the branch, and after full growth it will be a mystery how these fruits got inside of the bottles or jars. Besides the pleasant surprises many a youthful lesson on plant growth can be furnished by these tests. It is stated that King George III., of England, in the earlier stages of the insanity which subsequently overtook him, used to express his surprise to those who were dining with him as to how the apple got inside the dumpling, but with these fruits in glass jars the surprises to even sane people are quite as interesting as the apple dumpling was to this unfortunate monarch.—Meehan's Monthly.

Oklahoma Is Against Gambling.

Oklahoma is drawing the lines of morality rather sharply for a frontier territory. A law recently passed at Guthrie makes any kind of gambling a felony, and even prohibits progressive euchre parties where prizes are offered.

NEW PENSION RULING.

HOKE SMITH MAKES AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Disabilities Are Limited to Injuries that Prevent the Applicant from Earning a Living—'Tis Said that the Decree Will Effect a Big Saving.

To Cut Off Pensions.

A Washington dispatch says that the most important pension decision ever sent out from the office of the Secretary of the Interior to the Commissioner of Pensions has just been filed. It is claimed by those high in authority in the Pension Bureau that it will reduce the payment of pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000. It involves the repeal of an order passed by Gen. Raum and approved by Assistant Secretary Bussey and a return to the language of the statue requiring the disability, not of service origin, to be such as to prevent the applicant from earning a support by manual labor. Secretary Hoke Smith has been considering the principles involved in the decision for several weeks, and so important did he deem it that when it was called to his attention from the Pension Board of Appeals he submitted the questions involved to the Attorney General and the Commissioner of Pensions, both of whom concurred in the correctness of the decision.

Basis of the Decision.

The decision is in the case of one Bennett who sought a pension under the old law, alleging that while in the service at Raleigh, N. C., he was prostrated by sunstroke which resulted in partial deafness in both ears. His application was denied on the ground that while the applicant has slight deafness, as alleged, it was not of sufficient severity to warrant any rating. The testimony showed that Bennett could hear a watch tick at the distance of half an inch from either ear. Bennett subsequently applied for and received a pension of $12 a month under the act of June 27, 1890. This act allows a pension ranging from $6 to $12 per month to ex-soldiers or sailors suffering from any disability of a permanent character not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them for the performance of manual labor to such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support. The inability to earn a support is therefore made the basis of the law. During Commissioner Raum's administration an order was issued, known as order No. 164, which directed that all claims for a pension under the act of June 27, 1890, should be rated the same as like disabilities of service origin, and that all cases showing a pensionable disability, which, if of service origin, would be rated at or above $12 a month, should be rated at $12 a month.

The Standard of Disability.

The only requirement to obtain a pension under the law applicable to pensions of service origin is disability by reason of wounds received or disease contracted while in the service and in line of duty. "Incapacity to perform manual labor," says the Secretary, "which is the foundation to the right to pension under the act of June 27, 1890, fixes an entirely different standard of disability from that just mentioned, contained in the Revised Statutes, covering injuries of service origin. Disabilities incurred while in active service and incapacity coming upon an applicant long after service ceased are made by the law to stand upon an entirely different footing. Those incurred during service and in line of duty are pensionable without regard to capacity to earn a support, and are graded without reference to this condition. Disabilities resulting from causes other than of service origin are only pensionable when incapacity to labor joins with incapacity to earn a support, and the grades of rating are dependent upon these two conditions. When by order No. 164 it was declared that disabilities under the act of June 27, 1890, should be rated as if of service origin, the very principle which governed the rating under the act of June 27, 1890, was displaced and a rule applicable to a different act was substituted."

CHRISTIANS AT FAULT.

Plain Talk to the United Presbyterian Assembly About the World's Fair.

In presenting a partial report on reform to the United Presbyterian Assembly at Monmouth, Ill., Rev. W. J. Robinson, D. D., of Alleghany, said that crime was on the increase; that this was a nation of Sabbath desecrators legalized by the action of the Government; that the World's Fair gates will be opened on Sunday because the Government was powerless to prevent it. He thought that this deplorable condition of the country was caused by the lack of interest manifested among the Christian people. He maintained that the professors of religion were not united and that they neither worked nor voted as they prayed. The question of the federation of churches was taken up and much interest manifested in the matter. This discussion is pursuant to a plan of the committee appointed by the conference of Presbyterian organizations held in New York City on March 2. At that conference the following bodies were represented: The Presbyterian Church, United Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church in America, the Reformed Presbyterian Church, General Synod and Associated Reformed Synod in the South.

Enormous Loss by Fire.

The Baltimore sugar refinery was started in 1891. In 1892 it shut down for remodeling. Monday it was to be reopened, but Sunday it was destroyed by fire. The estimated damages are over $1,000,000.

How Conkling Stopped Chewing Tobacco.

Roscoe Conkling used to say that the simplest way for a person to stop the habit of tobacco chewing was to keep a package of crystallized candy in his pocket and substitute a lump of it for the "weed" whenever a desire arose for the latter. This way, Mr. Conkling said, he had broken off tobacco chewing, but he had never been able to abandon smoking.

The Making of Gold Leaf.

An ingot of gold weighing two and a half ounces, and worth about $50, is made by the gold-beaters into sheets so fine that it would take 48,000 to measure an inch in height. By the labor of beating the gold acquires a value of $400, making over 26,000 sheets of gold foil or gold leaf, as it is usually called.

It is said that the new city directory of Baltimore indicates an increase of 36,000 in the population of the city during the past year, due largely to the growth of manufacturing interests in the city and suburbs.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WORK OF THE STATE SOLONS AT THE CAPITAL.

Record of One Week's Business—Measures Presented, Considered and Passed—What Our Public Servants Are Doing—In and Around Legislative Halls.

The Law-Makers.

In the Senate, Wednesday, Ford's compulsory school bill was passed. Senator Bacon's bill authorizing mining or manufacturing companies to own and hold shares of capital stock of railroad companies where such roads connect the different plants of such mining or manufacturing companies, was passed. Senator Mahoney's bill providing that when an assessment is made for an improvement which has been ordered upon the petition of the property owners, the ordinance cannot be repealed except upon a like petition, was passed. In the House, Representative Snyder's bill prohibiting the placing of insurance on property in this State by agents outside of the State was read a third time and passed. Representative Murdock's bill for the organization and regulation of mutual district windstorm insurance companies was passed.

In the Senate Thursday the bill amending the law in relation to the Illinois State reformatory was passed. Senator Hunter's bill to regulate the width of wagon and truck tires was passed. The Senate went into executive session for the purpose of confirming the nominations made by Gov. Altgeld, and sent to the Senate May 17. The deficiency bill appropriating $12,500 to the Illinois National Guard was passed. The House took up the Senate general appropriation bill. An amendment was adopted providing that the Auditor shall report annually to the Legislature the receipts and expenditures of the insurance department. On motion of Mr. Merritt the further consideration of the bill was postponed until Wednesday morning, and the clerk was instructed to have the bill printed for the use of the members. The House then passed the Stringer compulsory education bill.

Friday, after an exciting session, the House passed the Congressional reapportionment bill. In the Senate the bill providing that the State shall pay for Coroners' inquests on bodies of persons dying in State institutions was passed, as was also the bill appropriating $14,204 to pay the employes of the General Assembly. The following was received from the Governor and referred to the Committee on Judiciary: "I desire to call your attention to the manner of investing the endowment funds of the university of the State. The law at present requires that these funds be invested in either United States bonds or State, municipal or school bonds, nearly all of which bear a very low rate of interest, most of them bearing only from 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent., and are difficult to get at that. Experience has demonstrated that loans on improved real estate make the best security and pay the highest rate of interest, it being easy to secure 6 per cent. and sometimes 6½ per cent. on this class of loans, with interest payable semi-annually, security absolutely good, and no charges of any kind to be paid the lender. As this would make a very great difference in the income of the university, I respectfully urge your honorable body to so amend the law as to permit the trustees to loan the funds of the university on the security of this character before an adjournment is taken, as it is a matter of very great importance to the university. JOHN P. ALTGELD, Governor."

SLAVES TO THE CIGARETTE.

We Spend Sixteen Millions a Year on Tobacco in This Form.

The American Tobacco Company, otherwise the cigarette trust, ought to have a progressive rate of dividends if the growing consumption of cigarettes is any test. The manufacture of these seductive little rolls of tobacco at the rate of about 10,000,000 a day, and the exportation, which was at one time practically nothing, now stands to the importation at the rate of 100 to 1.

The figures of this branch of the tobacco trade become startling when taken out of the bald statistical tables and put in different shape. The official reports of the cigarette manufacture, which are carefully taken by the Internal Revenue Department, give a total of 16,581,646,440 cigarettes as the output for the past eight years. Taking the average length of each cigarette at three inches, this would make a total of 4,145,411,611 feet for the entire roll. Dividing this by 5,280, the number of feet in a mile, would make a total of 785,116 miles, or a cigarette girdle extending over thirty-one times around the earth.

The total number of cigarettes made in this country for a dozen or more years past stands: 1879, 238,276,817; 1880, 408,708,365; 1881, 537,395,938; 1882, 554,544,186; 1883, 637,021,653; 1884, 908,090,723; 1885, 1,058,749,228; 1886, 1,310,961,350; 1887, 1,584,505,200; 1888, 1,862,726,100; 1889, 2,154,575,360; 1890, 2,426,515,380; 1891, 2,976,270,885; 1892, 3,210,402,937.

Calculated at the lowest retail rate of 50 cents per 100, the cigarette smokers of the United States spend $16,052,019 a year on their hobby.

Cave-dwellers of British Columbia.

There is a curious tribe in British Columbia known as the Snuswap Indians. These Indians have given their name to one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. The trains of the Northern Pacific travel along its shores, and as the engine follows the winding banks its head is turned to every point of the compass. Dr. George M. Dawson, of the geological survey of Canada, has recently written a paper on these Indians. He says their winter dwellings are partly subterranean, and that in parts of their country there are hollows marking the former positions of houses whose underground portions must in some instances have been twenty-five feet in diameter. Excavations are made on sheltered hillsides, which are covered with wooden framework and brush, and upon these a covering of earth is spread.—New York Sun.

Its Birthmark.

"The physician," says a ribald contemporary, "is the man who prescribes change, and then takes all you have." One physician, while attending an obstetrical case where the pay was not considered good, when asked, "Doctor, is the child marked in any way?" answered, "It has only one little mark about it; but you can easily remove that." "What is that, doctor?" "It is marked 'C. O. D.'"

Shoes at $120.

Heel-and-toe tips of pierced and chased gold are now worn on some satin house slippers. The metal ornaments cost from $50 to $100 per set, and the shoes from $10 to $20 per pair, so that shoes and ornaments may cost as high as $120.

They Have Large Trees There.

In the Yosemite Valley, the "Father of the Forest," a fallen tree 306 feet long, and several centuries old, has been hollowed out so that for a distance of sixty yards a man can walk upright inside it.