grace, and sudden death generally implied if-slaughter.

HOW JEVINS "WENT OUT." "I judge no man this weather," said Hum-

"He had a touch of the sun, I fancy for last week, after you fellows had left, he came into the verands and told me that he was going home to see his wife in Market street, Liverpool, that evening.
"I got the apothecary to look at him, and we tried to make him lie down. After an

hour or two he rubbed his eyes and said he believed he had had a fit—hoped he hadn't said anything rude. Jevins had a great idea of bettering himself socially. He was very like Chucks in his language."
"Well?"

"Then he went to his own bungalow and began cleaning a rifle. He told the servant that he was going after buck in the morning. Naturally he fumbled with the trigger, and shot himself through the head ac-cidentally. The apothecary sent in a report to my chief, and Jevins is buried some where out there. I'd have wired to you, Spurstow, if you could have done any-

"You're a queer chap," said Mottram. If you'd killed the man yourself you couldn't have been more quiet about the

business."
"Good Lord! what does it matter?" said Hummil, calmly. "I've got to do a lot of his overseeing work in addition to my own. I'm the only person that suffers. Jevins is out of it-by pure accident, of course, but out of it—by pure accident, of course, but out of it. The apothecary was going to write a long screed on suicide. Trust a babu to drivel when he gets the chance."

"Why didn't you let it go in as suicide?"

said Lowndes. "No direct proof. A man hasn't many privileges in this country, but he might at least be allowed to mishandle his own rifle. Besides, some day I may need a man to smother up an accident to myself. Live and let live. Die and let die."

"You take a pill," said Spurstow, who had been watching Hummil's white face narrowly. "Take a pill, and don't be an ass. That sort of talk is skittles. Anyhow, suicide is shirking your work. If I was Job ten times over I should be so interested in what was going to happen next that I'd stay on and watch."

"Ah! I've lost that curiosity." said Hum-"Liver out of order?" said Lowndes, feel-

ingly.

"No. Can't sleep. That's worse."

"By jove, it is!" said Mottram. "I'm that way every now and then, and the fit has to wear itself out. What do you take "Nothing. What's the use? I haven't had ten minutes' sleep since Friday mora-

SPECTRAL MELODY. "Poor chap! Spurstow, you ought to attend to this," said Mottram. "Now you mention it, your eyes are rather gummy and

Spurstow, still watching Hummil, laughed lightly. "I'll patch him up later on. Is it too hot, do you think, to go for a ride?"
"Where to?" said Lowndes, wearily. "We shall have to go away at 8, and there'll be riding enough for us then. I hate a horse when I have to use him as a necessity, Oh, heavens, what is there to do?

Begin whist again at chick points-(a "chick" is supposed to be eight shillings)and a gold mohur on the rub," said Spurstow promptly. "Poker. A month's pay all round for

the pool-no limit-and 50 rupee raises. Somebody would be broken before we got " said Lowndes. 'Can't say that it would give me any

pleasure to break any man in this com-pany," said Mottram. "There isn't enough excitement in it, and it's soolish." He crossed over to the worn and battered little camp piano-wreckage of a married household that had once held the bungalow-and "It's used up long ago," said Hummil. "The servants have picked it to pieces."

The plane was indeed hopelessly out of order, but Mottram managed to bring the rebellious notes into a sort of agreement, and there rose from the rabbed keyboard something that might once have been the ghost of a popular music hall song. The

interest as Mottram banged more lustily.

"That's good!" said Lowndes. "By of the punkah wavered across the room and the flick of the punkah towel and the soft the flick of the punkah the wall hole fol-1879 or thereabouts, just before I came out." "Ah!" said Spurstow, with pride, "I was lowed it. Then the punkah flagged, almost home in 1880." And he mentioned a song ome in 1880." And he mentioned a song the streets popular at that date.

Mottram executed it indifferently well. coolie? It started forward again with a of the streets popular at that dete.

Lowndes criticised and volunteered emenda- savage jerk and the pin came out of the tions. Mottram dashed into another ditty, not of the music hall character, and made as

"Sit down," said Hummil. "I didn't know that you had any music in your com- his side and swore gently. There was no position. Go on playing until you can't movement on Rummil's part. The man think of any more. I'll have that piane had composed himself as rigidly as a corpse, tuned up before you come again. Play his hands clinched at his sides. The resp

something festive." Very simple indeed were the tunes to which Mottram's art and the limitations of jaws were clinched, and there was a pucker the piano could give effect, but the men listened with pleasure, and in the pauses "He's holding himself as talked all together of what they had seen or heard when they were last at home. A dense dust storm sprung up outside and swept roaring over the house, enveloping it in the choking darkness of midnight, but Mottram continued unheeding, and the crazy tinkle reached the ears of the listeners above the flapping of the tattered ceiling

AND A MURDER OF HYMNS.

In the silence after the storm he glided from the more directly personal songs of otland, half humming them as he played into the Evening Hymn. "Sunday," said he, nodding his head.
"Go on. Don't apologize for it," said

Spurstow.

Hummil laughed long and riotously.

"Play it, by all means. You're full of surprises to-day. I didn't know you had such

a gift of finished sarcasm. How does that thing go?" ttram took up the tune. "Too slow by half. You miss the note of

gratitude," said Hummel. "It ought to go to the 'Grasshopper's Polka'—this way." And he chanted, prestissimo:

Glory to Thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light, "That shows we really feel our blessing. How does it go on?"

If in the night I sleepless lie,

My soul with sacred thoughts supply; May no iii dreams disturb my rest-"Quicker, Mottram."-

Or powers of darkness me molest "Don't be an ass," said Lowndes.

"Bah! What an old hypocrite you are!" are at full liberty to make fun of anything else you like, but leave that hymn alone. It's associated in my mind with the most sacred recollections

glass window, light going out, and you and she jamming your heads together over one hymn book," said Mottram. 'Yes, and a fat old cockchafer hitting you in the eve when you walked home. Smell

and midges," said Lowndes. "Also mothers. I can just recollect my mother singing me to sleep with that when I was a little chap," said Spurstow. The darkness had tallen on the room.

They could hear Hummil squirming in his sing it when you are seven fathom deep in hell! It's an insult to the intelligence of

the Deity to pretend we're anything but tortured rebels." "Take two pills," said Spurstow; that's

tortured liver. "The usually placid Hummil is in a vile, had temper. I'm sorry for his coolies to-morrow," said Lowndes, as the servants cought in the lights and prepared the table

As they were settling into their place about the miserable goat chops, the curried eggs and the smoked tapioca pudding, Spurstow took occasion to whisper to Mott-

"Look after Saul, then," was the reply.
"Look after Saul, then," was the reply.
"What are you two whispering about?"

with a sweet smile. "Call this a dinner?" banquet, do you?" HUMMIL'S HOSPITALITY.

of the blessed Jorrocks," said Spurstow.
"I want to have a look at your coolies tomorrow, if you don't mind. You can give
me a place to lie down in, I suppose?"

Did you ever know old Hummy behave like

that before? Did you ever know him to go within a hundred miles of it?"

ing my shin all the time, so I kept a hand

sweating from every pore:
"Good thing Spurstow's with him

mile across the sand on the word.

A TORRID NIGHT.

stow and Hummil smoked the pipe of silence

shut, for the outside air was that of an oven.

The atmosphere within was only 104 degrees,

as the thermometer attested, and heavy with

the foul smell of badly trimmed kerosene

for six months into a house of torment.

whine of the rope through the wall hole fol-

sleep. Spurstow looked at the set face. The

"Head hot? Throat feeling bulgy? or

"Neither, thanks. I don't sleep much,

outside, isn't there? I thought it was my head at first. Oh, Spurstow, for pity's sake

give me something that will put me asleep— sound asleep—if it's only for six hours!"

He sprang up. "I haven't been able to sleep naturally for days, and I can't stand

THE HORRORS OF INSOMNIA.

make me sleep. I tell you I'm nearly mad. I don't know what I say half my time. For

three weeks I've had to think and spell out every word that has come through my lips

of talking drivel 1f I didn't. Isn't that enough to drive a man mad? I can't see

for the love of God make me sleep sound. It

"All right, old man, all right. Go slow.

"That's no use. Give me something to

with him?-Hummil!'

it-I can't stand it!"

"Poor old chapl"

"Can't you get to sleep?"

"Yes."

vou know '

and mind the rat holes."

"That's no excuse. Spurstow was hack-

Throughout that meal Hummil contrived laboriously to insult directly and pointedly all his guests in succession, and at each in-sult Spurstow kicked the aggrieved persons under the table; but he dared not exchange a glance of intelligence with either of then Hummil's face was white and pinched, while his eyes were unnaturally large. No

way, "You fool!"
Such tones they use to speak in the lucid intervals of delirium to their friends a little man dreamed for a moment of resenting his savage personalities, but as soon as the meal was over they made haste to get away.
"Don't go. You're just getting amusing, you fellows. I hope I haven't said anything that annoyed you. You're such touchy devils." Then, changing the note into one of almost abject treaty, "I say, you

"That's awf'ly good of you, I'm sure, surely aren't going?"
"Where I dines I sleeps, in the language

And panie terror stood in his eyes. down at once."

The others pleaded the urgency of their several employs next day, and, saddling up, departed together, Hummil begging them to come next Sunday. As they jogged off do to come out just now? Generally I am as quick as lightning, but you had clogged ogether, Lowndes unbosomed himself to my feet. I was nearly caught." kicking a man at his own table in my life. "Oh, yes, I understand. Go and lie

> SLEEP AT LAST. As a sponge rubs a slate clean, so som

on myself. Else I should have—"
"No, you wouldn't. You'd have done as Hummy did about Jevins; judge no man this weather. By Jovel the buckle of my Spurstow. Then aloud: "All right, my so Come back to bed and tell me all about i rest of the nonsense?

fright of a child as his nerves gathered sense or were dulled.

"Good God! I've been afraid of it for months past, Spurstow. It has made every night hell to me, and yet I'm not conscious of having done anything wrong." "Be still and I'll give you another dose We'll stop your nightmares, you unutter-

able idiot!"

together, each narrowly watching the other. The capacity of a bachelor's establishment Before this awful sleeplessness came to me I've tried to rest on my elbow and put a spur in the bed to sting me when I fell back. Look!" is as elastic as its arrangements are simple. A servant cleared away the dining room table, brought in a couple of rude native bed-steads, made a tape strung on a light wood-"By Jove! the man has been rowelled like

sible enough. Heaven send us understand ninned two towels to the nunkah so that ing! You like to talk, don't you, old heir fringes could just sweep clear of each sleeper's nose and mouth and announced that the couches were ready, The men flung themselves down, adjur-"Yes, sometimes. Not when I'm fright-

> Hummil spoke in broken whispers for nearly ten minutes, while Spurstow looked into the pupils of his eyes and passed his hands before them once or twice. cigarette case was produced, and the last words that Hummil said as he iell back for

deep slumber of heat apoplexy.

"Pack your pillows," said the doctor, sharply, as he saw Hummil preparing to cellent remedy against heat apoplexy if you take three or four cups of it in time. Then

self most cruelly. anderstanding!"

IMPROVEMENT.

When this was replaced a tomtom joytul heart. in the coolie lines began to beat with the stendy throb of a swollen artery inside some brain fevered skull. Spurstow turned on

"I have seen healthier men. You mus have had a touch of the sun. Look here if I write you a swingeing medical certifi-cate will you apply for leave on the spot?" "Why not? You want it."

little cooler. "Why should you, if you can get relieved "He's holding himself as tightly as ever on the spot?" "Burkett is the only man who could be sent, and he's a born fool." he can," thought Spurstow. "What a sham it is, and what in the world is the matter

"Oh, never mind about the line. You aren't so important as all that. Wire for leave, if necessary."
Hummil looked very uncomfortable.

evasively. "You can't. Wire to headquarters for Burkett. "Feel pretty bad?"
"Pretty bad, thanks. There's a tomtom

to follow him. If she left the baby behind she'd fret herself to death. If she cameand Burkett's one of those selfish beasts who are always talking about a wife's place being with her husband-she'd die. It's murder to bring a woman here just now. Burkett has got the physique of a rat. I he came here he'd go out; and I know she hasn't any money, and I'm pretty sure she'd go out, too. I'm salted in a sort of way, and I'm not married. Wait till the rains before I dared say it. I had to get my I'm not married. Wait till the rains, and sentences out down to the last word for fear then Burkett can get thin down here. It'll

do him heaps of good."
"Do you mean to say that you intend things correctly now, and I've lost my sense of touch. Make me sleep. Oh, Spurstow, nights?" face-what you have faced, for the next 56 "Oh, it won't be so bad, now you have

> the way of sleeping, it'll be all right how, I shan't put in for leave, That's the long and short of it."
> "My great Scott! I thought all that sort of thing was dead and done with."
> "Bosh! You'd do the same yourself. I

feel a new man, thanks to that cigarette case. You're a going over to camp new, aren't you?"
"Yes, but I'll try to look you up every other day, if I can."
"I'm not bad enough for that. I don't

and ketchup. "Then you feel all right?" "Fit to fight for my life, but not to stand out in the sun talking to you. Go along, old man, and bless you!"

Hummil turned on his heel to face the echoing desolution of his bungalow, and the first thing he saw standing in the veranda was the figure of himself. He had met a similar apparition once before, when he was suffering from overwork and the strain of

suffering from overwork and the strain of the hot weather.

"This is bad—already," he said, rubbing his eyes. "If the thing slides away from me all in one piece, like a ghost, I shall know that it is only my eyes and stomach that are out of order. If it walks, I shall know that my head is going."

He walked to the figure, which naturally kept at an unvarying distance from him as

kept at an unvarying distance from him, a is the use of all specters that are born of overwork. It slid through the house and dissolved into swimming specks within the eyeball as soon as it reached the burning light of the garden. Hummil went about his business till even. When he came into "Look after Saul, then," was the reply.
"What are you two whispering about?"
said Hummil, suspiciously.
"Only saying that you are a poor host.
This fowl can't be cut," returned Spurstow,

demic kept Spurstow in camp among the coolies, and all he could do was to telegraph to Mottram, bidding him go to the bungalow and sleep there. But Mottram was 40 miles away from the nearest telegraph, and knew nothing of anything save the needs of the survey till he met early on Sunday morn-ing Lowndes and Spurstow heading toward Hummil's for the weekly gathering.

"Hope the poor chap's in a better temper," said the former, swinging himself off his horse at the door. "I suppose he isn't up

"I'll just have a look at him," said the octor. "If he's asleep there's no need to And an instant later, by the tone of

Spurstow's voice calling upon them to enter, the men knew what had happened.

The punkah was still being pulled over the bed, but Hummil had departed this life at three hours before. The body lay on its back, bands clinched by the side, as Spurstow had seen it lying seven night previously. In the staring eves was written terror beyond the expression of

any pen.

Mottram, who had entered behind Lowndes, bent over the dead and touched the forehead light with his lips. "Oh, you lucky, lucky devil!" he whispered.

But Lowndes had seen the eyes and had withdrawn shuddering to the other side of

"Poor chap! Poor old chap! And the last time I met him I was angry. Spurstow, we should have watched him. He has—" we should have watched him. He has—"
Deftly Spurstow continued his investiwho, he hasn't," he snapped. There's no trace of anything. Call in the servants."

They came, eight or ten of them, whisperng and peering over each other's shoulders.
"When did your Sahib go to bed?" said

ersonal servant.
"He was well then? But how should you "He was not ill as far as our comprehension extended, but he had slept very little for three nights. This I know, because I

"At 11 or 10, we think," said Hummil's

saw him walking much and specially in the heart of the night." CHUMA'S PHILOSOPHY. As Spurstow was arranging the sheet a big, straight-necked hunting spur tumbled on the ground. The doctor groaned. The personal servant peeped at the body.
"What do you think, Chuma?" said
Spurstow, catching the look on the dark

face.
"Heaven-born, in my poor opinion, this that was my master has descended into the dark places and there has been caught because he was not able to escape with sufficient speed. We have the spur for evidence men of my race do with thorns when a spell was laid upon them to overtake them in their sleeping hours and they dared not

"Chuma, you're a mud head. Go out and prepare seals to be set on the Sahib's "God has made the heaven born. God

has made me. Who are we to inquire into dispensations of God? I will bid the other servants to hold aloof while you are reckoning the tale of the Sahib's property. They are all thieves, and would steal." 'As far as I can make out he died from-

oh, anything; stoppage of the heart's ac-tion, heat apoplexy, or some other visita-tion," said Spurstow to his companions. 'We must make an inventory of his effects, and so on. "He was scared to death," insisted Lowndes. "Look at those eyes! For pity's sake don't let him be buried with them

"Whatever it was, he's out of all the trouble now," said Mottram, softly.

Spurstow was peering into the open eyes.
"Come here," said he. "Can you see anything there?" thing there? "I can't face it!" whimpered Lowndes.

"Cover up the face! Is there suy fear on earth that can turn a man into that likeness? It's ghastly. Oh, Spurstow, cover him up!" "No fear—on earth," said Spurstow. Mottram leaned over his shoulder and

must have died at midnight. Lowndes, old man, go out and tell the coolies to break ground next to Jevins' grave. Mottram, go round the house with Chuma and see that the seals are put on Send a couple of men to me here,

things. Send a couple of men to me here, and I'll arrange."

The strong armed servants when they returned to their own kind told a strange story of the doctor Sahib vainly trying to call their master back to life by magic arts—to wit, the holding of a little green box oppo site each of the dead man's eyes, of a fre-quent clicking of the same and a bewildering muttering on the part of the doctor Sahib, who subsequently took the little green box away with him.

THE MYSTERY OF THE EYE The resonant hammering of a coffin lid is

no pleasant thing to hear, but those who have experience maintain that much more terrible is the soft swish of the bed lineu, the reeving and unreeving of the bed tapes, when he who has fallen by the roadside is appareled for burial, sinking gradually as the tapes are tied over till the swaddled shape touches the floor and there is no protest against the indignity of hasty disposal. At the last moment Lowndes was seized with scruples of conscience. "Ought you to read the service-from beginning to end 9" said he.

"I intended to. You're my senior as civilian. You can take it if you like."
"I didn't mean that for a moment. I only thought if we could get a chaplain from omewhere-I'm willing to ride anywhere-

and give poor Hummil a better chance. That's all." "Bosh!" said Spurstow, as he framed his lips to the tremendous words that stand at the head of the burial service. After breakfast they smoked a pipe in silence to the memory of the dead. Then said

Spurstow, absently:-"Tisn't in medical science."
"What?" "Things in a dead man's eye." "For goodness sake leave that horror slone." said Lowndes. "I've seen a native

die of fright when a tiger chivied him. I know what killed Hummil."
"The deuce you do! I'm going to try to see." And the doctor retreated into the bath-room with a Kodak camera, splashing and grunting for 10 minutes. Then there was the sound of something being hammered

to pieces, and Spurstow emerged, very white indeed. "Have you got a picture?" said Mottram. 'What does the thing look like?" "Nothing there. It was impossible, of course. You needn't look, Mottram. I've orn up the films. There was nothing there.

"That," said Lowndes, very distinctly, watching the shaking hand striving to re-light the pipe, "is a lie." There was no further speech for a long time. The bot wind whistled without, and the dry trees sobbed. Presently the daily train, winking brass, burnished steel and spouting steam, pulled up panting in the intense glare. "We'd better go on on that," said Spurstow. "Go back to work. I've written my certificate. We can't do any

nore good here. Come on."

No one moved. It is not pleasant to face railway journeys at midday in June. Spur-stow gathered up his hat and whip, and, turning in the doorway, said: There may be heaven—there must be hell. Meantime, there is our life here. We-ell?

But neither Mottram nor Lowndes had any answer to the question. His Opinion of Chicago.

New York Press. 1 Judge Thomson has recently been in Chicago, where the intense heat and grime of bituminous coal smoke filled him with disgust. He told me that Chicago is growing as dirty as Pittsburg was reputed to be before natural gas was discovered and put into use. "As for heat," said he, "it is awful. When the thermoneter is reported at 90 degrees it is from instruments in the

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

The Peculiarities and Methods of the Ministerial Tramp.

MISTAKE OF A TEMPERANCE MAN. Good Yankee Parson's Over-Dose of

SUICIDE PROM THE LOPTY TOWERS

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Plum Pudding Sauce.

famous humerous writer, in a recent interview with a DISPATCH reporter, made the assertion that the most difficult part of his work was to find a new subject to write upon, and that a good suggestion was worth a round sum of money. Nearly every new literary aspirant imagines that his mind is so prolific that it will be a perpetual spring of effusive ideas. When he gets down to hard work he finds that somehow or other his brain does not pan out to the full measure of his expectancy. At this season of the year when the newspaper reader is apt to be suffering from inertia it is peculiarly difficult to find a subject that shall at the same time be neither ponderous in proportions nor so frivolous as to have no lesson in it. When the aforesaid difficulty presents itself is it not well to do as does the economical housewife, and serve up a dish of hash, made as palatable as possible by pepper and No class of men is so easily gulled as the

country parson. Very often he knows but little about the world and its many shams. A long face, a glistening tear and a doleful voice will generally open his slender pocketbook. This is the season when the ministerial tramp takes the road, and with a list of printed recommendations supposed to be from clergymen of different denominations, manages to eke out a living from the softhearted, if not soft-headed, rural ministry. He is glib of tongue, is this tramp; well versed in the Scriptures, and is sure to have a leaning toward the denomination to which you belong, although he himself is not de-nominational, but evangelistic. He strictly follows the scriptural injunction in not possessing a second coat. His collar is usually a second-hand celluloid that looks as if it had been exhumed from the tomb of old Rameses II. He can pray like a seraph, and "brother" and "sister" the country folks till they look upon him as an unwashed angel. He generally has some physical trouble which keeps him out of active pastoral service. A little collection from the people, and a few square meals from the minister's larder, and he is gone to gull some other verdant flock.

Little Ministerial Falling. The outside world is probably not aware of the fact that there is a vast amount of jealousy among ministers. I do not mean ministers of different denominations especially, but those who are of the same to squeeze if the pressure is not too tight. Ah, they are human, these somberrobed men. Among a company of clergymen of any size will be found a gusher, who takes everybody in his arms; the cold iceberg, whose clammy metaphysi-cal hand is frigidly forbidding; the portly, fatherly, smiling brother, who kindly pats the young man on the shoulder and encourages him. Then there is the self important dude who pastors the fashionable church, wears immaculate linen and talks with a delightful squeaky lisp. As a class these men are jovial, good-natured and kind, but nevertheless there are circumstances when they become jealous of each other, just as

plain, crude alcohol, was not this a lament-able display of ignorance? When told that the thing he condemned constituted about nine-tenths of his favorite "tipple," he was so nonplused that the subject of total ab-

stinence was relegated to the rear for the time being. A Yankee Parson's Pudding Sauce. I heard a good story. Our British cousins are great on plum pudding, a combination f currants, raisins, flour, suet, candied peel, and goodness knows what else. Anyhow, it makes a delicious dish. It is thecustom almost invariably to flavor the pudding with a sauce in which brandy plays a large part. It was Christmas time, and no Christ-mas is complete in England without plum pudding. An American clergyman, who had very strong predilections on the side of temperance, and who was loud and unsparing in his denunciation of those who imbibed, was invited to take dinner in an old English home on Christmas day. After the national roast beef and South-down leg of mutton had been dispensed with, the plum pudding came steaming hot upon the table. All eyes glistened. An Englishman is never so full that he cannot eat plum pudding. Our American friend was riding his hobby of total abstinence during the meal, to the evident annoyance of some of the guests. He was in turn helped to the pudding and sauce quite liberally. His eyes soon began to sparkle. His praise of the dish was very flattering to the housewife. A second and a third time he was helped, and eagerly partook of the toothsome dish. Finally, being asked if he would not take a little more, he replied: "Well, no, I guess not; not any more pudding, but I would not object to a little more of that delicious sauce." He got it, and while not fully understanding why the guests should b amused, he felt so jolly himself that he for-gave their frivolity, and when it came to singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the Yankee parson sang as loud as any of them.

man in the moon, he gets nothing, although the preparation and the journey may cost him, as it often does, a whole day's labor.

One would almost tnink that dealers in Western mortgages could hardly spare either the time or the money to indulge their love of humot, and yet they are wonderfully prodigal in this respect. Almost every week the rural pastors receive from these concerns propositions to invest their spare funds in enterprises that net all the way from 6 to 10 per cent. There is something peculiarly ludicrous in the supposition that the average country parson has tion that the average country parson has anything to invest. His salary, too often grudgingly paid, is hardly large enough to keep the wolf from the door. That some of these investments may be profitable there can be no goubt, but that a minister should have surplus cash is where the smile, if not the laugh, comes in.

1890.

Fads and Facts in Suicide. Talking about fads, I noticed in THE DIS-PATCH the other day that a new one has come out in the suicide line. A man in Lima tried to shuffle off, etc., by grasping an electric light wire. But for the gentle but now as electricity plays so important a part in the everyday economy of life we may expect to hear more frequently of cases

As to the supposed suicide of people jumping from great altitudes I have frequently questioned whether or no many of these events were not purely unintentional on the part of the victim. While traveling in Europe a few years ago I took a notion, with others, to visit old castles and cathedrals. We had some ambitious climbers in had reached the highest point most of the company would stand in wrapt admiration country, which for miles around presented pictures of pastoral content and verdant beauty. As for myself, I always found the safest place to be in the very center of the root of the tower, and a recum-bent position the most comfortable. While affording an endless amount of amusement for my friends I could not help this weakness. An almost irresistible desire to jump off possessed me, and I was always glad when the signal was given to descend to A COUNTRY PARSON.

Considerably Over a Hundred Years Old and Still Ready for Business. Punxsutawney Spirit,]

"That," said Elias Cochran, of Bell township, as he exhibited a rather handsome that he might be tempted to shoot Sharrah

he stood it up against a tree and lest it. Sharrah began abusing him, and he was compelled in self-defense to give Sharrah a good licking. In the meantime my grand-tather came along, saw the gun and took it with him, and when he saw Sharrah and learned how he had been acting, he drew up to shoot him. But just as he pulled the trig-ger my father shoved the gun to one side, and Sharrah's life was saved. He served several years in the penitentiary for his crime, however." That is the story of one ARMOUR AND THE BOOTBLACK. The Boy Borrows a Dollar to Pay it Back

on the Intaliment Plan. Chicago Tribune. 1 A bootblack walked into the office of Mr. Armour. He had none of his outfit with him, but the bootblack was stamped in his face and all over him. He went to the gate,

"W'ere's de old man?" asked the urchin. The guard told the boy to get out. "You tell de old man dat I want to see him. I want to see him alone. I don't want to bodder you ner de old man. But I want to see de old man, an' I want to see him right off."

compliments.

"Say," said the urchin. "I took a nap out dere in de alley, and while I was asleep some o' dem kids from de Board o' Trade come along and swiped (stole) my kit, an' I'm short. I want to borrer a dollar to buy

"I don't want but one. I'm goin' to pay deeper'n his head. I allus keep my head above de water.

HEAT AND MAGNETISM.

to the critical point of its "recalescence" or "after-glow," and that if alloyed with some 12 per cent of manganese, as in manganesesteel, it becomes almost completely non magnetic, says Engineering and Building. These facts show us that iron is not necessarily magnetic under all conditions, for admixture with a small quantity of another metal, and even mere change of temperature, render it non-magnetic. Stranger still, some observers report that iron again becomes magnetic when the temperature reaches whiteness, but this lacks confirmation. The behavior of nickel-steel is very remarkable. As usually received from the nickel is non-magnetic; and yet it is

Sydney Smith's Reporter. A thick-headed 'squire, being worsted by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming: "If I had a son who was an idiot, by jove, I'd make him a

parson."
"Very probably," replied Sydney; "but I see your father was of a different mind."

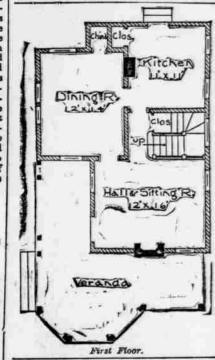
ONLY ONE WAY TO ENJOY A SUMMER OUTING. People Should Own Their Own Cottages and They Can Build Fine Two-Story Ones for \$1,800.

> IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Summer boarders at country farmhouses vainly struggling to grow fat on thin fare, and summer guests at hotels packed, at great expense, in small cells called bedrooms, should consider the advisability of building cottages of their own.

At some time during their "outings" they discovered, no doubt, a shady grove, or a clean stretch of sand, or a knoll or cliff commanding a fine view-just the spot where they would like to build. Why not try to purchase it? If the owner appreciates the value of "improving" the neighborhood, which the would-be purchaser should prevent



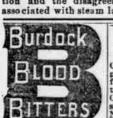
with all the eloquence at his command, he ought to fix a reasonably low price for the land. Then procure working plans and specifications of a suitable cottage and pass hem around among local builders for their competitive bids, informing them that there is no hurry, all that will be required will be to have the cottage completed so that it can



e tenanted next summer. The long limit

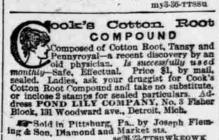
ELECTRICITY ON THE SEA. Launch That Will Store Enough Energy for an Eight-Hour Cruise.

Electric launches for river use have be ome very common, but now we have an electric launch which is stated to have seagoing qualities. The pinnace is 26 feet 6 n ches by 5 feet 4 inches, and is constructed to carry 15 people. The storage batteries with which she is supplied are computed to hold sufficient electrical energy with one hours at eight miles per hour. A clear space is left the entire length of the boat, which is said to be free from danger, vibration and the disagreeable odor naturally



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package, or six for \$0. or by mail
on receipt of price, by addressis very favorable to builders and ought to secure a low contract. Very little or no plumbing should be put in a cottage that will be closed the greater part of the year.

The design presented herewith is a good type for the purpose referred to. Following will be found a brief description: General dimensions: Width, including veranda, 24 feet 6 inches; depth, 43 feet, veranda, 24 teet 6 inches; depth, 43 feet, including veranda. Heights of stories: First story, 10 teet; second story, 9 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundation, brick piers; first story, elapboards; second story and roof, shingles; gables, paneled.

Interior fluish: Plastered for papering.

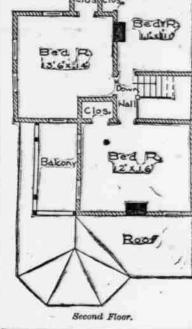
Floor, trim and stairs, all soft wood. In-terior wood-work finished in hard oil, natural color. Colors: Clapboards, sashes, blinds and

panel work in front gable, light brown.

Trim and outside doors, dark brown.

Veranda floor and ceiling, cited. Brickwork, painted Indian red. Wall shingles work, painted Indian red. Wall shingles dipped and brush coated buff stain. Roof shingles left natural.

Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the plans. Attic is floored but unfinished. Fireplace and mantel included in estimate. Cost: \$1,800, not including range. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should be less. the country the cost should be less.



Feasible modifications: Heights of stories. sizes of rooms, materials and colors may be changed. Celiar, with brick or stone walls may be planned under a part or the whole of house. Bathroom, with full or partial plumbing, may be introduced. Stairway may be partitioned off from hall. The side veranda may be inclosed, making it a hall, and the stairway start there. Front chimney and fireplace may be omitted. Clapboards may be used throughout without changing appearance. Veranda may be re-

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ELECTRIC BELT



You aren't half as bad as you think." The flood gates of reserve once broken, Hummil was clinging to him like a frightened child. "You're pinching my arm to pieces. "I'll break your neck if you don't do something for me. No, I didn't mean that. Don't be angry, old tellow." He wiped the sweat off himself as he fought to regain composure. "As a matter of fact, I'm a bit restless and off my oats, and perhaps you 'Summer evenings in the country, stained

could recommend some sort of sleeping mixture—bromide of potassium. "Bromide of skittles! Why didn't you of hay, and a moon as big as a bandbox sittell me of this before? Let go of my arm ting on top of a happock; bats, roses, milk | and I'll see if there's anything in my cigarette case to suit your complaint." He hunted among his day clothes, turned up

> with the daintiest of fairy squirts.
> "The last appeal of civilization," said he, "and a thing I hate to use. Hold out your arm. Well, your sleeplessness hasn't ruined your muscle; and what a thick hide it is! Might as well inject a buffalo subcutaneously. Now in a few minutes the morphia will begin working. Lie down and wait." A smile of unalloyed and idiotic delight began to creep over Hummil's face. "I think," he whispered, "I think I'm going off now. Gad, it's positively heavenly.

case and advanced on the expectant Hummil

the lamp, opened a little silver

Spurstow, you must give me that case to keep; you —." The voice ceased as the head fell back. head fell back.

"Not for a good deal," said Spurstow to the unconscious form. "And now, my friend, sleeplessness of your kind, being very apt to relax the moral fibre in little matters of life and death, I'll just take the liberty of spiking your guns." bottom of a saddlery case; of the second he abstracted the lever, placing it behind a big wardrobe. The third he merely opened and knocked the doll-head bott of the grip up

with the heel of a riding boot.

"That's settled," he said, as he shook the sweat off his hands. "These little precautions will at least give you time to turn. You have too much sympathy with gunroom accidents." And as he rose from his knees the thick, muffled voice of Hummil cried in the door-

before they die.

Spurstow jumped with sheer fright,
Hummil stood in the doorway with helpless

"I don't intend to go out by my own hand at present. I say, Spurstow, that stuff won't work. What shall I do?"

"Lie down and give it a chance. Lie "I daren't. It will only take me half way again, and I shan't be able to get away this time. Do you know it was all I could

Said I cheated at whist, and reminded me I was in debt! Told you you were as good as a liar to your face. You aren't half indignant enough over it." "No, it isn't delirium, but it was an awfully mean trick to play on me. Do you know I might have died?" "Not I," said Mottram. "Poor devilt

power unknown to Spurstow had wiped out Hummil's face all that stamped it for the in the expression of his lost innocence. He had slept back into terrified childhood.

"Is he going to die on the spot?" thought

bridle is hot in my hand. Trot out a bit You couldn't sleep, but what was all the Ten minutes' trotting jerked out of Lown-des one very sage remark when he pulled up, "A place—a place down there!" said Hummil, with simple sincerity. The drug was acting on him by waves, and he was flung from the fear of a strong man to the night."
"Ye-es. Good man, Spurstow. Our road

turns here. See you again next Sunday, if the sun doesn't bowl me over." "S'pose so, unless old Timbersides" finance minister manages to dress some of my food. Good night and-God bless you!" "What's wrong now?"
"Oh, nothing," Lowndes gathered up his whip, and as he flicked Mottram's mare on

"Yes; but you must give me so much that the flank, added, "You're a good little chap-that's all." And the mare bolted haif a I can't get away. You must make me quite sleepy—not just a little sleepy. It's so hard "I know it; I know it. I've felt if myself. In the assistant engineer's bungalow Spur-The symptons are exactly as you describe."
"Oh, don't laugh at me, confound you!

a horse! Ridden by the nightmare with a vengeance! And we all thought him senen frame, flung a square of cool Calcutta matting over each, set them side by side,

ened. Then I want to run. Don't you?"
"Always. Before I give you your second
dose try and tell me exactly what your
trouble is." ing the punkah coolies by all the powers of Eblis to pull. Every door and window was lamps, and this stench, combined with that of native tobacco, baked brick and dried earth, sends the heart of many a strong man down to his boots, for it is the smell of the At the end of the parrative the silver

the second time were, "Put me quite to sleep, for if Im caught I die—I die!" "Yes, yes; we all do that sooner or later, great Indian empire when she turns herself Spurstow packed his pillows craftily, so that he reclined rather than lay, his head at thank Heaven who has set a term to our miseries," said Spurstow, settling the cushions under the head. "It occurs to me a safe elevation above his feet. It is not good to aleep on a low pillow in the hot weather if you happen to be of thick necked that unless I drink something I shall go ou before my time. I've stopped sweating, and I wear a 17-inch collar." And he brewed himself scalding hot tea, which is an exbuild, for you may pass with lively snores and gurglings from natural sleep into the

eyes. H'm! Decidedly Hummil ought to go on leave as soon as possible, and sane or otherwise, he undoubtedly did more large. Well, Heaven send us

At midday Hummil rose with an evil taste in his mouth, but an unclouded eye and a "I was pretty bed last night, wasn't I?"

ration was too hurried for any suspicion of "Yes, but I can hold on till the weather"

> "I can hold on till the rains," he said "I won't. If you want to know why par ticularly, Burkett is married. and has a child, and his wife's up at Simla, in the cool, and Burkett has a very nice billet that takes him into Simla from Saturday to Monday. That little woman isn't at all well. If Burkett was transferred she'd try

isn't enough merely to let me dream. Let shown me a way out of it. I can always wire to you. Besides, now I've once got int

want you to bother. Give the coolies gin

COLLAPSE.

feather. The inside doings of some ministerial conferences, if revealed to the general public, would create astonishment at times. If the angels are permitted to look down from their exalted abode in high heaven, sauredly they must often weep. The city "D. D." will snub the plain country "Rev." The aged patriarch will look with lofty mien upon the young minister, and con-descend to give him the tips of his fingers

the disciples did in the old days. I remember attending an ordination coun-cil in Northeastern New York some years ago, where an incident took place illustrative of the lack of chemical knowledge on the part of some very intelligent men there gathered. The subject of stimulation was the topic of the hour at the dinner table. One good brother was wonderfully profuse in his condemnation of anything of an alco-holic character. He did not believe that there could be any circumstance which would justify a minister in partaking of alcohol stimulants. He never did and never would. He did not believe that a sermon preached under the influence, no matter how slight, of strong irink, would ever be beneficial. He didn't care about the Bible injunction: "Give strong drink to him that is ready to faint." When asked what he would do faint." when cold, wet and exhausted, he replied that he would take a good strong dose of Jamaica ginger. He frequently indulged in it, and it gave him new life and warmed him up for the time being. Considering the fact that Jamaica ginger is little else than

Some years rgo, while visiting England.

Tylog Knots and Preaching Punerals, Life 18 crowded with anomalisms and incongruities, many of which are beyond human comprehension. Only about 18 per cent of the people of this country are professing Christians, or in any way contribute to the spread of the gospel, except as they tacitly consent to its utility or acknowledge its moralizing and peace-giving propensities by implication. Apropos to these facts, here is an anomaly: For marrying a couple of non-professors the preacher gets from \$5 to \$10 as a rule. He can perform the ceremony in five minutes. Called to officiate at the funeral of a person whom he has never seen before, and who has no more intimate connection with him or his church than the

solicitude of his wife he would probably have accomplished his object. This is certainly as decent a way of committing suicide as any yet invented. A man jumps into the river, ruins a good suit of clothes and spoils his watch. If he shoots himself or cuts his throat he generally makes a bungling job of it, but to wire himself off seems to be far more scientific, and has an esthetic cast about it that no other system possesses. And then on the score of economy too much cannot be said in its praise. Years ago it used to be fashionable to jump from the Vendome column in Paris. This was the very height of fashion in suicide,

the party, and invariably part of the programme was to mount the time-worn stairs into the tower of the building. When we terra firms. May it not be that many of these supposed suicides were caused by this peculiar nervous affection?

A GUN WITH A HISTORY.

rifle, "that is perhaps the oldest gun in this section. With it my grandfather, Isaac Cochran, my father, Joseph Cochran, and myself, have done all our hunting. It is considerably over a hundred years old. Many a bear and deer and wolf bas bitten the dust simultaneously with its discharge, and it came mighty near having one human victim. About 65 years ago my father, who was then a young man, was going out to watch a deer lick in the north end of Indiana county, and while on the way he learned that his father's brother, David Cochran, had just been killed in a quarrel over a settlement by a man named John Sharrah, who was then the terror of the neighborhood. Sharrah had struck him on the back of the head with a piece of stoy wood, breaking his neck. My father had this gun with him at the time, but fearing

where the guard stands between his post and the greatest packer in the world.

Mr. Armour at his desk overheard the ragged request. "Let that boy come in here," he called to the young man at the gate. The urchin approached Mr. Armour in a business-like way. No preliminary

me a kit, an' I'll pay you back on de "stall-ment plan. See?"

Mr. Armour handed the boy two silver dollars and told him to go. But the boy handed back one of the dollars and said:

Remarkable Conduct of Certain Alloys a Different Temperatures. It is now pretty widely known that iron suddenly ceases to be magnetic when heated

mixture of two magnetic metals, iron and mickel. If, now, we cool this nickel-steel to —20° C (—4° Fahr.) It becomes very decidedly magnetic, and remains so when it again returns to the normal temperature. If, finally, we heat it, it remains magnetic till it reaches its critical temperature o 580°C (1076° Fahr.), when it again be comes non-magnetic, and remains so un to again cooled to -20°C.

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