as his bellows, an' Zeke 'ad a mighty arm at hit;" another would testify. "Right well could Zeke shine a pan-hole 'thout wastin' sodder;" came from another

true admirer.

"Ef him 'adn't been one o' hus," came from another emulative tongue, "an' w'at a rare chor (thie!) 'e would a made, to be

DEATH IS THE END.

When a gipsy dies that is the end. Every

are three distinct rites, or leatures of one rite. These comprise the burial; burning the effects of the dead, and the bing-drom-ing, or "giving the devil the road," that is, driving away the evil spirit of mourning and melancholy from the tents and hearts of those who have lost relatives or friends by death

It is a singular fact that while gipsies are

universally disbelievers, they will resort to all manners of shifts to secure at least a final interment of their dead in some churchyard

tion to my presence.

BURNING THE TINKER'S GOODS.

In the dim light I saw that all the occupants of the camp were standing in a circle about the cart grinder's wheels, forge and chests which had accompanied tinker Zeke on numberless merry and profitless pilgrimings. Beneath and about the articles were piled dead pine, branches, and bunches of dry cones and needles. Suddenly the wife of the dead tinker emerged from the circle, and, as a hush fell upon the throng, mourning aloud in some plaintive words she walked slowly around the articles four times, each time pausing for a moment and kneeling at the eastern side, when she at once resumed her place in the silent circle. Instantly there was a rush from the single burning camp-fire, and dashing through the crowd camegan old gipsy hag, the oldest spac-wife or fortune telley of the band, who with a flaring pine torch set the waiting pile ablaze in many different places.

who with a haring pine toren set the waiting pile ablaze in many different places with wondrous celerity. The flames instantly leaped to the tree-tops disclosing mute and apparently awe-struck faces surrounding the sacrifice. The old hag repeated the movements of the widow, torch in hand, the meanwhile uttering shrill lamentations in Romany, and disappeared as suddenly as ahe had come. Then the entire band stood speechless and motionless until the flames had consumed the articles, when in the flickering light of the dying embers each male gipsy greeted the widow heartily and quietly passed to his wagon or tent, all the women of the band finally escorting the widow to her own tent, where after a bit of cheery chattering she was left in quite a contented mood for the night.

Bing-Droming always occurs the succeeding night, as it did in our Lake Sebago

Bing-Droming always occurs the succeeding night, as it did in our Lake Sebago camp. The devil "is given the road" with the utmost hilarity and merry-making, and roystering which occasionally takes on outlandish aspects. On more than one occasion have I seen a man of straw, provided with horns and hideously painted, tossed about the gipsy camp the subject of terrible misuse, and finally, when the revelries were at their height, kicked and thumped for miles down some dusty highway, to at last be pitched into some noisome pool, with stones, sticks and clouts of mud cast upon and after his diabolical highness. If after this sacri-

his diabolical highness. If after this sacrifice and expurgation gipsies continue to mourn, they always suffer contumely and contempt. "Hus does w'at we can to cheer

WOES OF THE MINERS.

The Poverty and Distress of the Illinoi

Not to Yield.

Strikers Something Herrible to Contemplate-They Are Still Determined

CHICAGO, August 30 .- The Rev. J. O.

S. Huntington, O. H. C., arrived in this

city this morning en route from the Illinois

mining district to his home in New York,

and was subjected to an interview. He said:

and was subjected to an interview. He said:

The situation in the mining regions is unexpressibly distressing. Hunger and disease are aboard, and death is desolating the homes of the hopeless victims of the unnatural struggle, It would be hard to exaggerate the horrors which I have witnessed during my week's trip through the coal region. It is bad enough everywhere I went, but it is worse at Spring Valley than elsewhere. But even there the poverty stricken inhabitants are not like the poor I am used to seeing in New York. There is no whining; the people show intelligence and

BURNING THE TINKER'S GOODS.

what he had never before admitted to him-self, that he loved Mary Armstrong. The admission was a bitter rather than a pleas-

"I shall never marry now,"he said to his "I shall never marry now," he said to his mother, at his last interview with her. "No wite or child of mine shall ever hear it whispered that her husband or father was a murderer. Unless this cloud is some day litted—and how it can be, heaven only knows?—I must go through the world alone," and so he thought still. It might be that as Harry Blunt he might settle down be that as Harry Blunt he might settle down in the colony and never be recognized; but he would always have the fear that at any moment some officer he had known, some man of his regiment, some emigrant from his own country, might recognize him, and that the news would be passed round that Harry Blunt was the Captain Mervyn who

Harry Blunt was the Captain Mervyn who escaped, only from want of legal proof, from being hanged as the murderer of his cousin. "I didn't think I was such a fool," he muttered to himself, "as to be caught by a pretty face. However, it will make no difference. She will never know it. If her father recovers, which is doubtful, she will go back with him to the old country. If not, she will go back alone, for without friends or relatives she cannot stay here.

not, she will go back alone, for without friends or relatives she cannot stay here, and she will never dream that the Sergeant of the Cape Rifles, who had the luck twice to save her life—that is, if I do save it—was fool enough to fall in love with her."

An hour before morning one of the Fingoes came back from the front with the news that the Kaffirs had turned off into a kloof—and were going to halt there. The party soon collected, and retired to a clump of trees a mile back. One of them was ordered to act as sentry near the kloof, and bring back word at once should any movement take place. The rest of the party, upon reaching the shelter of the trees, threw themselves upon the ground and were soon themselves upon the ground and were soon fast asleep, even Ronald, anxious as he was, remaining awake but a few minutes

after the others.

The sun was high before they awoke. As they were eating their breakfast the sentry returned, and another was dispatched to take his place. The man reported that he had seen or heard nothing of the Kaffigs, but that four of them were placed on the watch near the kloof. Kreta led Ronald to the edge of the wood, and pointing to a jugged range of hills in the distance said, "Amatolas."

'How far are they away, Kreta?" "Six hours' fast walking," the chief said.
"They get to foot of hills to-night. If Macome's kraal anywhere this side, they may get there. If not, they wait and rest a bit, and then go on. No need travel to-night. When they get to hills, they know very well

no white soldier there."
"What had we better do, do you think?" "There are plenty of men always on look out, sure to be some on hills. I will send two men after them, and they creep and crawl through the bushes, find out the way and bring news to me, then when they come back we will start.'

But we must be there in the evening," Ronald said; "we must be there, Chief, do

'Yes, moos, but it seems to me that it do "Yes, incos, but it seems to me that it do no good to throw our lives away. It you say go, Kreta will go too, but if we killed, the girl will be killed too, and no good that, that Kreta can see; if we go in daytime we killed, sure enough. Not possible to get into Amatolas without being seen, all grass and smooth land at foot of hill. On hill some places trees, there we manage very some open spaces, there they see us."
don't wish to throw our lives away,

Chief; if I wanted to throw my own away, have no right to sacrifice yours and your men's but scouts on the lookout would surely take us at a distance for a party of their own men returning from some plundering expedition, probably as part of the party ahead who had hung back for some purpose on the road."

on the road."

"Great many kraals, great many people in Amatolas," the chief said; "sure to meet some one. They begin to ask questions, they see very soon we not Kaffirs, they see with half an eye you no Caffir; might pass at night very well, but no pass in day. But perhaps we have time, incos. Chiefs wander about, hold council and meet each other; perhaps Macomo not at home, very like he away when they got there."

"Pray God it may be so," Ronald said desouiringly. "It seems the only hope we have. Well, Kreta, I put myself in your hands. You know much more about it than I do. As you say, we shall do no good to Miss Armstrong by throwing away our lives, therefore, I put aside my own plans and trust to you."

"I no say we can save her, incos, but if

we can we will. You make sure of that."

The next night took them to the foot of the hills, and when the Kaffirs halted, the chief ordered two of his men to make a circuit around the hills and conceal them-selves in the wood before morning troke, so that when the Kaffirs moved on they could that when the Kaffirs moved on they could at once follow them without having to cross in daylight the grassy slopes of the foot hills. Minute instructions were given to both as to following the Kaffir party, the orders being that if either of them could pounce upon a solitary Kaffir he was to stun him with his knob-kerry and force him when he recovered to cive the he was to stun him with his knob-kerry and force him, when he recovered, to give information as to the distance, direction and road to Macomo's kraal, and that he was then to be assegaid at once. Feeling that Ronald might not altogether approve of this last item, for he was aware that the white last item, for he was aware that the white men had what he considered a silly objec-tion to unnecessary bloodshed. Kreta, while telling Bonald the rest of the instructions he had given to the spies, did not think it necessary to detail this portion of them. "Where shall we stay during the day?" Ronald inquired of him; "the country seems perfectly flat and unbroken, their lookout will see us n long way off."

"Yes, incos, not do to stop here. We send horse back to first bush and tell man to bring him every night to bottom of the hill, or if he sees us from a distance coming down the hill with Kaffirs after us, to comdown the hill with Kaffirs after us, to come to meet us. We lie down here till morning, lookout on hill may see us, but Kaffir at foot of hill no see us. Then when they go on, we go on too, as you said, and follow as far as first wood; lookout think we belong to big party; then we hide there till one of my men come back. I told them we should be at the edge of the wood, and he is to make signals as he walks along. We will push on as far as we can, so that we don't come upon krasis."

"That will do very well indeed," Ronald said, "for every inch that we can get nearer to Macomo's kraal is so much gained." He removed the pistols from his holsters and fastened them to his belt, putting them so far back that they were completely hid-den by the blanket he wore over his shoul-

den by the blanket he wore over his shoulders, and then went with the party some little distance back and lay down till morning. Almost as soon as it was daybreak, the Fingo who was on the watch announced that the Kaffirs were moving, and the little party at once followed. The Kaffirs had disappeared among the woods, high up on the hillside, when they began to ascend the grassy slope. They had no doubt that they were observed by the Kaffirs' watchmen, but they proceeded boldly, feeling sure that it would be supposed that they belonged to the party shead of them.

The path through the forest was a narrow

The path through the forest was a narro one, and they moved along in single file. One of the party went 50 yards ahead, walking cautiously and evidently listening walking cantiously and evidently listening intently, the others proceeding noiselessly, prepared to bound into the forest directly the man ahead gave the signal that anyone was approaching. For upward of a mile they kept their way, the ground rising continually; then they reached a spot where a deep valley fell away at their feet. It divided into several branches, and wreaths of smoke could be seen curling up through the trees at a number of points. Similar indications of kraals could be seen everywhere apon the hillside, and Kreta shook his head and said:

"No can go further. Heaps of Kaffir

his head and said:

"No can go further. Heaps of Kuffir all about. Must wait now."

Even Ronald, anxious as he was to go on, felt that it would be risking too much to proceed. The kraais were so numerous that as soon as they got into the valley they would be sure to run into one; and, moreover, the path would fork into many branches, and it would be impossible for them to say which of these the party ahead had taken. They went into the wood some little distance and lay down, one being left on the watch in the bush close to the road.

The hours passed slowly while they waited the return of one of the men who had been posted before daylight in the wood, and who were to follow close upon the footsteps of the Kaffirs. It was 3 o'clock before the lookout by the path returned with one of these Figures.

these Fingoes.

He said a few words to the chief, and al-

He said a few words to the chief, and although Ronald could not understand him he anw by the expression of Kreta's face that the news was satisfactory.

"Girl got to Macomo's kraal," the chief said. "Macomo not there. Gone to Sandilli. May come back to-night. Most likely get drunk and not come back till tomorrow. Macomo drink very much."

"All the better," Ronald said. "Thank God we have got a few hours before us."

The man gave a narration of his proceed-The man gave a narration of his proceed-ings to Kreta, who translated them to Ronald.

Directly the Kaffirs had passed the point Directly the Kaffirs had passed the point where he and his comrade were hidden, they came out of the bush and followed closely behind them, sometimes dropping behind a little so as to be quite out of sight if any of them should look round, and then, going on faster until they could get a glimpse of them, so as to be sure that they were going in the right direction. They had passed through several kraals. Before they came to each of these the men had waited a little, and had then gone on at a run as if anxand had then gone on at a run, as if anxious to catch up the main body. They had

thus avoided questioning.

Three hours' walking took them to Macomo's kraal, and they hung about there until they had found out that Macomo was away, having gone off early to pay a visit to Sandilli. Kreta did not translate his to Sandilli. Kreta did not translate his followers' description of the manuer in which this information had been obtained, and Ronald, supposing that they had gathered it from the lips of the Kaffirs, asked no questions. As soon as they had learned what they wanted to know, one of them had remained in hiding near the village, and the other had returned with the news. He had been nearly twice as long coming back as he was going, as this time he had been obliged to make a circuit so as to pass round each of the kraals, and so to avoid being questioned.

round each of the kraals, and so to avoid being questioned.

"Did he see the young lady?" Rouald asked; "and how was she looking?"

Yes, he had seen her as they passed his ambush the first thing in the morning. She looked very white and tired, but she was walking. She was not bound in any way. That was all he could tell him.

"How soon can we go on, Chief?" Ronald asked, impatiently. "You see, it is three hours' marching even if we go straight through."

hours' m

"Can go now," the chief said. "Now we know where Macomo's kraal is we can go straight through the bush."

They went back to the path. The Fingo pointed to the exact position among the hills where Macomo's kraal was. There were two intermediate ridges to be crossed, but Ronald did not doubt the Fingo's power to follow a nearly direct line to th

"Now," the chief said, "you follow close behind me. Never mind where you are going. Do not look at the trees or the rocks or anything, but tread in my footsteps. Ro-member if you tread on a twig or make the least sound perhaps someone notice it. May be noticed anyhow. Fellows upon the watch may see us moving through the trees overhead, but must risk that; but only don't

make noise."

Ronald promised to obey the chief's instructions, and the party again leaving the path, took their way through the trees straight down into the valley. At times they came to such precipitous places that they were forced to make detours to get down them. One of the men now went ahead, the rest following at such a distance that they could just keep him in sight through the trees. From time to time he through the trees. From time to time he changed his course, as he heard noises or sound of voices that told him he was approaching a kraal. At times they came across patches of open ground. When it was impossible to avoid these they made no attempt to cross them secretly, as they knew that the sharp eyes of the sentries on the hill top could look down upon them. They, therefore, walked at a quiet pace, talking and gesticulating to each other as they went, so that they might be taken for a party going from one kraal to another.

another. It was 8 o'clock in the eventng, and the

e time when the kraal of Macomo.

It was a good-sized village, and differed little from the ordinary Kaffir kraals except that two or three of the huts were large and beehive shaped. There was a good deal of noise going on in the village; great fires were burning, and round these numbers of the Kaffirs were dancing, representing by their action the conflict in which they had been engaged and the slaughter of their enemies. The women were standing round,

keeping up a monotonous song, to the rhythm of which the men were dancing.

At the chief's order, two of his men went boldly forward into the village. Avoiding the circles of lightround the fires they moved carelessly about, catching scraps of conver-sation here and there. In ten minutes they

returned to the party, who were hiding a hundred yards apart.

"The white woman is in the women's hut, next to that of Macomo."

"Are there any guards at the door?"

Ronald asked. The chief put the ques-

There were many women in the hut. There was no fear of her escape. Besides if she got out where could she go to?"

Well, now, incos, what are we to do?" the chief asked. "We have brought you here, and now we are ready to die if you tell us. What you think we do next?"

"Wait a bit Kreta I must think it

"Wait a bit, Kreta, I must think it Indeed Ronald had been thinking all day Indeed Ronald had been thinking all day. He had considered it probable that Mary Armstrong would be placed in the hut or one of the chief's wives. The first question was how to communicate with her. It was almost certain that either some of the women would sit up all night or that sentrics would be placed at the door. Probably the former. The Kaffirs had made a long journey and had now doubtless been gorging themselves with meat. They would be disinclined to watch, and would consider their responsi-bility at an end when they had handed her over to the women. It was almost certain that Mary herself would be asleep after her fatigue of the last three days; even the prospect of the terrible fate before her would scarce suffer to keep her awake."

"Do you think two women will sit up "Two or three of them sure," Kreta rer all night?"

"My plan is this, Kreta; it may not sue "My plan is this, Kreta; it may not sne-ceed, but I can think of no other. In the first place, I will go into the kraal. I will wait until there is no one near the door, then I will stoop and say in a loud voice, so that she may hear, that she is to keep awake at night. Macomo's women are none of them likely to understand English, and be-fore they run out to see what it is I shall be gone. If they tell the men they have heard a strange voice speaking unknown words fore they run out to see what it is I shall be gone. If they teil the men they have heard a strange voice speaking unknown words they will be laughed at, or at most a search will be made through the kraal, and of course nothing will be lound. Then, tonight, chief, when everything is still, I propose that three of you shall crawl with me into the kraal. When we get to the door of the hut you will draw aside the hide that will be hanging over it and peep in. If only two women are sitting by the fire in the center, two of you will crawl in as noiselessly as possible. I know that you can crawl so that the sharpest car caunot hear you. Of course, if there are three, three of you will go in; if two, two only. You will crawl up behind the women, suddenly seize them by the throat and gag and bind them. Then you will beckon to the young lady to follow you. She will know from my warning that you are friends. If she has a light dress on, throw a dark blanket round her, for many of the Kaffirs will go on fessting all night and might see her in the light of the fire. Then I will hurry her away, and your men follow us so as to stop the Kaffirs a moment and give us time to get into the bushes if we are seen."

"Kreta will go himself," the chief said, "with two of his young men. Do you think "Kreta will go himself," the chief said,
"with two of his young men. Do you think,
incos, that there is danger in your calling
out?"
"Not much danger, I think, Kreta. They
will not dream of a white man being hare,

GIPSIES

in the heart of the Amatolas. I think there is less danger in it than that the girl might cry out if she was aroused from her sleep by men whom she did not know. She might think it was Macomo come ho. "

Kreta agreed in this opinion.
"I will go down at once," Ronald said; "they're making such a noise that it is unlikely anyone outside the hut would hear me, however loud I spoke, while if I waited until it got quieter, I might be heard. Take my rifle, Kreta, and one of the pistols. I want to carry nothing extra with me, in case I have to make a sudden bolt for it."

Mary Armstrong was lying apparently unnoticed by the wall of the hut, while a dozen women were chattering around the fire in the center. Suddenly she started; for from the door, which was but three feethigh, there came a loud, clear voice: "Mary Armstrong, do not sleep to-night."

The women started to their feet with a cry

Armstrong, do not sleep to-night. Rescue is at hand."

The women started to their feet with a cry of alarm at these mysterious sounds, and stood gazing at the entrance; then there was a clamor of tongues, and presently one of them, older than the rest, walked to the entrance and looked out.

"There is no one here," she said, looking round, and the greater part of the women at once rushed out. The conduct of the women convinced Mary Armstrong that she was not in a dream, and that she had really heard the words. Who could have spoken them, or what rescue could reach her? This she could not imagine, but she had sufficient self-possession to resume her reclining possself-possession to resume her reclining post-tion, from which she had half risen, and to close her eyes as if sound asleep. A min-ute later one of the women approached with a blazing brand, and held it close to

ute later one of the women approached with a blazing brand, and held it close to her eyes.

"The girl is asleep," she said in Kaffir, which Mary understood perfectly; "what can have been the words we heard?"

"It must have been an evil spirit," another woman said; "who else can have spoken in an unknown tongue to us?"

There was a good deal of hubbub in the kraal when the women told their story; some of the men took up their, weapons and searched the village and the surrounding bushes, but the greater portion altogether disbelieved the story. Whoever heard of a spirit talking in an unknown tongue to a lot of women? If he had wanted to say anything to them he would have spoken so that they could understand. It must have been some man who had drunk too much, and who had bellowed in at the door to startle them; and so gradually the din subsided, the men returned to the dance and the women to their huts.

Had Mary Armstrong been in spirits to enjoy it she would have been amused at the various propositions started by the women to account for the voice they had heard; not one of them approached the truth, for it did not occur to them as even possible that a white man should have penetrated the Amatolas to Macomo's krasl.

(To be Continued.)

PASTORS AND PEOPLE.

Family of Missionaries-Carrying Light to the Benighted of All Lands-Preparing for the Winter Campaign-Church

There are few families that have been s devoted to missionary work as that of the Rev. I. N. Hays, D. D., pastor of the Cen-Rev. I. N. Hays, D. D., pastor of the Central Church, Allegheny, as branches of the family are to be found in nearly all quarters of the globe—one sister being a missionary in Siam for the past 25 years, her husband, Rev. S. McFarland, D. D., being principal of King's College, Bankok, Siam. His brother's son, Rev. G. S. Hays, is professor in the Mateer College, Chafoo, China. Two of his nephews are in the employ of the in the Mateer College, Chafoo, China. Two of his nephews are in the employ of the Government in Siam, and one other will soon go as a missionary physician. Two other nephews are preparing to go, one as missionary, the other as physician. A niece has recently been married to the Rev. Mr. Holliday, of Cadiz, O., and will sail for Northern India the early part of October. His two brothers are well-known ministers in the Presbyterian church, the one at Maysville, Ky., the other at Kansas City, Mo.

Church Notes. THE United Presbyterian Church at Canons burg is undergoing extensive repairs.

of this diocese, has returned from Alexandria ALLEGHENY Presbytery of the United Pres byterians, will meet at West Bellevue Septem-THE First Christian Church, of Allegheny,

went with its Sunday School to Idlewild on Thursday. THE School Street Sunday School, of Allegheny, took their annual outing at Avalon on Thursday. The various ministers' meetings will be re-

REV. C. A. HOLMES, paster of the Union Methodist Church, Allegheny, mourns the loss of his wife, who died Sunday afternoon last,

THE Second Presbyterian Church, of Alle-gheny, very much needs a new edifice, but the outlook in this line is far from encouraging. EXTENSIVE repairs have been made on the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, during the vacation season. It will be reopened to-

THE Presbytery of Allegheny meets at Belle-me Tuesday, September 10. The Presbytery f Pittaburg will meet on the same day at lazelwood. REV. GEORGE HODGES who is so well know

to the readers of this paper, will return from the East next week and officiate in his church —Calvary—the 8th inst.

At Phillipsburg on Sunday last the Method-ist Church, which has been renovated and re-furnished, was reopened. All the bills are paid for these improvements. THE Methodists of Braddock will gather in large numbers to witness the laying of the cornerstone of their new church this afternoon. The ceremony will take place at 6 o'clock.

The Rev. Marison Byllesby, rector of Immanuel Church. North and Allegheny avenues, has returned from Meadville, and will preach both morning and evening on Sunday next. The union services of the First, Second and Third Presbyteriah Churches will close to-morrow, they will be held in the Second Church, Dr. Sutherland, the pastor, being the preacher

On Thursday afternoon the corner stone of the new Presbyterian Church was laid at Can-onsburg, the address being delivered by the Rev. J. W. Ho.land, D. D., of this city. Peace be within its walls.

ON account of sickness the Rev. John N. On account of sixthese and the resign the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, of Oil City. The congregation passed resolutions expressive of their deep affection for him. AT Verona, St. Thomas' Episcopal Church has been newly carpeted and adorned in other ways. They have been presented with an elegant chandelier for natural gas. This church has not been closed at any service in the 15 years of its existence.

AFTER a two months' tour in foreign lands AFFER a two months tour in toreign lands, Rev. B. F. Woodburn, D. D., pastor of the San-dusky Street Baptist Church, has returned to his labors. During his absence he attended the International Association of Sunday School Workers, to which he was sent as delegate. ST. PAUL'S Cathedral, of this city, is under-going extensive repairs, and is to be very elab-orately decorated. It is expected it will have as fine an interior as almost any similar edifice. The work will be pushed as rapidly as possible, so that it may be ready for Christmas Day.

REV. I. N. HAYS, D. D., who has been so ac REV. I. N. HAYS, D. D., who has been so active in the cause of prohibition, has prepared a pamphlet on "License Wrong in Principle." which will be published at once by the Permanent Committee on Temperance of the Presbyterian Church, also by the Constitutional Amendment Association of Allegheny county. MANY of the ministers of the various churches have returned from their summer tours, and will be in their accustomed places on Sunday next, when they will begin their winter's campaign against the works of darkness, Among these will be the Rev. Samuel Maxwell, D. D., of Trinity Church, who has been getting renewed vigor from the air of Ocean Beach. The Sunday school and church will begin again to-morrow.

THE Convocation of the Diocese of Pittsburg.

gin again to-morrow.

THE Convocation of the Diocese of Pittsburg, at its meeting in Oil City, elected the Rava S. Maxwell, Trinity Church: M. Byllesby, Immanuel; J. H. B. Brooks, Oil City: Henry Purdon, Titusville, as ministerial, and Messra. Hill Burgwin, Hazelwood; H. L. Foster, Oil City: W. Metcalf, St. Peter's, and T. G. Jenkins, Trinity Church, as lay delegates to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to be held in New York City in October next. One of the principal subjects to be discussed will be the motted change of name of this church. These delegates were instructed to vote against any such being masse.

FUNERALS

Strange Rites in the Lovely Valley of the Presumscott,

WHERE HAWTHORNE SOJOURNED.

Burning the Effects of the Dead Here and Tinker, Zeke.

REVERENCE AND FRAR OF GRAVEYARDS FROM OUR TRAVELING COMMISSIONER.

CAMP ON LAKE SEBAGO, ME., August 26 .- A 20-mile drive from old Portland town through the lovely valley of the Presum-scott, or an equal journey from the railway station at the southern end of Lake Sebago, in which you will wind along the lake' eastern shore through many an olden ham-let, will bring you to a little group of ancient buildings clustered on either side of a brook about an old mill. This spot, in the old days called "Dingley's," is now without name, save that known by countryside folk as "Radaux's Old Mill." It was here the Hawthornes once lived. Beautiful as is the quaint place itself the surroundings are picturesque and romantic in the extreme. Lake Sebago is worth the foudest picturing. It is one of the most beautiful of Maine's countless inland seas. Laying your mittened right hand, back downward upon your desk, you would fairly have its contour before you, your wrist, were it little, standing for its southern boundaries; the tips of your clumped fingers for its widened northern extreme; and your thumb lying just where extreme; and your thumb lying just where the witching Jordan Bay reaches for miles inland to the northeast, between which and your hand, the long, narrow Cape Raymond pushes down to the southwest, its splendid point breaking into the romantic Squaw and Fry Islands. A great chain of lakes is accessible to the north through the winding mazes of the Songo river; and lake and river have furnished a fruitful theme for poet and artist for more than a century. Dense forests and lofty promontories add a marvelous beauty to the cove-indented shores of Sebago.

PARADISE OF FISHERS.

PARADISE OF FISHERS.

It is the paradise of fishers of land-locked saimon; and thousands of summer wanderer come here, with never a one to know of the beauty and interest hid about the little nest by Radaux's Mill. Below the lake are the deserted bed and locks of the old canal, where wondrous affairs of commerce and wanderful canal boat shippers were rife in the old days. Still below foams and dashes the little Presumscott on its way to Casco Bay. Around to the right, to the east and thenortheast, are pond and lake innumerable. Lake and field, stream and fallow, forest and river, winding road and sunny hamlet, feast the eye on every hand. Today it seems an enchanted region of still life in man and nature, touched and tinted in tenderest fashion by heaven and the first frost-fires that gleam across the land.

This is the spot where the gentle Hawthorne passed nearly eight years of his life, the most formative period, with the windows of his heart and soul wide open to heaven. It is also a spot which my triends, the gipsies, love dearly. There are two reasons for the latter. Gipsies more than any other living folk long for closeness to all that is tender and winsome in nature; and they combine with that affection a thrift which is matchless among lowly classes in America. Roundabout through all this enchanting region there is such sumptuous plenty among countryside folk that the easy-going farmers and farm-wives annually welcome the tawny wanderers, while dickering, tinkering, horse trading and fortune-telling go merrily on to the great gain of the Romany. This feeling of hospitality is so marked that this camp-nest among the pines is given and accepted free of rent, the first instance of the sort I have ever known in my pilgrimings with gipsies; for invariably farmers take advantage of the gipsy's fear of "law" to eract extortionate prices for camp privileges, and the gipsies of the American roads exact extortionate prices for camp privi-leges, and the gipsies of the American roads of to-day will never pitch their tents until they possess formal acknowledgment of their right of occupancy.

ETERNAL SILENCE HAD COME But beautiful as was this camp among the pines, the very path that led from the highway to it under the odorous boughs seemed possessed of an added hush and solemnity; and while the faces of my Romany friends brightened as I approached, there was a reticence of manner and soitness of speech on the part of those who came forward to greet me, which told without words that the eternal silence had come to one among them. If this had not been enough there were surer signs. Every one of the among them. It this had not been enough there were surer signs. Every one of the vagabonds was in camp. Every horse was securely picketed. Each hooded tent, save one, was empty of humans, and the occuone, was empty of humans, and the occu-pants of all, particularly the women, were gathered in and about one mean and shabby tent, where their "company," as is the gip-sy custom, served to comfort those who mourned. Besides thus, a glance showed me that near the dilapidated tent were the indubitable proofs of death in a gipsy camp. A cart, "wholmed," as they call it, that is turned upside down, as is often done for shelter in a open with greamment, a that is turned upside down, as is often done for shelter in a one-night encampment, a half dozen empty chests and boxes, an old portable forge and a sadly-battered grinder's wheel, with the stone and fittings removed, were gathered together near the tent at the edge of the circling plnes for a barbaric ceremony which I knew would occur that night.

contempt. "Hus does w'at we can to contempt. sorrow," these strange folk say, "an' then doesn't abear chitterin' and snifflin' no EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. occur that night.

It all meant this: The tinker of the band, "Lazy Zeke," whom I had known for a quarter of a century, had been gathered to his Sanscrit fathers. They had buried him under the velvety brown of the forest turf, over there 100 yards, this very day; the entire camp had put aside dickering and dukkering out of respect for the dead and living; and the last rite, that of burning the effects of the dead, would occur when night effects of the dead, would occur when night closed in upon the forest camp.

DIED AS A HEBO.

"Lazy Zeke" was a gipsy ne'er-do-well. That sort of a man is an unusual one among the Romany. Ethically under the unwritten but inviolable communism of the race, as a dead 'gipsy he was as good as any live one among them. So they were all extolling his virtues, though in life a guzzler, a spendthrift and the noblest of all liars; and like the dead Irish scapegrace whose friends could still uproariously mourn at the wake as a "square drinker," because "any man could drink with Dan in a coalhole wid his back to the slack," Zeke's songs, his mirth, and even his foxy deceptions were transformed into noblest qualities. It seemed never to occur to these nomads that "Lazy Zeke's" ending had been somewhat heroic. I had passed many an idyllic day and night with Zeke under his scaut blankets and my inquiries disclosed the fact that he had given his life for another's. The children had been sent to Lake Sebago for fish. A little one had fallen from a ledge near "Painted Rocks" into deep water. Zeke, old, infirm, but a child with the other children, was with them. He plunged in after the little one, saved it, but, himself enfeebled, had fallen back and perished in an element which in any form of application always gave him sore dismay. They fished his old body out, put it here under the whispering pines in thesacred, hurried way the gipsies always have at their funerals because ot their dread of the impenetrable mystery beyond, and at once made the ideal Zeke a hero; not for the noble act he had done, but because that is the way of the race.

I talked with them of Zeke and was curiof the race.

I talked with them of Zeke and was curi-

porerty stricken inhabitants are not like the poor I am used to seeing in New York. There is no whining; the people show intelligence and pride; even hunger has not debased their feeiinga, as one might expect. I am used to scenes of want, but what I saw at Spring Valley was different. It was more pitiful than anything I ever witnessed before. I went among the cottages. They are nice, and are surrounded by pretty lawns and gardens, but the awful poverty within was shocking. Women told me that they had not as much as a piece of soap with which to clean their children's clothing, and their stoves were rusting for want of a little polish. Sickness is increasing, and the doctors told me the people were so enfeebled by long privation and anxiety which might break out at any moment.

Business is interiy dead. Merchants are giving their goods away. The people go to the drug stores for necessities and the druggists supply them as far as may be, but take no account of the purchases on their books. Despair is written everywhere, but there is determination also in the faces of the hungry men and they will not yield. The work of the Arbitration Committee was a distinct victory for the strikers. It was a vindication of the principle of arbitration and a clear indorsement of their refusal to accept the degrading terms of the operators.

"What is the outlook? Well, it is black refusal to accept the degrading terms of the operators.

"What is the outlook? Well, it is black enough. The mine owners profit whether the mines are operated or not. When production is lively land values rise; they sell lots at a handsome advance, the miners prosper and build houses, and then hard times come; wages are cut; a strike or lockout results; the operators repossess themselves of the miners' homes and in due time another wave of prosperity reles up and again the operators reap a rich reward in advancing land values. I talked with them of Zeke and was curious to touch any chord which might reveal their standard of what constituted heroism in any act or degree, and in endeavoring to warm them into enthusiasm was myself enthusiastic in dwelling upon the brave and fatal act of sacrifice, but their opaqueness on heroics was immessurable.

"Oh, ay," one would reply warmly, "none o' hus as could match Zeke at a singin' or drinkin'!"

"Zeke's woice was allus 'lowed hearisome

LITTLE ETHEL

At Long Branch. LONG BRANCH, August 28.

But the most seductive eloquence on my own part could not secure a word of praise for the grander Zeke who had given his life for that of the littly gipsy child who played at my knees is we talked. This was because of the universal fatalism of gipsies. It would have been precisely the same in their strange minds if the shiftless fellow had fallen from a ledge and had been drowned, or from a horse and broken his neck. To the Editor of The Dispatch: I am a little girl 12 years old, stopping a a big hotel here with my mamma. You ought to see my mamma. She's got the whitest skin, and the prettiest hair, just like gold, and you ought to see how the diamonds on her hands sparkle when she moves them. She's the loveliest woman in the world, for I heard a geytleman with a big black mustache tell her so on the pinnea and then she sent me to the beach to play. My name's Ethel, but everybody here calls me "Runaway Dear:" that's because they hear my mamma say that to me all the time, and the gentleman with the big black mus-tache, he says "Run away dear" too, so I run away and then all the other children call me "Runsway Dear."

When a gipsy dies that is the end. Every member of the race has a horror of death because no gipsy lives who has faith in a hereafter. They cannot be induced to contemplate it. No genuine gipsy ever accepted Christianity. Borrow in his many years of Bable and missionary work among them never claimed to have converted one. I have witnessed a great many gipsy funerals. At some, especially in the case of the burial of "king" or "queen" of a tribe, there is much gipsy pompand display. Yet on all occasions of this sort there is a celerity of action in getting the remains under ground and leaving the place of interment, which are both cowardly and ludicrous. When old "King" Pas was buried in Scotland, some 40 years since, over 300 assess and shelties were in the cortege, and yet so dismayed were the gipsies when the remains of the merry old rascal were lowered into the ground that they all took flight, many running their donkeys to death to escape to their homes, so that for days there was none brave enough to decently cover his coffin.

In gipsy funerals the world over there are three distinct rites, or features of one rite. These comprise the burial; burning the effects of the dead, and the bing-drom-I've got a baby brother. His name's I've got a baby brother. His name's Frankie, and he's got the biggest blue eyes and the cutest dimple in his echin. He's 2 years old, and he has a French nurse to take care of him. Her name's Julie. My papa ian't here, but he comes down to see us sometimes on Satur day, and then we have such good times. He plays with Frankie and me all day. He takes we in bathlescand gives us level wides. He plays with Frankie and me all day. He takes us in bathing and gives us lovely rides in a pony phaeton. He wants mamma to go too, but she always has a headache and can't. She never has a headache except when my papa's here, and she often goes out riding with the gentleman with the big black mustache. My papa has a light brown mustache. Ilike that ever so much better than a black one. Julie's awful cross to Frankie and me sometimes, and if we don't go to sleep as soon as she puts us to bed she says great big wolves will come and eat us up. I wish mamma would put us to bed and hear us say: "Now I lay me." I asked her to last night when she was sitting on the piazza with the gentleman with the asked her to last night when abe was sitting on the plazza with the gentleman with the black mustache and a whole lot of other people, but she said: "Don't bother me; run away, dear," and then the gentleman with the black mustache said: "Run away, dear," too, and then all the other people laughed.

Julie says I mustn't write any more, because she wants to put Frankia and me to

cemetery. Their reverence for the canonic-al, or authorized, cemetery is only equaled by their utter disregard and contempt of all other, things the Christian world holds as cause she wants to put Frankie and me to bed, but I don't want to go to bed till my

other things the Christian world holds as sacred.

The burning of poor old Zeke's effects is sufficiently illustrative of all similar scenes, which are seldom witnessed by Gorgios, or non-gipsies, as the rite is held to be a secret and sacred one transmitted from Aryan haunts, as gipsy tradition has it, and practiced for thousands of years. Though my relations with this particular band were those of the greatest intimacy and trustfulness, no information was given me of what was to occur, and I should have misced it altogether had I not laid awake in my tent determined not to be cheated. About midnight I heard low voices in the tents about me; could soon distinguish the sounds as of cause sne wants to put Frankie and me to bed, but I don't want to go to bed till my mamma comes home.

"Your mamma won't be home till ever so late. She's out driving with him," Julie says. She says "him," oh, ever so hard, with her teeth all shut tight, so I'll write H. L. M., all in capital letters. Frankie doesn't want to go to bed, either, and is crying for mamma. I think the reason Julie wants to put us to bed so early is because the servants are going to have a hall to-uight. I heard her say to one of the waiters when she thought I wasn't listening: "I veel be zere eef I can get reed of zese leetle deveels." But I must stop now, for Julie says that if we don't let her put us to bed right away the big wolves will come and eat us up. I will write some more when I have time.

Your Apprectionate Ethel. night I heard low voices in the tents about me; could soon distinguish the sounds as of the gipsies all gathering at one spot in the camp; and could see the flicker of firelight shining upon tent cover, wagon top and the circling forest edges without. I stole noise-lessly to the side of a most intimate gipsy friend, who regarded my coming with anxious concern, but without actual objection to my presence.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE ETHEL.

LONG BRANCH, THURSDAY.

DEAB EDITOR—I want to tell you what has happened since I stopped my last letter. Last night Julie put us to bed as quick as ever she could. She wouldn't let us say "Now I lay me." Frankie was still crying for mamma, and Julie told him if he didn't keep quiet that besides the wolves a terrible lion would come and tear him to pieces. But Frankie still kept calling for mamma. Then Julie said, "You leetle deveel I veel make you keep quiet." Then she took a bottle out of her pocket and poured a whole lot out of it into a spoon and made Frankie take it. Then she turned down the gas and went out and locked us in. I was awful afraid of the lion and the wolves, so I covered up my head with the sheet, and I guess I went to sleep soon, for I don't remember anything for a long time, and when I woke up Julie was leauing over Frankie all dressed up like she had just come from a ball. She looked awful scared and white and her eyes looked wild. Frankie was fast asleep and she was wild. Frankie was fast asleep and she was trying to waken him. She shook him and called to him and pinched him and slapped him awful, but Frankie would not waken up. Then she got water and threw on him, but still he would not waken. Then Julie but still he would not waken. Then Julie looked more scared than ever, and she ran up and down the room making her hands go awful funny and saying in such a queer voice, "Mon dieu! mon dieu! What have I done! what have I done!" Then she told me to cover up my head with the sheet and lie still, or devils would come and eat me up. I could hear her taking things out of her trunk and wrapping them in paper. Then I peeped out and saw her put on her hat. Then she went out and shut the doer very soft. I was awful afraid, but I crept up as close as I could to Frankie. He felt awful cold, but after awhile I went to sleep.

When I woke up the sun was shining and our room was full of people. Frankie was lying awful white and still on Julie's bed, and mamma was leaning over him sobbing

and crying terrible.

"O, my baby, my baby! Come back to me, come back," she said.

A strange gentleman with gray whiskers tried to take mamma away, and I heard him say, "Remember, you have another child left."

My papa was sitting by my bed with his hands over his face and his head stooped "Doctor," he said, and his voice sounded

"Doctor," he said, and his voice sounded so hoarse and broken like, "are there no women with hearts nowadays? Why does God give children to 'society' mothers?" The strange gentleman said, "Hush, she has suffered enough already."

I asked papa why he was crying, and then he told me that poor little Frankie bad gone away from us and would never come back any more. But I said, "Oh, papa, why there's Frankie lying on Julie's bed now," but he said that that was only his little body and that his soul had gone away to heaven.

to heaven. I felt awful bad at first, but I'm sure I felt awful bad at first, but I'm sure Frankie will come back, so to cheer papa up I got the letter I wrote you the other day and showed it to him. He read it all and then he said, "write more, my darling, write in your own way and tell all that has happened. With God's blessing, it may teach a lesson in time to some other gay mother who is periling her good name and her children's lives at some fashionable watering place."

YOUR AFFECTIONATE ETHEL.

Ir is a good thing, during the heat in summer to give your children a good antiacid and strengthening medicine, in order to prevent fermentation of food in the stomach, and the indigestion, fever, diarrhosa and other attendant evils, which are so apt to follow. For this purpose you will not be disappointed in the use of Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge—an excellent anti-acid, a strengthener of the best description for either young or old, pleasant to the taste, and withal not expensive. Its timely use may save anxiety, expense, and possibly the loss of a child. Sold by all druggists.

As lavigorating Boverage.

A glass of pure beer is both beneficial and delightful to a warm and tired mortal. The well-known brand of "Iron City Beer," brewed exclusively by Mesars. Frauenheim & Vilsack is such a beverage. It is made carefully, from the purest materials, and is wholesome and nutritious. Ask for it. Telephone 1186.

An Invigorating Boverage.

The Exposition will open next week and your friends and relations from all over the country will be in to see you. Don't bother with the baking at such a time; get Marvin's bread, crackers and cakes and be happy.

TUXEDO FASHIONS. A timely sul

A WEST END STORY

Mrs. Zimmerman Graphically Tell Her Experience.

CANONSBURG REMINISCENCE

Directly across what is known as the Point bridge, which spans the Monongabels river at its intersection with the Allegheny is situated a suburb of Pittsburg called the West End. This extends far back into the hills and valleys, and to the old citizen it is familiarly known as Temperanceville. It is notable for the number of iron works which line the river bank for several squares. Leaving the busy portion, the visitor soon enters the pretty part of the suburb. Handsome residences can be seen on all sides. some residences can be seen on all sides, with lawns in front, decorated with flowers and here and there a fountain.

and here and there a fountain.

It was in a residence on Catherine street in this suburb, directly back of the West-lake school house, that the writer met Mrs. Caroline Zimmerman, a lady who has hved in the West End for a long time, and is well known throughout the community. In an interview she said:

"I have been troubled with colds and headache for over twelve years. In all that time I did not know what it was to enjoy what I call a well day. My head was stopped up and felt dry and leverish. I had a severe pain in it continually. At first it was a dull, heavy feeling over the eyes, but gradually it extended entirely around my head. My nose was clogged up so that I could scarcely breathe through it. My eyes became inflamed and watery, and my sight was seriously impaired.

sight was seriously impaired.
"I had a hard cough and raised dark yellow mucus, which was afterward intermingled with blood.



Mrs. Caroline Zimmerman, Catherine Street.

"After a time I began to grow worse rapidly. I would have severe pains in my breast. They would come on me suddenly. Sometimes they would be so severe as to almost take my breath away. There was a twitching sensation about my heart. Sometimes my heart would palpitate rapidly, and then beat slow and irregularly. This would be followed by a feeling of dizziness, as though I was going to faint.

"My throat was sore and inflamed. At times my neck would feel lame and swollen. Sometimes I would become so hoarse that I could not speak above a whisper. There seemed to be a lump in my throat which I could not get up or down. I could feel the mucus dropping back into my throat, and when I would lay down it almost strangled me. fer Caroline Zimmerman, Catherine Street

gied me.
My whole system at leugth became affec

and I lost rapidly in flesh and strength. had night sweats. My sleep was broken. would get up in the morning feeling more tired than when I went to bed at night.
"I could not eat at all in the morning and very little at any other time. After acting I would feel inclined to vomit, and it was only by an effort that I could retain a food on my stomach.

'I became alar "I became alarmed at my condition and tried various medicines and different physi-cians, spending large sums of money with-out obtaining any relief.

"It was when I was feeling the very worst

"It was when I was feeling the very worst and had about given up all hopes of getting cured, that I noticed a case in the newspapers which was similar to mine that Doctors Copeland and Blair had treated successfully. I called on them, and finding their charges reasonable, placed myself under their care.

"T began to notice an improvement in my condition in a very short time. First my head and throat became clear. I had no more trouble with my eyes. The night sweats ceased. My cough left me. The pain in my breast gradually disappeared, and my heart beat regularly. In fact, I am entirely cured, and ma as well to-day as I was 12 years age. I owe my recovery to Doctors Copeland and Blair, and this statement."

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Proliminary Training at Bellevue Hospital-Noting Credentials.

An article in one of the Pittsburg daily papers some time ago gave something of a personal nature regarding Drs. Copeland & Blair, which may be not entirely without interest at this time. It contained

"Graduated at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, after years devoted to

College, New York, after years devoted to hospital and infirmary practice in the special lines mentioned below, Dr. W. H. Copeland has been for some time located in Pittsburg.

"Passed through a similar course, and after years of post graduate study in the New York Polyclinic, New York Eye and Eas Infirmary, Manhattan, Bellevue and other large hospitals, Dr. Blair also devoted himself entirely to treatment of troubles of the eye, ear, throat and lungs, and the results of their work in this city in the specialties mentioned have been indicated from time to time in the daily papers, and show how complete and painstaking was their preparation.

ation. Their credentials and indorse "Their credentials and indorsements are in-deed noteworthy. In general, there is no higher collegiate medical authority in the country than that referred to—Bellevue Hospital locally, no higher than that of the Western Pennsylvania Medical College of Pittsburg which, April 6, 1889, through its dean and faculty, and, after a searching examination, placed its formal written indorsement upon the diplomas of both Dr. Copeland and Dr. Blair."

Some time ago Mr. M. C. Wilson, of Canonsburg, Pa., placed himself under treatment, by mail, with Drs. Copeland & Blair. His catarrhal trouble had extended until it had involved his whole system. In until it had involved his whole system. In stating his case by letter early in July he complained of a full, heavy feeling in his head over the eyes, a bad taste in the mouth, coughing and raising phiegm, dimness of sight, sharp pains in the chest with a tight pinched feeling and soreness in the lungs, and a weak and shaky condition of the lungs, and a weak and shaky condition of the lungs, and yelly 25 he wrote: "I am improving steadily; feel ever so much better than I have in years." Ang. 8 he wrote: "My head and throat feel clear. I alsep well and east well, and feel better in every way." Aug. 16 he wrote: "I feel like a different being from the one I was when I commenced your treatment, and I am quite willing that a short statement of what your treatment has done for me should be made in the papers."

DOCTORS

Are located permanently at

66 SIXTH AVENUE. Bunday tenteded