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MEXICO'S RURALES.

A Crack Corps of Ten Thousand Mounted Riflemen.

There is no branch of the military service of other countries which can be likened to the Rurales of Mexico. The sister Republic, out of peculiar conditions, has developed a corps without a counterpart. The Rurale is like a Cossack in that he is more at home in the saddle than on foot, but there the similarity ends. Mexico has her cavalry contingent, but that branch of the service is as distinct from the Rurales as it is from the infantry or the artillery.

Frequent revolutions, a multitude of warring leaders, a political condition which gave rise to the word "Mexicanized"—all these helped to produce the material of which this corps of the army has grown. To be plain, the fact is Mexico has mobilized her guerrilas and banditti, and has named the new branch of the service "the Rurales."

The process has been a slow one. To make of the most lawless elements of the whole country the best soldiers has been a great work, but Mexico has accomplished it. There are now nearly ten thousand Rurales, and the country enjoys an immunity from revolutionary outbreaks and highway outrages such as has never been known before Cortez came.

The experiment was one of risk, but the principle proved to be right, just as it has hundreds of times on the frontier of this country, when the worst man of the town has been selected as marshal to enforce the law and order. What the experience of Texas has been on a small scale with a few companies of rangers, that has been the result in Mexico on a very large plan with the Rurales.

The Mexican private soldier is from the lower class. He is very likely to be wearing the uniform because some magistrate gave him the choice of that or a term in prison. But the rank and file of the Rurales is of different stuff. The Rurale is a volunteer, and he must be a good one, too, or he is not accepted. That is to say, he must be an intelligent man, courageous, a marksman and a horseman. If he has with these qualifications a pretty tough record, the latter will not prevent his acceptance.

Young as the organization is, all Mexico recognizes it as the most efficient branch of the army. "The Rurales are coming." That cry will scatter a mob, subdue a riot and inspire terror every time. They are large men, for Mexicans. They are generally bearded. They look their past. There is a spirit of the desperado which lingers and reveals itself in the midst of all the discipline.

For reasons best known to the Mexican Government, the Rurales are not on exhibition along the Rio Grande. They are not to be seen at Vera Cruz, or at any of the larger cities where tourists go, and where there is a law-abiding sentiment as pronounced as in any American city. But go into the mountain towns, or back from the railroads, where population is sparse and where the little crosses, which mark the spot of a homicide, are as thick as cactus almost. There you will find the Rurales in garrison or moving about leisurely over the highways maintaining peace.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

MOONLIGHTERS' JUSTICE.

A Story of Kerry Life Which Includes Facts and Pathos.

We found her binding her "little oats" in a field—a tall, handsome, sad-eyed woman. On the way to her house she took us up a bit of rising ground to show us a view. "Ah," she said, "it's seldom I come up here now; it was here I used to walk up every evening to meet himself coming from the mountain. He was a good man. Never a bad word had he given me all the years we were married; and now to be left alone! I don't seem to care for any thing—not for a thing at all. But I wouldn't curse them that murdered him; I'm trying not even to wish them ill in my heart. Shure, he forgave them before he died, and why wouldn't I?" We then went into the house, which was one of two rooms, a good living room, with a small sleeping room off it. "It was here by the fireside we were sitting, just the same way as we were used to sit every evening, himself on a chair at this side, and I just a bit behind him, and Tim and the three little ones on a stool in front of the fire, and Alice at her dad's feet between him and the door of the other room. I was a bit vexed with Alice, who had just come in, and I was a bit vexed with her for being out so late; and she was telling us how she heard them saying that the Moonlighters were going round the farms asking for arms, and I said to himself, 'they'll be coming after the revolver, and you'll be giving it them, Dan.' 'I will not,' says he; and says I, 'You will, for the sake of the childer. What'll be the use of angering them?' I knew he'd not go agin me; but it never came across me that they meant to harm him that was nobody's enemy and everybody's friend. We all sat quiet like till we heard footsteps and saw faces peering in at the window. We spoke no word till there came a big knock at the door and a voice that said: 'Does Dan —— live here?' and himself answered them. 'He does,' says he. Then they came in, six or eight of them, blazing with the drink, and most of them with disguises on their faces. One of them asked for a gun, and himself got up—for he saw there wasn't any other way—and went up to the shelf where was the revolver; and while he was there two of them came up to where he was sitting at the fire, and dared Tim and the childer to be looking at them, with a revolver in his hand; and they all held their heads bent down. But they never sighted Alice, who was behind, and she was looking at them all the time. One man came and spoke quite friendly to me; he had his eyes leaping out of his head, burning like fire, and that was all I could see of his face. When himself had given them the revolver and showed them how to fire it—for there was something uncommonlike about it—he came back and sat himself down by the fire, and we thought they were for going away. Just as they got nigh the door a voice cried out, 'No. 1, do your duty.' It was No. 1 or No. 3, I don't rightly know which; and one stepped forward and fired, and then they all went out. We sat just as we was, without a word spoken till the smoke had scattered; and I looked at Dan and saw that he looked pale like, and then he said: 'Tim, pull off my boots;' and then when he rolled up his trousers I saw that his foot was well nigh shot off and the blood streaming on the floor, and the little fellow ran up and tried to be putting the blood back into his dad's body with his little hands; and when he saw that that was no use, he got his arms around his neck until it was hard to part them. Then Tim said: 'I'll go for the priest.' I had never thought of the priest—God forgive me—I had only thought for him; and then I told Tim to get the priest and the doctor and not to spare the mare; and I put my arms around him where he sat on his chair, and said to him: 'Dan, you'll forgive them?' for I was afeard that he might die without forgiving them. He said: 'God forgive them,' and I knew he had forgiven them, for he was able to pray for them that had murdered him. Then I put down my lips to his, and his were growing cold as the clay."—*Letter of a Kerry Lady to the Scotsman.*

ANECDOTE OF DICKENS.

How the Great Novelist Disappointed Frith, the Artist.

The artist Frith, in his autobiography recently published, gives the following incident of his acquaintance with the great novelist. While Dickens was giving public readings Frith was strongly impressed with the idea "that the author had wholly misconceived the true character of one of his own creations," that of Sam Weller himself, in reading whose jaunty utterances Dickens "lowered his voice to the tone of one who was rather ashamed of what he was saying, and afraid of being reproved for the freedom of his utterances." Frith says:

"When I determined to tell the great author that he had mistaken his own work I knew I should be treading on dangerous ground. But on the occasion of a sitting, when my victim was more than ever good-tempered, I unburdened my mind, giving reasons for my objections. Dickens listened, smiled faintly, and said not a word. A few days after this my friend Elmore asked my opinion of the readings, telling me he was going to hear them, and I frankly warned him that he would be disappointed with the character of Sam Weller. A few days more brought a call from Elmore, who roundly abused me for giving him an utterly false account of the Weller episode.

"'Why,' he said, 'the sayings come from Dickens like pistol shots; there was no "sneaking" way of talking as you describe it.'

"'Can it be possible,' thought I, 'that this man, who, as it is told of the great Duke of Wellington, never took anybody's opinion but his own, has adopted from my suggestion a rendering of the children of his brain diametrically opposed to his own conception of it?'

"At the next sitting all was explained, for on my telling Dickens what Elmore had said, with a twinkle in his eye which those who knew him must so well remember, he replied:

"'I altered it a little—made it smarter.'

"'You can't think how proud I feel,' said I, 'and surprised, too; for, from my knowledge of you, and what I have heard from other people, you are about the last man to take advice about any thing, least of all about the way of reading your own books.'

"'On the contrary,' was the reply, 'whenever I am wrong I am obliged to any one who will tell me of it; but up to the present I have never been wrong!'"—*London Standard.*

A Dog That Waters Horses.

Cyrus Sturtevant, livery stable keeper of Ware, has the dearest dog in town. He bought him of Almer Conlon for $100, and he has since refused $300 for him. He is a cross between an Irish setter and a Gordon setter, and three years old, weighing sixty-five pounds. He will ride in the carriage and hold the reins in his two fore paws, and sit on the seat like a man. He will jump out the carriage going at full speed and bring back a handkerchief or whip to his master. He is a great caretaker of horses, and knows the name of every horse owned by his master. If his master wants to water any single horse in the stable, all he has to do is to tell the dog to bring out such a horse, calling the horse by name and immediately the dog goes to the stall, loosens the horse, and brings him to water, takes the animal back to the stall again, and will do this with every horse in the stable. He will also lead out the horses to be harnessed. He is a quiet, gentle, affectionate dog, is of liver color, and is well proportioned according to his weight.—*Boston Globe.*

—A wag says that the provoking thing about the Dakota blizzard business is that we have nothing to fire back at her.

Virtuously Indignant.

"See here, Rusher, I heard that you repeated what I told you the other day."

"Who said I did?"

"Waggley."

"Blank him, he always blabs every thing he hears!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"What's the cause of Tailor Jackson's death; did you hear?" Old Mrs. Bentley—"Delirium trimmings, I believe."—*Judge.*

—"Ah, yes," said a cabinet-maker to a crockery dealer to whom he was introduced—"ah, yes; you sell tea-sets and I sell settees."

—A good play can be acted without being mounted well; but it is actually necessary for a circus to be well mounted.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"How are you feeling to-day?" asked a physician of a paralytic patient. "Only a little bit on the right side, thank you," was the cheerful response.—*Tid-Bits.*

—"Nature," said a philosopher, "is full of wise provisions." He doubtless referred to potatoes, beets and other vegetables, and not to mince-pie and welch rarebits.—*Life.*

—First Boy—"Say! are you going to school?" Second Boy—"No, I ain't. I'm late." First Boy—"Ain't you afraid of catching cold here?" Second Boy—"Well, if it gets too cold I'll go to school, and the teacher'll warm me."—*Golden Days.*

—Anxious Traveler—"What time is the west-bound express due?" Agent—"At two o'clock." Anxious Traveler—"Is it on time?" Agent—"No; three hours late." Anxious Traveler—"Gee-whilikens! Three hours! What time will she come in, now?"

—He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the subject of the tariff. Said he: "Take whisky, for instance," when every man in the audience arose with the remark: "Thank you; don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to treat or die.—*Texas Siftings.*

—Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—"What is the price of mutton?" Butcher—"Fourteen cents, mum." Young Housekeeper—"And lamb?" Butcher—"Eighteen cents, mum." Young Housekeeper (surprised)—"Is it possible? Why a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton!"

—A bright St. Paul boy of five summers took a notion the other day to read Shakespeare for amusement. When his sister asked him what play he had been reading he had to stop to think. Finally a light broke in upon his memory, and he answered: "A great deal about not much."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Down at Warrensburg a woman may beat and starve her sister in law to death and only get two years in the pen; up here at Pleasant Hill, a ruffian, whose carcass, if he were hanged, is too dirty to feed the cows, may shoot one of the kindest and best of our citizens down on the streets without the least cause or provocation, and then after trial and conviction, and being sentenced to hang, (a fate, by the way, much too good for him,) may, on application to the supreme court, have the verdict set aside and the case remanded What is the matter with us all?—Pleasant Hill Review.

We call upon Editor Buckner to correct the above. Holden, not Warrensburg, was the scene of Mrs. Tesche's exploits.—Warrensburg Journal-Democrat.

Eighteen Indian Fiends.

Omaha, Neb., July 10.—A young woman who arrived from St. Paul on Sunday at the Winnebago Indian agency, this state, to teach the agency school, was captured while out walking after dark that night and carried into the woods by eighteen Indians, who criminally assaulted her.

She is in a critical condition, and unable to identify any of her assailants.

Hot Springs, Ark., July 10.—This morning about 1:30 o'clock three outlaws and counterfeiters took a policeman who had attempted their arrest forcibly from his beat and carried him into the woods a mile beyond town: There they subjected him to various indignities. Finally he was permitted to go. He returned to the city at daylight and reported his adventure. Sheriff Williams and a posse are in pursuit of the outlaws, who are the notorious Aiken brothers, living in the mountain.

Served Him Right.

Nevada; Mo., July 7.—William Matherly, who has been clerking at the Boston store here, followed Laura the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Prewitt from place to place last evening and twice insulted her. When she reached home and told her father he found Matherly, forced him to accompany him home and when the girl recognized him, Mr. Prewitt began using a rattan cane and his fist alternately until Mrs. Prewitt persuaded her husband to desist. A more serious punishment was strongly intimated on the street to-day for Matherly.

Parkersburg, W. Va., July 10.—A farmer named West has been terribly annoyed by ground hogs. A day or two since he took his gun and went to a point from which he had frequently seen and shot numbers of his tormentors. In a short time he saw a movement in the weeds and grass below him. He fired and then ran to the spot. To his horror he found that he had shot a small boy named Spangler, who had been out digging ginseng. The wound was a fatal one and the boy died in a short time.

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On receipt of 30 cents, in two cent stamps, we will send to any address the prescription for this wonderful compound which can be filled by your home druggist at small cost. We take this means of giving our discovery to the public instead of putting it out as a patent medicine, it being much less expensive. We will gladly refund money if satisfaction is not given. THE INDIANA CHEMICAL CO, Crawfordsville Ind

10-1yr

It is worthy of note as a campaign straw that the Labor Signal, published in Indianapolis, and the organ of the labor of the State, was a strong advocate of Judge Gresham, who is a protectionist for the protection of labor, but it repudiates Gen. Harrison and the platform on which he is placed by his party. It discusses the question of protection to labor with marked ability and with entire courtesy to Gen. Harrison, and denounces his tariff and tax policy as the deadly foe of our industries.

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Stuck on Local Option.

Butler is 'stuck' on local option. When the saloons were running at that place the town kept three policemen and the only need there is of a city marshal to hold down store boxes and to quell an occsional dog fight.—Kansas City Star.

Every town which gives the law a fair trial is "stuck" on it Here in Richmond the only use we have for a police officer is to keep people from crowding each other on the way to church.—Richmond Conservative.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which had settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. So intense was the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Athlophoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its use, and am now well."
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T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

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Mr. DAVID SCOTT, Champion, Australian Cricket Team, Melbourne, Australia, whose autograph is here shown and who has experienced as many hard knocks in the rough game of cricket as any man in the field, writes over his signature as follows:

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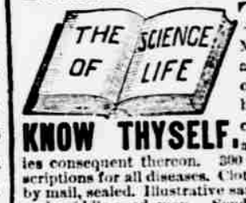

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