

## BRITISHERS ARE WILD.

Cornell Crew Wins by Default From Leander.

### BRITONS LEFT AT THE POST.

Failed to Respond to the Referee's Word "Go," and Americans Rowed Over the Course Alone—Leander's Protest Sustained.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES, July 10.—The first day of the fifth anniversary of the water derby of Great Britain was a disappointment to all concerned.

Cornell was pitted against the crew of the Leander at club, composed of Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen, and said to be the strongest on the river. There was some confusion at the start owing to the presence near the starting line of a number of boats which seriously interfered with Leander. Consequently, the latter were somewhat slow in getting into position.

Then, when the umpire asked if the two crews were ready, Cornell promptly answered "Yes," and the umpire claims Leander did the same. This the Leanders deny.

In any case, the umpire gave the word "Go," and the Cornell crew shot away. But only half the other crew started and their strike protested that they were not ready. In spite of this the umpire allowed Cornell to pull over the course and awarded the Americans the race.

The Leanders have lodged a protest against the umpire's decision and it will be referred to the board of stewards. But, in the opinion of the rowing experts, the board will not change the decision.

Charles E. Courtney, the coach of the Cornell crew, was sick in bed and did not come to the boat house with the young men from Ithaca.

At 2 o'clock the Cornell crew, in two carriages, drove through the fields to the starting point, the American college boys yelling and running after the vehicles, uttering cries which astonished the Britishers.

The strong wind continued, from the back shore. All of the four races up to that time had been won by crews pulling on the back side of the river.

At 2:30 p. m., the Leanders paddled down the course to the starting point. They looked in splendid form and were loudly cheered by the crowds which lined both banks of the river.

The American crew was at fever heat when the course was cleared in preparation for the most important event of the day, the race between Cornell and Leander in the third of the first series of trial heats for the grand Challenge cup.

When the umpire put the crews in position, Cornell was first in place and Leander slowly paddled to the place assigned to that crew.

The umpire then said: "Hurry up, Leander."

When the Leander crew was in place, the umpire cried: "Are you ready?" Cornell replied: "Yes." A member of the Leander crew said: "Yes," but the Leander stroke, C. W. Kent, turned and said: "No, no."

The umpire an instant before had said: "Go!"

Leander, at the word, started, half of the crew pulling for dear life, but the other turned and shouted: "No, not ready!"

The umpire waived his hand to Cornell, which crew had taken the water promptly when the word was given, shot ahead and continued over the course.

The umpire's boat first did not follow, and the Leander crew, with the coxswain, F. C. Begg, in a terrible rage, pulled their boat towards the umpire's launch, and Begg said: "I told you we were not ready."

To this the umpire made no reply, and his launch steamed ahead after the Cornell crew, who were now far down the course.

The Leanders, until the umpire's launch was away out of speaking distance, continued shouting wildly: "We are not ready. Why do you serve us?"

But the umpire did not look at them and increased the speed of his launch.

In the meantime the Cornell crew were pulling a steady, even stroke and seemed satisfied that they were in the right in continuing the race. They finished in 8 m. 15 s.

Passing the end of Regatta Island, F. D. Colson, the Cornell coxswain, half turned and held up his hand towards the umpire's launch. But the umpire waved them on and Colson, with a satisfied look, quickly resumed his position, and gave a sharp order to the crew who had relaxed the tremendous pace with which they had started. Upon reaching the half-mile post, where the crowds began to thicken, the Cornell boys were loudly cheered.

A few feet beyond this there were excited shouts, coming from both banks of the river, and the words: "Where is Leander? Why don't they come? Are they lost?" could be heard every few feet.

"An English crew would never have been lost," said an excited Britisher. On the grand stand among the Americans, the feeling was one of great disappointment. One American said: "Well, I would rather they had looked us than to have the thing like this."

However, the universal opinion among the rowing authorities here was that Cornell was perfectly right in rowing over the course and that they could have done nothing else in the face of the umpire's order.

Every few feet on the way to the finish line the excitement increased until, nearing the finish, the suspense was something tremendous.

The umpire stepped up to the press stand amidst great excitement and loud exclamations from all sides. But the umpire was not in any way dismayed and he said: "The race is Cornell's. Leander did not start."

The Cornell crew got a very good reception as they passed the winning post in great style, but there was some booming mingled with the English cheers and Cornell's yell.

The Cornell crew approached their boat house looking as if they had been defeated, and their friends who were waiting for them were almost afraid to ask for the result of the race. Finally a venturesome reporter put the question to the crew, asking them if Cornell was victorious, and three or four of the Cornellians solemnly nodded in reply.

New Market For Petroleum.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 10.—This port has been opened for the importation of petroleum.

## THIRTEEN KILLED.

Terrible Wreck on the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway.

QUEBEC, July 10.—A terrible accident occurred on the Grand Trunk railway at Craig Road station, about 14 miles west of Levis, as the result of which 13 persons were killed and 25 others more or less seriously injured, two of whom may die.

A large pilgrimage from Sherbrooke, Windsor Mills and Richmond had left the latter town for the famous Catholic shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre. The train carrying the pilgrims was divided into two sections, one running a few minutes behind the other. The first section reached Craig Road and stopped at the tank to take water. Due precautions were taken and the semaphores were shown to mark "danger" against the following train. Only the trainmen were astir. The Pullman in the rear was wrapped in silence and the sleepers were not aware of the terrible fate that was rushing upon them.

Suddenly the second section, which had passed the semaphores at full speed, dashed into the rear Pullman of the first section. The engine embedded itself in the sleeper, and the latter plunged forward and partially telescoped the car next in front.

Another Girl.

Child Born to the President and Mrs. Cleveland.

BIZZARD'S BAY, Mass., July 8.—Just before 3 o'clock last night news reached the village that a girl baby had been born at Gray Gables. This report was soon verified by Dr. Bryant, who announced that the happy event occurred at 4:30 p. m., and that both mother and little one were doing as well as could be expected.

This is the third child to be born into the family of the president and all of them are girls. Ruth is 4 years old and Esther 2.

Only a passing glance could be obtained of the president, but that was sufficient to note an expression of satisfaction on the face of the chief executive, although it was an open secret that a boy baby would not have been unwelcome.

Mrs. Cleveland's mother, Mrs. Perrine, is expected to arrive from Buffalo this week.

Lowell Street Warden Dismissed.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Sheriff Tamsen has discharged Warden Enoch of the Lowell street jail, and placed in temporary charge of that institution Under Sheriff Henry H. Herman. This action was probably taken on account of the escape of the postoffice thieves, Killoran, Russell and Allen. Keepers Schoen and Schaefer have been discharged. The United States district attorney, Mr. Macfarlane, has announced his intention to call the federal grand jury together thoroughly to investigate the escape.

Work on Albany's Capitol.

ALBANY, July 10.—The Capitol commission met here. A resolution was adopted that hereafter the commissioners will certify to the pay of none but men engaged by the commission, which means that the men selected by Capitol Commissioner Perry, numbering over 500, will have to go. It was decided to employ 100 additional stonecutters and carvers and 30 tool boys, besides a few general hands. Five hundred applications for work were received.

Editor Moses Dead.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 8.—William J. Moses, owner and editor of The B. Motion, and one of the most widely known citizens of this city, died suddenly at his home in Pine street of apoplexy. He was able to attend to his duties Wednesday and was first stricken at 5 a. m. He was 78 years old. He was postmaster under Cleveland in 1884 and had held a high place in the councils of the Democratic party, both state and national.

Elks Working For Peace.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 10.—The grand lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks convened in the Morris Guards armory at noon. Grand Exalted Ruler E. B. Hay of Washington presiding. It is only a question of arranging details now as the general terms of settlement of all differences between the two factions have practically been agreed upon.

Strange Case of Suicide.

BUFFALO, July 9.—Fred Melster, a painter, 25 years of age, while drinking in a saloon kept by his friend, Frank Trump, was told in a joking way to "go drown himself." His body has been found in Niagara river, while on the dock his hat was found, containing a note in which he said that he had been told by Trump to drown himself and he had obeyed.

Veteran Editor Dying.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—Frank N. Pixley, the veteran editor, founder of The Argonaut and one of the best known men in California, is thought to be dying at his home in this city. Mrs. Pixley is also dangerously ill.

Diamond Thieves.

The Trick They Use to Circumvent the Ever Watchful Dealers.

A diamond dealer recently interviewed gave some of his experiences as follows: "A few weeks ago a foreigner came into my store and desired to see rings. After choosing for a long time he picked out one valued at \$18. He made me a ridiculously low offer, which I naturally refused. He then desired to see two other rings—one a sapphire and the other a diamond ring—exhibited in the show window. While I reached into the window for them I observed in the mirror on one side of the window how the stranger slipped away two rings, each worth \$150. I did not turn around, but went to the door, opened and then looked it. If I had turned around, the thief would have thrown pepper and sand in my eyes and run away with his booty. A policeman was soon in the place. The thief had the pepper and sand ready for use in his hand."

"Another time a thief dropped two rings into his umbrella, and at another time another slipped one into a hole in his glove. A very common trick of diamond thieves is to ask to be shown loose stones, which are thereupon handed to him lying upon a waiter. He breathes upon them, and thereby seeks to get one or more into his mouth. Others study the rings lying in the show window and have one made exactly to pattern described. The gold is good, but the jewel is paste. They then come in twilight into the store and seek to exchange their imitation for the genuine."—Jewelers' Circular.

## WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

A SENATOR'S GOOD FORTUNE BEGAN WITH A GAME OF POKER.

A Boyish Frank That Made It Necessary For Him to Go West and Grow Up With the Country—Members of the Bar Who Tried to Beat the Best Law of the Town.

"My seat in the senate and all I have besides had root in a game of poker."

Here the senator gazed benignantly at his small audience. He was in a reminiscent mood. He was a wise, deep sea little senator, as capient as ever when he liked to talk about the past.

"It sounds queerly to say it," the senator continued, "but it was a poker game which lost me to the east and gave me to the west, to become in time a senator. This is the story:

"I was born and brought up in a town in Kentucky. It was a small town. You could throw a lariat about the whole outfit and drag it with a pony. But it was a highly moral town. As a community it had a pet law. It made a specialty of enforcing the statutes against gambling. No games of chance could thrive in that community. And no matter what the position in life of an offender, were he guilty of gambling he would be dealt with. Such was the impartial boast of the town. Indeed, as one citizen observed:

"They would admire to catch a judge or prosecuting attorney violating the law merely to demonstrate the Puritan fairness of local sentiment."

"It was the June term of the circuit court. There was a crowd of lawyers in town. The judge himself was from down the Ohio river. During the noon hour a quiet game of poker was talked over as one of the happy methods of passing the pending evening. The town had a habit of going to bed at 9 o'clock, and it all promised to be graveyard dull to the visiting lawyers and the judge. Whispered word went about, therefore, that a game of cards, with a meek and lowly limit, would be a good way to ward off care. But there was no place to play.

"The hotel would never do. A light in any room after 10 o'clock would have provoked the most baleful surmises and investigation as well. The prosecuting attorney was one of the foremost in arranging the coming speculation. It was he who, in the fertility of his nature, suggested the flatboat. His father was proprietor of a flatboat of apple cabin accommodation. Just then it was moved, bow and stern, at the flat of the levee. A couple of games were programmed to come off that evening in the cabin of the flatboat. It would be out of sight and hearing of the testy little burg which made a specialty of punishing gambling.

"It was 10 o'clock. The night was as dark as the interior of a cave. Two games were going on in the cabin of the flatboat. The judge, the prosecuting attorney and nine members of the bar were engaged. It made two nice tables. Everybody was bending to the game with all of the native ardor of a Kentucky gentleman. It was about this time when, in company with a friend, I strolled on the levee in the vicinity of the flatboat. I was 20 years of age and had no money. My friend was equally well fixed. Our youth and our poverty forbade anything like poker so far as we were concerned. On discovering the old folks thus charmingly engaged a taste to be humorous swept over us. We were law students; they were lawyers. That was reason enough for the joke. As the boat rose and fell on the swell and slunken the ropes we cast her loose. Silently she drifted away over the dark bosom of the river. The jovial gamblers drew and filled and straddled and raised and called, all unconscious. At 2 o'clock in the morning Colonel Stebbins had won \$70. It was in Mexican money, and he had tinkered it about his honest old frame in half a dozen pockets. It was about all of the money at that table, and Colonel Stebbins concluded he might better go. He murmured something about cold feet and promising his wife to come up to the hotel early and arose to go. The rest jested mildly and made invidious remarks after the fashion of losers at poker just as the game breaks up. But Colonel Stebbins was inflexible. He put on his hat, bid everybody good night, stepped out into the inky darkness and carefully picked his way overboard.

"The water was 20 feet deep. The silver all but drowned the colonel, however. At last he was fished out and laid across a barrel to evict the Ohio river from his system. The whoops and yells of the voyagers at last brought a sleepy little tug to their aid. They found themselves 17 miles below the town. For \$80 of Colonel Stebbins' gains the tug towed the party back.

"They arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and found the town silently lining the levee waiting for them. They were one and all promptly indicted. In the frank enthusiasm of youth my friend and I related how we had cast these poker games adrift on the Ohio. We made a grave mistake when we told this story. Publicly we were threatened with indictment; privately we were menaced with death by the gentlemen we had betrayed to the river. We took counsel of our woe and without awaiting the worst went west. This way all along—48 years ago. My partner in sin is now a United States judge, while I am in the senate. We often discuss our destinies and lay everything to that flatboat poker game."—Washington Post.

A Sty on the Eye.

When you feel the pricking pain on the eyelid that announces the coming of a sty, make a very strong application of black tea, or simply the tea leaves moistened with a little water put in a small bag of muslin and placed on the eyelid. As it dries moisten again, and if used before the sty gets under way it is said to be a sure cure.

## THE MAYA WOMEN.

THEY ARE INTELLIGENT, SWEET TEMPERED AND BEAUTIFUL.

In the Olden Times These Wives of the First Owners of America Were the Mothers of a Courageous Race, and They Never Looked Into a Mirror.

An unfamiliar word, but as old as the hills almost, is this word Maya. Among the Brahmins it means illusion and is the name of the earth, the material world, which, according to the Brahmanical doctrine, is nonexistent—an illusion. Maya Devi was the name of the beautiful mother of Buddha. Maya in the feminine energy of Brahma and the mother of all the gods, even of Brahma himself. Any Greek dictionary informs us that Maya is the good mother of all gods and men. In Japan the goddess Maya is still worshipped. The beautiful Indian poem "Ramayana" tells us about a great navigator named Maya, who in ages long gone by took forcible possession of the countries at the south of the Hindoostanee peninsula and settled there.

The Maya people of America were in olden times a great nation, occupying the territory comprised between the isthmus of Tehuantepec and that of Darien. We know that they were navigators, their boats being depicted in very ancient books and paintings. In 1502, when Columbus came to America for the fourth time, he met on the high seas a large boat, in which were men, women and children. It also had a cargo of merchandise, consist of weapons, tools, products of the earth and ready made garments. The travelers called themselves Mayas. They were in the habit of traveling to Cuba and other islands to trade with their inhabitants. The Mayas were neatly clothed in white cotton raiment. They were self possessed and courteous. Fifteen years later their land, today called Yucatan, was invaded by the Spaniards, but it cost the white men 35 years of warfare to get control of that country, for every Maya fought like a hero. They were sons of fearless mothers.

In reading the works left by the Spanish chroniclers—priests who accompanied the soldiers—we learn that the Maya women were very good looking, as many are at the present day; that they were charitable, sweet tempered, industrious, modest and so free from vanity that they never consulted the mirror, although their husbands did. In physique these women were large and beautifully shaped.

Their complexion was a light brown, and their silky black hair very abundant. Father Cogolludo, a Spanish priest, wrote: "These women are more beautiful and better tempered than those of Spain." They always dressed themselves, as they do at the present time, in flowing white garments, and in their happier days were greatly addicted to the use of perfumes and flowers. They were industrious, devoted wives and fond mothers, but exacted great deference from their children. Their ideas of modesty were so strict that they did not permit their daughters to look boldly into the face of a man, and if a girl showed a want of shyness the indignant mother would pinch her arms. After the Spaniards were in possession of the land they subjected these women to indignities and cruelty. Among many other things it is recorded that in one village they found two young women of remarkable beauty, one a bride, the other a maiden, and they hanged both, so that there should be no trouble about them. Many young mothers were hung from trees and their infants suspended from their feet. Those who escaped death were enslaved with their husbands and children.

Long ago, as far back as our studies enable us to know anything about that nation, the Maya women seem to have enjoyed the same privileges as the men, to have had equal power in politics and equal authority.

Today, when business is to be transacted, the wife takes the active part, her husband nodding his head affirmatively. It is not that she desires to dominate, but because he looks up to her, relying on her judgment. She complies with admirable moderation and modesty. She is eloquent and forceful without being loquacious, and she never scolds. When her husband gets himself into trouble, she pleads for him, being a more able reasoner than he is. If he gets intoxicated, she guides him home. If he strikes her, she says, "He does not know what he is doing," regarding him with angelic forbearance, so that domestic brawls are quite unknown. It is her pleasure to give him the best of what they have, keeping for herself the worst.

This woman's home in a thatched roof and earthen floor. She has no pretty objects around her. Hammocks serve as seats by day as well as beds by night. There is one low chair or stool on which she sits while her busy fingers make the garments of the family. In one corner stands a bench and grinding stones. Her hands grind all the corn used in that humble abode. The fire is built on the floor between three stones, on which rests the clay pot or the disk for baking tortillas. Outside at the back of the hut there is a long dugout, serving as a washbasin, resting on tree trunks. These she stands for some hours every day, her small feet bare, soap suds up to her elbows, yet her hands are small and pretty, her voice is sweet and low, her language never rude, and if you approach her hut she welcomes you with such perfect grace and self possession, mingled with cordiality, that you ask yourself if she is not a princess in disguise. She may be, but alas! the palace of her sires are crumbling away in the forests where her husband cuts timber for his master, the white man, now owner of the soil. The dying race must bear its fate, and the Maya woman meets it nobly, with resignation and grace.—Washington Post.

## AUTHORS AND MARRIAGE.

The Marriage Market Is So Small That the Most of the Authors Are Married.

When we compare the number of married men with the opportunities of the bachelor, we see that the latter has a wall high boundless possibilities for getting into the social world. He has a number of invitations which will never reach his married friends, and he is generally sought after in society until he is almost three-score and ten. Even married women are more interested in him, whether they have a candidate for his hand or not. They talk with him on a wider range of subjects, in which they know he is sure to be interested than those whose chief thoughts are wrapped up in their families. He may have no more invitations to the most notable gatherings than famous married men, but it is in the less pretentious places that most is learned of human life, and he can call where husbands cannot, and as easily study types denied to them. The world lies open in all directions to him. He is not tethered to a stable. He wishes to study the society of a certain city, to write a novel with a local flavor, and he removes there at his own sweet will. He stays abroad as long as he likes, and if he wishes to study the lower classes there he can live in lodgings among them where he would never take his wife.

When we come to investigate the lives of the greatest authors, we find that the majority either did not marry, or they were unhappily married, and hence thrown on the world for circulation and enlargement of knowledge, or they laid the foundations for greatness before marriage.

Among those we may mention in the class of unmarried authors are Alexander Pope, Thomas Gray, Oliver Goldsmith, Edward Gibbon, Charles Lamb, Lord Macaulay, Washington Irving, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade. We ought also to add to this list the great satirist, Dean Swift, for he never lived with his wife, and Lord Byron, who had only about a year's experience of married life.

We find some great names among the list of the unhappily married. The most enthusiastic advocates of matrimony could scarcely have the assurance to say that it aided or was anything else than a clog to Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dickens or Thackeray.

It would be wearisome to give the names of all those authors who laid the foundations of greatness before marriage, and we shall instance only Milton, Goethe and Dante.—Mid-Continent.

Wild Bill's Handiwork.

A Lasting Memorial of the desperado's Skill With the Pistol.

On the west side of Market square in Kansas City stands a three story front of buildings known locally as Babbie row, from the population here of the inhabitants. These large low breasted and chaotic meddles encounter with an air which should alarm. Up under the cornice of one of the buildings is an odd fellow's sign, "I. O. O. F." If one's eyes are sharp, the white paint interior of the first O will show a huddle of grey weathered spots very well in the center of the letter. They are the handiwork of that long haired gentleman of the border, Wild Bill.

It was back in the middle seventies when Wild Bill, "by request," and merely to show his witchlike skill with those weapons, stood across the street, fully 100 feet away, and with a 45 caliber Colt's pistol in each hand put all the 19 bullets into the center of this "O." He fired the pistols simultaneously, and the 19 shots made only six reports. The town was smaller at that time and in the interest of science didn't mind a little racket now and then. So Wild Bill's exhibition of crack pistol shooting excited nothing but comment. Indeed Apocryphal, chief of police, as well as now, was one of the most interested lookers on, and emphatically indorsed the exhibition as one of the most skillful tricks with pistols he had ever seen his look to see.—Washington Star.

Keeping Housework at It.

Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The first few failures and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we have it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success! As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business sometimes prospects may seem darkest when really they are at the turning. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within; no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—Electrical Review.

There are many grades of loafers. One is the peevish creature of moment. On one occasion he was at a party, and somebody thrust him a sandwich. He was laboriously munching this when the hostess rushed up to him with anxious inquiries about his health and entertainment. "Thank you, madam," he said. "I am eating a sandwich. Are your sandwiches usually made of old boots?"

A Reasonable Remark.

"Young man," said the redoubtable passenger, "would you mind getting up and giving this old gentleman a ride?"

"Sir," exclaimed the young man, and the bearded lady simultaneously.—Chicago Tribune.

In 1855 extremely cold weather prevailed in the United States. Many trees and forest trees were killed. The first.

The Atchafalaya river, in Montana, was named by the Cheyennes. It means "long river."

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The hotel would never do. A light in any room after 10 o'clock would have provoked the most baleful surmises and investigation as well. The prosecuting attorney was one of the foremost in arranging the coming speculation. It was he who, in the fertility of his nature, suggested the flatboat. His father was proprietor of a flatboat of apple cabin accommodation. Just then it was moved, bow and stern, at the flat of the levee. A couple of games were programmed to come off that evening in the cabin of the flatboat. It would be out of sight and hearing of the testy little burg which made a specialty of punishing gambling.

It was 10 o'clock. The night was as dark as the interior of a cave. Two games were going on in the cabin of the flatboat. The judge, the prosecuting attorney and nine members of the bar were engaged. It made two nice tables. Everybody was bending to the game with all of the native ardor of a Kentucky gentleman. It was about this time when, in company with a friend, I strolled on the levee in the vicinity of the flatboat. I was 20 years of age and had no money. My friend was equally well fixed. Our youth and our poverty forbade anything like poker so far as we were concerned. On discovering the old folks thus charmingly engaged a taste to be humorous swept over us. We were law students; they were lawyers. That was reason enough for the joke. As the boat rose and fell on the swell and slunken the ropes we cast her loose. Silently she drifted away over the dark bosom of the river. The jovial gamblers drew and filled and straddled and raised and called, all unconscious. At 2 o'clock in the morning Colonel Stebbins had won \$70. It was in Mexican money, and he had tinkered it about his honest old frame in half a dozen pockets. It was about all of the money at that table, and Colonel Stebbins concluded he might better go. He murmured something about cold feet and promising his wife to come up to the hotel early and arose to go. The rest jested mildly and made invidious remarks after the fashion of losers at poker just as the game breaks up. But Colonel Stebbins was inflexible. He put on his hat, bid everybody good night, stepped out into the inky darkness and carefully picked his way overboard.

The water was 20 feet deep. The silver all but drowned the colonel, however. At last he was fished out and laid across a barrel to evict the Ohio river from his system. The whoops and yells of the voyagers at last brought a sleepy little tug to their aid. They found themselves 17 miles below the town. For \$80 of Colonel Stebbins' gains the tug towed the party back.

They arrived at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and found the town silently lining the levee waiting for them. They were one and all promptly indicted. In the frank enthusiasm of youth my friend and I related how we had cast these poker games adrift on the Ohio. We made a grave mistake when we told this story. Publicly we were threatened with indictment; privately we were menaced with death by the gentlemen we had betrayed to the river. We took counsel of our woe and without awaiting the worst went west. This way all along—48 years ago. My partner in sin is now a United States judge, while I am in the senate. We often discuss our destinies and lay everything to that flatboat poker game."—Washington Post.

A Sty on the Eye.

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The hotel would never do. A light in any room after 10