Butchered to Save Water.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

the best of times, but in a dry season it was

simply purgatory. The heat was over 100

degrees both day and night, and the only

water for 30 miles around was contained in

a chain of mud-holes, which were all that

A dry season in that part of Australia

means a total absence of rain for nine months or a year, with one wave of heat

following another from the torrid zone, and

weighing down on the parched earth like

molten lead, and licking up every drop of

moisture, and shriveling every green thing

to dust. Sheep can live for a wonderful

time on a mere picking of grass as dry as

straw, if they can only get the smallest

drink of water once a day, or even once in two or three days. When both grass and water fail, however, the miserable wretches

shrink up to nothing but ragged skeletons, and totter under the raging sun, and die by tens of thousands daily. The last severe

tens of thousands daily. The last severe drought carried off more than twenty mil-

lions of sheep during the summer months in the colonies of Queensland and New

South Wales alone.

In our case there was still a good deal of

burnt up grass left; and the chain of mud holes still contained enough moisture to keep

the flock alive. But it was only a question

of how many weeks longer we could hold out, unless the rain came, of which not the slightest sign was visible. And we knew

that there was countless stock wandering about there in search of feed and water, and

that if they got inside our fences the fate of

AWAKENED BY WILD HORSES.

We were all in our bunks one night-the

manager, four station hands, and myself-trying to get a little sleep in spite of the

mosquitoes and other tormentors, when we

were disturbed by a rambling noise like

We all sat up in our blankets and "Horses!" exclaimed the manager, tum-

bling out of his bunk, and reaching for his

In less time than it takes to tell it, we had

all scrambled into our breeches and boots, and run out into the moonlight. The man-

ager and one of the station hands took each

a rifle and bag of cartridges, while the rest

of us took the best weapons we had, our

stockwhips; and in a very few seconds we were on our own horses and galloping as hard as we could ride in the direction of the

waterholes, a mile and a half or two miles

rom the hut. Not a word was spoken, for every man of

as knew that that thundering noise was the tramp of a herd of wild horses; and that if they reached the water noise before we could intercept them not only would our

flock die to the last sheep, but we ourselves

would be in imminent danger of perishing

by the most horrible of deaths,
We had not ridden more than half the

distance to the water-holes when we came

in sight of our dreaded visitors. There must have been 800 or 900 of them in a long, straggling mob, not galloping, but running

along in a sort of half trot, half canter, and checking their pace every now and then to browse as they went. They were evidently naking for the water-holes, but were divided between hunger and thirst. They were led by a very tall bay horse with mane and

tail almost sweeping the ground, and among them were several other very large animals

standing conspicuously above the general

IT WAS A RACE FOR LIFE

wretched condition.

mob, which looked rather undersized and in

"If they get at the holes we're done

our flock was sealed.

distant thunder.

was left of a large river.

Some years ago I was on a back station in

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-ON-

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. 1

The great need of our day is child-like

trust in the All-father. The Bible blooms

with assurances. It is flowery and fragrant

at every step, like a summer garden, with

promises. Your hunger shall be fed. Your sickness shall be healed. Your sorrow shall

be comforted. Trust God. Obey God.

Trust Him in spite of mystery. Obey Him

in spite of difficulty.

Do not borrow trouble. Why stand a-tip-

toe, peering into the future to spy out evil?

If He is caring for you to-day, surely you

can trust Him for to-morrow. Can you pay

your rent now? Can you meet your notes

now? Can you carry your present burdens?

No matter about notes that fall due six

Then do not worry about next year's rent.

months hence. Do not take up and carry

burdens that God has graciously distributed

of \$800,000.

life, but mitigate them, too.

to submit to extortion for once.
"Yes, Bill," I replied, in a conciliatory That Had Been Attacked by Ranchmen and tone, "if you'll save that colt for me, and break him in, I'll give you a note."

Ruffian as he was, Bill was really the best hand with horses on the run, and I knew it would flatter his vanity to ask him to break WILD RIDE IN THE EARLY MORNING

the colt in for me. In a few minutes he had finished the carnage and secured my colt by a halter, skilfully improvised with the end of a tether rope. It seemed too scared and dazed with the noise and smoke Queensland, right on the edge of the great to make any effort to escape.

I had some words with the manager as to adding another head to the stock on the run Australian desert. It was a rough place at

in a dry season; but he had reasons for obliging me, and did not make much tuss about it. In fact, as Bill had broken the coit, by some method of horse taming peculiar to himself, I liked it so well that I consented to my old horse—a sorry station hack-being turned out in the desert to take I rode the roan regularly after that, and

ough it had a rough, ungainly appearance,

ENTERED FOR A RACE.

I came to love the patient little creature,

and it responded to any little kindness or

caresses. A year or 18 mouths after I hap-pened to be at a large town on the border of

Queensland and New South Wales, where the people are of a very sporting turn, and

the race meeting is the great event of the year. I met there a man whom I had for-

merly known when he was an officer in the Dragoon Guards, but who had had many ups and downs, and, at the time I speak of, was getting his living as a horse trainer. We traternized, for we had been good friends, and were glad to meet again. One against a sitting is the commental record.

evening, sitting in the commercial room of the principal hotel, we were talking about

station life, and I told the Captain the story of the wild horses and the wonderful roan

"Do you think he'd stand training?" in-

quired the ex-dragoon. "I never knew a wild horse that would. They all get soft

and go to pieces as soon as you put corn into them. But yours may be an exception.

There's a big sweepstake at our next meeting, three miles on the fiat, owners up. We are sure to get rain before then and the course will be like a plowed field. The horse that can stay longest will win the race. If your roan has got the bottom that you describe, and if he'll stand training, I'll undertake that you shall win the sweep—

£500 at least. There's only one horse that you need have any fear of, and that's Cats-

paw, but if the roan will only keep hard I'll back him against the favorite. You've time

to enter him if you'll look sharp, and I'll

IT MADE THE CAPTAIN WHISTLE.

The next morning I entered Mazeppa, as I had named him for the big race, and

left by the stage to bring him into town. When my friend the Captain saw

Poor Mazeppa, with his patient, heavy

face, his thick legs, his rat tail and his hair staring all ways, no wonder the first sight of him made the fastidious trainer shudder.

What was much more alarming, however, the first feed of corn made him very queer, and he flatly refused to eat the second. Here

was a pretty state of affairs. The Captain

to his natural stamina to pull him through?"

"Train him on grass!" he exclaimed, with a pitying smile. "And Catspaw trained on

black oats two years old! Do you want to be

"but I don't believe we shall be anything of

"I don't mind that," I replied bravely,

the laughing stock of the whole course?"

the sort. I know what the horse can do.'

MAZEPPA TURNED OUT ON GRASS.

plunger, and he admired my pluck. Ma-zeppa was turned out then and there on a

rough hillside near the town, and within an hour he was peacefully browsing the scanty

grass and thorny bushes. The more the Captain saw of him the better he liked him.

My business took me away during the great-er part of the interval before the race meet-

ing, but I had several letters to say that

Mazeppa was getting on famously, and

would rather astonish the knowing ones.

When the great day came I contess I felt

decidedly nervous. Compared with the corn-fed racehorses, especially the superb

Catspaw, Mazeppa looked positively awful. As we came out of the saidling paddock the

crowd sent up a roar of laughter. The bet-

which figure the Captain put on a modest lit-

tle pot on our joint account, for he assured

me we had nothing to fear. It had been

raining on and off for three days, and the course was a mass of stiff clay. It was just

three times.

rider could give.

blood boil.

my knees.

course was a mass of stiff clay. It was just a mile in length, and we had to go round

Mazeppa took his place in line as stolidly

as if we had been rounding up sheep, but there were half a dozen talse starts before the

others could be got off properly. They went away from us as if we had been standing

such as it was, from the very post and never varied in it the least. When we passed the

stand after the first round, Catspaw was lead-

ing just as he pleased, four or five horses coming on in a bunch a dozen lengths be-

hind him. Mazeppa was still last, but not

very far in the rear, and the rest had already

having fallen down and one bolted off the

THE LAST HALF MILE.

had passed the mob, and was going like a steamboat in smooth water, while Catspaw, though still a long way ahead, was laboring

terribly, and taking all the whalebone his

As we ran into the straight the crowd sud-

denly realized the situation, and sent up a shout that made my flesh creep and my

"Now, old boy! Away you go! 'Zep! 'Zep! 'Zep!" I cried, pressing his sides with

I hardly knew what happened next, for everything seemed to swim around me. I

heard confused yells of "The wild horse! The wild horse! The roan! The roan!

Mazeppal Mazeppal" and a moment later I found mysels in the saddling paddock,

while the Captain was wringing my hand

That night champagne flowed freely in the

Lightning Strikes the Conductor.

Hollis Beck-Riding on an electric car

Hollis Beck-Because, if the lightning strikes the car only one is affected, the cur-

he safest place during a thunder storm.

Hal Worthy-Why, how is that?

ent goes through the conductor.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

and laughing like a lunatic.

£1,000 between us.

ton Herald.1

About the middle of the last mile Mazeppa

ropped out of it, covered with mud, two

Mazeppa, however, got into his stride,

ing was 10 to 1 against my poor roan, at

My friend had always been a bit of a

tain stroked his mustache gloomily and

town. When my friend the Captain sa him he raised his eyebrows and whistled.

take him in hand at once.

ply miraculous.

over many weeks. Be prudent—and then be trustful. "Jehovah Jirch." God will provide. 'Tis a cruel thing, saith one, to load on the back of one camel the cargo intended for the whole caravan. which no amount of grooming could improve, and a single pace that was a walk, trot, canter and gallop in one, I found it the most serviceable mount I ever had in my life. One thing I soon found out about it. No distance that I could ride it seemed to fatigue it at all. Speed it had not still easy. But perhaps you are face to face with an emergency. Is it so that you are in straits which you have neither the wisdom nor the strength to pull out of? Well, God knows all about it. He is superior to the diffi-culty, though you are not. Trust Him. Remember His mighty interposition in former passages of your life. From what He has done be convinced of what He can do. Do your best—then fall back upon fatigue it at all. Speed it had not; at lease, nothing much out of the common for a wellbred horse. But its staying power was simomnipotent love.

A Methodist Amen.

We were examining an order of service in a Calvinistic church the other day, remarks the editor of the Golden Rule, and after the usual order of singing, prayer, scripture reading, sermon and benediction, we saw the concluding direction-"a Methodist amen." If we interpreted the direction aright, it meant that all the people should join in a hearty and audible "amen" at the close of the service. We like that direction. Why should not all Christians make every prayer their own, at least to the extent of uttering an audible "so may it be" at the end? The lack of audible expression often, though not always, indicates a lack of silent participation in the prayer. Why should not every congregation, Calvinistic or Arminian, ritu alistic or non-ritualistic, join in a hearty "Amen" at the close of every prayer? Why should not every member of a Christian family, from grandtather to little Johnnie Two-year-old, join in the "Amen" when grace is said at the table, or when the morn ing and evening petitions are offered at family prayers? Enlarge the "Methodist amen" and make it also a Presbyterian amen and a Baptist amen and a Congrega-tional Amen—better than all, a Christian amen-a word which, without any appear ance of affectation, all can use to show that they have followed the devotions, and made the service their own. By all means, let us have more of the "Amen" in our public

Should Have Convictions We ought to have convictions and to hold them. When once we are persuaded we are right, not the granite that underlies the continent should be more immovable than we. Truth, the love of it, the service of it, is the basis of every virtue. Some people treat truth as the false mother in the Scripture treated the babe when she stood before Solo-

and family worship.

mon-had rather see it divided and par-celed out than yield a fraudulent claim. It is not upon our station in life, but on tain stroked his mustache gloomily and looked as black as thunder.

"Those desert brutes are all alike," he muttered. "Confound them. And here I have been and given 5 to 1 on the field against our energies on the side of right and duty. we deliver ourselves up to sloth and pleas-I didn't like to hear Mazeppa called a ure; if we rejuse to listen to any counsellor desert brute, so I said to the Captain: "How save humor or to follow any guide but fancy; would it do to train him on grass, and trust if we allow ourselves to float loose and careless on the sea of affairs, ready to take any direction the current of temptation or fashio may chance to give us; if we say "Good Lord" in the presence of Jehovah and "Good devil" when Satan confronts us; if we never say No! under the prompting of earnest con viction, and stand on it-if this be our habit

> They flow to-day. To-morrow you can't get a thimble ul of satisfaction out of the dry channel of their life. The Uses of Affliction. The uses of affliction are manifold. They need only to be looked for to be found. For

it will be woe to us here and ruin hereafter.

Some people are like intermittent springs

one thing, affliction is a source of selfknowledge. When all goes well with us we teel self-sufficient. As in nature, uninterrupted sunshine is as fatal to vegetation as darkness itself, so in the moral world unclouded suc ess shrivels the heart. The fierce glare destroys the finer feelings. come to believe that the race is to the swift and the battle is to the strong. It is the 4th day of July to us 365 days in the year. Affliction teaches us better-shows us ou exposure-discloses our weakness-reveals

our need of some more staple resource than broad acres, bursting barns and railroad bonds—drives us to seek outside support. Inhabiting as we do this island of and shades in the midst of an ocean of uncertainty, we realize our need of something beyond and above self. The greatest and best men have graduated from the school of tribulation. In this school the heart was softened and the hand was opened.

A Good Woman's Tact.

Referring to tact, that rarest of posses sions, a writer in the Guild's Calendar, tells this story: "The clergy have many funny things said about them, and it is not always easy for them to keep a straight face during their ordinary parochial calls. The writer was at one time engaged in making his first round of parish calls, when a good woman, whose tact was striking, chose as the topic of conversation the virtues of his predecesor. Of course she met a ready assent to all her assertions of the departed rector's saintliness, etc., and the wickedness of the con gregation in not appreciating his virtues. At last she exclaimed: 'Well, if I do say it, this parish will never get as holy a man

again. "Then suddenly grown conscious that she had said something wrong, she mended it by adding: 'I am glad, sir, that you are getting on so successfully. I don't think such a good man as Mr. — the right man for rector of this church."

Mohammed Should Go to the Mountain. A church exists as the representative of Christ. It should be a saviour. In the storm of sin, like the tenants of life-saving stations on the coast, it should seek as well as save the lost, Mohammed, surrounded by his followers, was traveling one day. Suddenly he halted, and hailing an adjacent nountain, he cried: "Mountain, come

Presently, marking that the mountain moved not, he said: "Mohammed will go to

Immigration Into Palestine. The immigration of Hebrews into Palestine is steadily on the increase, and the moneyed

men of Europe begin to take an interest in the migration by buying up land and building blocks of houses, founding schools and hospitals. The Hebrew population of Pales-tine are tolerant and liberal toward people

A Society of Pastors. congregations unprovided with pastors, or edge the microscope gives.

nearly twice as many as there are students of all denominations now in the seven Congre-gational theological seminaries.

Exploring the Stations.

What Little Gifts Aggregate.

Gems From Lord Bacon.

THE parable of Pythagoras is dark but true,

"Eat not the heart," Certainly those who lack

friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts.

To-DAY we surrender the space usually al-

A cotemporary complains that some pro-Home Cracking. fessing Christians have no more practical or experimental knowledge of the joys and

Address communications for this departm privileges of the real Christian life than has to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine, the railroad brakeman of the places through

which his train passes every day. He knows the scheduled time. He knows their disdashes through and has no time to explore their attractions. And so it is with these heavenbound travelers. They are not hypo-crites or talse professors, necessarily. They may be duly ticketed. But they have not 韓国 time to explore the choice stations on the line of "the Pilgrim's Progress." The Pope's "Peter's pence" during the last year amounted to \$1,600,000. The Romish Church in the United States contributed \$360,000 toward it. Beside this regular source of income the Pope received bequests

CHILDREN sweeten labors, but make mis-fortune more bitter; they increase the cares of Combine each of the outside pictures, set arately, with some part of the one in the cen-ter, and find words of the following definitions:

For she meets me at the doorway, Total I get 'round in time.

Bards may tell of golden stairways, Leading up to heaven's door, But the one to me most precious Leads up to the second floor.

Oft I meet her in the parlor,
Final all are at their rest;
Soft and tender words are spoken,
We by care are unopyressed.
There we talk of coming conquests,
Coming battles, conflicts, cares;
When the midnight hour is tolling
I descend those golden stairs.

Often we review our Latin,
For reviews will hold it fast—
"Stella, Stella," first declension;
"Amo," present, future, past,
"Stella, Stella, amo, amas"—
How the hours glide away!
"Amat," then we reach "amamus,"
Gloomy night has turned to day,
Chorus.

er, and find words of the following defit

1. Musical instruments,

2. A command,

3. Part of a ship,

4. A little blue flower,

5. Part of a locomotive,

6. Something found at the postoffice,

7. A town in Massachusetts,

8. Wild flowers,

9. To make more beloved,

10. A countersign,

otted to the miscellany of gems of thought to Lord Bacon alone, from whom we quote the following utterances: 10. A countersign. 11. A sorcerer. GoD grant that we may contend with other churches, as the vine with the olive, which of us shall bear fruit first; and not as the briar with the thistle, which of us is the most un-961-A COLLEGE SONG.

As Sung in the Parlor of the Ladies' Dormi tory.
Well, I know a charming maiden, For music in churches that there should be psalms and spiritual songs, is not denied; so the Primal happy, smilling, gay; One who rooms in No. 30, One who's happy all the day, Since she's in the second story, Oft the stairway I do climb, question is de mode; wherein if a man will look attentively into the order and observation of it, it is easy to discern between the wisdom of the institution and the extravagance of the late

IT was prettily devised by Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot wheel, and said, "What a dust do I raise!" So are there some vain persons, that, whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater causes, if they have never so little hand in it, they think it is that that that carry it.

they that carry it. PRINTING, an accidental invention; artillery a thing that lay not far out of the way; the change these things have made in the world; the one in the matter of knowledge, the other in the state of war, the third in navigation. And these things, I say, were but stumbled upon. I CANNOT call riches better than the bageage of virtue; the Roman word is better, impe menta; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue; it cannot be spared nor left behind, yet it hindreth the march; yea, and the care of it sometimes loseth the victor;; of great riches there is no use, save in distribution; the rest is conceit.

THE FIRST REPORTERS.

A Bistorical Reference That Makes the Profession 3,200 Years Old. weastle, Eng., Chronicle.]

There are few of the learned professions that can boast such an ancient and noble origin as that of the newspaper reporters. In O'Halloran's "History of Ireland," published in Limerick in 1778, is the following curious entry: "Bille, a Milesian King of a portion of Spain, had a son named Gollamh, who solicited his father's permission to assist their Phoenician ancestor then greatly distressed by continental wars and having gained his consent with a wel appointed fleet of 30 ships, and a select number of intrepid warriors, he weighed anchor from the harbor of Corunna for Syria. It appears that war was not the sole business of this equipment; for in this fleet were embarked 12 youths of uncommon learning and abilities, who were directed to make remarks on whatever they found new, either in astronomy, navigation, arts, sciences or manufactures. They were to communicate their remarks and discoveries to each other and keep an exact account of whatever was worthy of notice This took place in the

year of the world 2650." It is quite clear that those "12 noble youths" were reporters, and it is curious enough that when a few of the Dublin or London reporters attend in the country, a meetings or on other business, they do what those "noble youths" were commanded to do, namely, "communicate their remarks" and information to each other. Reporting, therefore, according to the above, must be over 3,200 years old as a profession.

THE MARRIAGE EXPENSES. Laws of the Bombay Government That Might be Welcomed Other Places. The Bombay Government has curious laws regulating the marriage expenses of

the Kadva Kanbi caste in the district of Ahmedabad and Kaira. The chenllo, or present given at betrothal by the bride's father to the bridegroom's father, is not to exceed 1 rupee and 7 suparis and betelnuts. The marriage chenllo payable to the bridegroom's father may be 1 rupee, and shall not exceed 100 rupees. The value of the coacoanuts distributed at the marriage pro cession is not to exceed 10 cupees and the same limit is fixed on the value of the mos alu, or present by the bride's maternal rela

tives.

The payment at the ceremony when the bridegroom touches with his finger mother-in-law's dress must not go beyond 2 rupees. The number of dinner parties given by the bride's lamily is not to be mor than five, and the number of guests at each not more than 25. The marriage party go ing to the bride's village are not to spend more than 30 rupees, and when the bride groom is invited to a social evening at his father-in-law's house he is not to be more than 2 rupees, nor to take with him more than five men.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF DUST. The Motes in the Sunbeams May be the

Source of Disease. At the recent annual meeting of the Lon don Meteorological Society, a most interesting paper on "Atmospheric Dust' was read by the retiring President, Dr. Marcet. He remarked that the dust which, when lighted up by intense light, we call motes in the sunbeam is chiefly of an organic character, and it is impossible to say how much of it is innocuous, and what portion of it may be come the source of disease. There is doubt that many of these motes must belong to the class of micro-organisms, and thus form the means of spreading infectious

He also remarked upon the injurious nature of many trades where dust is constantly breathed into the lungs, and gave some account of the danger of certain kinds of dust forming with the air au explosive mixture. Volcanic dust, consisting of mineral matter in a fine state of subdivision, also came under review, and the interesting paper was brought to a fitting close with an account of the dust phenomena which fol-lowed the terrible eruption of Krakatao in

ROCKS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE. The Information the Instrument Gives of

In a recent lecture on "Rocks Under the Microscope," at Newcastle, England, Prof. G. A. Lebour exhibited by the aid of the new electric, microscopical lantern, 50 sections of limestones, coal, lavas, gran-ite, sandstone, etc. Under polar-ized light the nature and variety of the crystals contained in the rocks produced the most brilliant effects of color. He im-pressed particularly upon the audience the fact that the microscopist was now recognized abroad as one essential in the equipment of any large engineering works. Mil-lions have already been saved by the knowlTHE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Nuts for

Most Novel Circumstances. A group of benedicts in Chicago the day amused themselves by telling how "crossed the Rubicon" of courtship. confessed to successfully putting the n mentous question while leading his hor over a stretch of ground encountered whi sleigh riding; another was accepted while sitting in a snowdrift after being tipped from the rear of a four-seated sleigh; a third proposed while without coat and waistcoat and while perspiring freely from a two-mile row under a burning sun, and still another was refused in a romantio nook only to be accepted a little later by the same girl under the most commonplace

MEDICAL.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

The Momentone Proposition Often Pa-

DOCTOR

voting special attention to all chronic diseases. From respon-NO FEE UNTIL CURED sible persons NO FEE UNTIL CURED physical physical NERVOUS and mental diseases, physical decay, nervous debility, lack of energy, ambition and hope, impaired memory, disordered sight, self distrust, bashfulness, district, basic district, bashtiness, distiness, sleeplessness, pimples, cruptions, impoverished blood, failing powers, organic weakness, dyspepsia, constitution, consumption, unfitting the person for business, society and marriage, permanently, safely and privately cured.

THE GLORY OF MAN

LIFE A Scientificand Standard Popular Medical Treatleson the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debilty, Impurities of the Blood,

"Do I carry coal and water?"
Well, the fact I shan't deny; well, the lact I shan't deny;
It is only right and proper,
And I'm paid when no one's by.
"Do I stumble on the stairway,
When I trip down in the dark?"
Well, I tell you, boys, the truth is
There's no flame without a spark.

Yes, I've learned to love that stairway,
With its taults I love it still;
Yes, I go up higher, higher,
All the while my pulses thrill.
At the top I know there's favor,
That a star Joth brightly shine,
Warning me from snares and pitfalls—
Would that star were only mine.
Chorus.

H. C. BURGER.

962-A CIRCLE. (Twelve Letters.) (Tuestoe Letters.)

Place in a circle's endless band,
A coin once used in foreign land,
Worth twenty-five denarii,
Yet later valued balf so high;
Then add a word of simple size
That margin, edge, or verge implies;
And after this but one thing more.
A metal hid in certain ore.
Now start aright and you will find,
in reading round, if well combined,
A vesset built in times of old—
A pseudonym in fact, I'm told,

(Words of Four Letters.) 1. The edge of a nill. Against. Noise made by cannon. -A horse noted for its speed. Finals-A thread of metal. Combined-A kind of fence.

963-DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

964-AN OBJECT LESSON. a rig-rag thing he held to view, n size and shape 'twas double you. He just behind it placed his key And asked me then what I could see.

"It was opinion some opine, That crucified our Lord divine; And pestilence has hundreds sizin, Who come beneath its baleful reign.

"The cookery we moderns have

Has sent its quota to the grave; While physic's credited by some With sending many to their home But of all evils ever curst The human race you see the worst; The key that ope's l'andora's box. When out the furies fly in flocks."

W. W.

Come all ye students of the Sphinx, Unite for me these severed links;

A word I have in view— Rise to begin will do; If you behead, Will leave, instead, The beard of grain for you.

968-TRANSPOSITION. I first essay to guide or sway; Then, 'twizt green hills I nestle low; Now out again to treat with men, And weight my mind with details slow.

ANSWERS.

ANSWERS.

949—A spirit raised from the depths of underground.—King Henry IV., act I., scene 2.

150—Burg, trass, clocks. [Differently combined, and read in a circle, the worus give "Strassburg clock."]

951—Suake, sake."

162—JACKKETCH
OUBLIETTE
HESPERIAN
NILLOMETER
HESPERIAN
NILLOMETER
ROLLYPOLY
OPHIUCHUS
WINDPLANT
LIMOSELLA
ARCTATION
NIGHTFALL
DAMASCENE
SUBLUNAEY
953—1. Anna. 2. Anona. 2. Sagas. 4. Minim.
5. Aga. 6. Tenet. 7. Kayak. 3. Solos. 9.
Level. 10. Civic. 11. Carac. 12. Aeaea. 5. Aga. 6. Tenet. 7. Kayak. 8. Sol Level. 10. Civic. 11. Carac. 12. Aeaea. W

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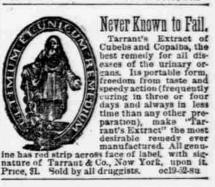
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A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

CADALTED FROM THE GERMAN FOR THE DIS- / ful of all, with its ruby walls, sapphire

one in the village had gone to rest, and not | burnt low in the socket an old man sitting

harm them, and they must want to go from the war he learned that he had been

The moon shone brightly, and the stars seemed to smile kindly upon her. When Bella reached the forest, she set her little crying, "Father, father."

PATCH.

"Oh, mother, see what I have," cried the

10-year-old Bella, as she ran in from school

earrying a large paper box. "I have rescued

these pretty little ladybirds from the chil-

dren, who were abusing them. Now they

shall live in my paper castle, and I shall

"Mow should you enjoy," said her mother,

"if you had wings and could fly through the

nir, to be shut up in a castle and never see

any sunshine? And what will fairy Holda,

the guardian of these little creatures, say

when so many of her ladybirds do not re-

turn to their crystal palace on the mount-

"I do not intend to burt them," said Bella,

"and if I let them go now they will fly on

the trees in the village, and the children

will catch them sgain. But to-morrow I will take them to the forest; then they can

find their way home."
That night little Bella could not sleep.

She thought constantly about the ladybirds, and wondered it they could live till morning

in the paper box. After tossing restlessly about for several hours, she arose and

looked out of the window of her bedroom.

The streets were very quiet and still; every

a living creature could be seen. Bella thought, "Why couldn't I take the lady-

birds to the forest to-night. Nothing could

Hastily dressing, she took the ladybirds,

down the silent street toward the forest. | the town.

and creeping softly from the house walked

take good care of them."

arches and pillars of gold and silver.

"Oh, how lovely it is here," cried Bella;
"I wish I could stay here all the time."

"The fairy laughed, and said, "I fear you would soon tire of it. But you may stay

Bella thought she could never grow tired of such a beautiful home, and laughed at

the idea of ever wanting to leave the kind fairy. Every day brought new pleasures to

the little girl. She wandered along the shore of the lake, where the birds would

nestle lovingly on her shoulder, and sing sweet songs; or she would sit in the palace

with the fairy Holda, and learn to sew and

spin. Thus with work and play the time

passed very happily and quickly. One day Holda said to her: "Since the war there has

been great trouble in your village, and many people are in want. To-night I am

going to enrry aid to the sufferers. Would

Bella engerly assented; and that night she and the fairy rode in the crystal chariot

with the golden wheels through the little village. The streets were quiet and de-

serted, and all the houses were dark. Holda

went here and there leaving her generous

gifts for the grateful people to find in the morning. Finally they stopped before a small cottage, and looking in through the window they saw by the light of a candle

be ore the fire in deep distress.
"Here," said Holda, "lives a poor man who is in great trouble. When he returned

given up for dead, and his wife had died from grief. His only child, a little girl, had disappeared when the enemy entered

Bella hardly waited till the fairy ceased

you like to accompany me?"

with me as long as you are contented.

prisoners at liberty, and was delighted to see how they enjoyed their freedom, She was about to return home, when a slight stle among the branches attracted her attention, and a white cloud seemed to be floating down from the trees. She watched at with astonishment, and soon recognized the grace ul form of the fairy Holda.

"Oh, Holda," cried Bella, "please do not be angry with me, for keeping your ladybirds: I was afraid the children would hurt them. And now I have brought them her so that they can find their way home." The tairy smiled kindly, and then disappeared; and the little girl went home with a light heart. Summer passed by, and when autumn came a great war raged in the country. All the strong men in the village must leave their home, and fight for the King. Bella's father was among the first to leave. All that long, dreary winter, the mother and her little daughter lived in that lonely cottage, and waited for tidings from the absent father. But they could hear

ished with so many others, One day, when the spring had come again and the trees and flowers were all able neighbor returned from the war and brought the sad news that Bella's father was missing, and it was thought that he had fallen in battle. The poor mother was so overcome with grief that she died a few days later, leaving her little daughter alone in the world. Then arose the terrible cry that the enemy was approaching the town, and the people must flee for safety to the mountnins. Bella fled with the others, but stopped a moment at her mother's grave to leave a garland of flowers which she had gathered poor child wept bitterly when she thought how friendless she was, and she almost wished that she could die and be with her mother. At that moment a ladybird

lew upon her hand, as if to say, "I have not Then others came and tried to express their sympathy for the lonely orphan. Suddenly Bella heard a great noise, and knew that the enemy had attacked the village. She could hear the cries of the people, who seemed to be approaching her.
"What shall I do?" she cried; "they will be here before I can get to the mountains, and I shall be carried off. Oh, if I only had

wings like the ladybirds." Scarcely had she spoken when thousands of the insects flew about her and seemed to draw her into the forest, where she found : small crystal chariot with golden wheels. She felt sure that her little friends were now going to rescue her; and without further delay she entered the chariot, which began at once to rise in the air. Up, up, it went until the tree tops looked like a green lake and the village a mere speck. While Bella was wondering where her journey would end, the chariot stopped, and she was surprised to find herselt in a large meadow, so broad that she could not see the end. She looked about inquiringly, not knowing which way to turn, when a group of beauti-

ful maidens came toward her, and among them the fairy Holda. "V'elcome, my child," she said; "the lady birds have not forgotten your kindness to them, and have asked permission to bring

And now Bella knew that she was in the kingdom of the good tairy Hotda; and taking the fairy's hand, she walked along the silver path with her, on both sides of which bloomed red and white flowers such as the little girl had never before seen. Then they came to a sparkling lake, where the fish could be seen sporting in the clear water; But the crystal palace was the most beauti- look at a cracker.

BELLA RUSHED IN CRYING: FATHER! FATHER! The old man's look of sadness changed into one of joy as he recognized his dear child; and the fairy, after witnessing the glad meeting, slipped quietly away leaving Bella and her father to enjoy their great happiness. Although Bella often talked of the crystal palace, and the kind fairy Holds

REFORM IN WEDDING TRIPS.

Bridal Chambers Are All Gope. New York World.i

nothing of him, and feared that he had peradvertised that the hotel keepers were all well informed of their coming as though the bridal contingent were a theatrical company.

The secrecy observed by the brides and bridegrooms concerning their wedding trip, and the fact that hotel keepers and steam-boatmen no longer have bridal chambers, would seem to indicate a distinct advance in good taste and attention to the proprieties of It is scarcely possible to conceive of a situation when young married people would consent to put themselves practically on ex-hibition and occupy magnificent apartments set apart from those occupied by the ordinary run of people and aunounce in advance the programme of their progress through the different cities or resorts of the country. This is an exhibition, and a very ostentatious and theatrical one at that,

A PARROT'S INFLUENCE.

From Polly's Example.

There is a family residing upon the Eastthe family, and the bird, like all others of that genus, was very fond of crackers.

Previous to the advent of the hird Nero could not be bribed to eat a cracker, but no sooner did the bird appear than he develope a wonderful liking for the tood. He not seem to get enough of them. After a and in the midst played a fountain which | time, however, the bird was carried away, shone and glistened like precious stones, and from that time Mr. Nero would not

and was always happy with him.

The Itinerary No Longer Advertised and Fifteen or 20 years ago a young couple about to be married told their friends long before the marriage occurred exactly where they were going on their wedding trip. Nineara Falls was the favorite destination but in many cases an elaborate trip was projected. Their route was so thoroughly

But the wedding trip as announced and carried out after the fashion here described is decidedly a thing of the past. The bride and bridegroom do not announce their plans and the hotel keepers know nothing of them turned round and rushed back about newly married couples coming along. whence they had come. A smaller mob The bridal chambers which were once the still made an effort to reach the water-holes. showrooms of every well-regulated hostelry By this time, however, we had got well showrooms of every well-regulated hostelry do not exist now, either in fact or in name The bridal chambers in the old St. Nicholas Hotel had been held for the purpose indicated by their name during a long course of years, and it was no unusual thing for young men to come along and engage them in advance, and say that their fathers had occu-

pied them on their wedding trip years be

The Family Dog Learned to Eat Crackers Hartford Telegram.1

side which owns a dog, and quite an intelligent dog at that. He is ever causing them to wonder at his surprising and almost human knowledge. A short time ago a parrot was taking up a temporary residence with

ters, while the rest of us galloped up and down in front of the open side of the stock-yard, driving the maddened animals back with our whips whenever they tried to rush past us. The earth was soon strewn with kicking, struggling, bleeding carcasses and the survivors at length became so terrified that they crowded helplessly against the rails, trembling and squealing, but making no further effort to avoid their fate. It was a sickening sight, and I was not sorry when the manager's ammunition ran out, and he got off his weary horse and leaned up against the fence to smoke his pipe. The other man, however, still went on shooting, accompanying each shot by a torrent of pr

Among the horses that remained standing

yards range. He turned round and stared. "Don't kill that roan colt," I said, my

The moon was beginning to pale before

the first red rays of dawn when we came into full view of the wild horses, and put on a terrific spurt, with the object of heading them off from the water boles. The moment they saw us the whole mob stopped short ed round to stare at us, and stood snit fing and snorting and pawing the ground, with their long manes and tails flourishing in the air. Seeing that we kept on our way toward the water holes uninterruptedly, however, a fresh impulse seized them. The big horse, which had led their march before, now neighed loudly, and broke into a furious gallop, tollowed by all the rest. It was a ride for life, and ride we did. The wild horses, however, gained upon us. They had no weight to carry, and they were accus-

tomed to gallop for days together without food or water. The big bay horse that led the mob was already neck and neck with the noble black mare that the manager was riding. They were about 100 yards apart. The manager unslung his rifle from his back, stood up in his stirrups to take aim, and, without check ing his speed in the slightest degree, fired. The big bay horse reared high in air, uttered a hideous noise, something between a neigh and the shriek of a woman in agony, and staggered headlong to the earth. The mob gulloped over him, kicking and plunging madly. Another horse, larger than the rest, endeavored to take the lead but a shot from the station hand, who was riding behind the manager, instantly brought it to earth. When two or three others had shared the same fate the mob divided into several lines, wheeled first one way and then another, and eventually broke and scattered in the wildest confusion. Most ahead of them, and by rapid firing with the two rifles and incessant cracking of stock whips, we succeeded in diverting them from

that direction and driving them to a large stock yard, inclosed on three sides with posts and rails.

A RECKLESS BUTCHERY. By the time we reached this spot and hemmed them in the mob numbered no more than 40 or 50, but they were the strongest and finest of the herd that had come over the boundary. A systematic slaughter now began, the manager and his lieutenant deliberately shooting the horses at close quarfanity, and evidently enjoying the cruelty and the bloodshed.

I had noticed for some time a large and pow er ul looking colt, of a dark iron gray or black roan color. I was so close that I could see the poor brute's eyes and the mute expression of terror on its face. I felt a strange longing to save it. I knew I should only be laughed at or sworn at if I proposed such a thing; but the impulse to make the attempt was too strong to be restrained. "Coo-ee!" I shouted to the butcher, who was sitting half sideways in his saddle picking out one horse after another, and

A Hamburg Fig. driving bullets through them at 15 or 20

commercial room of the Royal Hotel, and settling day the Captain and I divided My presentiment had come true. The wild horse had returned a thousand-told the "note" that I laid out to saye his life. A Christian should be as good a theologian as the prophet of Islam.

The New York Witness says that there are in the Congregational denomination 758

August 1883.

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Or, if you should curtail, You'd find, then, without fail, A certain bird; And, take my word, Its color is not pale. BITTER SWEET.