Cyclones and Floods

Have Nothing to Say.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

There is a great deal of anxiety just now

about our climate. The most optimistic

people among us are more or less worried

about it. They are compelled to uncomfort-

able reflections and to reticient admissions

that things are not quite what might be de-

sired and that future possibilities are less

cheering than we could wish. The pessi-

mistic ones growl openly and aggressively,

and make the air heavy with predictions of

despair. The climate appears to be chang-

ing, says those of the one class. The climate

is changing, says those of the other. There

is no room for doubt in the matter, these as-

sert. We know what we know, don't we?

Well, then, let us tace the inevitable con-

clusions of logic. We cannot deny the premises; the conclusions are pretty sure to

hopeless ones. Could we have a blizzard in this section of the country if the climate were not changing? We never used to have them. We had good old-fashioned winters, with plenty of snow and long "runs of sleighing," and January thaws and all that sort of thing, but we never had a blizzard. We never had whole systems of railroads blockaded by one night's snowfall; we never had wreat cities made utterly helpless; we

had great cities made utterly helpless; we never had telegraphic communication made

an impossibility; we never had to get news from Boston by way of London. None of

The Mellow Winters.

Then study the two winters since the blis-

sard. Wonderfully upsetting sessons those were; warm and wet to such an extent that

coal dealers and plumbers were driven well

deep before the climate began to change. Peach trees put out their green leaves in dead

to be as alien to this region as blizzards

when we have rested from the cyclone and

the tornado, thunder storms at the rate of 5 or 6 in 24 hours played havoe with us. And between whiles we have suffered from such intensity of humid heat as has brought con-

tempt upon the old belief that a mild winter

brings a cool summer after it to make the balance even between the ends of the year.

That the strange summer may lack no feat-ure of strange violence, an August snow-

storm has whitened parts of sober, steady-

Climates Always Change.

without fear of being carried by a cyclone

into a county we had no desire to visit. In

the good old times the winter left us with

ice enough to make the next summer en-

was only after the climate began to change

that the blossoms came in the winter time

and the fruit failed to come at all. Can

anyonedoubt these evidences? the pessimists

Well, when did our climate ever do an v-

thing else? Change is the very habit of its

being. Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale its infinite variety. Exhaustiess novelty and boundless versatility are its distinguishing characteristics. Entire ab-

sence of monotony is what makes it always

interesting. Perpetual change is its one

unchanging attribute. For every day, for almost every hour, it has the unfailing

charm of unexpectedness. Like genuine wit, it is never without the element of sur-

prise. When you wear your dustcloak

abroad, then is the time you find need for

your umbrella. When you are away from home in your russet shoes, then you wish

you had brought your arctic overshoes. Sometimes, when a straw hat crowns you.

you have cause to wish for your earmuffs.

The time set for a picnic is likely to prove

better suited to an aquatic contest. Prob-

ably the memory of man cannot reach back to a time when these things were not so.

They Were Freaks, Too.

We talk sadly of the old-fashioned

winters. I suppose there never was such a

thing. The seasons we call by that name

are only tricky delusions of our treacherous

memories. The winters we remember when

the snow lay deep on the ground from

Thanksgiving to Easter, and when we went

coasting over the tops of fences are likely to

have been freaks as unusual as the strange

If the climate is changing it is not any sudden affair, such as the talk of the day seems to assume. The change has been go-

ing on for more years than one would cure to count into his past life. A moment's re-

flection will convince the most careless

Can any of us recall a hot spell when the temperature did not rise higher than at any

time the oldest inhabitant could remember? Can any of us recall a cold spell that was

not more frigid than the oldest inhabitant

had ever had to deal with? Has there been

in the years we can count, a storm of snow or wind or hail or rain or thunder and

lightuing that was not the severest within

the memory of the oldest inhabitant? Certainly not. So we see that the climate has

been changing continuously and with con-

Territorial Changes.

And the changes have been going on over

wide expanse of territory. Individual ob-

servation proves that. Some years ago a

man visited a certain point in Southern

California. All the circulars and advertise-

ments had assured him that the wind never

blew in that particular place. It was the

region of perpetual calm. That was the region of perpetual calm. That was the reason he went there. When he arrived a fierce tempest nearly blew the life out of him. But everybody hastened to assure him that this was "entirely exceptional." The oldest inhabitant could not remember

siderable violence.

early March glow with bloom.

thinker of this fact.

ask. Of course the climate is changing!

cold it brought.

of climatic events.

those things ever befel under the old order

The Citizen Soldiers of New York Compared With Their Brothers of Pennsylvania.

PEEKSKILL'S A CAMP OF LUXURY

While Keystone Boys Must Root Hog or Die When Called Out for the Annual Exercise in the Sun.

GOOD POINTS OF THE TWO SYSTEMS.

The Empire Lads Abend in the Signal Service Branch But They Don't Rough it.



MONG the citizen soldiers in this vicinity for several years past there has been a discussion of the relative merits of the system now in use in the National Guard of the two great States,

New York and Penusylvania. The subject of permanent encampments in Pennsylvania has been talked of for some time, and the merits and demerits of the well-known grounds at Peekskill have often been brought up. I was fortunate enough to be present for several days at the encampment of the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment, or "Irish Tigers," at Peekskill, a short time ago. In camp with them was a section of the First Artillery of New York City, and a Signal Corps which had lately been organized.

The spot where the military organizations camp yearly is beautifully situated on an elevated stretch of ground overlooking the picturesque Hudson river for many miles. The ten company streets were as accurately laid out as compass would admit, and to the Pennsylvania Guardsman arriving on the scene, the general appearance presented was that of a perfect regimental camp. GOING INTO CAMP.

When a New York regiment arrives on the ground each company is assigned to a street and two men to each tent. The tents are nicely floored and each contains two cots with mattresses and blankets complete. There is no bustle or worry, no policing to be done, no sinks to build or cookhouses to look after. Everything is ready in advance,



They Grow Fut and Lazy.

and it is merely a case of take off your knapsuck and wait for "grub" time.
About 100 yards to the left of the camp proper is a large covered pavilion capable of seating 1,000 men, and here the State generously spends 80 cents per day to feed ach man, while the brother soldier in Pennsylvania not only cooks his own din-ner, but is allowed but 20 cents per day for the food supply. While the Pennsylvania militiaman is frequently compelled to visit the sutler quarters in order to appease his appetite on account of the short allowance issued by the State, his comrades at Peeks-

kill are growing fat and lazy. ALL THE CONVENIENCES.

The grounds at Peekskill are lighted by electricity, and sentry boxes are built at proper intervals to protect the guards in of rain. The company and headquarter streets are smooth and regular, and it is said that before the camp opens next year they will be made of asphalt. Immediately in the rear of the company streets are the parade and drill grounds, the latter also being models of perfection in their

way. On the left of the drill grounds are tennis courts and reading rooms where the boys may seek rest or light exercise after the fatigue of eating. In the face of this per-fect camp, with every detail for comfort looked after in advance, one would imagine that a great deal of time would be devoted to drill purposes, at least more than the Pennsylvania troops devote. But from the printed schedule displayed in front of Adjutant Murphy's office, such is found not to be the case, the only battalion movements being drill early in the morning, and a dress parade at night. In fact, after 24 hours in camp, one comes to the conclusion that the New York Guardsman, if he be of a tired disposition, has much to be thankful

THE SYSTEMS COMPARED.

The comparison of the Peckskill camp with a regimental camp in Pennsylvania casual observer as being extremely odious to the latter, but on closer inspection and careful thought as to just what a tour of camp duty is designed for, he comes to the conclusion that Pennsylvania is far in the lead. Camping in Pennsylvania is not play; it is a business like preparation for the protection of the nation in time of war. In New York it is a luxurious outing. In Pennsylvania the soldier tells you he knows how to put up a tent, cook his own food, look after the details of quartermaster's work, and that from force of necessity he has become acquainted with many little points most necessary to know in case of an actual call to the field; while the New Yorker says he can learn them all in a few hours' time and that there is no rea-

son why a man should endure hardships un-In our own State the argument in favo of the permanent camps is that from the amount of hard work required at camp the personnel of the enlisted men is growing lower each year. This, to a certain extent,

is true in many localities, but I have it from the lips of a well known attache of one of the New York City Regiments that the personnel of the men in that State has decreased fully 50

Pick and Shovel versus Racquet

last ten years, this being the case even in the smous Seventh Regiment, which used to oast of the number of millionaires it had in its ranks.

THE BETTER PLAN.

There are arguments, of course, in favor of both these methods, and the matter re-solves itselt into the question of which bene-fits the militia most, or whether or not there is a happy medium between the two which will somewhat lessen the labors of the Pennsylvanians, yet continue to teach him the details of camp life which he could never learn at Peckskill. It is a significant fact that nearly all the States which have re-cently established camps pattern more nearly after the Peekskill than they have

after the Pennsylvania idea.

In many respects New York State treats its militia in a most generous manner, as compared with Pennsylvania. Almost all the regiments and separate companies are provided with armories, some of them of the most magnificent character. Instead of



entive for the companies to steal from each other, a very discreditable but com-

COMPULSORY ENCAMPMENT. In place of rating a regiment by its showing in camp, as in our own State, each organization is allowed to parade five times a year, at convenient periods, and on the average showing made in these parades the organization is allowed \$8 per man. By this scheme the compulsory attendance at camp is done away with, this fact being shown by the average strength of the guard at Peekskill during the season just closed, running under 80 per cent against an average of 96 per cent at the Pennsylvania camp last month.

In the matter of drill and discipline many of the New York regiments compare favorably with the best in our own State, al-though taking the Sixty-ninth as a fair representation of the guard in general, breaches of discipline and military courtesy are noticeable that would scarcely be tolerated in the poorest Pennsylvania regiment, and examples of rigid punishment for serious offenses among the enlisted men are comparatively nuknown.

One departure the New York Guard has taken which would be most commendable for other States to follow, is the organization

SIGNAL SERVICE BRANCH. Two corps under the charge of Captain Gallup are already at work, and excellent results are being attained. All the appliances for perfect work have been purchased by the State, including flash lights, heliographs, telegraph lines, etc., and some of the best young men in the Guard seem to be attached to this branch of the service. Since the adoption of the Morse code of signals it



The Pennsylvanian Takes a Ducking has become less difficult to teach signalmen and make them proficient than it was be-fore, and after a few hours' experience, good telegraphers rapidly become experts with

the heliograph.

As a whole New York State has a National Guard its citizens are justly proud of, and with the liberality bestowed upon them almost any ends are attainable. It is to be hoped that in the near suture a joint enampment of the two great Guards of the country can be held, when a closer compari-son may be had, and ideas for mutual im-

badly sun-burned, but says he had a most en-FREAKS OF CLIMATE. GENERAL J. S. WITCHER, United State Paymaster, stationed in this city, has gone East on a two months' leave of absence. Pessimists Say These Mild Winters.

An election in Company C, Eighteenth Regi-ment, for Second Lieutenant was to have been held last Tuesday evening, but owing to an in-sufficient number of men being present the matter had to be postponed. ARE GOING TO WIND US ALL UP. CAPTAIN W. N. TISDALL, of the First United States Infantry, is a recent arrival in

this city on a tour of recruiting service. He takes the place of Captain Heiner, who shortly leaves to join his regiment in the West. Optimists Keep on Smiling and Scientists THE drill hall of the Twenty-third Brooklyn Regimental Armory is said will be the largest in the country, the prospective dimensions being 400x500 feet. The hall of the Seventh Regiment Armory is the largest in New York city, being 200x300 feet. TALES OF OLD-FASHIONED WEATHER

CAPTAIN O. C. COON, of Company I. Mc-Keesport, and a member of the Mansfield company of the Fourteenth Regiment, will shortly shoot a match at 200 yards for a purse of \$50. Both gentlemen are said to be doing ex-cellent work at that distance and good scores may be expected. A MEETING of the Second Brigade Examin

ing Board will be called by General Wylie for the latter part of this month or the first week in next. Besides the examination of candi-dates for commissions there are several sub-jects of importance to be brought up before the Colonels for discussion.

DR. ALEXANDER MCCANDLESS, of the Courteenth Regiment, and Dr. W. H. Eagle, of he Third Brigade staff, have been appointed the surgeons to accompany the rifle team to Mt. Gretna this week. Both gentlemen are good companions and the trip is one of the most delightful in connection with the National Guard service.

CAPTAIN G. J. BOCHERT, of Company E. Eighteenth Regiment, has tendered his resignation to Colonel Smith, Captain Bochresignation to Colonel Smith. Captain Boch-ert has been connected with the National Guard since 1876, and has been in Company E since 1878. There are now two vacancies in this company, the Second Lieutenancy being vacant for several months. It is probable that at least one of the new officers will be selected from material outside of the company. THE time limit for commencing work on the

new Fifth avenue armory of the Eighteenth Regiment and Battery B has been extended for one year, although it is expected by the the cornerstone may possibly be laid this fall. The original time set in the agreement with the city for the commencement of the work was the lat of last July, but the extension was made necessary by delays in raising the proper amount of funds,

A MEETING of the Board of Control of the Eighteenth Regiment was held last night in the Diamond Street Armory. Considerable business of importance to the regiment was transacted, and Colonel Smith announced that he would shortly issue an order resuming

weekly battalion drills. The offi-cers are enthustastic over the benefit derived from the few bat-talion drills held before going to last camp, and think that consid-He Cooks His Oum. same, the commandant of the regiment is charged with the equipment of the entire organization, and consequently there is no incentive for the commanies to steal from incentive for the commanies to steal from the commandant of the regiment by resuming them. It is thought that the old Exposition grounds may be secured for several evenings, as mest of the streets in the lower part of the city are in too bad condition for even marching purposes.

An animated discussion has been going on for some time in a well-known military journal on the possible benefits to be derived from assomon occurrence in the Keystone State. ciating the National Guards with represents tives of the regular service during summer en campments. The latest result of the discussion however, is a vicious attack on the Pennsylvania Guard by a member of the Seventh Regiment New York, who in an extravagant display of spleen tears the Keystone soldier to tatters for wearing "shoddy imitation" of the army uniform, and adopting a style of encampment which "produces poor results." The writer, however, acknowledges with ill grace that the Pennsylvanians are beld up to the Seventh regiment as models, and for that acknowledgement the Keystone boys will no doubt forgive him for the rest of the attack. however, is a vicious attack on the Pennsy acknowledgement the Keystone boys will no doubt forgive him for the rest of the attack.

NEXT Wednesday evening the teams of the Second Brigade will leave for Indiana to con test for the Delamater trophy. On the Satur day evening following they will leave for Mt Gretna to take part in the annual State matches to be held on the Coleman range. These matches will last a week, and inspire con siderable rivalry in the organizations all over the State. It is highly probable that some of the scores made next week will excel any ever made in this country, and the result of the con-test will be watched with interest. The team from the Fourteenth Regiment will probably consist of Captains Corbett and Thompson, consist of Capitalos Corbett and Inompso Adjutant Robb, Private Huggins and Inspect of Rifle Practice Brown as Capitain. The tean from the Eighteenth Regiment and Battery have not been fully decided on, but will t pretty much the same as last year.

WHERE MINUTES ARE DOLLARS.

in Electrical Time Stamp to Prevent Dis putes in Wall Street.

Wall street is interested in a novel con trivance for registering the exact time of the consummation of bargains. It is always necessary and sometimes vitally important to brokers to know the very minute of the hour when a transaction is legally completed. At times the official quotations of some stock or other change so suddenly and show such a great degree of variance that large losses and big lawsuits have been occasioned by the inability of the contractwinters of recent times. Years hence our children shivering through four or five months of steady cold will refer to last winter as an "oid-fashioned winter," and will sigh for the good old times when violets bloomed in February and peach trees made ing parties to determine or agree upon the time of the receipt or cancellation of an order to buy or seil. Because he could not prove the exact minute of the receipt of the counter order from one of his customers, a leading broker, three weeks ago, lost nearly \$10,000 on commissions which he executed on a day when the price of the stock in which he was dealing made several sensa

tional changes.

The last device to simplify business and save time and guard against mistakes is an electrical time stamp. The device is not much larger than an ordinary stamp. It looks like a miniature ticker. The mechan-ism is connected with a standard time clock, and at the beginning of every minute the time indicated by the type on the stamp is changed to agree with the clock by the closing of the electric circuit. An order or paper to be stamped is placed under the figures, a button is pressed, and the exact time is printed on the face of the paper.

In Praise of St. Patrick's Pills. St. Patrick's Pills have given me better satisfaction than any other.—M. H. Proud-foot, druggist, Granada, Colorado. Our customers all speak highly in praise of St. Patrick's Pills. They are the best, Berry Bros., Carroll, Nebraska. St. Patrick's Pills give entire satisfaction. I have used them in my family. They are the best I ever used for the purpose.—Frank Cornelious, Purcell, Indian Ter.

tra and to give splendid satisfaction. They are now about the owly kind called for.—W.

A. Wallace, Oasis, Ia.

For sale by E. G. Stucky, 1701 and 2401
Penn ave.; E. G. Stucky & Co., cor. Wylie ave. and Fulton st.; Markell Bros., cor. Penn and Frankstown aves.; Carl Herring 4016 country can be held, when a closer comparison may be had, and ideas for mutual improvement be brought out.

PEARSON.

Gensip of the Guarda.

CHAPLAIN J. L. MILLIGAN has returned to the city after a three weeks' trip around the Lakes and Lower Canada. Mr. Milligan is

ave, and Fullon St, Markell Bros., cor. Penn ave, and Fullon St, Markell Bros., cor. Penn and Frankstown aves.; Carl Hartwig, 4016

Butler St, John C. Smith, cor. Penn ave, and Fullon St, Markell Bros., cor. Penn ave, and Main st, Fullon St, Markell Bros., cor. Penn ave, and Fullon St, Markell Bros., cor. Penn ave, and Main st, Markell Bros., cor. Penn ave, and Main st, Markell Bros., cor. Penn ave, and Main st, Markell Bros

We find St. Patrick's Pills to be very ex-

unknown; and where the marrow in his bones was curdled with such chilling dampness as he could in nowise endure. That was exceptional, too, and proved that the climate was changing. For better or for worse I fear we must accept the conclusion of the

pessimists.

Science says not, but that makes little difference. Science is neither optimist nor pessimist. It has no preferences in the matter. It is simply judicial. It is simply a mere colorless medium in which statistics are held in solution. In some matters science is unimpeachable; but when it assumes to contradict the weather it undertakes what is hevord it. The mistake it takes what is beyond it. The mistake it makes is radical and elemental. It starts from the wrong premises. It takes a ther-mometer and hangs it somewhere in the upper air, away above the highest roof. No radiated or reflected heat can get at it. It is shaded from the direct rays of the sun. It is guarded by Venetian blinds so that no current of air can cross its bulb. Then the figures it registers at certain times of the day are noted down, and are published to the world.

What Science Says.

"There," says science, "is your temperature. This is official. You can see for yourselves that the day has not been hot enough or cold enough to make anybody uncomfortable. If any person has suffered a sunstroke, or has frozen his ears, he has done so with-

out any proper and scientific excuse."

That would be all right if the human race lived up there where the thermometer of science hangs; but it don't. Men and women in their daily lives are not canopied and shielded in that manner. They have to take sweep us all from the face of the earth, but we might as well make up our minds to that, for the climate is changing. Take the blizzard for a starting point, says these hopeless oues. Could we have a blizzard in this section of the country if the climate were not changing? We never used to have will have to be relied upon as a basis of prophecy rather than the provisions of science. Still, science has done well within its lim-

itations. It we have to make allowance concerning what it tells us of yesterday, we have the delight of knowing what ought to happen to morrow. There is unfailing en-tertainment in that. I suspect we all have something of the gambler's instinct in us, and are fond of a game that depends somewhat on the element of uncertainty. There-fore we cover up the cabbage plants when frost is predicted, and take it as a joke if the rost follows some obstructing isother-mal line up into Manitoba, where it belongs. And if a predicted hot wave keeps the promise that it made and overwhelms us, we take our winnings of discomfort, and make the best of them.

The Use of Fore-Knowledge. What we wait for now is for science to derise some way of preventing the dire things it prophesies. Without that there is little

nigh to bankruptcy, and tin rooters reaped the harvests of wealth those others had ex-pected, while ice men began to wear dia-monds. Why, last winter blue and white violets were blooming in February in places where the February snow always lav a foot deep before the climate began to change real good in fore-knowledge. It is not comfortable to be told that a tempest is coming of winter, and were pink with bloom before March had fairly begun to howl. Those your way, and to have no way of mitigating its ravages. Perhaps it would be as well to let the tempest make its own announcement. things were not quite in the old way, when you come to consider them! Still there is comfort in the element of uncertainity I have spoken of. There is one thing science will undoubtedly have to do, in view of these climatic changes; and that is to shorten up its chronology. It has allowed too much time to the various eras into which the world's past is divided. I suppose the common time to the various eras into which the world's past is divided. And the summers have been just as progressive as the winters, Was there ever a season more revolutionary than the season we are now passing through? Cyclones used were. We are well enough acquainted with which the world's past is divided. I sus-pect the scientists have made the world sev-eral millions of years older than it ought to them now! Pennsylvania has had its surface twisted out of shape by them. It things keep on as they have begun we shall have to bring on Minnesota experts to build cyclone cellars for Pennsylvania residents. And

When we consult our own brief experience, and reflect how swift and sudden have been the changes of temperature, we are led to question whether it was not so in the past.
And if so, is it not probable that a series of our cold waves precipitated the glacial period, and that a series of our hot waves group of giant walnut trees that look as if they had escaped out of a forest. The road, look back toward the hilltop from

Undoubtedly the pessimists are right, and there is trouble ahead for all of us because going Pennsylvania, causing all the people to sneeze and sniffle by reason of the sudden of the changes in the climate of our region. But it is likely to be such trouble as those same changes have brought us in the past; such trouble as we are well accustomed to and ought to be pretty well reconciled to. And the optimists may lift up their heads and smile with confident hope. For while Such things as these never used to happen. In previous summers we could decide the climate is certain to change, it is also for ourselves what county we would stay in.

certain to change back again! JAMES C. PURDY.

FASCINATED BY HEIGHT. A Son of Cyrus W. Field Has an Experience lack, the summer never thought of making it good by deposits of snow in August. It That is Not Uncommon "Take hold of me, quick. I can't stand it; I want to jump." George Field, the son of Cyrus W. Field, was standing on the platform that runs around the tower of the

high Washington building, at the foot of Broadway, says the New York Morning Journal. Mr. Field had never before been at the top of his father's magnificent building. It was a dizzy height to look from. One glance down and Mr. Field was instantly seized with an uncontrollable desire to lear into space. Fascinated as he was, he had strength enough to call to Janitor Serveria

and then clutched at his arm with the desperation of a drowning man.

"Another moment and I should have been down there, John," said Mr. Field, as he was led away from the railing. The janitor said that a great many people were simi-larly affected the instant they looked down

from the tower. Janitor Thomas Cleary says that many persons who go up to the roof of the Equitable building hurry down again because they are unable to remain and resist the temptation to jump.

ROYALTY'S DOWERS. Gifts to Brides of Noble Birth That Run Inte

Big Figures, The Emperor of Austria gave to his youngest child, the Archduchess Valerie, who was married a few weeks ago to the Archduke Franz Salvator, a dower of 2,000,-000 florins, about \$800,000, from his privy purse, and will give in addition 500,000 florins (\$200,000) if the young bride and

bridegroom decide to live in Vienna.

Princess Victoria, of Prussia, second sister of Emperor William II., will take to her husband, Prince Adolphe of Schaumburg-Lippe, a dowry of £40,000, about \$200,000, and an income of \$15,000 from the Prussian Civil List and \$20,000 from the private estate of the imperial family. The Shah of Persia gave to the duchess Valerie as a wedding gift a brood representing a rose with leaves of emeralds, the petals of rubies set in gold.

WOOING MORPHEUS.

Cup of Hot Milk is a Better Help Than All the Medicines Known.

A physician recommends a cup of hot bouillon or not milk, sipped slowly, but while still hot, before going to bed, as a better sleep inducer than all the opiates on the pharmacopœia-as better even than a clear onscience, which isn't very good ethics, you know, but which may be very good medical doctrine notwithstanding.

At any rate, his explanation therefor is a solid one. The hot fluid taken into the stomach brings about an increased activity

of the blood vessels of the ston slight temporary congestion, which relieves the overcharged blood vessels in the brain, and so induces a natural and refreshing sleep. To give this remedy its utmost potency, however, no food should be taken sleep. with it, not even a tiny wafer, and the liquid should be sipped as het as it can be

The Faults and Follies of the Age him. But everybody hastened to assure him that this was "entirely exceptional."

The oldest inhabitant could not remember any such wind as that. The conclusion was inevitable. The climate was changing.

The change, I fear, has continued.

The same man had personal knowledge of similar climatic changes in Minnesota, where he had been assured that the severest celd brought ne chill and that dampness was

STRATTON PARK. An Afternoon at the Beautiful Home

ROWS OF TREES A CENTURY OLD

Feasts for Children, and Out-of-Door an

of Lord Northbrook.

Indoor Amusements. THE MASTER AS AN ENTERTAINER

CWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR. It was a royal day of golden summer sunshine, last month, when Jacob, our old village postman, brought me a card of goodly dimensions, whereon was inscribed:

Lord Northbrook Lady E. Creighton. 8 to 7 P. M. AT HOME. Stratton Park,

The special day for the fete soon arrived and brought with it golden weather, though heavy clouds now and then rolled up, and at 4 P. M. it was as sultry as a paim tree could desire. I, not being of the palm or cactus order, but only the quiet, country vicar of a neighboring hamlet, found it far hotter than my system required, and although I care little for "functions" of this kind on such an extensive scale, I yet resolved to obey his lordship's summons

THE LIST OF PRIZES.

The feasting is over at last; all the games are now in full swing; the tent where the flower and fruits show takes place is crowded with a busy throng; the village folk are anxious to see which have got prizes, and in this matter my lord is most generous. There are prizes for peas and potatoes, honey, garden flowers, wild flowers; the best loaf of home-made bread; the neatest quilt, the best needle work—to say nothing of a special

make the most of it." They come from all the neighboring parishes, a goodly crowd of some thousand or so—but, at present, don't seem inclined for sport, all eyes being fixed on the terrace where the children are feasting and men servants and women servants are hurrying to and fro in attendance on the feasters. A host of fashionables, chiefly ladies, with here and there a country parson or 'squire, stroll up and down, discussing the latest news, or making up sets for the tennis grounds—already marked out among the beds of shining flowers.

the beds of shining flowers.

Foremost among the crowd is the Rt.

Hon. Francis Thomas Baring, Earl
of Northbrook, once a Lord of the Admiralty under the G. O. M., and afterward more
famous as Governor General of India,
where he won both fame and fortune, as
well as his earldom. That is he in the
quiet with of gray tread with a branch of quiet suit of gray tweed, with a bunch of carnation in his/button-hole; a courteous, carnation in his/button-hole; a courteous, kindly, old man, with a cheery word of welcome for everybody, especially those who don't push themselves forward into his way. Hard by him, a short, plain-faced man, of few words, is the Hon. J. Creighton, Colonel of the Hauts Yeomany, who has just now married Lady Eanma Baring, the Earl's only daughter—that stylish, yet pleasant, dashing woman—now busy at distributing a pile of cake to a crowd of hangry children. She, too, comes forward to shake children. She, too, comes forward to shake hands and inquire after me and mine, in a loudish voice, but not without grace and good will.

THE LIST OF PRIZES.



thousand. side and out. A stroll of half a mile down the grand old coach road from London to Wincheste (once the Royal City of England), brought me to the lodge gates of Stratton Park, a bit of road of almost unequaled beauty, even in the wild and wooded county of Hants. The track itself, about 20 feet in width, runs between noble hedges of hazel, spindlewood, black thorn and bramble, that left in wild luxuriance to grow as they will, tower as we look back toward the hilltop from which we started, is far more like an ave-nue in a wooded park than the Queen's highway, and the broad fringe of green grass on either side of the dusty path completes the picture.

LARGER THAN SCHENLEY PARK. But here we are at the entrance to the park, and a little girl readily swings back the iron gate for us. As for the lodge itself, not a word can be said of it, but that it is as ugly and insignificant as it could well be; but, once inside the gates, this fact is soon forgotten in the quiet, sylvan beauty that awaits us, look where we will. The park is not above 700 acres in extent, and scarcely two miles at its greatest length by the nar-row road that winds away toward Stratton; but so varied with sloping hill and dale, so broken up into lonely dells of cool shade and grassy lawn, and everywhere so crowned with noble trees as to be worthy of the pen-

and join in a gathering of the upper ten

eil of Creswick or the pen of Ruskia. Leaving, however, that winding road, turn aside across the mossy turf into the deep, dark, shade of a leafy avenue that runs straight away for a mile to the great house. Right and left of us is a thick un-derwood, of thorn and hazel, with great beds of tall fern and wild flowers in abundance of every hue; and overhead a noble arch of giant beeches, towering up for 150 or 200 eet toward the blue sky beyond, from which now and then a shaft of golden light falls across the shady pathway as it fader away and is lost in the remote distance of the farthest arcade.

TREES A CENTURY OLD.

Every hundred yards or so on either side we come to a narrow, green road, which leads away into the heart of the woodlands, r some little open glade where the fair folk hold high revel in the moonlight. As we went on our way, the gigantic beeches, irch and Spanish chestnut cast a deepe and darker shade, and interlace more



thickly overhead. They must have braved storms of a hundred winters, and, now in their golden summer prime, seem likely to show no sign of age for a century to come. We must, however, leave them and turn away to the left through another avenue of equally lofty and splendid lime trees, and following this for a few hundred yards come out into the open sunshine, and crossing a grassy lawn gay with beds of brilliant crim-son and yellow flowers, find ourselves in front of Stratton House.

It is a huge, square block of building that gleams white in the sun; without archiectural beauty of any kind, or any pretense to it but a row of lofty columns at the main entrance. But for beauty of position it is beyond compare. Behind it a sloping hill, crowded with noble ceders—rises gradually up to a vast mass of lorest trees still older and grander than any we have yet seen. Away in front stretches a goodly range of woodland country, lawn after lawn and iump after clump of green trees-as far as the eve can reach.

HOSPITALITY OF STRATTON HOUSE. After the shadows and silence of the woods, we have come out into the full blaze of light and busy life. All along one side of the house are spread long tables covered with huge piles of cake, bunsand bread and with nuge piles of case, ounsand bread and butter, jugs of milk, teapets and cups— whereat some 400 school children are labor-ing mightily. Away on the lawn, below the terrace, is a brass band of the Hauts Yeomany. Masters of the merry-go-rounds, Aunt Sallies and cricket grounds are crying out to the assembled villagers, men and women, young and old, "Now is your time,

prize for him whom the judges select as owner of the cleanest and tidiest cottage, in-

And now all the fashionables and the invited guests stroll up to the great house, slowly mount the grand staircase, and along the winding passages into the drawing rooms and library, superb and spacious rooms, the walls lined with pictures of almost priceless value, where tea, coffee, ices, fruit, claret cup and a host of goodly eatables wait to reward them after the severe toil of trying to be amused. And here, again, the noble Earl is busy as ever in welcoming his guests. He belongs to a family of illustrious and well-bred men, and his motto, "Noblesse oblige," is one which he understands and practices. He gets me into a corner and talks about books in which he knows I am interested; to a neighboring 'Squire, whose soul is in turnips, about Mangold Worzel, and to a charming young maiden of 17 about the joys of tennis. If Gladstone were here he would fight him over the question of home rule, and if the Prince of Well and practice. Prince of Wales were present, as he some-times is, he would talk about fat cattle and the yacht club at Cowes.

A FAMOUS FAMILY.

In this very mansion, and in these very rooms, once lived and reigned the noble Dukes of Bedford; and in the library, it may be, that Lady Russell, wife of the un-fortunate Lord William, beheaded in 1683. wrote her famous letters. But from the house of Russell it all passed away—house and land—into the hands of Sir F. Baring, Bart, in 1793; one of the notable family of Barings, Bankers, statesmen and nobles, who with their cousins the House of Ashburton, have been and still are famous for their princely wealth, generous hospitality, and kindly patronage of art, science, and literature.

It was at the Grange, the country seat of Lord Ashburton, not far away from Stratton, that the wits, poets and wise men of the last generation. Macauley, Sydney Smith, Sam Rogers, Macintosh, Carlyle and a host of others, ever found ready welcome. But, besides Stratton House and park, Lord Northbrook is the owner of many a thriving village, goodly tarms, woodland and meadow. almost down to the gates of Winchester, to say nothing of the valley through which the S. W. Railroad runs its main line. The woods all round us are full of pheasants, like those of the grange; but though both noble lords remember me in golden October, I am at a loss to say which birds are best,

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

using Street Car Incident From a Lively Western Town.

Seattle Press] It is a custom on some street railways to give annual passes which are numbered. These passes are not necessarily shown each time a man rides on the cars of that line, but each one bears a number, and when asked for his fare the holder of the pass calls

the number of his pass. Not long ago the holder of pass No. 13 on one of the Seattle lines got on a car, accompanied by two ladies, for whom he must of course pay fare. It happened that the conductor was a new man and not acquainted with the pass system.

The conductor entered the car in quest of

the holder of the pass. The gentleman handed him a dollar to

The gentleman handed him a dollar to take the ladies' fares from, at the same time remarking distinctly "Thirteen.

The conductor took the dollar and then began ringing the bell of the register.
"Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding," went the bell.

"Here, here," broke in the passenger.
"What in thunder are you trying to do?"
"Didn't you say that you wanted to pay "Didn't you say that the future can hold nothing for me worse than the suspense under which I now labor, I have resolved to risk my fate on the cast of the die."

He loosened his collar, coughed and went ahead.

"Other young men, Matilda, mere butter-flies of fashion, may dance attendance upon you and flutter you. Listen not to them?" "Didnt you say that you wanted to pay

"why didn't you say so before!"

Then the bell puller gave the passenger back his change and inwardly determined to get even on the first small boy that at-

empted to steal a ride. FALLING INTO A NET.

The Acrobat Must Learn Not to Strike on His Face or His Feet.

"The first thing an acrobat learns when ne gets up on the trapeze is how to fall into the net. He quickly discovers that the rider. It can be fixed to any safety or trisafest way to strike is upon the shoulders. cycle in five minutes, and is only a few Then come the long hours of practice to ounces in weight. It is as valuable to learnlearn how to strike there.

A trained performer can, to a certain ex-

foremost. The former makes a broken neck or a broken back probable, while the latter or a broken back probable, while the latter is likely to result in broken legs and a leaves the machine rigid when placed against broken back.

What Kind of a Wife He Had.

CHURCHMEN AND MAPLE SYRUP.

A Good Evangelist's Work Undone by a Wild Buck in the Forest-

PLEA OF A LOVER THAT WAS IN VAIN

I WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. I WHUT SAWT'ER WIFE HE HAD.

"Yes," said the squatter in reply to a uestion, "hit takes trouble ter let er man fin' out whut sawt uv er wife 'e has. Mer wife wuz allers er teasin' uv me twell I got mer laig smashed. Hit wuz like this: One Sunday atter breaklas' I heered ther dawg er barkin' in ther new groun'. S'I, 'I b'lieve I'll go see whut 'at dawg's arter.' Wife says, s'she, 'I'll go with yer.' We went down in ther new groun' an' foun' ther dawg had treed er 'coon. S'she, 'Git your gun an' shoot hit.' S'I, 'Ther neighbors'll say I'm er huntin' uv er Sunday." S'she, 'Take yer ax an' chop ther tree down.' S'I, 'En they'll say I'm er clearin' uv lan.' S'she, 'What yer gonter do ?' S'I, 'Clim' ther tree, make ther varmint jump out en' let ther dawg kill hit,'

out en' let ther dawg kill hit,'
"I clum up an'ez I got clost ter ther
'coon hit looked at me an' is ha'r riz up an'
'e yowled an' showed 'is teef. S'I, 'I
b'lieve is coon's gonter jump on me.' Wits
says aggravatin' like, s' she, 'Air ye erfeared uv er 'coon?' 'At made me mad,
'c'ase I wuz erfeared. Ez I got closter ther
'coon started at me. S'I ''Is 'coon's 'coon started at me. S'I, ''Is 'coon's gonter jump on me sartin.' Wife says, laffin' hard ez she could, s'she, 'Air ye erfeared uv ez leetle er thing ez er 'coon?' ''I knowed ef 'at 'coon jumped on me I'd tall outen ther tree. Jist then mister 'coon come. 'Afo' I had time ter do anything but wall hard done mand out the started to a started the started to the start

yell he'd done runned over me. Ther nasty varmint crawled out on er lim' an' thar he he sot. Wife she wuz er holdin' ter er stump laffin' fit ter kill. S'I, 'I wisht I had ther 'coon I'd throw hit on ye.' S'she, er laffin', 'Thar hit is. Ketch hit an' throw hit on me.' I clum out on ther lim' an' give hit er stomp. Hit broke an' me an' ther 'coon hit ther groun'. Ther dawg 'e wuz er waitin' an' ketched ther coon. Wife she schreeched an' runned ter me. Ther wind wuz knocked outen me, but I soon come to. Mer laig wuz smashed. Hit wuz ther fust time 'at I ever wuz laid up sence we wuz married an' I nuver knowed afo' whut sawt er wife I had. So sweet an' good an' kin' an' patient. God bless 'er. She hain't said 'eoon onst, an' she save she nuver will laff at me ergin 'bout nuthin'. She thinks hit wuz 'er laffin' 'at made me clim' out on ther lim' 'at broke. Hit wuzn't, but I hain't tol' her so."

THEY BACKED THEIR FAITH.

"Passs the syrup, please." The deacon looked up, smiled, said "much pleasure" under his breath and passed the cruet to the other end of the table. One word brought on another and finally the deacon learned that his vis-a-vis was a Baptist preacher, and the minister in turn learned that the deacon was a Methodist. "The beauties of religion," said the deacon, smilingly, "are great,—"

"We should never cease giving thanks that we are Christians," finished the other. Then followed an exchange of courtesy, questions were asked and answered and the two good men began to feel kindly toward each other. "The Baptist faith," said the preacher,

"offers more consolation than any other that I know." "Except, of course," joined in the descon, "except the Methodist belief." "No exception at all, sir."

"But you cannot doubt for an instant that the Methodist religion is properly "Indeed I can. I appeal to my brother on "And I am a Preshyterian" said the

brother on the right. "You are misguided, sir," said the Methlist. "You are either intentionally-"
"Eh?" ejaculated the Presbyterian, rising; "what do you say?" "I meant that man at the other end."

The syrup cruet that the deacon had passed down came back. It hit the Methodist on the shoulder, and maple syrup covered his bosom in a twinkling. One deacon lodged a waffle just inside the minister's collar, and before a policeman could be called in the two good men were rolling together on the floor. The preacher was on top, but the deacon had a good collar hold that was

very promising.

A KENTUCKY SERMON SPOILED. It was in Breathitt county, Ky. For several months an evangelist had been laboring with the mountaineers, trying to turn them from their evil ways. Every little while something would turn up and undo the labor of months. Then the people would seem to take an increased interest in matters of religion, and hope would bud again in the heart of the evangelist.

One Sunday the little chanel on the mountain side was crowded, and the evangelist was exhorting his hearers to leave their rifles and hunting knives at home when they went to church. In the course of half an hour he grew eloquent, and was just thinking that he was going to carry his point when a fat buck trotted past the chapel and disappeared in the laurel thicket, Au old hound that was sleeping in the chapel door gave a yelp and started after the buck, and the male portion of the con-gregation grabbed their rifles and followed without waiting for a motion to adjourn.

When they were out of sight the evangelist said in despair: "Oh! It's no use,

"Yes, 'tis," said a one-legged man that was left behind; "I'll bet you a dollar they'll have that thar deer inside o' two hour."

WASTED ELOQUENCE. "Matilda," the young man said nervously, "what I am going to say may surprise you. But my feelings are leading me on. Encourfares, and the first person heapproached was | aged by your kindness, intoxicated by your beauty and rendered desperate by the conviction that the hours are fleeing away and

flies of fashion, may dance attendance upon you and flatter you. Listen not to them! Listen to the voice of sincere devotion! "No. you double-breasted lunkhead! I Other young men, talented, nay, perchance, old pass No. 13, and want to pay for two young men possessed of wealth in abundance, may seek your hand. I am not tal-ented, Matilda, I am not handsome. I have not those delicate little arts that win the affections of women. I am not rich-"
"No, Mr. Dennis," said the young beauty, with a yawn and rising to her feet, "and I regret to say, also, that you are not in it!"

Mr. Dennis withdrew from the competition at once. He was clearly outclassed.

An automatic bicycle steerer has been patented, which gives free use of the hands and considerable relief to the muscles of the erns as it is to experienced riders. The advantages claimed for it is that on straight tent, always control himself in the air. He roads it automatically steers the machine can twist about on his back or some other position that is safe. The trouble with many is that they turn too quick.

The two most dangerous positions in which to strike the net are on the face and feet course. Great assistance is, moreover, afforded in climbing hills and the invertible. course. Great assistance is, moreover, af-forded in climbing hills, and the invention