

JOHN G. SAKE ON WISHING.

Of all amusements of the mind, From logic down to fishing, There isn't one that you can find So very cheap as "wishing."

MY BURGLARY.

The bugle was placed in the holder the horses made a graceful turn and we checked up in front of "The Nugget," the leading hotel of Goldtown, a mining camp at an altitude of some seven thousand feet in the heart of the Rockies, and seventy miles by the nearest stage route from a railroad.

After a supper of mountain trout and game I felt rested. I had come to Goldtown in response to Mr. Furber, the proprietor of the general store of the camp. He wanted a bookkeeper and I had answered his advertisement. My references pleased him; he said "come," and I did so. Mr. Furber called the evening of my arrival. I found him a thorough business man and a gentleman, and to this writing, now more than seventeen years later, I have never had occasion to change my impression.

The day following my arrival I began active duty. The work was abundant, but the associations were pleasant and the mountain air exhilarating; so on the whole I was contented. January the first soon came, and with it a handsome increase of salary. Other Januarys followed with greater cares and liberal remuneration. I made friends, was trusted and was saving money. Mr. Furber consulted me regarding various ventures, and seemed to value my opinions.

More than four years of devotion to my employer's interests had passed, when I was informed that I should take entire charge of the financial affairs of the house, involving the management. "I have been on the lookout for some time," said Mr. Furber to me, "for some investment for you, William, that would be safe and net large returns. I think I can recommend the 'Turkey-point' mine. I was under the ground yesterday and I find good showings for a wonderful future; they are on a vein now that will assay fully twenty ounces of silver and four and a fraction ounces of gold. There is some book stock yet; I will take all that is left unless you want some of it."

I had implicit confidence in the business sagacity and honor of my employer, and on his recommendation I placed \$5,000—all my savings—in the "Turkey-point." Two or three dividends were paid, then the mine "went blind"; the vein was only a pocket of ore that was soon exhausted.

As I was making up the cash one night—several thousand dollars, mostly in gold dust, but some coin—the wealth before me called to mind a report I had read that morning of an express messenger who took some \$30,000 from Wells, Fargo & Co.

I weighed the gold dust, counted the coin and placed it in the safe, thinking all the while about the express messenger, tracing him to remote parts and imagining him living in luxury. As I was closing the vault-door a mine-owner came in. "Wait a minute," said he; "here is some gold I want to deposit."

I weighed it. "I'll make you a receipt," I said. "I don't want your receipt, William," said he away. His manner and tone so expressive of confidence, made me dislike my thoughts of the moment before. I meditated. "Am I too honest to be tempted? Why am I thinking of the express messenger?" I tried not to.

I went to my room by the only stairs that led to the story above, the foot of which began not three feet from the vaults. My room was in the rear, and below my window flowed a mountain stream, at that season, when the snow was melting off the mountain, swelled to some magnitude. "That skiff," I thought, while watching the waters, "is the only one in camp. It is less than forty miles to where the railroad crosses this stream. By horseback the same point cannot be reached under sixty miles." I checked my thoughts in horror; what was I thinking of!

I flung myself in a chair and closed my eyes to evade my invisible companion, the express messenger; but he seemed in-

separable. I took a book and tried to read. My eyes alone traced the words; my thoughts ran on: "Furber introduced me into that 'Turkey-point' mine. I lost all I had—his fault. He owes me something." Then I began to count the dust we were storing for mine owners. "The Crystal Rock" has about eight thousand, "Yellow Dirt" about five thousand, the "Silver Moon" between nine and ten; the house owns over twenty thousand, besides the small deposits.

Was I turning thief? Why I was fighting against my thoughts? Do what I would my mind continued to plan.

Many saloons, blacksmith's shops and small mines deposited in the Furber vaults; they were the only secure deposits in the camp. The store of R. T. Furber sold everything from whiskey to mining engines, besides accepting deposits and doing a kind of banking business.

I found, as several days passed, that I was ridiculing the notion of becoming a robber, and at times disgusted with myself for permitting the idea. Then I would think, "Where would have been my destination?" During such speculations I found myself figuring on railroad connections and the number of hours' start I would have, wholly unconscious of the accurate preparations I was completing. When in my mind I was lost to my pursuers in India, I must have experienced some of the true sensations of a criminal. I had calculated minutely my disguises, aliases and business enterprises when far away.

Toward the latter part of July, after business hours one evening, I carefully removed the contents of the grip that had accompanied me to Goldtown and with it in hand crept on tiptoe downstairs. I felt that I was acting like a sneak, and stepped more firmly; my foot touched the broom, it fell and I jumped. The noise of a mouse gnawing made me pause and listen. I crept back up stairs and looked out of my window. The skiff was in its place.

Five minutes later and the well-hung vault door swung noiselessly open. I entered, satchel in hand. I was nervous. I turned the combination too far. I tried again successfully. The match I held burned my fingers. No matter; I knew every hole and corner in the safe, and its contents were soon transferred to my satchel. I locked the safe and closed the vault door, thinking, "The fewer signs I leave behind the more start I'll have." I put the now valuable satchel on the floor and went to my room to take a last look out and see if the way was clear.

I heard a sound below like breaking in a window. I stood frightened. Voices were whispering. I stood motionless at the top of the stairs. I could hear foot-steps ascending the stairs. I went to my bed and sat on the edge. Two forms were dimly visible passing my window; then the light of a dark lantern appeared and I was commanded to throw up my hands. The gleam of a pistol made me obey. I was told to come down stairs and open the door or be shot. I walked in front, each arm firmly grasped and the pistol at my head.

The meagre contents of the safe angered them; they swore and threatened and finally bound me hand and foot, leaving me on the office floor, where by painful contortions I succeeded in getting my knife from my pocket and releasing myself. My first move after gaining my feet was to place every grain of gold and coin back in the proper place. The following morning the story I felt justified in telling to hide my guilt made me a hero. I simply related how I cleaned out two burglars single handed.

In the hour of silent reflection after the attempted burglary I awoke to the awful crime I had nearly accomplished. The next evening I sat moodily thinking, alone in my room, when Mr. Furber knocked. He brought his chair beside me and said: "William, it was my fault that you lost your money in 'Turkey-point,' I induced you to go into it. Now I want you to accept an interest in the store. I will feel then that you have been paid."

My benefactor has not given much attention to business for some years. Goldtown has grown to a booming city and has two railroads. The general store is a thing of the past. Furber & Company have developed into a banking concern.

The president's work consists of driving down to the bank on pleasant afternoons at about 4.30 with his daughter—she's my wife—and our children. He devotes considerable time telling his grandchildren stories of early times in the Rockies, one of which is how their papa, all alone, kept two robbers from stealing all grandpapa's money.—[Kate Field's Washington.]

A Subterranean River.

Rev. Dr. Foster of Boston in his weekly letter to the Chicago Advance, states that there are reasons to suppose that there is an underground river about a hundred feet below ground, running through Massachusetts and Providence and emptying into the sea. It is supposed that this river, whose waters are ice-cold and exceeding pure, starts from the White Mountain region and finds its way through an old ravine dug by a glacier, then filled with gravel and covered over with hard-pan. Water of that ice-cold quality and of great abundance has been found at about the same depth in Providence, in Foxboro and two miles west of Lowell. In two of these cases it is certain that there is a cavity nearly a hundred feet below ground, through which the water flows, for in each case the drill dropped from ten to twenty feet after reaching water and then struck a ledge. If there is this stream of pure cold water traversing our Commonwealth, it will be hard to over-estimate its value to Eastern Massachusetts in years to come, to whom the problem of a pure water supply is one of great difficulty, but of vital importance.

A Giant Oak Cut in Indiana.

An oak tree, six feet in diameter at the butt and fifty-two feet to the first limb, was felled near Castleton, Ind., the other day. Above the first limb was made a twelve-foot log. It produced 6,000 feet of lumber, and reckoned by its rings, is 500 years old. It is thought to be the finest specimen of its kind in the country and will likely be taken to the World's Fair.—[St. Louis Republican.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

COLONEL H. W. FEILDEN, in the course of an interesting paper on animal life in East Greenland, contributed to the February number of the Zoologist, suggests, as he has done before, that the musk ox might with advantage be introduced into Great Britain. He sees no reason why it should not thrive on the mountains of the Highlands of Scotland. In the winter season the musk ox is covered with a long-stapled fine wool besides its coat of hair. This wool is of a light yellow color, and as fine as silk. Sir John Richardson states that stockings made from this wool were more beautiful than silk ones. Young musk oxen are very easily reared and tamed, and Colonel Feilden thinks there could not be any great difficulty in catching either old or young in James's Land. The government has lately introduced the reindeer from Russia into Alaska. It would not be a bad idea to try an importation of the musk ox from Greenland.

The great advance that has been made in the metallurgy of aluminum within the past ten years is one of the most hopeful signs of the application of scientific principles to commercial problems. When one recalls the status of this metal in 1880, when aluminum was but little more than a plaything, and an expensive one at that, and then refers to the present condition of the industry, he is impressed with two considerations. First, that so much has been done to cheapen the processes for the extraction of this metal from its ores, and second, that in all probability the methods now in use will be discarded before 1900. A great deal of laborious and costly work has been done, and the result is that aluminum can be bought for fifty cents per pound as against \$12 in 1886.

The experiment of the eight-hour day, or rather of making forty-eight hours a week's work, is now being tried in one of the largest iron works in England, the Salford works at Salford, which is a suburb of Manchester. The working hours at these works have heretofore been fifty-three per week, and the reduction is made on an understanding with the men that the output of the works shall not be diminished by this shortening of the hours. The men are to be punctual and energetic, and to save the owners from loss because of this shortening of hours, by greater industry. There is to be no reduction of wages, and if the end of a year finds the experiment successful the forty-eight-hour week will be the permanent arrangement.

The sugar possibilities of Florida are so great and sugar so important an article to our country that the United States Department of Agriculture has established an experimental station on the shore of East Lake, opposite St. Cloud, to thoroughly investigate the subject. There have been introduced from all parts of the world 80 varieties of cane and their relative merit and adaptability will be thoroughly tested, and every method of cultivation will be applied and the subject most thoroughly treated in every way and the results handed to the people. In order to fully carry out this work a most splendid experimental factory has been built, so that no pains will be spared to make the investigations complete.

If the present spirit of enterprise continues to manifest itself in Arizona, that Territory's vast tracts of desert land will soon be transformed into one of the chief sources of its wealth. Within a comparatively short time quite a number of irrigation projects have been inaugurated, having for their object the reclamation of districts varying in area from a few thousands to hundreds of thousands of acres. The latest project for which contracts for the construction of reservoirs and canals have already been placed, contemplates bringing into agricultural and horticultural use 300,000 acres in the Gila river valley, and will involve an expenditure of more than \$2,000,000.

The Austrian engineer Werner has patented an invention which bids fair to cure the labor of a stoker, or steamboat fireman from the hardest, ugliest, and most unhealthy sort of toil into a mere child's play occupation. His plan consists in pulverizing bituminous coal and feeding it to the furnaces by means of a pear-shaped "distributor," self-acting, under ordinary circumstances, but with amenable to the control of the operator. Experiments have proved that coal dust, pressed into a fine blaze, will burn almost without a residuum. There will be no raking of ashes and clinkers, next to no smoke, and the apparatus can be worked without approaching the hives of the furnace door.—[Weekly Review.]

The number of sheep and lambs in the United Kingdom in 1892 was 33,642,808, against 29,411,750—five years previously—an increase of 4,241,058 head. The average value, however, is computed at only 21 shillings 21 pence in 1892, against 26 shillings 21 pence in 1887, and with this loss of 5 shillings 1 pence per head the sheep of Great Britain show a falling off in value of nearly \$3,000,000 notwithstanding their increase in numbers!

The latest development of steam ship-building is the whaleback, of American invention. Two steel ships of this type are to be built in England for the American Steel Barge Company. One is to be a steamship and the other a tow-barge, with a combined carrying capacity of 9,000 tons. They will be used in the iron ore trade between Cuba and Philadelphia, and are to be ready for their first trip in July next.

The railroad mileage of Connecticut is greater according to area than any country of Europe except Belgium, Delaware, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania have, each of them, a larger trackage to the square mile than Germany, France or Holland and each of the states except Iowa and New York, has a larger relative trackage than Great Britain.

The following list shows the number of profit-sharing establishments in the different countries: France, ninety-two; Austria, three; Sweden, four; Italy, four; Switzerland, sixteen; Germany, twenty-six; Belgium, five; United States, thirty-five; Portugal, one; Spain, one; England, sixty-four; Denmark,

four; Holland, five; Russia, one; which makes a total of 255 in all.

On a single day recently the Scilly islands sent to English markets ten and a half tons of flowers. This striking fact shows the amazing progress of an industry which was unknown a dozen years ago in the little archipelago. The inhabited islands contain only between three and four thousand acres altogether.

THE SCIENCE OF INSURANCE.

It Had Its Origin in a Problem Suggested by Card Playing.

It is a curious fact that the "doctrine of probabilities," or the scientific basis upon which all insurance rests, had its origin in a game of cards. That is to say, the foundation upon which this great economy depends, and upon which it owes its claims to the confidence and patronage of the community, originated from investigations regarding games of chance. It happened in this way:

About the year 1650 the Chevalier de Mere, a Flemish nobleman, who was both a respectable mathematician and an ardent gambler, attempted to solve the problem of dividing equitably the stakes when a game of chance was interrupted. The problem was too difficult for him, and he sought the aid of the famous Abbe Blaise Pascal, a Jesuit priest, author of "Night Thoughts," and one of the most accomplished mathematicians of any age. Pascal solved the problem, and in so doing enunciated the "doctrine of probabilities," or laws governing so-called chances. Upon this depend not only the laws governing insurance of all kinds, but also the laws governing the motions of planets in space, and, in fact, all astronomical science.

This doctrine or theory Pascal illustrated by the throwing of dice. When a single die is thrown the chance of turning up an ace is precisely one out of six, or one out of the total number of sides or faces. But if a large number of throws are made, it will be found that each face will be turned up an equal number of times. From this Pascal laid down the proposition that results which have happened in any given number of observed cases will again happen under similar circumstances, provided the numbers be sufficient for the proper working of the law of average.

Thus the duration of the life of a single individual is one of the greatest uncertainties, but the duration, or rate of mortality of a large number of individuals may be predicted with great accuracy by comparison with the observed results among a sufficiently large number of persons of similar ages, occupations and climatic influences.

The Largest Apple Orchard.

The largest apple orchard in the world is to be seen in the wilderness of Koolau, Maui, one of the Hawaiian islands. The forest is of native wild apple trees, which are countless in number and stretch from the sea far up the mountain side. These trees vary from forty to fifty feet in height, and during the harvest season they are covered with fruit of white and red colors. For miles around and up the mountain side and toward the seashore are vast groves of these trees. The crop in these apple orchards which nature has planted so generously in this wild and solitary waste, would fill a fleet of a hundred steamers. The orchard stretches over a country from ten to fifteen miles wide and twenty miles long. Many of these trees bear at least fifty barrels each. The fruit furnishes the traveller excellent repast, appeasing both thirst and hunger. So far as is known, no commercial use can be made of the fruit, from the fact that when ripe it can not be kept for more than four days.

"Getting the Mitten."

The Boston Transcript thus explains the phrase "getting the mitten": One hundred years ago gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young man going home from singing-school with the young girl of his choice was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable, the hand would remain. If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would "get the mitten," but would not get the hand. The use of the word "muff," meaning a foolish, blundering person, also has an easy explanation; a stupid youth was said to be a "muff" because, like the article of feminine wear called by that name, he held a woman's hand without squeezing it! The sedate old times were not without their gallantries.

A Missing Island.

Expedition Island is no more. Your map shows it lying on the northwest coast of Australia, about twenty-two miles from the mainland. When it flourished in all its glory, as it has since time of memory, it was a beautiful tract of land, thirteen miles long and one and a half or two miles broad.

A vessel was sailing in those parts quite recently when the officers remarked the absence of the island. The captain ordered that soundings be made. All around thousands of feet of water was found.

Finally, upon observing that there were no signs of breakers on the former site of the island, he ordered that they sail directly across where the island had formerly been. Soundings were again taken, which resulted in finding that the island had only sunk to a depth of forty-eight feet below the surface. It was one of the largest islands on the Australian coast and its sudden subsidence is a mystery.—[St. Louis Republican.]

The Tips of Fingers.

Finger prints have long been the bane of neat housekeepers, but it is only of late that these have become a study for the scientific. In France it is the custom to make all criminals impress their finger tips upon an impressionable surface, and in this way give to the officials a sure mark for future identification. New men are endeavoring to show that the same means may be made valuable in determining race and family. The time may come when knowledge at the finger ends will mean more than ready acquaintance with things.—[Fort Worth Gazette.]

RAM'S HORN BLAST.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



CHARACTERAL characters are full of weak spots. THE devil's masterpiece is a drunkard's home. God is disappointed when a Christian is not happy. A MAN with a bad liver very often has a good heart. THE nearer men get to God, the more they are tempted. IF the tongue could kill not many would live to old age. HELL is as near to the palace as Heaven is to the death bed. THE man who picks his own cross never gets the right one. EVERY man in a brass band thinks his horn makes the best music. NEARLY all Christ's preaching was to the sinners in the church. THERE is no greater misfortune in life than to have a bad mother. THE easiest thing for a loafer to do is to find fault with busy people. IT is a dangerous thing to follow anybody who is not following Christ. THE diamond has the most sparkle, but window glass does the most good. WHEN people are hired to do good they quit work as soon as the pay stops. THE devil has no better helper than the man with a fault-finding spirit. REAL prayer for a revival never begins until we are willing to work for it. THE trouble with people who can talk is that they are apt to say too much. MAN is not banished from God's presence for what he does, but what he is. THE shadow of a misfortune will generally frighten us more than the disaster itself. UNDETAKE to prove that there is no hell and every mean man will throw up his hat. THEY know in Heaven how much religion the rich have by the way they treat the poor folks. THE world is full of lion fighters, but it is hard to find people who won't run from a hornet. IF you have the wrong kind of religion in the street cars, you don't have the right kind at church. DO good as often as you have opportunity, and it will not be your fault if you are not kept busy. THE religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in other places where it is more needed. IF you want God's fire to burn brightly everywhere, see to it that it never goes out in your own heart. THE recording angel never strikes a balance on his books by what is said of a man on his grave stone. EVERY new acquaintance we make has the power to tell us something we didn't know about ourselves.

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