AMERICANS AHEAD.

Appliances for Fighting Fire at the Highest in This Country.

The English Regard Our Time Records for Putting Out Fires as Something Truly Astonishing.

There is much to be learned from America by all of us, says the London News, and it is to be regretted that one of the crack brigades of the states could not have crossed the ocean to attend the present firemen's congress. We may find one more opportunity for the lesson if the committee of the Chicago exhibition think fit to invite the firemen of Europe to the coming world's fair. The Americans like to think that they take the lead in this branch of public work; and by all accounts of them they would still be very hard to beat. Most of our newer contrivances are probably of American origin. The steam fire engine; the horses standing ready harnessed day and night and trained to walk straight into the shafts as soon as they hear the alarm bell; the pole down which the men, also ready dressed, slide from their sleeping-rooms to reach the basement to save the few seconds that might be lost by their coming downstairs—all these seem to have been matters of common experience in America when they were still talked of as novelties here. The same thing may be said of the alarm boxes.

The Americans train for speed, and some of their "records" are astonishing. At a fire which occurred in New York two years ago, the first alarm was received at 6:07. In three minutes after that the first engine reached the burning building, which, it may be supposed, was not far off. The whole second floor, which was one hundred feet long, was a mass of fire, and the flames were spreading to the stories above. Other engines soon arrived, and by 6:35, or in less than half an hour, not a spark of fire was left in the building. The water towers, which are huge perpendicular pipes, carried on a movable derrick, pour the stream into the highest buildings at any elevation required. They are packed into a comparatively small space when not in use, but are instantly reared to their full height by the force of carbonic acid gas. The floating fire engines are largely used in New York, as the city is surrounded by water. The latest is built of steel, and it travels at a very great speed. Its four pipes are from three to four inches in diameter, but the power of all the pumps may be concentrated into one or two pipes, which yield a still larger volume of water. These five-inch streams, in their tremendous force, act like battering-rams and drive their way through ceilings and roofs, and even through brick walls, into the very heart of the fire.

In some instances the life lines are fired from a gun, on much the same principle as that in use for the rocket apparatus at sea. The gun carries a thin line to the firemen at the top of the burning building, and with this they draw up the stouter rope they require. The life nets, which are equally light and strong, into which persons jump with comparative impunity from the highest floors, save many lives. The best of these contrivances have been introduced in our own fire service, in great part owing to the enterprise and energy of Capt. Shaw. He was able to boast in his farewell address that during the thirty years of his control of the metropolitan brigade the number of stations had been raised from thirteen to fifty-nine and the number of firemen from not much more than one hundred to a little over seven hundred. In 1861 there were no telephones or call points. They now extend over the whole of London. The last moment of his official career, however, Capt. Shaw was still calling for more of everything. Yet it will be some time before the rate payer will enable him to realize his ideal of thirty-two new stations at an average cost of a thousand a year each. A perfect water supply was then, and perhaps still is, our most pressing need. Only a small number of the pipes were constantly charged, and there were often more engines at a fire than there was water for their use.

A WELL OF ICE WATER.

One of Dakota's Convenient and Natural Luxuries.

A well-known Hartford lawyer, who has been traveling in the northwest, has come back with a story of an exceptionally natural convenience, the contemplation of which, in this tropical season, says the Hartford Courant refreshes one's soul, unless it breeds uneasy envy.

He was stopping with a family in North Dakota. It was in July, and clear, cold water—a luxury he did not frequently find—was most acceptable. The water on the table was so very sweet and so very cold that he was led to remark on its excellence.

"Yes, our well has always satisfied us, and we think we have a good thing when we can draw ice water in midsummer."

"It certainly is as cold as ice water," said the visitor, not believing the remark was meant exactly literally.

"No, but it's actually ice water; we'll show it to you after dinner."

And after dinner out they went, and the New England man was asked to look down. It was a round small brick shaft, much like the old wells seen hereabouts, and went down to an extraordinary depth. But there was a beautiful sight at the bottom. It was, sure enough, a natural ice water tank. Pieces of clear ice floated in the water, and a close look showed a thick coating of ice all around the sides for quite a distance above the water. The melting was surely slow enough down there, and the prospect was good for plenty of ice water, at least till the hot weather was over.

The explanation was simple enough. When the bucket is drawn a little of the water always spills or drips, and often strikes the sides of the well as it falls. In the winter—and Dakota winters are cold—this water at once freezes, and soon the entire length of the shaft is lined with ice. This thickens at an increasing rate, and it is frequently necessary to cut it away with an ax to make room in which the bucket can slide up and down. In the spring this begins to melt, and the ice falls to the bottom. The farther down, the slower is the process of melting.

Hot Politics in England.

As illustrating the bitterness of the recent campaign in Great Britain the Boston Transcript publishes a letter written by an English liberal to a friend in Boston. "We have had," he says, "a tremendous hard fight—many say the greatest since 1832. All the aristocracy, landlords, publicans, factors, and, above all, the church against us. The latter grew so keen on the subject that from over fifty pulpits for several Sundays past we (the liberal party) have been specially commended to the Lord for punishment, and sermons against our ideas preached. Some of the ministers have even gone so far as to say that any one who voted for —— was not fit to receive the sacrament. Think of that in this nineteenth century, and it will show you how deep and bitter the fight has been. All I can say is that there are 6,535 excommunicated people in this constituency alone."

A Woman's Back.

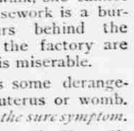
It is the mainspring of her life.

What can she do, where can she go, so long as that deadly *backache* saps every particle of her strength and ambition?

She cannot walk, she cannot stand; her housework is a burden; the hours behind the counter or in the factory are crushing; she is miserable.

The cause is some derangement of the uterus or womb. The *backache* is *the sure symptom.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* is the one unfailing remedy. A woman discovered it and gave it to women. A woman reads your letter and gives you a woman's sympathy and help. Thousands send letters grateful for physical salvation. The same salvation is for you. Don't hesitate.



All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25c.

Yours for Health, Lydia E. Pinkham

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH T. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Maseer, Basutoland (S. Africa), March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure in testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Diseases from the system.

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Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; six bottles for $5.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases,* there is nothing like

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It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

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Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. One large can saved me $50, send six more to prevent Roup," says one customer. **If you can't get it send to us. Ask first.** Sample for 25 cts in stamps, five packs $1. Large 2 lb 12 can, by mail, $1.20. Six large cans, $5, express prepaid. Sample copy of **The Best Poultry Paper** sent Free. Farm-Poultry one year (price 50c.) and large can $1.50. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

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BRAVERY OF A DENVER GIRL.

Risking Life to Save Her Pet Horse from Death by Fire.

The daughter of the late W. J. Kinsey performed an act of cool bravery in Denver the other night. She saved her pet, the family horse, from burning to death. The scene of the fire was the stable adjoining the costly residence at Eleventh avenue and Pearl street, belonging to the Kinsey estate, where live the son and daughter with a housekeeper and coachman. Miss Nettie Kinsey returned from a few days' visit to Manitou. She was accompanied home by two young friends, and at 8:45 when they reached the house they found it locked. The young ladies were afraid to attempt to enter the house by a window, and the Republican says Miss Kinsey concluded to wake the coachman, Arthur George, whose sleeping-room was in the barn. When she approached the window she was apprised by the smell of smoke and the heat that the barn was on fire.

Quickly the young lady recognized the gravity of the situation. She thought of the family horse, a valuable animal, and one to which she was much attached, standing in his stall crazed with fright, while the smoke and flames were nearly enveloping him. Giving the alarm to her friends, the brave little lady broke the window with her umbrella and climbed in, regardless of wounded and bleeding fingers. She rushed through the blinding smoke to the door, which she unbarred. Then, stripping off her jacket, she blindfolded the frightened horse and led him to the open air. By this time the screams of the young ladies had brought a crowd to the scene and some one had turned in an alarm. The fire department quickly responded and the flames were subdued before the building was wholly destroyed, although the damage, which included the destruction of two costly buggies, amounted to from three to four thousand dollars.

PLAYFUL RATS.

They Enjoy Playing at Toss and Catch with Eggs.

"Do you want to see something funny?" said a drug clerk to a reporter one evening. Of course the reporter was not averse to seeing something in the humorous line and so informed the mixer of pills and powders, says the Washington Post.

"Well, if no one comes in for a moment I'll show it to you," said he, placing a basket of eggs, used in making egg phosphates, from the top of the soda fountain to the counter. "Now stand here and watch the rats," and the newsman stood where he could get a view.

It took but a moment's silence, and then out popped a hoary old rat, soon followed by three more. They seemed to understand their part, and climbed nimbly up a box about a foot high, used in covering pipes, and from that to the tray under the counter where the glasses are washed. Up on top of another box they went, and then to the top of the counter.

The first decended to the floor, the second remained on the box, the third in the tray and the fourth on the high box. Seeing they were all there, the old rat on top walked to the eggs and picked up one, carrying it with his front legs, walking on his hind feet like a squirrel. He dropped it over and it was caught by the rat beneath, who in turn gave it to the one beneath him.

This rat jumped down and rolled the egg under the soda fountain. In this manner they carried down six eggs in exactly one minute, when, thinking the fun was expensive, the clerk drove them away.

"They will steal them by the dozen if I'll let them," said the clerk, "and we have to keep them on top of the fountain."

BABIES DAZED HIM.

A Mean Imposition on a Bashful Young Man.

A tall, solemn-looking young man entered the restaurant with a mild, apologetic air and seated himself at a vacant table near the middle of the room. It was evident that he dreaded to intrude. He wanted to get as far away from other people as possible. He even blushed painfully when he gave his order, and the most casual observer could have told that he was bashful, says the Detroit Tribune.

Just as his dinner was brought to him a buxom-looking woman with seven small children entered the place. The head waiter swept the field with his eye, pounced down upon the table where the young man had sought solitude, motioned to the mother, who clucked to the chickens, and a moment later they were all around that one table. That young man's face was a serial story.

Other people entered the restaurant, glanced at the group, smiled significantly and seated themselves. "He doesn't look it, does he?" queried a pleasant-faced old lady in an audible whisper. "She looks at least ten years older than he," murmured a girl at the next table.

He flew to the hat rack, tossed a dollar to the cashier and tried to go through the door without opening it.

AS IT IS IN INDIA.

An Accident to a Hindoo and the Consequences It Entailed.

The Indian papers report that some time since, in the neighborhood of Fyzabad, a man of the Ahir, or cowherd caste, was carrying a young calf home on his shoulders, when by some accident it slipped down and broke its neck. The Brahmins declared him to be outcast and sentenced him to the severest form of Hindoo excommunication for six months. They further told him that he could not have committed a greater sin than causing the death of a cow, but, taking into consideration that he was an uneducated man, they had dealt very leniently with him. During the period of excommunication he was ordered to lead a life of mendicancy and with a rope round his neck and a portion of the calf's tail on his shoulders he was to perform pilgrimages to different Hindoo shrines. The members of his family were forbidden to supply him with either shelter or food under a penalty of undergoing similar excommunication. The Ahir recently returned to his village, but until the purification ceremonies are over he must live in a temporary grass-thatched house which has been erected for his residence. It remains for a man of one of the lowest and most degraded castes to purify him. A barber, after shaving the delinquent and paring the nails of his hands and toes, will make over the hair and nails to the low caste attendant, who will burn them and also set fire to the hut. After this the Ahir, being covered with cow-dung, will take a plunge into the river Sarju and come out purified. But his troubles are even then by no means at an end. After he has feasted fifty Brahmins and one hundred of his brethren he will be readmitted into caste-fellowship.

Russian Exhibits.

The Russian imperial commission, upon behalf of its government, has applied to the director general for the following allotment of space in the various exposition buildings: Agriculture, 32,000 square feet; horticulture, 7,000; live stock, 200; fish and fisheries, 6,300; mines, mining and metallurgy, 2,400; machinery, 4,100; transportation, 2,500; manufactures, 50,000; electricity, 200; fine arts, 1,200; liberal arts, 12,400; ethnology, 10; forestry, 2,300; total, 120,610 square feet.

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all of which you know leads the musical world in quality and character of their goods. While we put the prices down to you at such rates, and on such

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Every Man Who Loves His Home and Children

You should have a Decker Bros. or Knabe or Fisher, or Estey, and Story & Clark instrument, instead of some cheap or unknown or perhaps some old fossil make. Therefore have only one at the above named instruments. Have no other. Also remember that for either Pianos or Organs, Bands and Orchestra instruments we will make to you the very lowest Single Profit Prices, and EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Also remember to write direct to the house, or call personally at the salesrooms in the

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but, fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are entirely vegetable and do not gripe or cause pain by their use. Please all who try them. In vials at 25 cents, five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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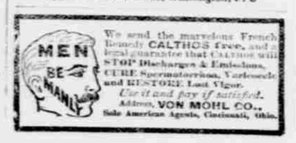

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MAN AGAINST SHARK.

How a Cuban Fruit Peddler Laid Out Two Man Eaters.

"The prettiest battle I ever witnessed was between a Cuban and a couple of sharks," said Thomas C. Ridgeway to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "We had reached Havana from New York, and were lying perhaps half a mile from the docks awaiting the signal to go in. Several fruit peddlers had boarded us, and among them a swarthy, bare-legged young fellow who looked like a pirate. The purser was standing by the rail, holding his five-year-old son in his arms, watching a couple of monster sharks that were hanging about the vessel, when the child slipped from his grasp and fell into the water. The father plunged overboard and seized him, and the sharks at once made for the pair.

"The bare-legged young buccaneer dropped the fruit basket and was over the rail like a flash. As the first shark turned on its back, the invariable prelude to biting, the Cuban rose, and with a long, keen knife fairly disemboweled it. The other was not to be disposed of so easily. He seemed to realize that in the Cuban he had a dangerous foe, and, in the language of the ring, sparred for an opening. Several of us began to blaze away at him with our revolvers, but the Cuban appeared to fear our bad marksmanship more than the shark, and begged us to desist. The purser and his child had been pulled on deck, and the combatants had a fair field. The Cuban dived, but the shark did not wait for him to come up, and changed his location. Finally the latter advanced straight upon his antagonist, his ugly fin cutting through the water like a knife, turned quickly upon his back, and the huge jaws came together with a vicious snap, but the Cuban was not between them. He had sunk just in time to avoid the shark, and as the latter passed shot the steel into it. The old sea wolf made the water boil and strove desperately to strike his antagonist with his tail, but the latter kept well amidships and literally cut him to pieces.

"We made up a purse for him, and the next day the brave ragamuffin could have given Solomon pointers in gorgeous apparel."

CALIFORNIA REDWOOD.

Peculiar and Picturesque Growth of the Pacific Coast.

On the camping grounds of the Bohemian club on Austin creek, and in the Armstrong tract near Guerneville, one finds the lowland redwood in perfection. In such places there are often rings of great trees inclosing pits five or six feet deep and thirty, forty, or even fifty feet in diameter. Each of these pits is supposed to show where the venerable ancestor of the surrounding circle of trees once stood, says a writer in the Century. Long before it fell innumerable sprouts grew from the yet living roots. Afterward, when the giant yielded, the rains washed new soil into the "bottoms" from the mountain sides to fill the deep chasm. For a century or so there was a struggle among the children of the fallen monarch, and at last only seven or eight remained to become great trees of twelve feet in diameter set on the rim of the pit formed by the decay of the roots of the ancient tree and each having a complete root system of its own. Other trees, seedlings or sprouts, grow up between them and in a few more centuries the process of forming another redwood-tree ring will be repeated about the largest of the second growth. Rings of this sort can be found in all stages of formation in every canyon and valley of the redwood country. Some very large rings still show the broken edges of the central tree's roots projecting like the staves of a barrel around the hollow, overgrown with ferns and wild oxalis, or filled to the brim with fresh, spicy redwood sprouts. The green spires of the living forest, three hundred feet high, filter the air through their innumerable branches and shut out all but faint blue sparkles of the sky. The dust of one of the pioneers is underfoot and a little tree of last year's growth is struggling to raise a place. The red bronze trunks of the trees stand like a wall, hiding the rise of the mountains, hiding the banks of the river, though one hears the sound of its flow and the splash of little trout streams in the canyons. Such groves as this are the temples of the California forest system.

PINZON.

The Humble Associate and Patron of Columbus.

"Pinzon had no acquaintance at court, he was without title or rank, he was under no instructions, nor was he under obligation to anyone," says Isaac Bassett Choate in an article on "Columbus and His Friends" in the New England Magazine. "By an act of spontaneous patriotism he put his influence and authority, his person and the persons of his brothers and other relatives, the ships that were his own—in a word, the material of the expedition—into the hands of Columbus, with the perfect understanding that the latter was lacking the means and the influence to bring the fleet together. In addition to all this he advanced on this slender credit almost half a million of maravedis, or, it may be, the third part of the total expense. If the undertaking failed, Columbus would lose some of the illusions of his life, which constituted the sum of his investment, but if he did not lose all hope he would soon be found again as a suitor at some court. Pinzon on his part would sacrifice the half million without any hope that a poor foreigner, and one who was wholly misunderstood, would ever find means to reimburse him."

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

Singular Sagacity Displayed by Wild Horses.

That cattle and horses can communicate intelligence to each other and are endowed with a certain amount of reasoning faculty the following facts are pretty conclusive proof: I once purchased a station on which a large number of cattle and horses had gone wild. To get the cattle in I fenced the permanent water—a distance of twenty miles—leaving traps at intervals. At first this answered all right, but soon the cattle became exceedingly cautious about entering the traps; waiting outside for two or three nights before going in, and if they could smell a man or his tracks not going in at all. At last they adopted a plan which beat me. A mob would come to the trap-gate, and one would go in and drink and come out, and then another would do the same, and so on till all had watered. They had evidently arrived at the conclusion that I would not catch one and frighten all the others away. To get in the wild horses, six hundred of which were running on a large plain (about twenty thousand acres), I erected a stock yard with a gradually widening lane in a hollow where it could not easily be seen, and by stationing horsemen at intervals on the plain galloped the wild horses in. My first hunt (which lasted for some days) was successful, the wild horses heading toward the mouth of the lane without much difficulty, but of course some escaped by charging back at the stock yard gate and in other ways. My second hunt, about a month later, was a failure; every mob of horses on the plain seemed to know where the yard was and would not head that way. This seems to show that the horses that escaped from the first hunt told all the others where the stock yard was.

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A VICTIM TO SOAP AND WATER.

The Digger Indian Performed an Unusual Act and Died from Its Effects.

Chatting with a reporter for the Chicago Tribune a few days ago an old army officer who has served all over the country gave his opinion of the Digger Indian as follows:

"This Indian, a native of northern California, is the most degraded, low-count creature in the United States. He is swinish, dirty, indolent and sometimes ugly. He does not possess a single good characteristic. Occasionally he kills a comrade, but Ameri an never descends to his sphere, as it mostly views such matters in the same light as when one mule kicks another. He lives on horse meat, abandoned skin bones, grasshoppers, pine nuts and acorns. He will go further to see a corpse or to steal a watermelon than any other human being. He will sit in the hours in the sun with the mercury at a hundred, the laziest, freest, happiest and most independent thing in existence. He luxuriates in fourth of July processions and other spectacular demonstrations without obtaining any idea of their meaning. His head, always covered to the sun, bears a black mane thicker than that of a horse. He lives and lives and becomes more shriveled and drier and drier, but still he lives until he is a hundred and over—no one knows how long, for his undoctored vitals are so tough and so strong that they keep to their work until the last drop of blood in his veins is fairly dried up.

"And this reminds me," continued the army officer, "of a story that Gen. Sheridan delighted to tell. A Digger Indian out near the upper Klamath prospecting, came across one of those spontaneous deposits which abound in northern California and Nevada, and which he mistook for something more valuable. He obtained a chunk of it and waded into a neighboring creek for the purpose of washing it. He was surprised to find that it changed the color of his hands, and it felt so good that he rubbed himself from head to foot with it, dived three or four times into the water, and then made for home. As he approached his camp a score of his friends dashed at him with clubs and knives, and, although he screamed in their tongue and declared him to be one of their tribe, his exclamations of identity and cries of pain were received with anger and derision, and he was literally hacked and stoned and clubbed to death. Even the squaw of his bosom and his children failed to recognize him, and his own dog barked at him. You see he was the only Digger Indian that ever washed with soap and water, and he fell a victim to the unfortunate application."

TIME TO SPARE.

A Tenderfoot Who Changed His Mind in Front of a Revolver.

A group of club loungers were exchanging reminiscences when the youngest of the group spoke up in a tone that promised a good story. "I can tell you an experience I had when I was with an engineering party in Idaho a few years ago. A prominent man in the camp had suddenly disappeared, and it was generally believed that Murphy—or 'Desperado Jack,' as he was familiarly known—was accountable for the disappearance. Murphy was a typical westerner, was born in the west, had roved around in the west for several years, and it goes without saying that he was an expert at poker and a crack shot. There were already eleven notches upon the handle of his revolver when I met him. He was absolutely fearless and was regarded as the terror of the camp. Notwithstanding the suspicions that arose concerning the old colonel's disappearance there was no positive evidence that Murphy was the murderer, and probably the right arm of the law would have proved a little weak anyway in a case in which Murphy was involved.

"I was playing poker one evening in the barroom and may possibly have been affected somewhat by my half dozen drinks. I had a dead cinch I thought on my opponent, and the chances were in favor of my becoming richer by about fifteen hundred when Murphy sauntered in. He lounged around the bar for a few minutes, but finding nothing else to interest him he swaggered over to our table and watched the game. Seeing that I was about to win he remarked insolently to my companion: 'Don't let that blasted tenderfoot get the best of you. Put down that ten.'

"I fired up in a second and was ready to knock him down.

"'Steady, now, Billy, steady,' he said to me, jeeringly.

"Of course I lost my temper, called him a murderer and accused him of killing Brown, and added that everybody knew it. Eying me coolly, he drew out a silver-mounted derringer with the remark:

"'Young man, I'll give you just one minute to take that back.'

"You killed the scoundrel with his own gun, of course," remarked a New York Herald man, in the tone of one who