

into custody and was shot through the groin. As soon as Nagle heard Poynton had been wounded, he armed himself and started in pursuit of the shooter. He soon found him and ordered him to surrender. The only reply he received was a shot from the desperado's revolver. The bullet, luckily, did not take effect, and Nagle returned the fire.

The Mexican, finally realizing that he had a determined man to deal with, took to his horse and tried to escape. As he rode away he fired several shots at Nagle, and with defiant yells dared him to follow. Nagle, revolver in hand, gave chase to the escaping felon, and yelled for some one to get him a rifle. The Mexican headed for the rocky portion of the mountain, and when Nagle was handed a rifle he called on him to halt. The Mexican again opened fire on him and Nagle used the rifle. He fired but one shot, and the Mexican dropped back dead, with a bullet through his brain. Nagle was exonerated by the coroner's jury, and although the friends of the dead man threatened to run him out of town, they thought better of the matter and did not molest him.

At the following election Nagle ran for sheriff and was defeated by a few votes. He soon after left Tombstone and went to Butte, M. T., but did not remain there long. He returned to San Francisco in 1883, and during the Cleveland campaign the following year he was found as an earnest party worker in the democratic ranks. When Sheriff Hopkins took office in January, 1885, Nagle was appointed deputy sheriff and served during the administration. He next went into the license collector's office. He was then made a deputy to the United States marshal's office.

Terry had met Nagle before the fatal encounter in the Stockton breakfast room. When the fire-eating judge made his assault on Marshal Franks, in September, 1888, he was quickly and skilfully disarmed by a quiet looking bystander. The quiet looking bystander was David Nagle. Nagle was detailed to guard Justice Field by order of Attorney General Miller, when it was learned that Terry and his wife made threats against Justice Field's life if he ever ventured to cross the California boundary again.—*Ex.*

MUSICAL GRASSHOPPERS.

I was once engaged in the arduous and monotonous task of driving a large number of sheep a distance of 250 miles in excessively hot weather, when sheep prefer standing still to traveling. Five or six gauchos were with me, and we were on the southern pampas of Buenos Ayres, near to a long precipitous stony sierra, which rose to a height of five or six hundred feet above the plain. Who that has traveled for eighteen days on a deal level in a broiling sun can resist a hill? That sierra was more sublime to us than Conondogua, than Illimani. Leaving the sheep I rode to it with three of the men, and after securing our horses

on the lower slope we began our laborious ascent. Now, the gaucho, when taken from his horse, on which he lives like a kind of parasite, is a very slow-moving creature, and I soon left my friends far behind. Coming to a place where ferns and flowing herbage grew thick, I began to hear all about me sounds of a character utterly unlike any natural sounds I was acquainted with—Innumerable low, clear voices tinkling or pealing like minute sweet-toned, resonant bells—for the sounds were purely metallic and perfectly bell-like.

I was completely ringed round with the mysterious music, and as I walked it rose and sank rhythmically, keeping time to my steps. I stood still, and immediately the sounds ceased. I took a step forward, and again the ferry bells were set ringing, as if at each step my foot touched a central meeting point of a thousand radiating threads, each thread attached to a peal of little bells hanging concealed among the herbage. I waited for my companions and called their attention to the phenomenon, and to them also it was a thing strange and perplexing. "It is the bell snake!" cried one excitedly. This is the rattlesnake, but although at that time I had no experience of this reptile, I knew that he was wrong. Yet how natural the mistake! The Spanish name of "bell snake" had made him imagine that the whirring sound of the vibrating rattles, resembling muffled cicada music, is really bell-like in character. Eventually we discovered that the sound was made by grasshoppers; but they were seen only to be lost, for I could not capture one, so excessively shy and cunning had a perpetual ringing on their own little toesins made them.—*Longman's Magazine.*

"HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN."

"Drop a quarter in the slot and have your picture taken."

A Chicago photographer was standing by a handsome cabinet similar in appearance to the automatic weighing machines which confront one everywhere.

"A quarter! Wh t's the matter with a nickle?"

"A nickle will do in three or four months, when the novelty wears off. But until the automatic photographer is succeeded by a machine which will turn you out a house and lot a quarter only will work it. It is the latest thing out."

The reporter squared himself before a small closed opening in the cabinet opposite his face. He dropped a quarter into the slot lower down. Instantly a little metal door unclosed the opening exposing the eye of a camera. There was a flash of light. The opening closed, and in a couple of minutes a finished photograph of himself fell on a slaver before the reporter.

"How did you strike the idea of such an invention?"

"A board of trade man suggested it," said he. "He said there was big money in it. Eleven weeks ago I started it, and here it is, patented,

with a corporation behind it—all ready to take in the quarters. And it will take them in, for it is the only invention of the sort that appeals directly to the universal vanity of the public.

While apparently complicated, the mechanism of the machine turned out to be simple. It is run by an ordinary cell battery, the quarter completing the current. An instantaneous camera is supplied with the necessary light by a flash of magnesium and chlorate of potash, dropped for each photograph on a pan above the opening and ignited by the heat of a platinum wire. The photograph is taken on a celluloid sheet about the size of a tintype. A set of rollers and a preparation of collodion in emulsion develop and dry the impression. The likeness issues much better finished than the ordinary tintype.

"The machine cost about \$50," said the photographer. "The expense of operating them is next to nothing. We will soon have them in every hotel, drug store and saloon in the country."

"Are you going to utilize the invention for any other purposes than amusement?"

"Yes, for two serious purposes. I have a machine under construction which is to have the appearance of a clock and be placed on the railings of cashiers and tellers in banks."

"What for?"

"To enable them to take a photograph of anyone who cashes a check in case they should want to identify him afterward. While the man is before the railing the cashier or teller will press an electric button and the man's photograph will be taken in the tenth of a second. He will see nothing but a slight flash in the clock, and couldn't get away if he tried to before the instrument has indelibly recorded his features."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

American girls who live abroad unchaperoned are often subjected to indignities of a startling kind. It is not unusual, however, that a cabman furnishes material for a gossip story; yet, one young woman has had an adventure with a man of this class which she will not soon forget. She is the daughter of a prominent politician, who has held many offices of distinction, and is spending the season in Berlin. Calling a carriage, in the early hours of the morning, after a brilliant ball, the young woman started home.

It is customary in Berlin when sending a girl home in a cab to require a ticket, which the jehu is compelled to give, upon which are his number and the price of the trip, and which, in case of any accident, can be used in evidence. The escort of the American girl had neglected to do this. The journey led her through a lonely part of Thiergarten, where, even in daytime, people seldom walk.

When in the darkest corner the cab suddenly stopped, the driver descended from the box, opened the door and thus addressed the young