

COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind the Gates of Hercules; Before him not the ghosts of shores, Before him only shoreless seas. The good mate said: "Now must we pray, For lot the very stars are gone. Brave Adm'l, speak, what shall I say?" "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'" They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow Until at last the blanched mate said: "Why, now not even God would know Should I and all my men fall dead. These very winds forget their way, For God from these dread seas is gone; Now speak, brave Adm'l; speak and say!" He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!" Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck, And peered through darkness. Ah, that night, Of all dark nights! And then a speak— A light! A light! A light! A light! It grew, a starlit flag unfurled! It grew to be Time's burst of dawn, He gained a lesson; he gave that world Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!" —Joaquin Miller, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

BY FRANK E. MILLARD.

HEN the stage "went light" they ran out the small buck-board, but when there were more than four passengers the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand dollars in the newest of new tens and twenties in it. The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice—where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter-writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely to the "lines;" that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth. "Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore" was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; "can't git no decent job now-adays. Nothin' ter be hed by prospectin'—tried the time an' agin; ef I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulch, but it's a long way off, an' me'n Sue an' the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter git that rheumatiz jes now, when we's so hard up, an' afore she weaned the baby? It's a shame. Why can't Bill git something ter do?—great big, lunk-headed cuss. Ef I had a brother, poorer'n a crow, d'y'e think I'd go an' live on him, an' live on him, till thar warn't nothin' ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. Bill hain't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gittin' his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's unlucky. Been tryin' fur a month ter git a job, an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin' ter work. He'd stan' croch-deep in the creek all day long washin out tallin' ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it for six weeks an' didn't git enough to buy a pair o' gum-boots. Whoa, Buckskin! > And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hiring of the express company, and why should that smooth jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion? "They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold, that I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. I'd like ter see one on 'em handlin' the ribbons when thar's a Winchester lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar' head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The sweet scened, calf skin booted young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em."

What would the people down in Mexico or Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the daytime and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see, would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well-hidden. And the thought stuck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canyon, his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart gowns for his wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and, as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over it he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve."

The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding-up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver. "Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never like to hev one o' them air long-barreled things p'inted at me. They shoot too straight. Now, here ye are."

The Japanese fever is still raging. The Bertha collar is quite a feature. Velvet suits of gown and coat are seen. Hooded capes and cloaks are fashionable. Pearls are among the most fashionable jewels. Plaids and checks are very large at present. All the newest gowns are being made with short waists. Everything is being trimmed with ribbon this season. Very few women who can afford it now wear any but silk-lined gowns. The princess dress appears in a new shape exclusively for tea-gown models. Shaded chrysanthemums, yellow and brown, are fashionable bridal bouquets. Black henrietta is made up for little girls' wear with Scotch plaid surah gumpes. About 20,000 women in Great Britain and Ireland earn their living as hospital nurses. And now word comes that Rosa Bonheur is scornfully refusing \$60,000 for her last picture. If there isn't a gas-jet in the guest's chamber there should be a candlestick and plenty of matches. The average pay of male teachers in Rhode Island is \$76 per month; that of women teachers \$41.89. There are said to be 200 women in New York City who go to Europe twice a year to buy their dresses. The newest cut of skirts is either the umbrella-shape or the make with a cross-way seam down the centre of the front. Sixteen thousand women are now employed in the postoffices of England, besides 8577 in the permanent staff of the department. A beautiful fish service lately seen is of sea green china, picked out in gold and ornamented with exquisite designs of floating seaweed. Alice Parker, an attorney-at-law, delivered an able address in Boston, Mass., the other night on the shameful injustice of Massachusetts laws toward women. Mrs. Lynda A. Dent has been the first woman to be admitted to the practice of law in Florida, where it had heretofore been extremely difficult to attain this end. Alice Jane Campbell, a London (England) lady, has just patented an improved measuring attachment for shears and scissors, that promises to make her famous. The short, stout woman will do well to flee from the fur sleeves which are to be a feature for midwinter costumes. It takes a tall woman of commanding presence to successfully wear them. Trimmed silk blouses for evening wear are very popular; also low-necked ones in pale shades of surah or bengaline, trimmed with chiffon to match; these are adapted to wear with any skirt. A "glove tidy" is the name of a pretty little pocket, made to hang to the looking-glass, containing a glove stretcher, button-hook, scissors, thimble and silks and needles, all ready for mending gloves. There is one vocation particularly fitted to a woman who has deftness and skill combined with artistic taste. This vocation is to furnish floral and table decorations for elegant entertainments. The Comtesse Martel de Janville, widely known to the readers of French literature from her pen name of "Gyp," is a grandniece of Mirabeau, of French Revolution fame. She is forty-two years old. The influential women of London, England, who are sending clothing to the destitute Russians have showed the instinct of true charity in having these garments fashioned after the national dress. Of 430 women graduates from a single medical college in the United States, 390 are engaged in active practice, at an average age of twenty-seven years, with incomes varying from \$3000 to \$20,000 a year. The Confederation of Women's Clubs now represents 150 clubs, some of which contain as many as 500 members. Chicago and San Francisco have the largest clubs, but New York claims the pioneer—Sorosis. Long gathered skirts of cashmere are worn to just escape the floor on girls of two to five years, and have very large sleeves and round waists in fine or medium tucks, with a corselet of velvet covering the waist so that only the upper part shows like a yoke. Constance Eaglestone describes the woman of the upper class in Southern Italy as a brilliant humming bird whose irresponsible existence is passed in flashing her own bright hues in the sun, while the women of the lower classes endure with cheerfulness lives of trial and privation. The vagaries of bridesmaids' favors grow. Recently in London the eight attendants upon the bride carried walking-sticks of the Alpine sort with Dresden china heads, gifts of the bride, and at another wedding little silver whistles were worn by the maids because the bride bestowed them. Miss Kate Miner, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Board of Managers of the Columbian Exposition, is a successful Louisiana sugar planter. With her brother, she manages the affairs of a plantation of five thousand acres. She is planning to exhibit an Acadian settlement and a Creole settlement at the fair.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. Glass coated bricks are announced. About 1500 years ago we entered the epoch of a more genial winter temperature. Common wheat bran, or any kind of mill feed is recommended for extinguishing oil fires. A reverse of seasons is supposed to take place upon this earth once in every 10,500 years. In his own laboratory Mr. Aitken calculated 30,000,000 of dust particles in a cubic inch of air. Experiments with two straight edges, separated at one end by a sheet of paper, show that light can be seen through a clean-cut opening of not more than 1-40,000 of an inch. In some German telephone offices an electrically driven clock is attached to each telephone, which will work as long as the telephone is off the hook, and stops directly it is replaced. Recent experiments have shown that in the dog and the cat, as well as in the rabbit, the removal of more than three-fourths of the liver is not followed by serious consequences, and that the organ regains its weight within thirty-six days. Vaccine virus has been cultivated by a Russian physician, who finds that the artificially cultivated is as effective as the genuine product, while having the advantage of absolute freedom from germs of scrofula, tuberculosis or other diseases. Mr. Haly, Curator of the Colombo Museum, has discovered that carbolized oil is one of the most perfect preservatives of the colors of fish and other animal specimens. The most delicate frogs, snakes and geckos retain their evanescent tints when kept in it. The first white enamel factory in the United States will be located at Dubuque, Iowa, and the plans for it have just been received from Germany. The process of manufacturing these goods is a secret, and that it may not be discovered the building will be constructed without doors and windows except those opening in an inner court. A French physiologist reports an interesting experiment in preventive inoculation for consumption. About eight months ago he inoculated two monkeys with the tubercular bacilli of the fowl, and after six months they showed no signs of the disease. These animals and a third were then inoculated with human tubercle, with the result that those first inoculated still continue well, while the third died after a few weeks. It has been decided to work the Liverpool (England) Elevated Railway by electricity, using motor cars, instead of separate locomotives. The line is six miles long, and the generating station is being erected near the middle of the railway. There are several opening bridges, and the structure is composed entirely of iron and steel, spanning for the most the existing dock railway, which will thus be left free for the goods traffic of the docks. Forest vegetation is much richer in North America than in Europe, and comprises 412 species, of which 176 are native to the Atlantic region, 106 to the Pacific, ten are common to both, forty-six to the Rocky Mountain region, and seventy-four are tropical species near the coasts of Florida, as against 158 species in Europe. Six North American species of forest trees—the Judas tree, persimmon, hackberry, plane tree, hop hornbeam and chestnut—are also indigenous in Europe, all now growing there naturally south of the Alps. Wash Day Comes Once a Year. In Germany, especially among the lower classes, it is said, wash day comes no oftener than Christmas—once a year. A writer says: The notion of cleanliness which prevails among the better class of Germans forbids the storing or accumulation of solid linen in the dwelling house, hence the necessity of the "schwartz-waschkammer," built near by, where the soiled or unwashed clothes are hung up exposed to the air on poles or lines. We cannot but commend them for this custom, and it would be well for those housekeepers to take a hint who store soiled garments in the closets of sleeping-rooms and under the beds. The humblest German hausfrau does not feel her poverty if she has an abundance of linen, and this she will have if possible, to the exclusion of other things which we might regard almost as needless. She is rich indeed if at the end of six months or a year she can display long lines hung with immaculate linen. We can thus understand how even at this day a chest of linen is regarded among the peasantry as a part of their dower or marriage portion of the bride. For these washings a week is usually taken, and the event is regarded as no ordinary one. It is something of a jubilee in which the entire family takes part. An American lady traveling in Germany witnessed one of these "frolics," where four or five women were washing from one capacious tub. When asked why they did not adopt the easier plan of washing weekly, one of them replied that "they feared the people might think they had but two garments apiece."—New Orleans Picayune. Fight Between a Hawk and a Snake. Mrs. W. P. Lasitter had an unusual experience a few days ago. As the story goes she saw a large hawk descend to the ground. As the hawk did not rise after a short time she decided to investigate. On approaching the place the hawk arose and perched upon a tree near by. In a few minutes it descended again. Mrs. Lasitter proceeded to the place and found that the hawk had tackled a large black snake. Its talons were fast in the snake, and the snake so entwined about the wings and body of the hawk that the latter could neither disengage itself from the snake nor rise with it. Mrs. Lasitter took advantage of the situation, and arming herself with a club killed both hawk and snake.—Oviedo (Fla.) Chronicle.

An Important Difference. To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort to their hearts, as a positive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and 5¢ trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. THE THROAT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25¢ per bottle.

Hard to take —the big, old-fashioned pill. It's pretty hard to have to take it, too. You wouldn't, if you realized fully how it shocks and weakens the system. Luckily, you don't have to take it. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are better. They're sensible. They do, mildly and gently, more than the ordinary pill, with all its disturbance. They regulate the liver, stomach and bowels, as well as thoroughly cleanse them. They're the original Little Liver Pills, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest and the easiest to take. One little Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Biliary Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Biliary Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly and permanently cured. They're the cheapest, too, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va. @



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure. Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder. Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, biliousness, headache, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, Le Grippes, urinary trouble, bright's disease. Impure Blood, Scrofula, malaria, gonorrhea, weakness or debility. Guarantee.—The contents of the bottle, if not beneficial, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. Retailer Guide to Health-Trees—Consultation Free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y. N. Y. U. S.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery. Takes hold in this order: Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin. Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not. Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY, MASS. OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio. Cutt's Tiny Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age as upon the vigorous man. Cutt's Tiny Pills give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.