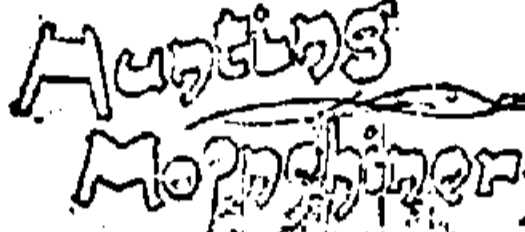


LOVE PASSED BY.

It was busy with my plowing... When Love passed by... "Come," she cried, "for sake thy drudging... Life's delights are few and grudging... What hath man of all his striving... All his planning and contriving... Here beneath the sky... When the first open to receive him... Wealth and wit and honors leave him... Love seduces for aye..."



Hunters Mourners

THE gentle art of catching moonshiners' birds is a fair to soon be a thing of the past, but while it lasts—and there really is such a thing going on outside of the pages of our dialect stories—it proves interesting to the catchers and the caught, to say the least. While talking recently with a prominent deputy marshal of West Virginia, who has done much to disturb the usual security of many law-breakers in this direction, he laughingly replied to my question by repeating:

"Unpleasant work, this hunting men? Why, of course it is, my boy; no man, unless he is a savage at heart, likes to hunt a fellow-man down like a varmint, no matter how bad he is; but work is work, wherever you go, and we can't all be choosers. No, I've had very few narrow escapes—we leave those to our brethren in the woods who you fellows are always trying to make about us; all we try to do is to try and not let the 'shiners' make any escapes at all, narrow or otherwise. These illicit distillers, by the way, are not the desperadoes the people imagine them to be; some of them are good fellows underneath—if their good traits have been covered up by their manner of living it isn't their fault so much as their misfortune. Of course, for the old men in the business I have no sympathy, for they have no excuse to offer, but it is a fact that a great many of the younger men go into it because they can't help it—being forced to it by circumstances, as it were. As for their fighting qualities, they are much like their friends and neighbors, the mountain panthers, or 'painters,' as they call them. Both the men and the animals will fight when cornered or wounded, but if you give them the chance they prefer in almost every instance to vacate, and leave you the field free."

"There is one strange thing about the business, however, and I have never understood it. Why should these men, great, strapping, healthy mountaineers, go to breaking the law to make a living, when they might make much better wages working like honest men on their farms or for other farmers? It must be the love of excitement born in them which makes them manufacture poor whisky and sell it to poorer men, coming miles in the night to do so sometimes, and risking the chances of being nabbed and put in the pen for several years, all the while. They are smart men, too, and it takes an officer with the combined instincts of a detective and an old fox to deal with them without their suspecting you of being a 'reven' man.'"

"A week ago we captured eight of the hardest tickets that have ever graced this dishonorable business, and it was one of the nearest captures we've ever made. I got wind of them and sent one of our men, whose face they didn't know, up to where they were. He pretended he was a stranger in the country, and had lost his way and asked them to keep him over night. He's an Irishman with a full stock of native blarney, and he talked them into it before they knew what to say. He stayed that night, and seven more of them, for he was such a good story-teller that he kept them laughing half that night with his yarns, and they asked him the next morning to stop with them. He took them right in with that oily tongue of his, in fact. Of course he stayed and fished and hunted with them, but though they hinted at their

business and what it was and, always, had plenty of new whisky to drink, they never let him know where the still was located, and he could only guess at the distance from their cabin by the time it took them to go and come. At the end of a week, having found out all they seemed inclined to let him know, he slipped out one morning between dark and daylight, and left out down the mountain to where we were waiting for him. We went back with him, and walked in on them before they knew it. Yes, sir, everyone of those eight men woke up and looked straight into a revolver, and we had them all handcuffed in no time. They didn't say much, but when they saw my jolly Irishman among us they did some talk swearing, as they realized how he had tricked them. We found the still after some searching for it, down in a little ravine about two hundred yards from the house, sitting under a shed made of an old threshing machine boiler flattened out. They had made it bullet proof, but we didn't respect their foresight at all; we just cut their 'worm' into six-inch pieces, poured all their smoky whisky on the ground, plugged their boiler full of holes and then marched them down to civilization and jail."

"Don't you ever have serious difficulties with them?"

"In the shooting way? No, not often. They're not a brave set of men, as I said, and I for one have never been fired on by them. Perhaps my good luck in always getting the drop on them may account in part for this, however," and the big marshal laughed again.

"Raleigh county is full of moonshiners," he went on. "I know of no less than six stills running now full blast, and they're getting to be broken up. We're going to make a series of raids soon in that direction, and perhaps these men will prove better fighters than the others have been—there is never any telling about such things, you know. We will try and do our best, though, to break up this industry. Yes, I have to do a great deal of riding, night and day, and of course go armed always."

"About a month ago I had a scare, and a big one, too, but it wasn't caused by any whiners." I was riding through a thick stretch of woods near the top of the mountain when I heard a child's shrill cry. It was about dark and I was rather glad to know of a house being so near where I could put up for the night, and I pushed forward, every minute expecting to come upon a clearing and a cabin. Presently I heard the cry again, only it was nearer this time and sounded more like a woman's voice. I spurred up my horse, and just as we turned a bend in the lone-some old road such a yell as you never heard burst out from directly in front of me, and the next second I had whipped out my gun and began to pull the trigger for all I was worth. Woman? No, sir; one of the biggest panthers I ever saw standing on a log not twenty feet from me, lashing her tail from side to side and yelling like a demon. Was I scared? Well, I should remark! Why, the goose-flesh came all over my body in a moment and I felt like a shined porcupine with the dogs after me. It's an honest fact, too—I had to hold my hat down on my head, my hair kept shoving it up so, while I kept blazing away at that howling beast. I wouldn't have been a bit more scared if you had turned all of John Robinson's menagerie loose on

me, but I kept on pulling the trigger and holding to my hat to keep it from getting clean off my head. As the last cartridge went off and I began to think of my 'now-I-fo-me' the panther turned tail, and, with one long despairing squall, he hustled into the woods, though I'd fired seven thirty-two's at her. I didn't wait for her to come back and call on me again. I just shoved some more cartridges into the revolver, and stuck my spurs into the little mare under me. The way she went down the mountain was a caution, and I'm pretty sure she smashed Nancy Hank's record into smithereens. No, sir, I don't mind hunting moonshiners and throwing their whisky away and risking being got the drop on sometimes, but I beg to be excused from entertaining a full-grown and apparently healthy panther again, with an exhibition of my fancy shooting. It's too much like work! She was afterwards killed, I believe, but I am still thanking my stars that I did not wound her while I was doing the Buffalo Bill act and holding on to my ambitions hat at the same time."—Edward Jack Appleton, in Detroit Free Press.



L KEPT PULLING THE TRIGGER

"Mrs. Small," said Mr. Hunker, as the boarders sat down to dinner, "may I ask what the turkey is stuffed with?"

"It is stuffed with chestnuts, Mr. Hunker."

"Then, Mr. Dolley," said Hunker, turning to that young man, "you will see that to tell any of your stories during the meal would be a work of supererogation. I'll take some of the breast, Mrs. Small."—Detroit Free Press.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

The Natural Beauty and Social Charms of the Riviera.

The Mecca of the Rich and Opulent of Every Civilized Nation—Nice, Menton, Monaco, Cannes and St. Raphael.

(Special Letter.)

When the thermometer falls to freezing point the well-to-do inhabitants of gay Paris begin to feel cold; they fly from the capital to warm themselves in the sunny climes of the Riviera. The south of France, or to be more precise, that section of the coast of the Mediterranean sea comprised between St. Raphael and Menton, is the winter home of a vast multitude of Europeans of all nationalities and also of a considerable number of Americans. Although Nice, Monte Carlo, Cannes and Menton—the four most frequented spots on the shore, are situated at a distance of less than a thousand miles from Paris, yet the journey down south is looked forward to with a considerable amount of apprehension. A Chicagoan will make a trip to California or Florida with far less concern than the modern Parisian will go down to Nice. Facilities for covering long distances are so plentiful in the United States that visitors to France are very often amazed at the inconvenience a twenty-hour trip offers on the other side of the Atlantic ocean. The "fashionable" time to remain absent from Paris on a visit south is three weeks, but some fortunate individuals of course spend the winter, November until April, in those lovely spots where the sky is ever blue. In May the weather is too warm, and the summer months quite insupportable for inhabitants of the temperate zones.

Nice, however, is not evacuated like her sister cities when the winter is over, for Nice has grown to be a city of importance and also a military station since the annexation of Savoy by France. Its population is a mixed one, and in some quarters Italian is still spoken. From thirty-five thousand inhabitants the number has increased four-fold within the last twenty years, which, if not to be compared with the wondrous growth of Chicago and other cities of the new world, is still a very



THE ROCKS OF SAINT AGOULF, FROM A PICTURE BY SARAH BERNHARDT.

remarkable augmentation for an European town.

But who cares for statistics in the Riviera? Half the visitors are down in the sunny land for their health, and the other half—by far the greater one—are there for enjoyment. And Nice, above all places, is a home of pleasure. It abounds in opera houses and theaters, in cafe-chantants and casinos. Those who are not inclined to spend the evening out of doors find their days fully occupied with walks along the magnificent promenade des Anglais, the public garden and the different quays. That modern Nice owes its prosperity and ornamentation mainly to her American and English visitors is a fact not acknowledged by all. To the latter nation is due the promenade, called after the sons of Albion, for they first perceived the capabilities of their admirable site, which has been transformed into a broad roadway lined with palm trees and with grand hotels, stately houses and luxuriously-fitted clubs overlooking the finest of all the seas.

But I do not go to Nice for its opera, its theaters, its concert, or its balls. I do not go to see its elaborate and amusing carnival, neither do I journey down south for the horse racing. I merely go to Nice because I wish to be at Monte Carlo. So say many. And strange as it may appear, for Monte Carlo is about twenty miles to the east of Nice, it is nevertheless the truth. Yes, hundreds and thousands of gamblers go to Nice year after year to see what has been somewhat harshly described as "the sewerage of all creation flowing into a cesspool of iniquity." They dare not stay in the little principality of Monaco itself for fear of spending their entire existence in the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo, the capital of that little country, and so they stay at Nice and ride down by train every day to help fill the coffers of the prince of Monaco, maintain his army and his police force, and settle all the expenses of the government in addition to distributing a fabulous dividend to the lucky shareholders who run the establishment. Gambling in the south of France has attained such a pitch that to restrain themselves in a certain measure some men live at Nice and deposit their funds at Cannes, which is situated as far to the west of Nice as Monte Carlo is to the east, so that when they are "broke" they must make a three hours' journey by the steam cars to procure more of the sinews of war. This cessation in the fight against the tables often gives them time for reflection, but not always.

It seems indeed a crime to talk of all this folly when in so charming a country. Rather let us leave the principality of Monaco to the fascination of the fickle goddess and hasten to scenes more beautiful and to an atmosphere more pure. We have spoken of Cannes; to Cannes then let us adjourn. A century ago there were but three streets in the village and they were inhabited by the

The favorite resort of all the crowned heads of the world. Damp, dirty, despised little Cannes has become coquetish and charming, imperishable and magnificent, the wintering station of all titled persons and of a fair number of wealthy ones. Grand houses have sprung up where there were only huts, and fair gardens have grown where all was bare and bleak. Empresses and duchesses ride in costly equipages upon the smooth roads, where the poor fisherman dragged his net on the shingle.

But bright, prosperous and aristocratic as Cannes may be, with royalty and nobility gazing in fond admiration on the little islands of its bay and on that scene of transcendent beauty, which makes one sigh with happiness when looking toward the lovely roseate Esterel mountains in their marvelous beauty of form and color, it is not to be compared to Nice. Nice remains with her suburbs and surroundings what she was in the times of the Romans and what in all probability she always will be queen of the Riviera.

Cannes has nevertheless many attractions. Romance and history lend a particular charm to the island of St. Raphael, which lies opposite the city where the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned, and whence more recently, and certainly more positively, Marshal de Bassano effected his escape

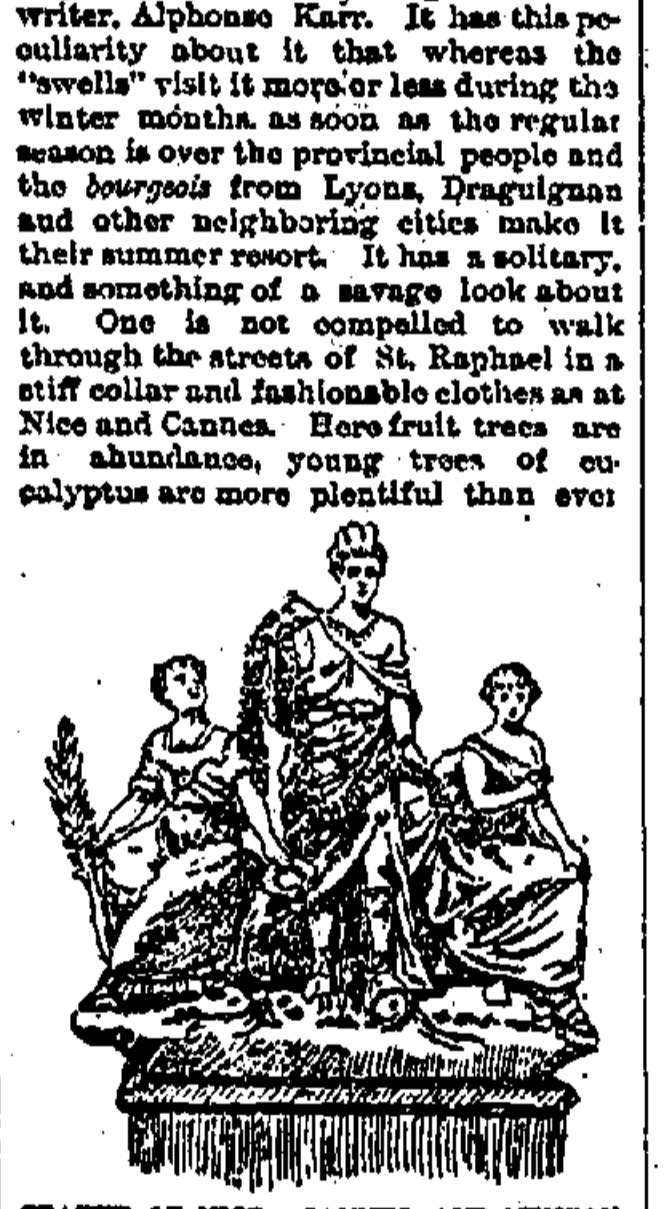


AVENUE DES PALMIERS, NICE.

from the same dungeon. And besides it possesses the most remarkable and interesting garden which we have ever seen or heard of—the Valletta Californic—the property of a Frenchman, M. Camille Doguin.

To the east of Nice, only a few miles beyond Monte Carlo, lies Menton, which suffered so terribly from an earthquake a few years ago. It has neither the diversified attractions of Nice nor the bright vivacity of Cannes, but its scenery is nevertheless grand and its climate is said to be the mildest and least variable of all the coast. There is a legend that Eve brought nothing out of Paradise except a lemon, which in her wanderings she left at Menton; and another, equally authentic, that a gentleman, calling on a friend, left his stick outside the door, forgot it, and repeating his visit next year, found it grown into a flourishing tree! The healthy visitor cashews Menton where he finds there are altogether too many consumptive people.

But without doubt one of the prettiest spots of the whole coast line is St. Raphael, the home of that great French writer, Alphonse Karr. It has this peculiarity about it that whereas the "swells" visit it more or less during the winter months as soon as the regular season is over the provincial people and the bourgeois from Lyons, Draguignan and other neighboring cities make it their summer resort. It has a solitary, and something of a savage look about it. One is not compelled to walk through the streets of St. Raphael in a stiff collar and fashionable clothes as at Nice and Cannes. Here fruit trees are in abundance, young trees of eucalyptus are more plentiful than ever



STATUE OF NICE, CANNES AND MENTON.

Sleeping Her Life Away.

The German village of Gramble is greatly excited over a case of persistent somnolency in the person of the daughter of one of the town officers. The girl, a pretty, slender girl of some thirteen years of age, has been in a continual sleep since the second week in May, and even now does not show the least trace of arousing from her protracted slumber. During the first week of her enforced sleep the family seemed grieved to the verge of distraction, and all was mourning in the house where the child lay in the embrace of "death's twin brother." After awhile, however, when it was discovered that she would swallow liquid nourishment, their fears for her safety seemed to abate to a certain degree, and now, after a lapse of more than half a year, the family go about their daily labors as if the little maid was really dead and half forgotten. Highest medical authorities have been consulted, but all efforts to keep her awake have resulted in total failures.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

How One Young Man Was Helped to Find It.

An Act of Courage Which Found Its Reward—Story Without a Love Romance—Philanthropy of the Emancipatory Practical Mind.

(Special Chicago Letter.)

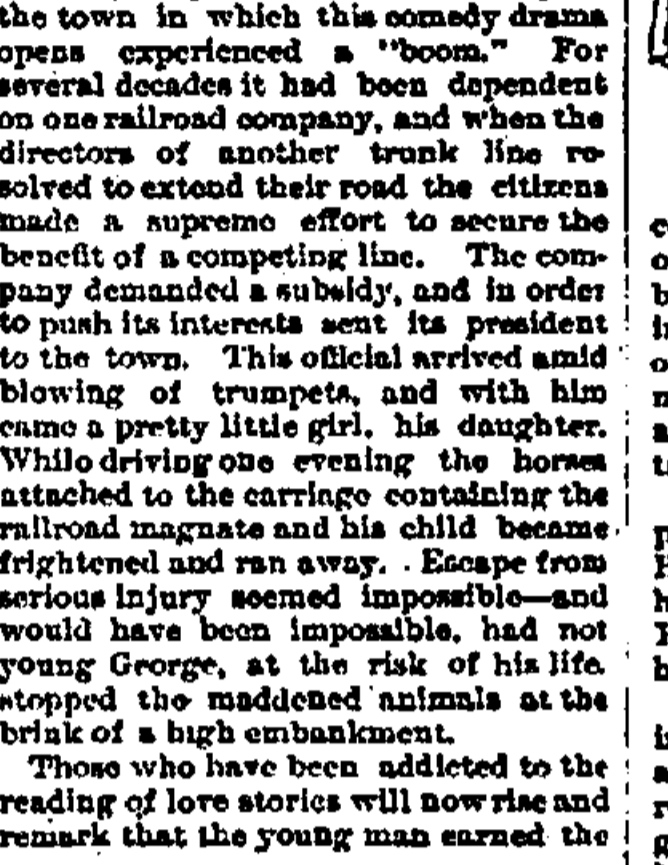
Although not a teller of romantic tales, by either profession or inclination, I am tempted to-day to relate an episode in the life of a personal friend which may take the place of a dry statistical essay to the satisfaction of most of my readers. The story has the merit of being founded on the experience of a gentleman favorably known in the financial world of Chicago; a man, in short, who occupies a position in life equal in importance to that of the president of a large railroad company.

In the spring of 1887 this gentleman had just entered business life in the capacity of errand boy to a private banking firm in a small city in Iowa. His duties consisted mainly in sweeping and dusting the office, copying letters and running errands for his employers and those of the clerks who had a best girl living in the village.

George—and this is the true name of the hero of my tale—performed the work assigned to him to the best of his ability, and in the course of six or seven months was promoted to be assistant bookkeeper. He was then eighteen years of age, bright, accommodating, a general favorite and the main support of a widowed mother who had spent most of her small capital to give the boy a fair education.

In the early winter of the same year the town in which this comedy drama opera experienced a "boom." For several decades it had been dependent on one railroad company, and when the directors of another trunk line resolved to extend their road the citizens made a supreme effort to secure the benefit of a competing line. The company demanded a subsidy, and in order to push its interests sent its president to the town. This official arrived amid blowing of trumpets, and with him came a pretty little girl, his daughter. While driving one evening the horses attached to the carriage containing the railroad magnate and his child became frightened and ran away. Escape from serious injury seemed impossible—and would have been impossible, had not young George, at the risk of his life, stopped the maddened animals at the brink of a high embankment.

Those who have been addicted to the reading of love stories will now reread and remark that the young man earned the



AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE

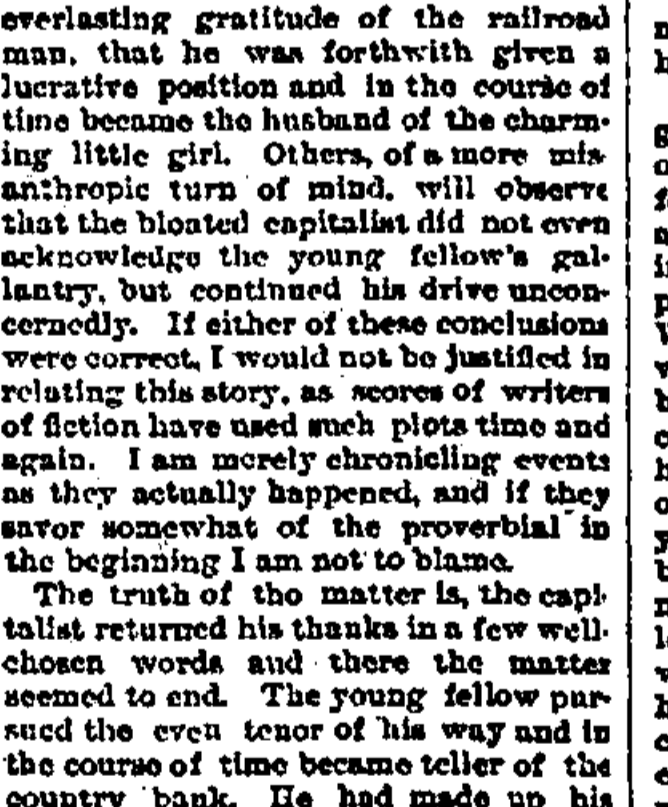
everlasting gratitude of the railroad man, that he was forthwith given a lucrative position and in the course of time became the husband of the charming little girl. Others, of a more misanthropic turn of mind, will observe that the bloated capitalist did not even acknowledge the young fellow's gallantry, but continued his drive unconcernedly. If either of these conclusions were correct, I would not be justified in relating this story, as scores of writers of fiction have used such plots time and again. I am merely chronicling events as they actually happened, and if they savor somewhat of the proverbial in the beginning I am not to blame.

The truth of the matter is, the capitalist returned his thanks in a few well-chosen words and there the matter seemed to end. The young fellow pursued the even tenor of his way and in the course of time became teller of the country bank. He had made up his mind to spend the remainder of his life in his native town, as the directors held out a promise that he would be appointed cashier as soon as arrangements could be perfected.

After living for ten or twelve years in a country town the average human being is satisfied with his lot. George had never made his home in a large city. He had paid short visits to Chicago and New York, where he found himself a stranger among millions of fellow creatures. He always returned to his home with a feeling akin to ecstasy. There he was one of the leading young men. His opinions were received with respectful society, such as it was, courted him. Business men predicted a grand future for him.

Nothing equals a small town for downright cleanliness. Woe to the stranger who dares breathe a word against the western community which is growing in numbers and prosperity. His social status is forever blighted. City people have no adequate conception of the local pride existing in such municipalities, and are inclined to laugh at their pretentious claims, forgetting or never thinking of the fact that it was this spirit which built up prosperous towns in regions sparsely settled and made the west the controlling section of our country.

In 1888 George was appointed cashier of his bank, but before he entered upon the duties of the office was astonished by receiving a letter from a Philadelphia banking house offering him a position at a salary which made his best swim. Eighteen hundred dollars is considered a princely income in a western town of 5,000 or 6,000 people, hence when the offer came to George he was



AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.

The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, Cal., and that of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in sorrow and borrowed little from nature except his name and his hatred for redacting. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' saloon, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting Morrow." Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sacred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest-hearted and best-known stage driver of the west, who was kind to all and thought of no one. He had in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the Golden Streets."

And Finally Second-Hand.

George—Why do you frown upon my suit?

Male—Because it's ready-made.—Chicago News Record.

Synopses.

Mr. Simpson—I need some money, George.

HE WAS KIND.

A Pleasant Story About the Late Secretary Wisdom.

Speaking of the cabinet officers who gathered around Mr. Harrison's table at the beginning of his administration brings to mind the late Secretary Wisdom. He was a kind and affable gentleman, and his sudden death was a shock to the country at large and a cause of grief to those who enjoyed his acquaintance, says a writer in the Washington Evening News.

I remember an incident which showed his kindness of heart and the unostentatious qualities inherent in the truly great.

It was an insufferably hot day in the August preceding his death, and the sun glared with blind force on the concrete of the open space between the west entrance of the treasury and the white house.

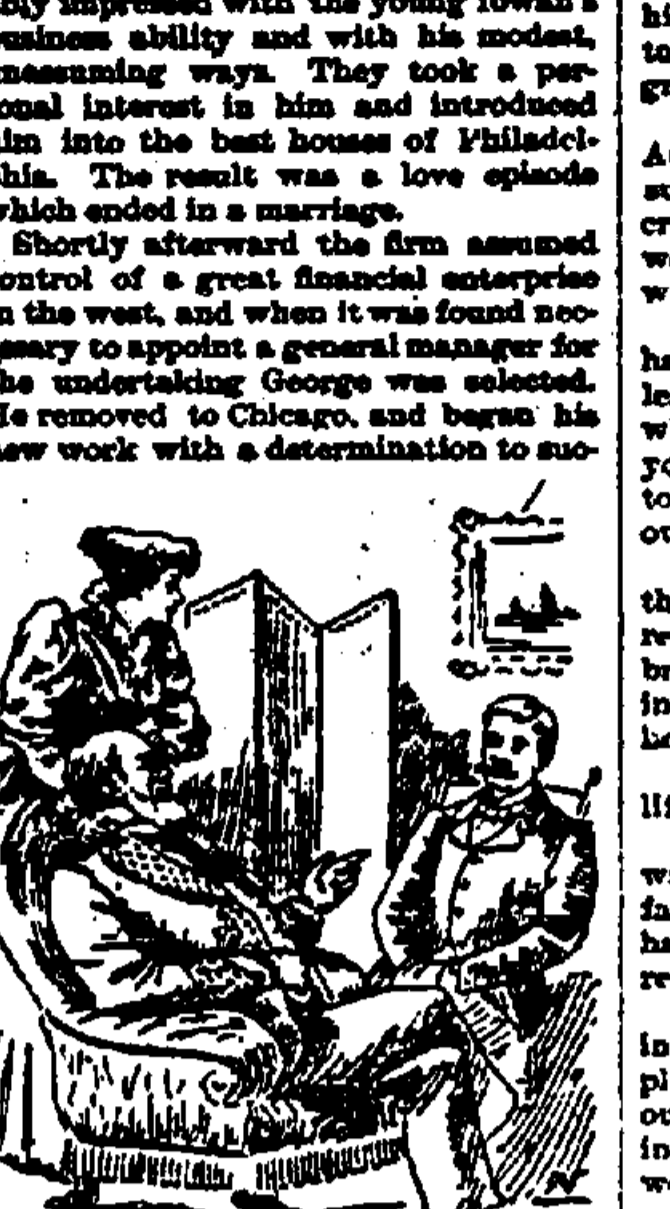
On the curb of the fountain basin a half grown sparrow was making fruitless efforts to get a drink of cool water which bubbled tantalizingly just beyond its reach. Finally it leaped a little too far, and, losing its balance, fell overboard.

Its struggles were taking it toward the center of the basin and beyond rescue. I reached out my open umbrella, and just as I was drawing him in I felt a hand on my shoulder and a hearty voice said:

"Well done! I'll see that you have a life-saving medal for that."

It was Mr. Wisdom. He was on his way to a cabinet meeting, but the affairs of state and the country's finances had to wait while he assisted at the rescue of the half-drowned bird.

He took the bedraggled little creature in his hand, and after smoothing its plumage laid it on the sunny terrace out of harm's way to dry. Then, inviting me to share his big green sun shade, we walked on to the white house.



"I DID NOT LOSE SIGHT OF YOU."

GERMAN RUDENESS.

A Noted Doctor on the Eschiaristic Descent of His Countrymen.

Louise von Kobbell, who in Fran von Eichenhart has written a book of "Conversations of Dr. Dollinger," lately translated into English, from which the Daily News of London has taken extracts. Driven into an inn by a shower in one of their walks, he was greatly annoyed by the conduct of some young men, who swore at the weather, smoked and called impatiently for beer.

"Tobacco and alcohol are demoralizing powers," said Dollinger, half in jest and half in earnest. "Smokers are barbarians." The eternal smoking of pipes and cigars by our forefathers doubtless helped to bring about the short sight which has now become hereditary in Germany. Tobacco smoking is the ruin of society and of chivalrous conduct toward women."

Talking of the German love of public houses, he said: "When I compare our young men with young Englishmen what a difference I find! How many spectacle-wearing, woolly, uncouth, mannerless youngsters I see here, while it is a real pleasure only to look at the boys and students in England, so vigorous, healthy, well grown, clean and distinguished-looking in their attractive college dress."

At another time he said that if he were a legislator the first law he would introduce in Germany would be one for the protection of young girls. England and America were, he said, in advance of Germany in the treatment of women. "For instance," he added, "I hardly think that an educated Englishman would allow his wife to fetch him his boots, slippers, cigars and newspapers, as do so many of our countrymen."

TURKEY HUNTING IN ARIZONA.

The Great Slaughter Just Before Thanksgiving Day.

The Arizona bill of fare is too apt to contain only the items bacon, beans, hard bread, flapjacks and coffee three hundred and sixty-four days in the year. Thanksgiving is the exception, and no dinner is complete on that day without a turkey to remind the miner, prospector or ranchman of the old home in the east. In the southeastern section of the territory there is a creek called Rio Prico, and nicknamed the "Turkey River." It is the only place within about two hundred miles where wild turkeys abound, but then there are enough of them in the narrow valley to stock a state.

Just before Thanksgiving this valley is filled with hunters from every part of the territory, and the slaughter is very great; but it takes place only once a year, and the racks will be filled up next spring and summer. Some of the hunters come so far that they have to make "jerky" of the turkey meat in order to get it home. Amos must be very fond of turkey when he will travel one hundred miles for it, and then take it in the shape of salted and sun-dried strips and shreds, and usually fried in a gravy of bacon, grease and flour.

These turkeys are very large birds, as half a dozen are about as much as a pack-mule can carry out of the valley. Old-timers say that robbers weighing thirty pounds have been taken out of the Prico canyon.

FRANCIS ACID AND FRENCH STONES.

The statement was made recently that prussic acid was made from peach stones, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This is altogether a mistake, for, although under certain conditions trace of the main principle of the deadly poison can be found in peach stones, there is not sufficient to produce the acid without other essential ingredients. Indeed, without the process of fermentation, there is no evidence at all of prussic acid in the stones. Prussic acid is composed of such things as animal refuse and blood solids, with large quantities of oil of vitriol. Even the small of the acid produces pain in the throat and in the region of the heart, and there are few poisons for which there is such little opportunity for an antidote. If there is time, and the seldom is, for the poison is almost instantaneous in its action, ammonia is held very freely, and gives relief and produces the ultimate recovery of the