



CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Continued.)

But Valentine Graeme would not hear of any compromise. He was stage-manager, and was especially bent upon these theatricals being a success. Nor had he any fear for the result. Colonel Prinsep was one of the best amateur actors in India, and particularly good at the love-making, which was the principal part of the small comedietta they had chosen, while Jane, too, had considerable talent, as she had shown at Simla.

The first rehearsal she had with Colonel Prinsep was a decided failure. She had gone through the piece with Val Graeme several times and had been pronounced by him letter-perfect. Now she stumbled over her cues, stumbled over the simplest sentences, and by her general awkwardness and stupidity sent down the enthusiasm of the stage-manager to zero.

Nor was the next rehearsal more promising. Jane spoke her words correctly, but infused no spirit into the part. And this time Colonel Prinsep was also impracticable, repeating his lover-like speeches with parrot-like precision, but avoiding carefully any sentimental inflection.

Barry Larron, who was generally present when they rehearsed, guessed the reason of the stiffness which was mutually assumed whenever any tenderness was required. He knew that they loved each other still, and therefore dared not trust themselves to pretend what they really felt. Yet he did not give up hope.

And so the evening arrived. The time had been so short that they had no full-dress rehearsal; and the station, being a small one, would scarcely furnish an audience for two performances.

"It will be only for this once, so we can make a supreme effort," said Colonel Prinsep to her as they stood alone in one of the wings waiting for the rising of the curtain.

She was trembling visibly; but as he spoke encouragingly she tried to smile. "You must not be nervous," he went on. "After all, it is only acting, and no one will misunderstand if you throw yourself into your part, as I know you could."

The bell rang; and a minute later she was called to go on the stage. A storm of applause broke from the audience as she stood before them in her old-fashioned, short-waisted frock and sandals, her white arms almost hidden by her long mittens, and her brown hair gathered on to the top of her head with a huge comb. The enthusiasm increased when Colonel Prinsep came on, boyishly impulsive, and betraying the love he felt in every glance and gesture. And Jane was so daintily coquettish, so bewitching even in her declared heartlessness, and again so pathetic in her despair when he left her; and the curtain fell as she laid her head on the table and sobbed aloud.

They were encored vociferously. Jane responding to the call, led on by Colonel Prinsep, her cheeks crimson from excitement, and her eyes still red from the tears that had really fallen.

Then the band played during the twenty minutes' interval, which was supposed to be equivalent to thirty years.

Jane was now a sweet old lady. Quakerishly robed in plain gray satin, prematurely silver-haired, and leaning for support on a gold-headed stick. Her voice, which before had been so joyous, was subdued into habitual pathos, and manner and appearance both spoke of the sadness which had pervaded her life.

The years had dealt very differently with her lover. The romantic boy had grown into a crotchety, matter-of-fact, middle-aged man. Yet her loyalty never faltered, though it was keenest pain to see how entirely he had forgotten the events of the past which by her had been so treasured.

Jane was acting almost beyond herself. It was all so like a dream that for the moment she believed it might be actually true that she and Stephen Prinsep had met in the after-time of their own life, she loyal as her nature was, be oblivious of everything save the merest details of time and place.

In his careless, boisterous way he declared she had never loved him, and as she sadly put aside the doubt, an accent so pitiful and tender came into her voice that Colonel Prinsep himself forgot that it was acting, and involuntarily glanced into her face. There he saw the whole truth written so plainly that he was on the point of answering very differently from the book. Recollecting himself, he tried to recall his part, but for a moment failed.

The prompter came to their rescue, and to most it had appeared only a momentary forgetfulness of their parts; but to two of those who were looking on it seemed clear enough. Major Larron bit his lip with rage.

The other who had noticed, and understood what passed, had no such command of facial expression.

He stood up, his eyes glaring, his face distorted with the violent passions that moved him. Several of the men around him looked at him curiously, but he never heeded them, he saw and knew only what his jealousy had shown him. The play was ended, and when Jane had spoken her last word she allowed her glance to sweep the audience, but it was arrested by the first object on which it fell—the tall figure and passion-distorted face of Jacob Lynn.

She shuddered so violently that her hand, being in Colonel Prinsep's, he detected her agitation, and led her at once off the stage mere quickly than was laid down in the book.

"The strange thing about it all," confessed Valentine Graeme that same night to Major Larron, who rode back with him to their quarters, "was, that they did their best just where I expected them to fail—in the love-making."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Hon. Barry, and made no other remark.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A lovely morning in November—not November as it is known in England, with leaden skies and bleak, biting winds that whistle mournfully among bare trees—but November as it is in India, warm still, yet gratefully cool after the exhausting heat that has gone before; the sun shining in the cloudless heavens, bright-hued birds singing in the leafy branches, all nature fluttering and trembling beneath the caressing touches in the ambient air.

It was the 7th of November. Jane never forgot the date, though the thought had crossed her mind several times during the morning how uneventful the days were, each resembling the other in its dullness.

Nearly a week had passed since the theatricals, and she had seen nothing of Colonel Prinsep. Though the weather had been fine, once or twice there had been a shower of rain in the evening.

The clock had just struck four on that special afternoon of that date, when she heard footsteps in the veranda. It was the hour Stephen Prinsep had generally chosen for his visits, when they were engaged; and she thought it might be the Colonel now. But when a few moments passed and no servant came to announce him, she opened the sitting-room door and went into the hall. No one was there, but almost immediately Mrs. Knox came out of the quartermaster's writing-room looking flushed and put out.

A native came running from the adjoining compound belonging to a house which, on account of the reputation it had gained for unhealthiness, was unoccupied, and now formed a convenient short cut to the parade-ground.

Looking up with casual interest, Mrs. Knox's attention was arrested by his terrified expression, and she stopped short in her complaints.

"What is it?" she asked, sharply.

The man, a respectable-looking servant of the Mussulman caste, was for some time unintelligible by reason of his fright, and could only fold his hands and implore pardon for the fault he declared he had not committed. It was only after an impatient cross-examination that Mrs. Knox elicited the fact that a "Sahib" was lying dead some few yards away.

"More likely tipsy," was her contemptuous observation.

It took them some minutes to reach the spot indicated, and then when they came within a few yards of it, Mrs. Knox hurried on, to spare her daughter what might be an unnecessary shock. But as she came up and saw who it was, she forgot every consideration in her own horror. The first glance had assured her that the servant's supposition was correct—the man was indeed dead; and as she had swiftly scrutinized his features another truth was borne upon her, that he had not died by his own hand. She could not repress a scream.

"It is Jacob Lynn—murdered!" she cried, and turning, was just in time to catch her daughter in her arms or she would have fallen to the ground.

"Mother, say he is not dead! It can't be true! He is ill, hurt; but not that—not that!"

Against her firm conviction Mrs. Knox knelt down, and laid her hand upon his heart, his pulse, and even upon his forehead, from which the blood was trickling slowly down. He was warm still, and for a moment she thought he was alive, and sent the native for water in the almost forlorn hope that it might be of use.

For the first time Jane acknowledged the good looks which to every one else had been always patent; and looked upon him with pity that though in nowise akin to love, was yet so tender that the tears came welling into her eyes as she thought of his lost opportunities and possibilities of good.

Whose hand was it that had struck him down? The question fell upon her mind's ear so clearly that involuntarily she turned to see if any one had spoken.

They were alone still, her mother and she, with all that remained of the man to whom she had been engaged, and to whom she had been so dear. He would never vex her more! She wished she had been less impatient of that love which she had never valued. Now that it had vanished from her life, she felt it as a loss. Yet only a week before she dreaded his very presence, and begged Stephen Prinsep's aid in delivering her from his attentions.

"I will get rid of him somehow, never fear," he had assured her.

Was it possible that in that lay the answer to the question which was troubling her? Had he taken these terrible means of removing Jacob Lynn from her path forever? Oh, heaven forbid!

Mrs. Knox laid the head of the handsome hussar gently on the ground again and rose to her feet.

"It is no good, Jenny—he is dead!"

And as she spoke some troopers from the barracks came running up. Full of conjecture as to the cause of his death, they surrounded him at once, and as they did so, a sudden remembrance struck Jane that, before their feet had obliterated it, there had been the mark of a boot so distinctly printed on the soft, sandy soil that a triangular cut in the sole had been clearly visible. There were no such marks on the boots of Jacob Lynn.

The only clew lay in Jane's keeping, and it seemed to her as though the footprint had been seen by her alone—that she, who had been the indirect cause of his death, might be also its avenger.

A court of inquiry was convened by the Colonel, but nothing transpired at it beyond the fact that the murdered man had once been engaged to marry the quartermaster's daughter. This lent to the affair an adventitious interest, and public curiosity was proportionately deepened.

It was decided that to give call Mrs. Knox and her daughter to give evidence would be needlessly distressing them.

"Died by the hand of some person or

persons unknown," was the verdict.

And so the matter was allowed to rest. The deceased had no relations to insist upon further investigation, and the general opinion seemed to be that all inquiry would be of no avail. It had probably been a drunken brawl; and even if there had been any witnesses to it, a feeling of loyalty would prevent them from saying what they knew would ruin a fellow-soldier. They would indeed be apt to look only too leniently on a crime that, though so fatal in its results, had yet been accidental, and not the fruit of malice.

Yet his death had been a great shock to the whole regiment, and the sympathy felt was shown by the number of those who followed him to the cemetery. Most of the officers were present—among them the Colonel and the Adjutant—and just as the service began the wife and daughter of the quartermaster came up quietly and stood beside the grave. Mrs. Knox was darkly dressed, though not actually in black, out of regard to the melancholy occasion; but Jane was in rigid mourning, and her pale face looked the whiter by contrast with her sable gown.

The quartermaster was not with them; and when the funeral rites were ended Stephen Prinsep moved toward them with the intention of seeing them home. But Jane, with a gesture of repugnance that he could not understand, still less account for, shrunk back behind her mother and drew her quickly away.

For a moment their eyes had met, and the Colonel stood inert, utterly incapable of speech or action, transfixed by the look of fear strangely mingled with contempt that she had cast upon him.

When he recovered himself, she and her mother were out of sight, and the troops moving noisily away reminded him that there was no reason he should remain behind.

(To be continued.)

THERE WAS A DISTINCTION.

And the Hitherto Moral Young Man Got the Heaviest Sentence.

When Lawyer Charles W. Brooke practiced at the bar in Philadelphia years ago he one day was called upon to defend a man in the United States district court before Justice Cadwallader for counterfeiting. Mr. Brooke's client was a young man who had never before been charged with crime. His companion was a well-known counterfeiter, who had served a term of imprisonment. Both men were convicted. When they were brought to the bar for sentence the old offender was the first to hear the judgment of the court. Justice Cadwallader, who was an old school gentleman of punctilious politeness, said, in a mild tone: "Mr. Jones, you have been convicted, unfortunately for yourself, of the crime of counterfeiting. Very justly, Mr. Jones, the law prescribes a severe penalty for the offense for which you have so unfortunately been found guilty. It becomes my duty, Mr. Jones, under the law, to pass sentence upon you, and I therefore, under the circumstances and in consideration of your having upon a previous occasion been found guilty of a similar offense, sentence you to the term of twelve years' imprisonment."

Jones stepped back, and Mr. Brooke's client took his place at the bar. "Your honor," said Mr. Brooke, "I would like to call the attention of the court to the fact that this young man has never before been convicted of a crime, and has always, up to the present, borne a most excellent character." "Very good, Mr. Brooke, very good," said the justice. Then to the prisoner: "Young man, you have doubtless heard the remarks that I addressed to your partner in this offense. It is unnecessary that I should, therefore, repeat them to you. It becomes my painful duty to sentence you now, and I will likewise send you to prison for the term of twelve years."

"But, your honor," protested Mr. Brooke, "my client has never been convicted before, and has had an excellent reputation. There surely should be some distinction between his punishment and that of the other man, who is an old offender." "Ah, that is quite true, Mr. Brooke," said the justice. "I thank you for reminding me of it. There ought to be a difference surely, and there shall be. Mr. Clerk, make the sentence for Jones twelve years instead of twelve. Thank you again, Mr. Brooke, for reminding me of what I overlooked."—New York World.

The Deadly Railroad Mortgage.

It is said that the late Samuel J. Tilden was the inventor of the modern railway mortgage, with all its deadly possibilities of foreclosure, receivership, lawyers' quarrels and general wreck and disaster. It was a diabolical invention. It has made the fortunes of thousands of lawyers and has proved the undoing of many thousands of stockholders and bondholders. The lawyers have a pudding when the railroad gets into the hands of receivers. The comptroller of one of the great transcontinental lines, now run by a United States District Court, told me lately in New York that it had cost the past year \$600,000 more to operate the line under the receivership than it would have cost had it been run in the regular way by a board of directors. The lawyers got most of this big lot of money. A lawyer told me in Milwaukee the other day that there is no law whatever authorizing a court to operate a railroad and that the practice has grown up during recent years without any sort of statutory provisions regulating it. A judge now takes a railroad, appoints receivers, requires them to account to him, issues orders to buy rails and locomotives, to construct new roadbeds and bridges, to make or abandon leases, to pay interest or not to pay interest on bonds, and practically absorbs in his own person all the functions of president, directors, auditor, treasurer and general manager. He is only a lawyer raised to the bench and he knows nothing about railroad-ing, but he runs the road year after year with the absolute authority of a czar.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Silk hats have a muslin body as a basis. From two to six thicknesses of muslin are employed for the brim and one or two for the top and sides.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON THE FASHIONS.

Mushroom Shaped Hats -- Study Your Dress -- An Angora Cat Farm -- Russian Female Doctors.

MUSHROOM SHAPED HATS.

Hats of the Gainsborough and mushroom shape are the order of the hour. A smart Gainsborough has a high fluted crown of tangerine velvet with a steel ornament in the immediate center. The brim at the back is cleft, and filled in with black plumes and satin bows. A mushroom shape is of black velvet trimmed with black ribbon and feathers, and with striking rosettes of nasturtium colored velvet by way of color.

STUDY YOUR DRESS.

Girls ought to study harmony in dressing. The hair fluffed out over the ears is very becoming, but that style is not correct with a sailor hat. It makes the face look ridiculous. Moreover, nautical headgear should not be ornamented with flowers, feathers or rhinestone buckles. Speaking of incongruities in dress, I saw a woman in a Fourth Avenue car dressed in deep morning, or I presume she intended to be, but she missed the point by wearing a pair of big solitary diamond earrings. She might as well have had a red feather in her crape bonnet.

AN ANGORA CAT FARM.

Mrs. W. D. Thrasher, of Covington, Ky., has a cat farm on a small scale at her home. At present Mrs. Thrasher has only about twenty cats. Mrs. Thrasher raises only one breed of cats, the Angora. The features are the soft, white, flowing fur and the long, curling tail, which make the animal an object of much admiration. The Angora cat is quite valuable. Mrs. Thrasher having recently sold a pair for \$50. The cats are raised in an apartment arranged a great deal like a dog kennel. They require much care, and, like a high bred dog, will develop according to the attention given them.

RUSSIAN FEMALE DOCTORS.

A medical college for women is about to be opened in St. Petersburg. Many Russian women have taken degrees in foreign universities, but have not been permitted to practice in their own country. One of them Miss A. Bogolubsky, native of a mining village (Nechinsk) in East Siberia, having taken the degree of M. D. at the University of Berne in 1887, was obliged on her return to take the position of nurse, and in this humble capacity bravely worked for eight years. On the breaking out of the cholera epidemic in 1892 she begged and obtained permission to labor among the masses of suffering peasants who had migrated from different parts of Russia to settle there. Some of the districts were so congested that thousands would have been without any medical aid had it not been for her untiring energy. On her return to St. Petersburg this year she presented a petition to the emperor, and received permission to take a degree in Russia, which gives the right to practice in any part of the country. The urgent necessity of female physicians is but too apparent, considering the many tribes (Tatars, Yakuts, Turkestans, etc.) whose women are prohibited by the laws of their religion from receiving medical treatment from the opposite sex.

THE GIRL IN YELLOW.

An American girl who is passing the season in London is called "the girl in yellow," because she wears nothing but gold color in the evening. A gown recently worn by her is thus described: It had a very full plain skirt of yellow corded silk, while the bodice was fashioned of accordion-plated chiffon, with a slight fullness to the front. It was trimmed with bands of gold galloon, three of them being drawn down over the front of the corsage, while one band was placed down the sleeve, reaching to the elbow. Two rows of this same adornment were used in the back, and the entire effect of the glistening gold against the soft yellow chiffon was charming. It was finished around the shoulders with a narrow band of marabout, and this was also used around the sleeves, at the elbow. Yellow satin stockings and slippers, with a tiny gold buckle and a great fan of yellow gauze, completed the toilet.

KEEPING SLEEVES FROM GETTING WRINKLED.

From the fertile brain of Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter has emanated an idea for a contrivance for hanging elaborate gowns. It is likely to gain popularity among women whose wardrobes include dinner and ball gowns, which require more than ordinary care. Mrs. Potter's contrivance solves also the problem of how to keep big sleeves unwrinkled. Her scheme has been admired and used to advantage by those who have seen it in London and Paris, and now New York is ready to see it and improve on it with true American ingenuity. It is made of light wood, and is about twelve feet long and nine feet high. It has a canopy, curtain and a carpet or rug of stiff muslin. There are two rows of hooks set at intervals, easily accommodating the spreaders for the large sleeves. It will hold about fourteen gowns, giving each one ample room, with no chance of muzzling or crushing. These affairs might be converted into pretty accessories for a feminine sanctum. Suppose the frame were of white enamel with its delicate traceries of gold, with chintz or cretonne curtains of white, introducing the Empire or Louis design to carry out the order of the room. There need

be nothing ugly about it, while its value is unlimited, as every woman can readily see. Mrs. Potter has an excellent arrangement for carrying her hats while traveling. One large trunk is devoted exclusively to them. Square frames, made to fit the trunk, have four cloth straps, to which the hats are pinned. These frames are then slid in so the crowns of the hats lie facing the ends of the trunk and are therefore in a firm position without touching at any point.

ABOUT DRESS FABRICS.

The mohairs are filling the demand for present wear that was catered to by crepons in the spring. Not that crepon has lost much in favor, though it has almost lost its identity in the charming new weaves that are being shown in the shops just now. Crepon in every one of the new shades will be worn just about as much as ever, but the deep effects will take its place. In fact, the newest crepons look a good deal like fine Turkish toweling, and over this ground work are brocade effects, the whole forming a charming combination to allure the reluctant dollar. Another crepon is worked in large pattern with fine cut jet. It is warranted to ruin every bit of hard wood polish in the house, and to strew beads, like acts of kindness, in waste places. The mohairs come in a most remarkable number of styles, most of them very pretty, a few rather outre, and some decidedly absurd and quite impossible. To see them in all their best points, and bad as well, you must test the powers of endurance of the nimble-fingered clerks. You can't make much mistake on mohair, though, for it is a lasting friend, if you are but careful in selecting the colors. Bands of trimming are to be worn at the foot of dress skirts again, but not the old plain band of velvet or braid, nor yet of silk or satin, but a giddy, gaudy spangled band of netting, on which impossible birds and impracticable flowers are embroidered in glass beads, jet or tinsel, as the case may be. These will be adjusted over crepon and mohair, over silk and velvet, homespun and chevrot. You can readily see that the fad will die a natural death, for anything much uglier could scarcely be imagined. The real affinity of jet and spangles is smooth satin or silk, and when you apply either to any other fabric, you make both common. It is even tried to outline plaids with spangles of like colors. The effect is tragic! You will see a good deal of that sort of thing on the stage, but not much off of it, and the woman with it on is probably answering some advertisement of "chaperonage for rent!"

FASHION NOTES.

The round waist of the fashionable gown is of fancy velvet in some light color, and the hat and muff, of plain dark velvet, the same shade, have a fur trimming.

A little band bonnet of last season, with its door-knob bunches of flowers at the tips, can be made quite up to this season by setting lace falls just back of the said door-knobs.

The mock jewels are still used in the modern settings, but their popularity is waning a little and something odd and antique, or at least, copied from the antique, is preferred.

A really undemonstrative hat may be made picturesque enough to satisfy the most triumphant belle by putting a flaring double ruffle along the edge made by the joining of the sides and top of the hat.

Many of the caps are rather Henry VIII. caps than the Tam but they are all becoming, and when matched to the overgarment, to the lining of the cloak, or, as they in many instances are, to the gown itself, the effect is most happy.

A decidedly up-to-date ring is the all-gold seal ring. Massive gold rings, with elaborately carved shanks are set with sard, bloodstone and other seals.

There is a fad now for rings composed of tiny hoops set with small gems; the fancy also continues for little finger rings. These take on the forms of scrolls, plumes and coronets, wrought with diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls.

Marquise and cluster rings are counted with staple styles.

Very handsome changeable crepons are used for dinner and evening dresses. A stylish model in green, fawn color, and old rose is made up with accessories of spangled green velvet and rich ecru lace.

Of all the gay and brilliant fancies nothing eclipses the petticoat of gorgeously plaided taffeta or surah silk.

The newest stock collars of plain satin or plaid chameleon silk ribbon have a large butterfly bow at the back.

The rage for chiffon for accessories, and for waists, sleeves, and entire gowns, is as great as ever.

A cape of green velvet with sable trimmings may be made even more dressy by the addition of lace arranged at the throat in jabot effect on both sides, with two crushed roses as a finish.

While babies should always be kept warm enough, it is important not to wrap them so closely that they are uncomfortable. This makes them restless, and they are liable to take cold when they are taken up.

Theater and opera capes of light velvet are charming, or crushed rose velvet with sable and lace trimmings.

Next season will witness a shirt-waisted world of femininity. So steady has been the popular growth of the shirt waist that leading exclusive manufacturers of men's furnishing goods are entering largely this season on the fabrication of women's shirt waists. Manufacturers on all sides report at this early period unprecedented orders from all part of the country.

There has of late been a good deal of discussion about reviving babies' caps. This is partly on account of health, and largely because of the noticeable tendency of the ears of children to stand out from their heads. The daintiest caps are made of muslin or of soft silk. Crocheted caps are pretty, and lace is a beautiful material for this purpose. The cap should fit the head closely, and needs but the very smallest amount of trimming, a lace or crocheted edge being quite sufficient.

The most popular ring, at the moment, is doubtless the hoop, with from three to seven stones.

Why They Needed Muscle.

A proportion of the blue-jackets of any full-rigged ship were necessarily athletes. The "upper yardmen" in a line-of-battle ship or a frigate were exceptional men in this way, and much more so, perhaps, just about the time that sail power was receiving its death warrant than ever before. These young men had to race aloft to nearly the highest points, at top speed, eight or ten times a week, when the ship was in harbor, to keep their heads and maintain their breath while "holding on with their eyelids," as the phrase went, and manipulating with a careful and measured order of action the various and intricate arrangements for "crossing" or "sending down" the royal and top-gallant yards. It was all done in full speed, for it was universally held that the upper yardmen gave a character to the whole ship, and that one which was foremost in the exercise was ever considered "the smartest ship in the fleet." The upper yardmen were always the coming men. They had most opportunities for distinguishing themselves, were the best known, and were most under the eye of the authorities. They developed great muscular power in chest, shoulders and arms. Their lower extremities suffered, and one always knew the men who had been upper yardmen by their tadpole-like appearance when they were bathing.

But in the modern steam line-of-battle ships and frigates these extremely athletic specimens formed a very small minority of the "ship company," and none of them could lose his turn at being upper yardmen so long as the ship's reputation depended upon the speed with which the upper yards were crossed and sent down. In harbor the rest of the blue jackets had the handling of the yards and sails for exercise once or twice a week, but at sea the use of sails for propulsion grew less and less important, and most of the work aloft was more of an exercise and less of a necessity.

Pranks of Scottish Fairies.

There still lingers a widespread belief in the north of Scotland that the "fair folk" or "gweed neebors," as the fairies are called, still live in the hills, and during the first days of convalescence a mother must be zealously guarded lest one of the "wee people" come and rob the child of its nourishment. Sometimes they succeed in carrying off the mother. Here is one of the superstitious legends:

A north country fisher had a fine child. One evening a beggar woman entered the hut and went up to the cradle to gaze into the eyes of the babe. From that time good health left it, a strange look came into its face and the mother was troubled. An old man begging for food passed that way. When he caught sight of the child he cried:

"That's nae a bairn; it's an image, and the gweed-folk has stoun his speer!"

Thereupon he set to work to recall the fisher's bairn. A peat fire was heaped high on the hearth and a black hen held over it at such a distance that it was singed and not killed. After some struggling the hen escaped up the lum. A few moments elapsed, and then the parents were gladdened by the sight of a happy expression once more on the child's face. It throve from that day forward.

A Small War.

According to a Los Angeles (Cal.) paper, a number of Los Angeles men have received a concession from the Mexican government of the island of Tiburon, in the Gulf of California. A company of three hundred men is being organized under the command of I. H. Polk. Each man is to receive \$250 and 100 acres of land, after the island is conquered. The money for the expedition is being put up by Colonel Bradbury, who inherited a million or so a few years ago. There are only about 100 male Indians on the island, but they are said to be such valiant fighters that the Mexican government despaired of subduing them, and has offered the island to Bradbury and his companions, if they would undertake the work. It is the intention of the Tiburon Conquest Company, as the new corporation is called, to establish a republic of its own and have the United States establish a protectorate. It is said that Mexico has consented to this. One of the objects of the company is to establish a great resort, and lines of steamers will be put on from both Yuma and Guaymas.