

government for the last two years by fraud. There is good reason for believing that Mr. Willits was elected governor two years ago.

The trouble about securing reform legislation at Jefferson City arises from the fact that the fellows who are howling for reform are trying to secure legislation in their own interest, which is more vicious than that which is sought to be remedied. There has been an attempt made every two years for the last three sessions to secure a law by which the people could be taxed to build a park for the benefit of one man.

THE KANSAS CITY MAIL is the most venomous and malignant anarchist sheet published in the west. Here is a sample: "Jerry Simpson struck the keynote when he suggested that it might be necessary to impeach the supreme court. The senate is composed of forty members, twenty-five of whom are populists. There are several contests pending in that body. It would not require much time to oust a couple of senators, thus giving the necessary two-thirds majority. An arraignment of the supreme court could be had and removal accomplished in a very short time." Great God! What are we coming to when the press gives utterances to such revolutionary talk.—Lawrence World.

This fellow evidently was one of the fellows that was in favor of stealing the presidency in 1876.

Mr. CUBBISON of Kansas City, Kan., says he would draw a revolver, and pointing it at the head of the foremost man would cry, "Stand back in the name of Kansas and civil liberty." The impression is that young Cubbison has lost his head or that he was talking through his hat. The people who are supporting the populists in Kansas are law abiding, conservative citizens. They are not anarchists. They are just as anxious about the fair fame of Kansas as Cubbison. They believe that the republicans have attempted to steal the organization of the house and they are determined to prevent the consummation of the crime. As republicans have a bad record for stealing offices their suspicions are well founded.

THE BICHLORIDE OF GOLD.

Mr. Henry Wood, writing in the Arona argues very seriously that the Koeloy cure is nothing more nor less than a "faith cure," and depends for its efficacy upon the extent to which the mind of the patient is engaged in determining his own salvation.

At first sight this may seem an extreme and very illogical view and it is to be hoped it may continue to seem so to those who may be vastly helped by bichloride of gold and who never could be reached by any sort of faith cure. Nevertheless there is much plausibility in some of Mr. Wood's arguments. There is no remedy known which will do anything toward curing a man of the drinking habit, or of opium, and yet the cures by the new method are numberless. The patients, moreover, are almost in a hopeless stage of their trouble. Every other means has been tried for their healing, and tried in vain, and they are often in a state of besotted helplessness, pitiful to contemplate. There is another point to which Mr. Wood does not give so much emphasis, because he is convinced of the reality of the "faith cure," namely, that the drug used to produce such a metamorphosis must be one of terrible power to make new men out of shattered wrecks, and such a drug might very often kill instead of cure.

feel better if he were well out of it.

A bit of news will circulate about an adobe village in the southwest in the same rapid and mysterious manner that it percolates through a New England hamlet. So when Ysabel Manetta came to Dona Ana that afternoon on a combined errand of business and pleasure—to buy some meal at the store and to gossip awhile with a crony—she learned that matters of grave import were afoot.

"There will be trouble here this night," said the Dame Maria Salgado, shaking her head wisely. "They are not going to have any more shooting and killing, and your brave Ramantaro had better think twice before he comes again and puts his head into this lion's mouth."

"Peuf," replied Ysabel, tossing her head and scornfully curling her red lips. "Do you think Ramantaro would be afraid?"

"I know what I think," answered the dame. "I think he would better keep away."

The sun was yet high when Ysabel remounted her patient little burro and took her way home across the desert plain. It was a good three leagues to the corral where Vicente Manetta herded a few goats and basked in the sun all day, asking little in life except to be let alone. The way thither was along a sandy trail that wound between patches of cactus and Spanish bayonets.

Ysabel's home was a low adobe hut—brown, like the earth from which it was made. Beside it was the corral, inclosed by a dusty green cactus hedge, where the goats were kept at night; behind it a piece of dense chaparral, and beyond that the terrible waterless desert—the very desert of the desert—the Jornada del Muerte—the Journey of Death.

The old man was lazily bringing the goats home. When he had put them in the corral he squatted down on his heels and watched the girl prepare the evening meal. "What do they say at Dona Ana?" he asked after waiting for the girl to volunteer some speech.

She replied to this with another question. "Has Pete been here today?" she asked.

"No. He said he would not come until tonight. Don't you remember?"

"He could have changed his mind."

Then after a pause she added:

"He must keep away from Dona Ana."

"Eh!" said the old man, with a quick suspicion of one familiar with the scent of danger. "But how will you manage it?"

"I shall find a way," answered the girl briefly.

"You tell him to hold, and he will be the more fierce to go," grumbled Manetta.

The sun went down and the moon and the stars came out and made the world white with their light.

The two sat upon the ground before the hut, their backs against the adobe wall, their blankets drawn well about them. The night was as still as it was white, except for the faraway yelping of a coyote or the hoot of an owl.

After a time there was a sound of distant hoof beats. They drew nearer, and a well caparisoned rider halted in front of the hut.

"You are glad to see me," he said sarcastically, as neither the man nor the girl stirred. "It is worth riding far for such a welcome."

"We are tired," answered Ysabel indifferently.

"Yes, Ramantaro! We do something besides play—we," grunted Manetta.

The horseman swung himself down beside Ysabel.

"Tell me," he said.

"We have lost the new goats."

Ramantaro muttered an oath.

"The ones you got from the Englishman?"

Manetta chuckled a silent assent, remembering how he had got them.

"Did he come for them?"

"Bah! No. He has not that courage. They have strayed away up the arroyo."

"Then they will come back?"

"Yes, when the wolves have eaten them."

without slackening his pace, extended his right arm before him and said to his companion:

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"Into the Jornada del Muerte," was the awed answer.

"Yes, into the Journey of Death." Then he added grimly:

"We shall have him now, like a rat in a hole."

As they rode on the hot sun came out and burned upon the brown sand that had already been parched in the furnace of many thousand years. Its heat was reflected into their faces, and the alkali dust dried their throats and tongues almost beyond endurance. Some began to mutter discontentedly, and to look back over the way that they had come.

Later, when they discerned some moving specks a long way off, they gathered up their courage in both hands, rode grimly on to seize their prey.

Ramantaro looking back saw his pursuers. He laid his hand upon Ysabel's rein.

"They come," he said. "I can escape only by going on. It is twenty leagues yet. Few have ever crossed the Jornada del Muerte and lived to tell it. But you—they will not harm you. Will you turn back?"

The girl shook the reins upon her horse's neck and urged him forward.

"I will go where you go," she answered.

"He is a long way off," said the leader of the regulators, halting his pace and watching the moving specks ahead of him. "One cannot tell how far. Distance cheats the eye. It lies to one."

"We will go back," he said again after a little while. "I am ashamed to go back, but it is only death to go farther. But he is just as safe, nodding in the direction of the fugitives, repeating, "just as safe as though we had a rope around his neck."

When he saw that his pursuers no longer followed Ramantaro rested a little. He unsung the leather water bottle from his shoulder and gave to Ysabel to drink. Then he made a motion as if swallowing some himself and poured a little of the water into his palm and moistened the horses' mouths with it.

He used it sparingly, for upon that and the endurance of their horses now rested their hope for life.

All through the long afternoon they rode on, straight across the brown desert. They grew faint and weary, and once Ysabel would have fallen but she was stayed by her companion's hand. He gave her water again, and when the moon came up they yet rode—riding for life.

Ysabel's horse stumbled and fell and could not rise again. Ramantaro lifted her in his arms.

"Leave me and ride," she whispered. But he raised her to his own saddle, and the good Juan bore them both forward. Finally he, too, fell.

Then, knowing that his own strength was all that they could depend on, Pete rose and lifted the girl in his arms again and made forward as best he could, weakly, blindly staggering and falling sometimes, but always forward with a strength born of despair. And so he struggled on through the long night.

When the Indians who live in the old pueblo of San Miguel, which is just upon the eastern edge of this terrible desert which men yet know by name as the Journey of Death, came out in the morning to draw water from the single well that God has placed there to mark the limit of the "cursed place," they found a man and a woman lying asleep beside it.

The half empty gourd which the woman clutched in her hand showed that they had drunken, and when they awoke and told whence they had come the Indians crossed themselves and murmured:

"She is a saint. For no woman ever came across the Jornada del Muerte and lived."

—Detroit Free Press.

Shaking Off a Snake.

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