

I S NOW A TRAMP.

But Once Had a Comfortable Home and Went to College.

I was about to enter one of the dining-rooms of this city for my regular afternoon meal, when a fairly dressed man approached me, and after considering, he said: "I am hungry; yes, honestly hungry. Can you do anything for me?" His voice had that smooth, educated sound which one likes to hear, and without considering the fact that I had previously been made a victim of a number of his gentry, I took him inside, and as I ordered dinner for two, I got a first-class chance to look him over. He was a young man of 24 years or thereabouts. His face, though grim, had a decidedly straightforward look, and as he began to eat I also observed that he was refined in manners. I was becoming interested in the fellow for some unexplainable reason, and when the contents of the dishes had disappeared and he announced that his appetite was appeased, I asked him to take walk. Together we strolled to the Alameda, where after seating ourselves I ventured to ask him what brought him to Mexico. After considerable hesitation he replied: "Mister, I am not used to this life, and I am here because I have tried to get as far away from the city that I was born and raised in as possible. I am the only son of a man of wealth in a large city in the northern part of the United States, and I was raised in what is termed the lap of luxury. I received the very best education that money could furnish, and when three years ago I graduated from college my father placed his hand upon my head and said: 'My son, I am proud of you.' From the college door I went directly in the office of my father's extensive commercial house, and when I should have gained what the old man called a knowledge of the business, I would have been taken in as a partner of the firm. About this time I became engaged to a young lady who was my equal in everything, socially, and the wedding day was set.

"A few days after the date of my marriage was settled, an old college chum arrived in the city, and, what is natural, accepted my invitation to make our house his headquarters while in town. He was half fellow well met, and in a few days we were nightly engaged in taking in the town. One morning after being out all night I accidentally met my fiancee upon the street, and she, seeing my intoxicated condition, passed by me, and the mere sight of her sobered me completely. That afternoon I received a letter from her, inclosing her engagement ring, and stating that she did not care to become a drunkard's wife, breaking the engagement. For hours I was as a crazy man, and when my senses returned I made an attempt to see her, but was debarred from the house. I sent letters, messages, begging, entreating her to forgive me. It was useless. In a few days I returned to my office, but could not put my mind on what I was doing and I took the usual course, tried to drown my troubles by drink. It was but a step. I met booz companions, who helped me down the easy path. From the saloon, one more short step and I was in the gambling house. At first I used to win, and I was continually during the hours of business to be found at the card tables. One day I had what they called a bad run of luck and lost all the money I had, amounting to several thousand dollars, and in my desperation I wrote out a check, and, signing my father's name to it, I sent one of the employees of this 'den' to the bank, which cashed the check unhesitatingly.

"A few hours' play followed, and once more I was broke. I arose from that table, a forger of a parent's name, and rushing out of the house I made my way to the river with the intention of ending it all. On my way I had to cross a number of railroad tracks, and just as I reached them a long freight train came along, bound whither I knew not, and cared less. I boarded the moving cars, and crawling up the sides I lay on the top of one of them, and as I lay there my whole life came to me, and in a moment of frenzy I jumped from the now fast moving train. By some miraculous reason I escaped the death. I crawled, but was rendered unconscious from the shock. When I came to my senses I crawled and limped along the track, and in a few hours reached a little town. Upon inquiry I was told that I was 50 miles from the town of my birth. I sat down upon the platform of the station, and glancing at my hands I saw 'our' engagement ring. Again the past came to me, and this time I cried like a child. I took the ring off my hand, and putting it inside of the last letter which 'she' had written me, I looked about for a place to lie down; I was exhausted and faint. I had eaten nothing all day, and it was now late in the evening, in fact, it was dark. I went up to the track again, and lying down upon the grass near by I slept the sleep of the weary and dreamed of my home which I so lately left. I awoke with a start, and found that day was about to break, and as I tried

by the remaining strength left in my body to stand up I heard a sharp whistle, and a train was pulling out of the depot toward me. Asserting my will power I started to my feet and ran as fast as I could in the direction of the coming train. I saw as I ran that it was a freight, and the cars began to go by me I managed to see a door of one of them open; and grasping hold of a part of the door I drew myself inside. My strength here gave out, and once more I fainted. I did not remember anything more until I one morning found myself in a cheap lodging house, in a city, and those about me called me daft. I was in rags, and as I mechanically felt for my letter and ring, I found that they were gone. I was stunned, but throwing all my remaining manhood into action, I started out to look for employment. I searched hard, but no one would give me work, and I came to Mexico, beating trains and begging my food in the hopes that some one would give me some kind of employment here. That is all."—City of Mexico Two Republics.

METEOR'S FLIGHT CAUGHT.

Camera Records the Phenomenon After Repeated Failures.

Prof. E. C. Pickering, of Harvard, in writing of astronomical work, says:

"What has been considered an almost impossible feat in astronomical circles up to the present time has at last been accomplished. For several years the Harvard observatory has been engaged in photographing, in Cambridge and Peru, the spectra of all stars above the eighth magnitude. I had hoped when this work was undertaken that a meteor would some time cross the field of one of the photographic prisms while taking the spectra, but this did not occur until recently. The observatory now possesses an excellent photograph of a meteoric spectrum, the first that is known to have been obtained.

"The photograph is of considerable importance, for, although the composition of the meteorites that have fallen to the earth is well known, this spectrum will determine the condition of shooting stars and meteorites before the great heat engendered in passing through the atmosphere has time to consume the more fusible components. In other words, people can now tell what goes to make up, to some extent, the shooting star, which passes so quickly that it can only be photographed by having a camera gaping open waiting for it to cross the sky.

"The photograph was taken on June 18, 1897, in Arequipa, Peru, the South American station of the observatory. It was a sheer piece of good luck. Thousands of plates have been exposed to the sky with the prism over the mouth of the camera ready to take a spectrum of anything that traversed the heavens. The lucky plate that caught the meteor is running across it obliquely a light band of six lines, the trail of the shooting star.

"The spectrum of the meteor taken at Arequipa shows four hydrogen lines at different colors in the spectrum, and two other lines that are unknown quantities at present. Many variable stars, those whose brilliancy increases or falls off from time to time, have had their spectra photographed. The four hydrogen lines of the meteor correspond to four ordinarily found in the variable star spectra. One of the unknown lines caught in the meteor spectrum also appears in those of certain variable stars.

"Nobody knows what elements are represented by this line, as it does not correspond to any found on this earth. So far all that is known of the meteor is that it contains hydrogen, and, of course, something a little more substantial. The results show an important resemblance in the chemical compositions of meteors and certain stars, and vaguely promise that some day the make-up of a meteor may be as easy to discover as that of ordinary salt."—Boston Transcript.

Micro-organisms.

The investigations by Nencki have led him to conclude that the time will come when it will be possible to remove all micro-organisms from the food. As regards the question whether their action is necessary for the normal process of digestion, he presents reasons for believing that it is not, this conclusion being based on the following grounds: The acid of the stomach destroys the majority of the micro-organisms, only a small number escaping this fate, and getting with the food into the intestinal tract, in the small intestines, their action is confined to the decomposition of the carbohydrates and the formation of lactic and succinic acids, alcohol, etc. It is only in the large intestines that the decomposition of albumins and the formation of aromatic bodies, and of the different acids under their influence, take place.

The trouble with so many young people's special services is so few young people go.—Washington Democrat.

SLEEP, WORK AND LONGEVITY.

Proves That the Idea of Eight Hours' Rest is Erroneous.

Some of the greatest workers of our day have done with much less than eight hours of sleep, says the British Medical Journal. Dr. James Legge, professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, who has just died at the age of 82, was, it is said, in the habit of rising at three a.m., and allowing himself only five hours of sleep. Brunel, the famous engineer, for a considerable part of his life worked nearly 20 hours a day. Sir George A. Elliott, afterward Lord Heathfield, who was in command throughout the great siege of Gibraltar, which lasted four years, never during all that time slept more than four hours out of the 24. "As I get old," said Humboldt, "I want more sleep—four hours at least. When I was young, two hours of sleep were quite enough for me." On Prof. Marc Muller hinting that he found this a hard saying. Humboldt said: "It is quite a mistake, though it is very widely spread, that we want seven or eight hours of sleep. When I was your age I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours' sleep I was as fresh as ever." He lived to be 89. These examples are, to use the consecrated phrase of the hagiographers, more for admiration than for imitation; but they serve to show that longevity and a small allowance of sleep are not in all cases incompatible.

RAT HUNTS IN OHIO.

Opposing Armies Frequently Resort to Trickery.

Prof. W. A. KERNAGHAN, Entomologist—Bureau No. 134, U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D.C., writes:

"Rat hunts are becoming very common in these parts, says a Bloomberg (O.) correspondent, and it is just being discovered that some very smooth tricks are being played by the opposing 'armies' of hunters. A rat hunt has just been concluded here in which 11,455 rat tails were counted, and a supper was given to the winners. One crowd brought in 6,802 tails and the other 4,653 tails. It now looks out that one of the leaders of the winning crowd bought from parties at Madison Mills who had recently held a rat hunt 1,456 tails, paying one cent each for the first 1,000 tails and two-thirds of a cent for 456 of them, the tails costing more than \$1. This enabled this crowd to come out victorious. When the tails were purchased a man from another place was present, but was not willing to pay so much for the tails.

When the 11,455 tails were counted out here a man was present from Plain City and offered to give \$25 cash for 2,600 rat tails, but they were all burned, and he was not allowed to take any away. It now appears that the same rat tails frequently win victories in many different rat hunts.

LEATHER COATS.

Made of Sheepskin, Horsehide and Dogskin—Serviceable and Warm.

Leather coats are made of sheepskin, of horsehide and of dogskin. They are lined with corduroy, with flannel, and with sheep's wool. The corduroy-lined coats are made reversible, so that they may be worn either side out. The coats of sheepskin are usually finished black. The horsehide and dogskin coats russet-colored. A leather coat of sheepskin, corduroy-lined, costs about five dollars; horsehide coats sell for \$12 to \$15, and dogskin coats for \$18.

Leather coats are worn in the west by truckmen and policemen and hunters and lumbermen. The leather coat is serviceable and warm, without great bulk. The duck shooter living, perhaps, for hours in a battery, waiting, keeps warm in a leather coat. Weathershield coat wears a leather coat. It keeps the wearer warm without impeding his movements.

A leather coat is sometimes worn under another coat for the sake of its warmth, as, perhaps, by a policeman. And the leather coat may be worn with the corduroy side out, so that mere leather coats are worn here in cities than might be supposed.

WHY THE COWS LIKED TO LOOK.

She Was No Longer Sensitive About Her Large Feet.

They were in St. Louis shoe store the other day, says the Sunday Republic, and this is what was overheard. The speaker was an elegantly dressed woman with a smiling face. She was a large woman and the shoe clerk was looking for a comfortable shoe for her.

"You know I have such long feet," she said to her friend. "The size of my feet was a great trial to me. The children at home always teased me, and I often cried because they were ugly. At 14 my feet were as large as they are now."

"An old neighbor of ours, who lived on an adjoining farm, was something of a wag. He was more of a humorist than a farmer, and he often teased us children. He would rather talk to us than to our elders."

"One day he said to me: 'The cows are glad when they see you walking round, Molly.'

"'Why?' said I.

"Because when they look at your feet they know their hide will never have to be cut. It will take a whalebone to make a shoe for you."

Swedish Fireworks.

At the jubilee festivities of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, one of the features that appeared most to interest him was the exhibition of the female fire brigade of Koenissen. There are 150 of these young women, from 20 to 30 years old, directed by a male commander, who is married.

From a Poetic Engineer.

At the Topeka office of the Atchison the following dispatch announcing an accident was received from an engineer on a western Kansas division: "On No. 2, have busted glue, what shall I do? O'Donahue."

Ostrich Industry.

In the last 20 years the ostrich industry in South Africa has increased from \$300,000 annually to \$5,000,000.

Succession of Henry Bee.

OUR GIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS — B-A-V.

Il a été fait pour le présent donné aux créanciers et à la partie adverse pour la partie adverse de l'ordre d'Orléans.

Article de la Cour de la Justice de l'ordre d'Orléans.

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