

GRANDFATHER.

How broad and deep was the fireplace
And the great hearthstone how wide!
There was always room for the old
man's chair
By the cozy chimney side,
And all the children that cared to
crowd
A knee in the evening tide.

Room for all of the homeless ones
Who had nowhere else to go;
They might bask at ease in the grate-
ful warmth
And sun in the cheerful glow,
For grandfather's heart was as wide
and warm
As the old fireplace, I know.

And he always found at his well-
spread board
Just room for another chair;
There was always rest for another
head
On the pillow of his care;
There was always place for another
name,
In his trustful morning prayer.

Oh, crowded world with your jostling
throngs!
How narrow you grow and small;
How cold like a shadow across the
heart,
Your selfishness seems to fall.
When I think of that fireplace warm
and wide,
And the welcome awaiting all.
—Albion Fellows Bacon.

CLARA'S CONVERSION

"It is your own fault, Clara," said
Walter May.
"Of course it is," cried out Clara,
passionately, stamping her foot on the
carpet. "Do you suppose I don't know
it perfectly well? And that is what
makes it so hard—oh, so cruelly hard
to bear!"

The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Wal-
ter May had begun life at the wrong
end.

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young
girl, just out of the hotbed atmosphere
of a fashionable boarding school. Wal-
ter May was a bank clerk who had not
the least doubt but that he should ulti-
mately make his fortune out of stocks
and bonds.

"Clara," he had said to his young
wife while the golden circle of the
honeymoon was yet overshadowing
their lives, "would you like a country
life?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Clara, involun-
tarily recalling
"Because," said Walter, somewhat
wistfully, "my father and mother are
alone on the old farm, and I think
they would like to have us come and
live with them."

"I shouldn't like it at all," said
Clara, "and mamma says no. You
bride should ever settle down among
her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs.
Clara had a pretty positive way of her
own, and he repressed no further.
But at the year's end Walter May
had lost his situation, the clouds of
debt had gathered darkly around them,
and all the pretty, new furniture,
brass cabinets, china dragons,
porcelain engravings and household
plants were sold under the red flag. They
had made a complete failure of the
housekeeping business, and now, in the
fourth story of a third-rate hotel, Mr.
and Mrs. Walter May were looking
their future in the face.

Clara had been extravagant. There
was no sort of doubt about that. She
had given "recherché" little parties
which she couldn't afford, to people
who didn't care for her. She had pat-
terned her tiny establishment after
models which were far beyond her
reach, and now they were ruined.

She had sent a tear-bespinkled let-
ter to her mother, who was in Wash-
ington trying to ensnare a rich hus-
band for her younger daughter, but
Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written
back that it was quite impossible for
her to be in New York at that time of
year and still more impossible to re-
ceive Mrs. Walter May at the monster
hotel where she was boarding. And
Clara, who had a ways had a vague
idea that her mother was selfish, was
quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you,
Clara," said Walter, sadly.
"And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I
have no longer a home to offer you,
but you will be sure of a warm wel-
come from my father and mother. I
shall remain here and do my best to
obtain some new situation which will
enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.

"Go to my husband's relations?" she
sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said, dogged-
ly, "or else starve!"

So Mrs. May packed up her trunk
and obeyed. And all the way to Hazel-
cove Farm she cried behind her veil
and pictured to herself a stony-faced
old man with a virago of a wife, who
would set her to doing menial tasks
and overwhelm her with reproaches
for having ruined "poor, dear Walter."

As for the farmhouse itself, she was
quite sure it was a desolate place, with
corn and potatoes growing under the
very windows, and the road in front
filled with plows and pigs and har-
rows and broken cart wheels. But in
the midst of her tears and desolation
the driver called out:

"Hazelcove Farm! Mr. Noah May's!
Here's the 'ouse, ma'am."

A long, low, gray stone mansion, all
garlanded with ivy, its windows bright
with geranium blossoms and the scarlet
autumn leaves raining down on the
velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara
could just see how erroneous had been
all her preconceived ideas, when she

found herself clasped in the arms of
the sweetest and most motherly of old
ladies.

"My poor dear!" said old Mrs. May,
caressingly.

"You are as welcome as the sun-
shine, daughter," said a smiling old
gentleman in spectacles.

And Clara was established in the
easy chair in front of a great fire of
pine logs, and tea was brought in and
the two old people cosseted and petted
her as if she had been a three-year-old
child, just recovering from the meas-
les.

There was not a word of reproach—
not a questioning look, not a sidelong
glance—all welcome, and tenderness
and loving commiseration. And when
Clara went to sleep that night, with a
wood fire glancing and glimmering
softly over the crimson hangings of the
"best chamber," she began to think
that perhaps she had been mistaken
in some of her ideas.

The next day she had a long, confi-
dential talk with her father-in-law,
while Mrs. May was making mince
pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't
dared to tell Walter about," she said,
with tears in her eyes.

"What is that, my dear?" said the
old gentleman.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara.
"It came the night before I left New
York—oh, such a dreadful bill! I
hadn't any idea it could possibly
amount up so fearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah
May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said
Clara, hanging down her head.

"Don't fret, my dear; don't fret,"
said the old gentleman. "Walter need
never know anything about it. I'll set-
tle the bill and there shall be an end
of the matter."

"Oh, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd
do much more than that to buy the color
back to your cheeks and the smile to
your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs.
May had been talking to Clara in the
kindest and most motherly way, the
girl burst into tears and hid her face
on the old lady's shoulder.

"Oh," cried she, "how good you all
are! And I had an idea that a father
and mother-in-law were such terrible
persons! Oh, please, please forgive me
for all the wicked things I have
thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear,"
said Mrs. May, smiling, "but you are
wiser now, and you will not be afraid
of us any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Wal-
ter May came out to the old farmhouse
dejected and sad at heart. He had
discovered that situations do not grow
like blackberries, on every bush, he
had met with more than one cruel re-
but, and he was hopelessly dis-
couraged as to the future. Moreover,
he fully expected to be met with tears
and complaints by his wife, for he well
knew Clara's inveterate prejudice in
regard to country life.

But to his infinite amazement, and
relief, Clara greeted him on the door-
step with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," she said, "have you
got a new situation?"

He shook his head, sadly.

"I'm glad of it," said Clara, brightly.
"For we've got a place—papa and mam-
ma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah
May.

"But it has our hearty approval,"
added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here to-
gether," said Clara. "And you are to
manage the farm, because papa says
he is getting too old and lazy," with a
merry glance at the old gentleman, who
stood beaming on his daughter-in-law
as if he were ready to subscribe to one
and all of her opinions, "and I am to
keep house and take all the care of
mamma's hands. And, oh, it is so
pleasant here, and I do love the coun-
try so dearly! So if you're willing, dear—"

"Willing?" cried out Walter May
ecstatically. "I'm more than willing!
It's the only thing I have always longed
for. Good-bye to city walls and
hearts of stone; good-bye to hollow ap-
pearances and grinding wretchedness!
Why, Clara, I shall be the happiest
man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both
hands as if to ward off all possible ob-
jections. "I was sure there would be a
but."

"I thought, my dear," said Walter
"that you didn't like the idea of liv-
ing with your husband's relations."

Clara looked lovingly up into her
mother-in-law's sweet old face, while
she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's
kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week
ago," said she. "And, oh, so much hap-
pier!"

"So am I!" said Walter.

Storing Winter Fruits.

The apples that are to be kept over
winter must be carefully picked from
the trees by hand, as every apple that
falls to the ground will be bruised and
rendered unfit for the barrel, any in-
jury hastening decay. They must be
stored in a cool place, but should not
freeze. It is the alternate changing of
temperature that damages them in
storage.

Queer Way of Making a Living.

A curious character in Paris is a
man who makes his living by strolling
along the boulevards and making wa-
gers at the cafes that he can answer
correctly any question that relates to
the history of France. He always
wins the bet.

Cow's Wife.

A cow's hide of average size pro-
duces 35 pounds of leather.

MAKING OF A DESERT

THE YUMA WAS FERTILE UNTIL THE
VINEGARON STRUCK IT.

A Big Spider Which Was the Most "Pis-
sing Thing That Ever Crawled or Flew When
Its Anger Was Aroused"—A Vicious
Tale From the Alkali Lands.

He had a solemn-looking face and
dressed in rather a clerical style. His
companions knew that he was a travel-
ing man, but did not know what line
of goods he was selling. Finally he
was asked to tell a story or take the
consequences.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I don't
know any funny stories, as I am in a
business where that kind doesn't
go."

"What do you handle?" was then asked
of him.

"I sell coffins," he replied, "and you
must admit that it is not the jolliest
line that a man can carry. It's a good
business, though, for it is always pick-
ing up. You see more people are dying
every day and that means more cof-
fins. Then out west a new territory
has opened up in the last few years.

When I first went to traveling out
there a bought coffin was considered a
luxury. When a man died they knock-
ed a pine box together, whitewashed it,
marked the name of its occupant on it
with a stencil plate and let it go at
that, but now people are becoming edu-
cated and they want varnished cof-
fins with big brass door plates on them,
just the same as the people back East.

"As I deal mostly with dead things
I will have to tell you about how the
Yuma desert became a desert—and it
is about the dearest thing I
ever came across. The story was told
to me by an old man who had drifted
out West in the beginning of the cen-
tury."

"He said that when he first struck
the Yuma it was the most fertile spot
he had ever seen; it was fairly rank
with fine grass. A great many people
came there and settled; and the only
thing that bothered them was a big
spider known as the 'Vinegaron,' which
he said was the most 'pissing thing
that ever crawled or flew when its
anger was aroused.' One day a
cow puncher was sleeping on the prairie,
when he was awakened by some-
thing crawling on his breast. He
glanced down, and was horrified to
see the dreaded spider. He
sprang up, and with a
bullet, after passing
through the spider's body and becom-
ing coated with poison, struck a tree.
You may not believe me, but it is an
honest fact that the tree was killed,
and that night all of the leaves fell
off. A steer happened to pass the next
morning and ate some of the leaves.
He did not walk a dozen yards before
he was a dead steer. Some of the
ranch men in looking for the dead
cow-puncher found the steer, and, as
hides were very valuable then, one of
them skinned it. In doing the work
he cut his hand, and before his crowd
got back to the ranch they had two
dead men in the party instead of one.
Well, the hide was sold to a tanner,
and while tanning it he became in-
oculated with the poison and there was
a funeral in his family. A shoemaker
got the hide, and in cutting a pair of
boots out of it, his knife slipped and
clipped a piece out of his finger. A
few days later there was a case on his
door. A drunken cow-puncher rode
into town a short time after the sad
occurrence and noticed the new boots
in the shop window. There is nothing
that appeals to a puncher's heart like
a pair of new boots, and in a few min-
utes they were his and he was stalk-
ing around town in them. Of course, he
did not wear socks, and the boots
rubbed the skin off his heel. The next
morning there was a cowboy funeral.
The people were around by this time
and proceeded to find out the cause
of so many strange deaths. After
a great deal of trouble they traced
them back to the 'Vinegaron,' through
the hide, boots and to the spot on the
cowboy's heel. Then they knew that
the boots were poisoned. A man took
them out into the prairie, where he
buried them, and, would you believe
me, in less than a month all of the
grass on the prairie had died and the
once fertile spot was converted into
what is now known as the Yuma des-
ert."

For a few minutes after the story
was finished the drummers looked at
the coffin man with admiration. Then
they arose as one man and took their
hats off to him.

Reading Newspapers on Sunday.

It is very unusual to hear a preacher
refer to the Sunday newspapers with-
out censure, much more unusual to
hear them speak of the Sunday news-
papers with approval. The Rev. Doc-
tor L. S. Osborne, rector of Trinity
Episcopal Church in Newark, N. J.,
recently addressed a meeting of the
Wednesday Club of that city, and in
reference to newspapers said that as far
as Sunday papers are concerned, there
is no reason for not reading them
any more than there is not to read
Saturday papers as long as they do
not interfere with a man's religious
duties. He does so, he said, and so
do some of his parishioners. While he
did not like papers "prying into per-
sonal affairs and family history," he
considered them a necessary adjunct to
the affairs of life. "The proper func-
tion of the newspaper, like that of the
pulpit," he added, "is to have high, deep
and broad views of men and things of
the world at large."

HIGGINS CHARGED ALONE.

DE CONSPIRACY FURNISHING HIM THE
GIVEN A MEDAL OF HONOR.

"The Secretary of War granted a
medal of honor a few days ago to a
federal soldier on the affidavit of a
confederate," said Charles I. Evans of
Texas, a candidate for office, who oc-
casionally visits the White House, "and
it is probably the first instance on
record of this kind. The federal sol-
dier who received this medal was Thom-
as I. Higgins, now of Hannibal, Mo.

During the war he was the color-bear-
er of the 69th Illinois Regiment, and
was holding that position at the siege
of Vicksburg. In an assault on the 22d
of May, 1863, the 69th Illinois was
ordered to charge and not to look
back. I was a member of the 2d Texas
Regiment, and we confronted the
charging Illinoisians. We repulsed the
Illinois regiment a short distance from
the breastworks and sent it back in
confusion. Higgins, however, was lit-
erally obeying the orders. He never
looked back. He never noticed the re-
treat of his regiment, but came bound-
ing forward, his colors flying as prac-
tically as a soldier ever saw. When
within forty yards of our works word
was passed along the line not to shoot
the brave soldier, and all firing ceased.
When Higgins saw his predicament he
started to retreat with his colors, but
we told him to come on or we would
have to shoot him. Several men ran
out and brought him within the breast-
works. We kept him several days,
during which time we learned to like
and admire him. He was then parol-
led. I was one of the men who wit-
nessed his heroic deed and made an af-
favit to that effect. Several of my
companions who remembered Higgins
and his charge also made affidavits. On
these the Secretary of War granted a
medal. Higgins could have been
vouched for by members of his own
regiment, but the novelty of recom-
pensation by his former foes led to
that course."

A Horn With a History.

There is an old battered tin horn in
the possession of an ancient colored
man at Dalton, Ga., around which are
associated memories of many deeds of
violence.

In ante-bellum days the horn was the
property of Colonel "Ben" Longbridge,
a wealthy planter of Murray county.
It was originally used to summon his
many slaves to work and to meals, and
its welcome note at sunset was the sig-
nal for them to rest from the day's la-
bors.

After the war the horn became sepa-
rated from the Longbridge family, and
from that time until a few months ago
was the property of its stirring history.
Murray county has for years been a
stronghold of the "moonshiners."

Time after time the revenue officers
made desperate raids on the illicit dis-
tillers, killing and being killed, yet
never entirely subduing the stubborn
mountain people. The hollow note of
the old tin horn would always warn
the whisky rebels of the approach of
their enemies, and many a good man's
death has it presaged.

The moonshiners would station a
lusty lunked sentinel on some promi-
nent mountain rock which command-
ed a view of the valley below, and the
slightest suspicious symptom in the
lower depths was sufficient to send the
base echoes of the old horn flying, and
the moonshiners themselves scurrying
to their improvised fortresses, armed
to the teeth and ready to take and risk
life for what they considered their
rights and in the defense of their
hearthstones. To the "revenues" it al-
ways bore the dismal information that
from the next crag or bramble they
might expect a geysering volley from
their hidden foes.

The venerable horn is a special re-
minder of a notorious gang which ter-
rorized the county up to within a year
ago. It was used to rally the forces of
this gang and was often the preface to
a bloody conflict between them and the
law's representatives.

When the gang was finally disposed
of the horn passed into the possession
of old "Uncle" Isaac, a typical "befo-
de war" colored man and the old man
often brings it out and recounts its in-
teresting history.

Antics of a Tame Wild Cat.

A tame wildcat from the northern
Minnesota woods has been sent to Mr.
Amthorn of 171 Randolph street, Chi-
cago. The cat, which is as large as a
good-sized bulldog, and, according to
the claims of its proud owner, could
whip an even dozen of those iron-
jawed beasts in as many minutes, is
as docile as a kitten.

The thing was captured, when so
small its eyes had hardly opened, by
Trapper James Wilson, whose log cabin
is situated in the wilds of the Min-
nesota woods, surrounding Starvation
Lake, and he, trained it for thirteen
months, feeding it on cooked veni-
son and wild fruits, and to-day, in its
Chicago home, it plays about the stove
in an amusing gentlemanly, stands gravely
in the window gazing with wonder-
ing eyes out upon the street, with its mul-
titude of horses and wagons, or sits
in its bristly woods on a wild career
of leaping about the office. A jump of
a seven-foot partition is not quite the
limit of its endeavors, and a spring
of a desk to a distant stack of boxes,
landing without causing the pile to
topple over, is one of its feats.

Dramatic Note.

Every girl who can recite "Curfew
Shall Not Ring To-night" to her pa-
rents' satisfaction has her stage name
picked out.

If we could only peep inside the plain
gold rings so many women wear what
intriguing sentiments would be found.

GENERAL BLANCO.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN WHO
SUCCEEDS WEYLER IN CUBA.

sent to the island to carry out Spain's
Pretended Reform—Denies the Impu-
tation That He Is "Humane" and Declares
He Will Soon Suppress the Rebellion.

Spain has finally proclaimed to the na-
tions of the world that she has had a
change of heart and that henceforth
the ruling of her colonies shall be char-
acterized by mercy. To carry out her
new policy in Cuba and to initiate re-
forms, which she promises shall be
sweeping, she has superseded "Butcher"
Weyler and appointed Marshal Blanco
to be captain general and governor
general of the island.

General Blanco was captain general
of Cuba in 1879 and in what is some-
times called the "little war" he order-
ed his subordinates to commit deeds of
foul and cruel in eastern Cuba.

General Blanco announces that he
will act with great energy against the
insurgents and will employ all political
means to restore equality of treatment
in the various sections of the commu-
nity. He says he has the greatest desire
to end the horrors of war and to es-
tablish peace by the system he adopt-
ed in 1879.

Blanco was captain general of the
Philippine Islands when the present
revolution began, and although re-
proached with humanity by the Span-
ish press, he published on his return
to Spain a pamphlet in which he in-
dignantly denies the imputation of be-
ing "humane" and gives the number of
natives he put to death.

The new captain general of Cuba is
sixty-four years old, having been born
in San Sebastian, northern Spain, in
1823. He was commissioned a lieuten-
ant in 1845, was promoted to a cap-
taincy in 1855, won the rank of lieuten-
ant colonel in the war in San Domingo,
and when the Spaniards were driven
from that island he was sent to the
Philippines as governor of Mindanao.

On his return to Spain he joined the
army of the North, then fighting the
Carlists, and took part in the battles
of Montejurra, Velejuela, Somorrostro,
San Pedro Abanto, Monte Muro
and Mabitia. For the storming of
Pena Plata he was created a marquis
of that name.

The new Cuban Ministry, now en-
tirely formed, will begin work with
the new year with offices in the palace.
As soon as autonomy is working
smoothly General Blanco will take the
field to conduct a most aggressive cam-
paign against the rebels remaining un-
der arms.

When asked to describe just how
Colonel Ruiz came to go to the rebel
camp, General Blanco said:

"Ruiz went to keep an appointment
Aranguen, knew the latter to be a
heart and an honest man and offered to
approach him." Ruiz wrote to the rebel
chief, and Aranguen made an appoint-
ment to meet Ruiz at Tumba Guano.
We have correspondence to prove this.

"Ruiz went to keep the appointment
and was killed. He bore no flag of
truce, but went with full consent from
as a peace commissioner, and de-
pending upon the good faith of Aranguen."

"Has the killing of Ruiz excited any
spirit of revenge on the part of the
Spanish troops?" he was asked.

"Naturally some," said General Blan-
co, "but I will absolutely not coun-
tenance any cruelties on the part of
Spanish officers. I want as little blood-
shed as possible. My whole idea is for
peace."

"Autonomy in Cuba," continued Gen-
eral Blanco, "will be an established
fact in a few days. The Ministry is
completed, and will be at work by that
time. Of course, there are some per-
sons who are not satisfied, but there
always is a minority. With auton-
omy established, I will be to a
great extent, relieved of responsibility
except as a sort of victor, and I then
intend to take the field and conduct an
active campaign against those rebels
who refuse to submit, but I think that
once the Cubans see autonomy actually
working, their doubts and prejudices
will be overcome."

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Philippines as governor of Mindanao.

On his return to Spain he joined the
army of the North, then fighting the
Carlists, and took part in the battles
of Montejurra, Velejuela, Somorrostro,
San Pedro Abanto, Monte Muro
and Mabitia. For the storming of
Pena Plata he was created a marquis
of that name.

The new Cuban Ministry, now en-
tirely formed, will begin work with
the new year with offices in the palace.
As soon as autonomy is working
smoothly General Blanco will take the
field to conduct a most aggressive cam-
paign against the rebels remaining un-
der arms.

When asked to describe just how
Colonel Ruiz came to go to the rebel
camp, General Blanco said:

"Ruiz went to keep an appointment
Aranguen, knew the latter to be a
heart and an honest man and offered to
approach him." Ruiz wrote to the rebel
chief, and Aranguen made an appoint-
ment to meet Ruiz at Tumba Guano.
We have correspondence to prove this.

"Ruiz went to keep the appointment
and was killed. He bore no flag of
truce, but went with full consent from
as a peace commissioner, and de-
pending upon the good faith of Aranguen."

LEGEND OF AUBURN.

A Man Who Crossed a Bridge With
His Horse.

The most famous of the legends of
Auburn is the legend of the man who
crossed a bridge with his horse, which
is not far from where the Au-
burn