THE MAGNATE OWNS A CHOST

R Was the Prize Package Given With Mexican Palace That H. Clay Pierce Bought

H. Clay Pierce, St. Jonis of magmete, is now the owner of the Bords Bardons at Ceurnavaca, Mexico, and may be said to be the custodian of the shost of the Borda Gardens. Nothing was said about it when Mr. Plerce hald \$15,000 for the historic spot which was the favorite summer haunt of Emperor Maximilian and Queen Earlotts in the days of Mexico's spien. Mer as an empire.

But it is to be supposed that the shoat, having occupied the gardens without leave these many years, will sentinue to do so, and an occasional gimpse of the ghostly intruder may w vouchsafed to the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce after Mr. Pierce has spent \$100,000 in restoring the gardens and they are ready to entertain heir friends there.

Mrs. Pierce, who will be the mistrees of the mansion of the mad emgress, is an Edwardsville (Ill.) woman, the daughter of Maj. William M. *zssell Pickett. Before her marriage mr. Pierce she was Mrs. Virginia Rickett Burrowes.

The mansion, in recent years, has rided into several suites and has Seen let to tenants. These say that mey often see the ghost.

Whose ghost is it, and why it haunts the Borda Gardens nobody pretends to know, but it is the belief of the loleality that the ghostly appearances Lave some relation to buried treasure and a dark crime of the long ago.—St. "Louis Post-Dispatch.

How Hay Wrote "Little Breeches." On the train, as I journeyed to New York, I entertained myself by writing "Little Breeches." The thing was done merely for my own amusement, without the smallest thought of print. But when I showed it to Whitelaw Reid he seized the manuscript and published it in the Tribune. By that itime the lilt and swing of the Pike county ballad had taken possession of me. I was filled with the Pike county ispirit, as it were, and the hurflorous iside of my mind was entertained by its rich possibilities. Within a week after the appearance of "Little Breeches" in print all the Pike county ballads were written. After that the impulse was completely gone from me. . . There were no more Pike county ballads in me and there never have been any since. Let me tell you a queer thing about that. From the hour when the last of the ballads was swritten until now I have never been able to feel that they were mine, that my mind had anything to do with their creation or that they bore any trace of kinship to my thought or my intellectual impulses. They seem utterly foreign to me—as foreign as if I had first encountered them in print as the work of somebody else. It is a strange feeling.—Letter from John Hay to G. C. Eggleston, quoted in "Recollections of a Varied Life."

> Good Time to Turn Farmer. In theory there never was a better

time than right now for a sensible man to move from city to country. The movement has been away from the farm until prices of all kinds of good and fiber are high. There is nothing in eight to indicate that prices will be greatly reduced by increased production. A crop well grown and handled with good business magment will be reasonably sure of isale at a fair price. There never was a time when it was so easy to learn new methods and the principles of scientific farming. A man starting now may receive at once the benefit of 30 years of the experience and study of good farmers and scientific experts. For example millions of acres of land in the eastern states are almost nonproductive and thrown on the market at a low figure, simply berease they are waterlogged and sour. When these farms are drained and fimed they become at once productive and double in value for farm purposes. They are naturally strong and drainage and lime make their strength available.—H. W. Collingwood, in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Last Stage. Mrs. De Pashion-My donr, late, hours, late suppors and general social dissipation have ruleed your consti-:tution."

! Miss De Pashion (belle of six sea.) Scons) -I know it, ma. "And your bealth is miserable." "Yes. me."

"And you are losing your beauty." "It's all gone, ma." "It really is. And so is your plump-

"I'm nothing but skin and bones." "There's no donying it, my dear, you are a more wreck of your former

pelf." "Too true." "What are you going to do about

"Get married."-New York Weekly.

Nothing Subdued About Her. Fuddy—Do you believe that people sequire mental qualities from what

they eat?

Duddy-Hardly think so. My wife's mother eats crushed outs, mashed pobloss and whipped cream, and yet she's very pugnacious.

Looking Up Father. "May I see my father's record?" maked the new student. "He was in

the class of 1877." "Certainly, my boy. What for?" "He told me when I left home ast to diagrace him, sir, and I wish to see hat how far I can go."

ON THE SKYSCRAPER

STRENUOUS LIFE IS THAT QF THE IRONWORKER.

Well Styled "Cowboys of the Skies," the Men Who Erect City's Tall **Buildings Always Have the** Crowds.

In the past they were a boisterous, swashbucking lot. They "floated from New Orleans to Vancouver, lived in freight cars, built bridges and dropped off of them with a grin and a choking "good-by." A hero among them was a man who had the longest fall to his credit, or who could toss a white-hot rivet the greatest distance. They lived hard and died easily. Today they know that a man stands highest on the pay roll who takes his work and its danger most seriously, who also watches the man next to him-for in, this calling one man's error often means another's life, Harper's Weekly says.

Even so the bridgeworker of today

has not lost his romantic side. He is still the cavalier of the workaday world. See him now, clinging like a fly to the top ring of that lofty derrick, or swaying in midair with one leg wound carelessly about a dangling cable, or standing upright alongside a dizzy column, hundreds of feet above the ground, with nothing more substantial under his clinging toe than an inch-wide bolt! The plumber laying pipes in the dark basement gets fust as high a wage and his work is quite as important. But the ironworker gets the eyes of the crowd and knows it. "Cowboys of the skies" they have been styled, and aptly so. They have many characteristics in common with their brethren of the plains. They love a dare and a scampering race. Often they make and have them—when the boss is not watching. Just recently two skyscrapers in New York raced up side by side—a veritable Marathon of the skies!—and prodigies of daring and foolhardiness were done by the rival gangs facing each other across the intervening side-street. They stole each other's hats and wrenches as they sailed up atop the loads of iron, danced giddy hornpipes on the ends of projecting beams, tried to "best" each other taking chances amid the pandemonium of whip-snapping cables and swinging fron.

They affect extravagances and pecultarities of dress. That athletic-looking fellow with the grimy face and hands appears on idle Sundays in white fiannels and silk hose. The man beside him is a favorite at bridgemen's dances and has been known to wear and grace a frock-coat. They made no serious complaints over the new order of things-the rush of the work. "Sure," said one, "it's all right, only it's over nowadays before you get your second wind."

Said another: "This going up at a story a day interferes with me social life. On that 12th street building there was a hotel within arm's reach, and one day I got to talking with a pretty maid-through a window. Next day I had to talk down to her and next I had to yell to her, and in two days more I had to say good-by.

'Good-by!' says she. 'Sorry to see you go: but I'll introduce you to my friend Katie who works on the tenth foor."

Be Cheerful.

Engraved faces are more often the result of habit than the marks of Time, that professional etcher, who usually receives all the credit for feminine ugliness. Woman is not content with expressing herself in words; she must needs make little poses and funny faces to give completion to her ideas. If you wail about your lack of beauty, watch yourself for one short day. You will be surprised to find what wonoderful things you will do with your own face. If countenances were not so substantially built they would sooner show the wear and tear imposed upon them.

Wrinkles and lines are indexes to one's life book. The fretter has a signboard on her forehead and she advertises her profession of official worrier by growing box plaits between her eyes, by allowing her mouth to droop at the corners and by taking on the plaintive portrait of misery in

which she really rejoices. But the optimist, the individual of good cheer and laughter, sails serenely along the high seas of existence with a smooth, nicely ironed face, which makes her remain so young that she never really outgrows her happy days of mud pies and pinafores. -- Woman's Life.

Severeigns Who Died en Saturday. Authorities on things supernatural may be able to explain why Saturday has been a fatal day to the rulers of England. William III died on Saturday, March 8, 1703; Queen Anne on Saturday, August 1, 1714; George II on Saturday, October 25, 1760; George III, on Saturday, January 29, 1820, and George IV on Saturday, June 26, 1830. George 1 just missed Saturday by two hours, dying at 2 a. m. on Sunday, and the late King Edward breathed his last just a quarter of an hour before midnight, Friday night, May 6.

Not to Be Led. Clerk-You told me not long ago to lead a better life, sir. Employer-I believe I did.

Clerk-I want to lead your daughter to the altar. Employer-Impossible, young mast, M you go to the altar with her you Billow: I know her better than that Boston Herald.

TANGIER"HOLYMAN"

HAD LEARNED THE METHOUS OF BARNUM AND BAILEY.

American Experience Aided Charlatan in Gaining the Reverence and Small Coin of His Fellow Believers.

"There is hardly anything more erloyable than to find an unexpected bit of the west in places thousands of miles and hundreds of years from the United States," said a New York man, according to the Sun of that city.

"My wife and I went to Tangier from Gibraltar. The day after our arrival we paid an early visit to the market. Suddenly, as we stood looking on, there was a commotion in the crowd, which parted right and left. I could hear the clash of cymbals, but was amazed to see men bowing almost to the ground as they made way. In the lane thus created appeared a tall man wearing a long robe of many colors and a necklace of charms. He kept his eyes turned heavenward as he walked, keeping up a clashing with a pair of cymbals as he proceeded. At his girdle was a gourd into which some of the multitude tossed copper coins. My courier told me that he was a dervish, a holy man from the Sudan.

"I thought the dervish would make a good subject for my camera, but the courier said he doubted whether it could be arranged, as all good Musselmans had religious scruples against being photographed. I insisted, and the courier said he would do his best.

"So we followed along after the derwish, through a little side street into a broader one, and having turned the corner the courier approached the dervish and exchanged a few words with him. The holy man looked to see whether any Mohammedans were looking on, and there being none in sight he nodded in a dignified manner. He posed while my wife and I took several good snapshots of him.

"I went up to give him a small token of thanks and was surprised when, after looking at me a moment, he said: English?

"'No,' I replied, 'American.' "'Ah! American!' he cried. 'Me America, he continued, pointing tow ard himself. 'New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis. Six months Barnum & Bailey.' He smiled all over as he took what I offered him, then bowing in a dignified fashion he went off, casting his eyes toward the sky

and clanking his cymbals as he went. "The next morning we went to the market again. Suddenly again we heard the cymbals clashing, and saw the crowd part, and almost prostrate stoolf, and in a second our dervish friend of the day before appeared again, his eyes plously cast toward heaven.

"We were sitting on our donkers and watching him in some curiosity as he neared us. Just as he got opposite he turned his head in our direction. He caught my eye and the lid of his left optic closed in one long, eloquent wink."

A Dry Occasion. Brook, Ind., where George Ade practimes gentleman farming, is right in the middle of the testotal belt of Indiana.

Last summer, one broiling hot day, man came along in an automobile, having just patched up a puncture outside of Brook. - He ran into the little village and

maw a native standing in front of the general store. He stopped his machine and went up to the native. "Say, brother," he said, "will you tell me where I can get a good, cold

bottle of beer around here?" The native took the autmobilist by the arm out to the middle of the road, pointed down its dusty length, and said: "The nearest place is 50 miles right down that road."-Philadelphia

About Egypt.

Saturday Evening Post.

The total area of Egypt proper is about 480,000 square miles, of which however, only some 14,000 square miles are arable. The population exceeds 10,000,000, the density of the settled part thus surpassing that of any other land on earth, Belgium not excepted. This superiority of Egypt as an agricultural country is owing to the equable climate; the possibility of carrying on farming all the year round, a constant supply of water and, as a consequence of the Nile overflow, a natural and perpetual richness of the soil, which does away with the great cost of fertilisation.

For the Scandalmonger.

The Orleans museum has just been enriched with a curious relic of the past which some workmen is making excavations in the city came across. . It is a stone representing a grinning figure, showing the teeth, the countenance being repellent enough. In this way the loquacious woman, the scandalmonger, was brought to her senses. The stone, suspended by a chain, was placed round her neck. and so accordered she was compelled to walk round the town in which she fived. The stone is supposed to date about the sixteenth century.

" No Chance for Fraud. Jones (to friend who is showing his sollection of "old masters")—How do you know they are originals? Friend-Oh, I was too smart to play the the hands of a dealer. I bought ! 'est myself right on the spot .- Judge.

TOO MUCH FOR EASTERNER

Pilgrim Was Looking for tron Springs, But That Story Was More Than He Could Stand.

He was a weary, thin and sallowlooking American, who had never been so far west before, and when he struck Carson City he hailed the Arst native he met.

"Can you tell me, sir, if there are any mineral springs about here?" "From the east?" asked the west-

erner "Yes." "Come here for yer health?"

Yes. "Tried everything, I suppose?"

"Yes." "Tried surphur springs?" "Yes. Didn't help me a bit."

"Been to Arkansas?" "Yes, and everywhere else." "What kind of water are you look-

ing for now?" - "Well, no kind in particular. I was told, though, that I'd find a variety of eprings out here."

"Going to locate?"

"That depends." "Well, stranger I have got just "hat you want. A vacant lot in the best part of the city. Finest iron springs in the country. Go and see for your-Eelf."

"But how do you know it's Iren?"

guerled the easterner. "Well, pardner, I drove my horse through it and he came out with iron shoes on his feet. And that ain't all. I drove some pigs down there to drink. They turned into pig iron, and I sold them to the iron foundry. Just what you want. For sale, cheap. Why,

halloa! What's the matter?" The weary easterner had turned abruptly and was walking off up the road.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why England Believes in a King.

The great majority of Englishmen of all grades and opinions do undoubt.. edly believe in a king, and think they have some fairly good reasons for do-

The great reason, of course, is that on the whole the system works, or seems to work, fairly well. It is very costly. Everything included, it probably costs ten times as much as the average man thinks; and if a rate were levied for the purpose on him. he might feel it and begin to grumble. But the money is derived from the duchies, or voted from the taxes, and nobody feels the pinch or even knows the difference. It is a rallying point for all kinds of senseless anachronisms and abuses. But in an old country many things have a better chance of continued existence by being old than by being good, and an abuse comes to be esteemed almost when its hairs are gray and its years many. It promotes snobbery and creates snobs, though it will not be supposed to be unpopular on that account.ongregationalist.

To Bave Alcott Home. Efforts are being made to inaugurule a movement for the preservation of the old Alcott homestead in Concord, Mass., where Bronson Alcott Hved and died and where Louisa Alcott created the immortal children that run through the pages of "Little Men" and "Little Women." The place at present is fast falling into hopeless decay and action must be started soon if it is to be preserved at all. "Perhaps if Miss Alcott had been dead two centuries instead of only about 30 veers her former home would not be in such a dangerous plight as it is today." said a New York woman who is trying to interest others in its preservation. "But by and by Miss Alcott will have been dead 200 years and if Orchard house is not saved now

A Different Sort of Doctor. Dr. Charles Harriss, the well-known Canadian musician and composer, tells

American soil in future generations

will be the poorer for our neglect. We

never shall raise a harvest of ancient

associations for our land unless we

take care of the associations while

they still are comparatively modern."

an amusing story about himself. While he was on his way to South Africa, he desired to keep his identity a secret. During the voyage one of the passengers managed to get into convergation with the musician, and asked him if he would medically examine his little girl who was with him on the boat.

"My dear sir," replied Dr. Harrisa, I have never examined a child in my life."

Ten minutes later, he overheard the passenger say, in the smoking-room: There you are; didn't I say that man was a fraud?"

The Girl Gred.

Mark Twain was a firm believer in the higher education of woman, but Hartford still remembers a speech he made one June to a platform of Hartford girl graduatés. This speech, a humorous attack on

the college girl, ended: "Qe forth. Fall in love. Marry. Set my housekeeping. And then, when year husband wants a shirt Troned.

send out for a gridiron to do it with." Metaphorically Speaking.

What do you think of these new palaces I have been rearing?" asked Mr. Dustin Stax. "Exaincent," replied the syste.

"Jet," he proceeded with a visible effort to be modest, "this earthly pomp reminds me that all the world is a

steph."
"Right. And the modern tendency to to make up with the fine scenery for bad acting."

DEATH FOR "WITCH"

INTERESTING RELIC OF THE DAYS OF IGNORANCE

Mistorical Archives of Salem, Mass., Reveal Depths of Superstition and Folly in Which Our Forefathers Were Sunk.

Investigators making search through the archives of the Peabody institute at Salem, Mass, have just unearthed a seventeenth century warrant condemning to death Bridget Bishop, wife of a Salem attorney, on a charge of witchcraft.

Contrary to the traditions that witches were burned in Massachusetts, in the warrant condemning Mrs. Bishop to death William Stoughton, who with his associates in the warrant are styled judges of a special court of Oyer and Terminer for the countles of Essex, Middlesex and Suffolk, orders that George Corwin, the sheriff, shall hang her by the neck until she is dead.

Appended to the warrant is the return certificate made by Corwin showing that he had carried out the orders of the court. The warrant and return are in sev-

enteenth century English script, and transcribed reads as follows: "To George Corwin Gent'n, High Sheriffe of the County of Essex

Greeting:

"Whereas Bridget Bishop al's Olliver, the wife of Edward Bishop of Sa-Lom in the County of Essex Lawyer at a speciall Court of Oyer and Terminer held at Salem the second Day of this instant month of June for the Countyes of Essex Middlesex and Suffolk before William Stoughton, Esque, and his associates of the said court was Indicted and arraigned upon five several Indictments for using practising and exerciseing on the . . . last past and divers days and times the felonies of Witchcraft in and upon the bodyes of Abigal Williams, Ann Puttnam . . . Mercy Lewis, Mary Walcott and Elizabeth Hubbard of Salem village . . . single women; whereby their bodyes were hurt, afflicted, pined consumed and tormented

contrary to the forme of the statue in that case made and provided. To which Indictm'ts the said Bridget Bishop, pleaded not guilty and for Tryall thereof put herselfe upon God and her Country whereupon she was sound guilty of the Telonyes and Witcherafts whereof also stood indicted and sentence of Death accordingly passed ag't her as the Law directs. Execution whereof yet remaines to be done. These are therefore in the names of their marties William and Mary now King and Queen over England &c. to will and command you That upon Fryday next being the Tenth Day of this instant month of June between the hours of eight and twelve in the aforenoon of the same day you safely conduct the s'd Bridget Bishop al's Olliver from their maj'ties Gaol in Salem afores'd to the place of execution and there cause her to be hanged by the neck until she be dead and of your doings herein make returns to the clerk of the a'd Court and of this pr'cept. And hereof you are not to falle at your peril. And this shall be your sufficient warrant given under my hand & seal at Boston the eighth day of June in the fourth year of the reigne of our Sovereign Lord William and Mary now King and Queen over England,

&c., Annog'e Dom. 1692. "WM. STOUGHTON.

"June 10th, 1692. "According to the within written precept I have taken the body of the within named Brigett Bishop out of their majesties gaol in Salem and safely conveighd her to the place provided for her execution and caused y ad Brigett to be hanged by the neck until she was dead all which was according to the time within required and so I make returne by me.

*GEORGE CORWIN, Sheriff."

The First Reculsite.

When Senator Vance was running for congress he called on an old negro who had in early life served the Vance family. Asked after his health, the negro replied: "Mighty poly in this worl', but it's all right over yander." "Do you believe in the doctrine of election? asked Vance with great solemnity. "It's the doctrine of the Pible," answered the old man. "Uncle Ephraim, do you think I've been elected?" asked Vance again. "Massa Zeb, I'd a lettle ruther you wouldn't draw that question. I'm too mear de grabe to tell a lie, but the fac' am, I neber yet knowed nor hear tell of no man bein' elected what wan't a candidate."

'The Parable of the Ten Ideas.

A teacher put ten facts into a bey's mind, and when he returned a few months later, to see if the facts were still there, he was pleased to find that the boy remembered them. He paid the boy a high compliment on the possession of a mind that could hold knowledge so securely and deliver it up on demand with such prompt and beautiful exactness! Another teacher gave another boy ten facts, and some time after he also tested the boy to see what had happened. He found that from the ten he had given the boy there had grown a large number of other facts. He made no further inquiry, for he was not interested to know whether the facts he had given him were still there or not. He saw that the purpose for which they had been but in the boy's mind was working out all right, and there his interest ended.

SAYS THE FELLOW ON TOP

Wage Earner Must Cut Out Luxuries Before He Has Right to Ask for Sympathy.... -

"How do you account for the high

cost of living?" The rubicund gentleman addressed, glanced at a check for \$8.86, representing the cost of his modest meal. handed the waiter \$10, with instructions to keep the change; pulled out a cigar that the interviewer recognized as a 50-center, and leaned back in his chair.

"All rubbish," he said. "People live beyond their means and then growl about it. It's their own fault." "I see. You believe that everybody

should save part of his income? "Exactly."

"Umph-umph. Sounds reasonable. But what proportion of it do you think he should salt down? Suppose. for instance, the man earns \$1.10 at day, and has a wife and five children, and some of the babies get sick occasionally, and the older ones need clothes in which to go to school, and the landlord wants his rent right on the nail, and a pair of kid's shoes lasts a month, and the instalment on the sewing machine is 50 cents every two weeks, and he carries enough. insurance to bury him, and enough medicine for his wife is half a dollar a throw, and everything that the members of his household eat and drink and wear costs more than it used to, and gets higher all the time, do you think he ought to save a very large proportion of his in-

come?" "You do not state the case fairly. Doubtless the man has vices. I am certain he smokes."

"I forgot that. Yes, he pays five cents a package for tobacco and a package lasts ten days."

"Ha! Shiftless fellow. And, of course, he has the nerve to complain. Hell cut out luxuries before he gets any sympathy from me."

immigrants Sold at Dock.

It is pointed out by the London Chronicle that although the modern immigrant to American ports may be "sold" in a way, he is never sold in the same sense as were those immigrants of the eighteenth century whose fate one gathers from an advertisemont in a New York paper of 1774. The advertisement runs: "Servante just arrived from Scotland, to be sold on board the Commerce, Capt. Ferguson, master, lying at the ferry stairs, among which are a number of weavers, tailors, blacksmiths, nailers, shoemakers, butchers, hatters and sninsters, 14 to 35 years of age. For terms apply to Henry White or said master on board."

Bafeguard to Health. One of the most needful and most recent invention of the germ-proof telephone mouthplace. This device, made of clear crystal glass, is intended to replace the flithy rubber mouthpieces in common use, which furnish all sorts of germs an ideal breeding place. It has received the enthusiastic indosesment of dectors, bacteriologists and boards of bealth wherever introduced and is approved

by all operating telephone companies. The glass part can be instantly removed for cleaning and can be replaced as instantly. It can be wiped clean without removal. It is less liable to breakage than the ordinary rubber mouthpiece and admits light to all the parts of the device, thus securing an extra good sanitary condition .- Iliustrated Sunday Magazine.

Women in Farm Work.

Almost 1,000,000 women in the United States are either farmers or farm laborers. Thanks to the popuharity of the homestead in the west and to a belated appreciation of agriculture as a field for woman's industry, this number is rapidly increasing. The United States, however, has not gone so far in this respect as England. There, in the dairy sections, women have entife control of the herds, not only the butter making, but the milking and feeding. In France nearly 3,000,000 women are engaged in farm work, while is most of the countries of continental Europe the fines breeds of cattle are mainly the result of woman's efforts.-New Idea Wee man's Magasine.

Cataclysmic Sociegy. "Cataclymnic" geology no longer emlats. It was once the accepted optim lon that the great changes on the earth's surface had been mainly brought about by sudden and viole (cataclysmic) agencies; but Si Charles Lyell, as far back as 1888 demolished the old theory of cata clysm at once and forever. Str Charten proved by facts which were indispute. ble that the great geological changes have been produced slowly by gradual processes of subsidence and elevation, and not by earthquakes, velocate action, etc. Lyell may be said to be the father of modern geology, or, to put it more correctly, of real, solen tific geology.

A Startler.

A gentleman whose hearing is do dective is the owner of a dog that to the terror of the neighborhood which he lives. The other day he was accosted by a friend, who said: "Good morning, Mr. H. Your wife made a very pleasant onli on us last grening."

"I'm very sorry," came the startible reply. "I'll see that it don't come menin, for I'm going to chain her w an future."-London Telegraph.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS

Fortille go se fant tonn last Bints 'du & .. 'W unbliette, after done has nonmerce den avantagent expectationale...! Petr de Nabangary-est ne fannt de Range, Considerant Constituents...!

State contravely & 14