## THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

MAY 17, 1891.

## THE HAVOC OF TIME,

Carpenter Finds Some Octogenarians Who Don't Know What It Means.

TWO SAGES OF THE SENATE

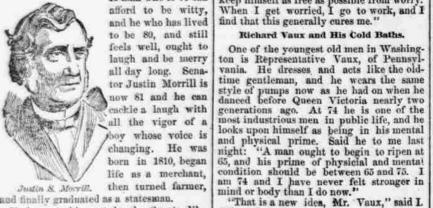
Objector Holman Approves Cold Water, but Objects to Tobacco.

VAUX TAKES WHISKY STRAIGHT.

better without it. I am not a tectotaler and I am not sure whether the use of wines Story of Two Brothers Which Probably and liquors in moderation is good. I used to think that the Catawba wines were good Proves Nothing at All.

PHILOSOPHY OF HARVEY WATTERSON

[COHEESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WASHINGTON, May 16 .- The oldest statesmen in the country are the jolliest. A man who is 70 can



Justin & Morrill, then turned farmer, and finally graduated as a statesman. He hangs to his seat in the Senate like grim Death. For 35 years he has in public life and his Congressional career is more than a generation. Still, at 80 he is tall, well-formed and fine looking, and though his shoulders are a little bent with age, his eyes are bright and his brain still works. He is much averse to interviewing and the gist of

no means considered himself an old man, Too Young to Give an Opinion.

my conversation with him was that he felt

as young as he used to be, and that he by

"Come round," said he, "about six years from now and I will feel myself fitted to give you an opinion on longevity. At present I am one of the young men of the day, and I do not feel that my appearances jus-tify me in giving advice to the other boys." From Senator Morril's I went to the

house of Senator Evarts, and I found here another spry statesman of three-score years and ten who decidedly objected to being called old. Said Mr. Evarts, as he walked with digulfied trend into the library: "I really do not feel fitted to express an opinion upon the secrets of longevity, and you should call upon Mr. Morrill for such an expression. He has lived a number of years more than I, and should be considered the myself to it. I take it straight and like it strai

"But, Senator," said I, "you have lived three-score years and ten, and I would like to get the advice of such hardworking young old men as you are, for the youth of to-day us to how they may lengthen their days." Evarts Cracks a Joke.

'Well," replied the senior Senator from and gradual'y traveled up to his twinkling eyes, "The only way I know for young men to lengthen their days is to steal some hours from the night

laughed, and the Senator went on to say that he considered his health due largely to and a moderate de-

Polit Col

gree of prudence in his living, added to good luck. He then turned the conversation to the doings of Congress, and talked delightfully about the Scunte and its would say nothing about longevity. As I left, I said, "Sen-

Wm. M. Ecorts. would have preferred one of your 400-word Judge W. S. Holman ranks with Charles

O'Neill as the father of the House. He is about 70 years old, but his blood is full of iron, his hair is dark, and his eyes sparkle with the fire of objection whenever an ap-propriation bill comes before the House. He is in perfect physical and mental health. walks occasionally from the White House to the Capitol, and has as much vigor a any statesman of 20. In speaking of him self to me last night, he said:

How Holman Knows He Is Old. "I feel as young as I have ever felt, and

the only sign that I am old is in the fact that I find myself looking backward and comparing the present with the past. I keep up with the times, enjoy the association rd now as I have at any period of my life I believe in hard work, and I believe that more men are killed by shrinking than by I think with temperance in ent ing and drinking, that the average man is the 24. I make it a rule to get I then sleep as long as I can.

Va., and is as follows:
"Sir-My life has been such a variegated one that I cannot say to what I owe the preservation of my health, unless it be to a I am a great believer in the efficier preservation of my health, unless it be to a naturally strong constitution. I have no fixed habits of work, exercise, sleep or diet. As to the effect that marriage may have on the length of life I am unable to give any took a cold bath every morning. At this time I found that whenever I was forced to emit my bath through travel or other conopinion from experience, as I have never ex-perimented in that line. You must, there-fore, look to some other quarter for the in-I lost my mental and physical At present I bathe three or four times

out into the country

or away from his busi-

ness at a certain time

benefited by my sum-

mer vacations on my

W. S. Holman. about ten years ago. I had been at Niagara with my wife and

during the year, and I

formation you are seeking. Respectfully, "J. A. EARLY." As to Exercise and Vacations. Another rather unsatisfactory note comes to me from Mr. Porter, who was until a few years ago President of Yale College. He graduated at Yale when Andrew Jackson was President, and he is now past four score. He has been one of the leading scholars and hardest workers of the country for more than "I am, you know," continued Judge Holman, "a farmer, and when I am home in Indiana I take a good deal of exercise on horseback. Here my chief exercise is in walking in the open air. I believe that two generations, and now he is as healthy as a child, with the exception that he is unable 原原 every man should get

to write. The following was penned in a cramped hand, and it is interesting: A Letter From Noah Porter.

"MY DEAR SIR-It will be impossible for me to comply with your request. Although free from the disabilities of old age, I am disabled from using my pen with comfort or freedom. I feel hampered and

mer vacations on my farm. The same is true of the rest taken at the average watering place, and I remember a visit which I paid to Saratoga about ten years ago. I sear with my wife and ran down to Saratoga to and to spend a few days waterson to spend a few days.

"Noah Porter."

One of the brightest members of Congress 50 years ago was the Hon. Harvey Watterson, and one of the brightest old young men I have ever met is this same Mr. Harvey M. Watterson to-day. He is thoroughly up daughter, and we ran down to Saratoga to look at the place and to spend a few days "Right near the depot I found the United States Hotel, and I put up there because I thought it would be cheap. I found, how-

ever, that I was mistaken, and that I was in one of the most fashionable places of the city. I found among the guests many people whom I knew, and among others Robert Garrett, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio road. He asked me how long I was going to stay, and I told him I was only going to be there over night and I had just come to see the place. He replied that I should spend a month there every year, and that he considered his vacations at Saratoga the secret of his vigor in his old age. He pointed out the score of old men whom I knew in the parlors, saying that they all thought as he did about the life-giving properties of the Springs, and he advised me to try them." White House, and upon my asking him one day as to what he attributed his wonderful good health and good spirits he replied:
"Well, one thing that has conduced to my long living is the fact that whenever I have stubbed my toe I have not hurt myself mourning about it, but have gone on, thanking God that I did not fall down and break my head."

my head."

I wrote Mr. Watterson a short time ago and asked him to give me his advice as to longevity. Here is his reply, under date of Louisville; Never Cries or Swears.

Never Cries or Swears.

"My DEAR SIR—You are pleased to say that I am the youngest old man you know, and wish to get an expression from me as to the secrets of long life. Thanks to the Great Author of my being, He gave me a sound, robust constitution, and a calm, philosophie temper. If any man ever saw me angry it was only for a moment. I have had my disappointments, but I never cried or swore over spilt milk. To this happy faculty I attribute in no small degree my preservation. Men have been known to fret themselves to death. I shall never die from worty.

"Again, I have always been a temperate eater. My opinion is, that among the wellborn, more men kill themselves eating than drinking. Two of my distinguished and intimate friends died in Washington within the past year, and I shall ever believe that their untimely deaths were produced by produced in the intercember with indicast. "I believe that tobacco is injurious," replied Judge Holman. "I have chewed the weed ever since I was a boy and I am an inveterate user of it to-day. I think it has injured my health and I think I would be better without it. I am not a tentotaler.

About Tobacco and Marriage.

"What do you think of the use of tobacc

Richard Vaux and His Cold Baths.

One of the youngest old men in Washing-

"That is a new idea, Mr. Vaux," said I.

"The prime of most men seems to be be-tween 50 and 60, and 1 would like to know

to what you ascribe your remarkable work-ing powers and health at a time of life

when many men are feeble?"
"I suppose," said he, "it is due largely
to constitution and in a minor degree to my

habits. I am regular as to my eating, drinking and sleeping. I sleep eight hours every night, and I go to bed at 9 and get up at 5. I have a cold bath ready for me, and

I jump into my tub as soon as I get out of bed. I then rub myself dry, dress and take

a walk of from one to five miles and am back at the hotel in time for breakfast.

His Whisky and Bible Straight.

"Just now I start out for my walk before daylight, and I find that this morning walk

and I don't think it isn't true just because

"I don't think you can lay out any rule of

Two Aged and Remarkable Brothers.

men were among the witnesses. The hair

ne had enough money to become intoxicated

"Now here were two men, the offsprings

oth lived to this age under such totally

of the same father and mother, who had

age is more a matter of constitution than of

Noted Expressions From Noted Men.

During the past few months I have re-

ceived a number of letters on longevity from some of the bright old men away from Wash-

ington. I can only give some of the more brief reolies in this letter. My first is from

General Jubal A. Early. He is now 74 years

old, but he says he sees no particular reasons for being in the excellent health that he is.

My letter from him comes from Lynchburg,

is enough to keep

dition. As to my cating, I do not take

a great deal of food and I cat everything

that I like. As to drinking, I believe that whisky is the

basis of all good! liquors, and I confine

myself to it. I take

it straight and like

sume on the average about 20 cigars a

eanuot understand it."

will take him off like a flash.

to think that the Catawba wines were good for health, but I doubt this now."

"Do you think marriage conduces to long life?"

"I do," replied Judge Holman. "I was married at 19 and my wife was 17, and I will celebrate my golden wedding in a year or sa. I would advise the young man who wishes to live long to marry young, and I would urge him to be temperate and to keep himself as free as possible from worry. When I get worried, I go to work, and I find that this generally cures me." their untimely deaths were produced by overloading their stomachs with indigesti-ble food. My advice to young men is to be temperate in all things, especially in eating

temperate in all things, especially in eating and drinking.

"My observation and experience have impressed me with the belief that when a man reaches the age of 60 years, and is still in a good state of preservation the length of his remaining days will depend very much upon himself. He should bear constantly in mind that he can't stand what he did 30 or 40 years ago. I do not believe that the moderate use of liquor, tobacco, tea or noderate use of liquor, tobacco, tea or

A WEED GOOD TO EAT.

Common Pussly Is So Nice That Ben Le

Fevre Cultivated It. One of the most abundant and most toothsome plants is the homely weed called pussly, says a writer in the New York Herald. As a table vegetable it is not to be despised. The succulent stems, with their leaves, are boiled tender and dressed with butter, the same as spinach. The French market gardeners cultivate it regularly and have different varieties. The young plants are used as a salad and are very good when served with a bacon dressing and one or two

served with a bacon dressing and one or two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine and sprinkled over the salad. Pussly flowers are sometimes called wax pinks. When the plant is full grown the thick, fleshy stems are stripped of their leaves, tied into bunches and served as asparagus. The leaves are cooked as spinach and by many are considered superior to that vegetable.

A story is told of Benjamin Le Fevre in connection with pussly. At his Ohio home the genial ex-Congresman had a vegetable garden, which the more he cultivated the more luxuriantly grew pussly. He finally gave up the attempt at gardening and permitted the pussly to monopolize the premises. He was one day bemoaning his ill luck at trying to raise vegetables from Govluck at trying to raise vegetables from Gov-ernment seeds, and was roundly accusing the Agricultural Department of putting up packages of pussly seeds instead of beet seeds, when a friend informed him that as an article of food the pussly was more valuable than the beet. Whereupon the distinguished gardener telegraphed to his head man to weed out the beets and cultivate the pussly. The order was carried out, much to the surprise of the man of all work, who had never before heard of any one eating

HOW TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

day. I spend seven months of the year in the country and five in the city. I don't worry to any great extent. I am a Trinitarian Christian, and I believe every word that is between the lids of the Bible. I believe it to be the word of God Almighty, and I don't think it in it tree between A Physician Tells How to Cut a Throat

and Take the Bullet Route. life which will produce longevity. What is one man's drink is another man's poison, and we inherit our bodies and souls from It is a peculiar fact, but yet an undoubted one, that not one man in 10 who attempts to commit suicide by cutting the throat has the our ancestors. The best looking man may have the seed of disease lurking within the least idea of how it should be done, says Dr. finest physique, and a sickness like that of | S. L. Smith in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. , something which cannot be seen, There are more failures of attempts made in this way than in any other. The usual mode of procedure is to throw the head "I heard a most curious incident related back, and draw a razor across the throat just concerning a trial in the Superior Court at below the chin. The result is very seldom Philadelphia about 30 years ago. Two old fatal and always exceedingly painful. The windpipe is likely to be partially severed, of both was as white as snow, but their skins were clear, their eyes were bright, and causing spasmodic gasping for breath, and there is a very extensive hemorrhage, but no important vein or artery is cut. The act of throwing back the head causes them to recede and escape the knife.

their steps steady. The Judge on the bench, who was a student of longevity, asked the first of these how old he was. He replied that he was 89. He then asked him The proper way to cut the throat is to lower the chin, and draw the razor across the side of the throat just below and a little as to his habits, and the old man replied that he had been a smoker all his life and that he had never gone to bed sober when forward of the point of the jaw. Lowering the chin presses the jugular vein forward. He said he was in good physical condition and that he knew ho reason for his long life. and if this is severed death ensues painlessly and in a very few moments. A surgeon can The second witness then took the stand, and the Judge, in the course of the examination, kill himself with absolute certainty manner, but if a layman desires to shuffle off, I should advise him to fire a ball of heavy put the same questions to him. He replied that he was just two years younger than the other witness, who was his brother, but that caliber through his brain. The failures to kill that are sometimes heard of are due to he had never used tobacco in any form and the fact that a pistol of too small caliber is had never touched a drop of liquor in his used. A 44-caliber bullet through the brain is alvays instantaneously fatal.

different conditions. It might be that the drinking and smoking would have killed the younger man. The coincidence proves nothing and goes to show that, after all, old How a Prospector Brought One Down With His Trusty Rifle.

Helena Journal.] of camels that were used here in early days for pack animals. He says they were imported from Asia by the Government for carrying supplies to troops over the plains citizen after the Government had done with them, and this man brought them to Helena loaded with provisions, and the grand old ships of the desert sailed over many a ships of the

FIND OF A NAPHTHA SPRING.

Only When Closed as a Public Nulsand Was Its Value Discovered.

In the very center of Sebastopol a naphtha spring was discovered in the following manner: For many years a spring of dirty water ran from the house of a certain M. Korotneff and caused the proprietor much trouble. At times the spring would cover the best street in the city, the Nakhimovskiy Prospect, with mud.

Of late the spring has become a public nuisance, and the city authorities compelled

M. Korotneff to build a small reservoir around it and to lead off the muddy substance by sewer pipes. But as soon as this was done it was discovered that the substance in the new reservoir was pure naph-

dence on furniture re-upl on furniture re-upholstery.

HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water st.

Causes Violent Disturbances and Bloodshed in Cinnabar.

THE WHOLE CAMP FELL IN LOVE

And Two Bucks Shot Holes Into Each Other

coffee affects age.

"HARVEY M. WATTERSON."

Such are a few of the letters which I have received on this subject. I have others which I will give in my next letter. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

CAMELS IN AMERICA

C. W. Cannon tells a story about a drove of Texas, but were sold to an enterprising ntain trail carrying goods where wagons

could not go.

They were taken out to graze in the hills adjoining Helena, and one day Jim MeNeil, a well-known character of those days, caught sight of one of the camels as he was coming in from a prospecting tour, mistook it for a moose and shot it down with his rifle. The herder was promptly to the rescue and made Jim put up all the collateral he had with him as security for the suimal. Each camel was worth about \$70, and in spite of the fact that McNeil did not know Montana had suddenly become a camel country, he had to pay full price for his big game. The herd was afterward taken to California, Mr. Cannon says, and has thrived and increased there.

ESTIMATES furnished by sample at resi-

"S'pose me an' you an' Tutt yere goes over to this young female, an' all polite an' congenial like, we ups an' asks her inten-tions?" continued Armstrong in an interrogative way to Rosewood. Bill Tutt Knew His Proper Play.

The mission was not a success. When the

ately after, "she stamps her foot like a buck

antelope an' let's fly a stove griddle at us, an' all with a proud, high air, which re-minds me a mighty sight of a goddess." At the time it would seem the duo at-

tempted an apologetic explanation of their presence, and made effort to point out to "The Cactus" the crying public need of

"I wants you two sots to get outen my kitchen," replied "The Cactus" vigorously, "an I wants you to move some hurried, too. Don't never let me find your moccasin tracks round this yere water hole no more

or I'll turu in an' mark you up a whole

"Yere, you," she continued as they were

which, as a rule, heard no harsher note

than the clatter of a stack of chips, was

The Shooting Occurred at Last.

It was the voice of Riley Brooks. The trained instinct of the Cinnabar public at

once fathomed the trouble and proceeded to hide its many heads behind barrels, tables, counter, and any place which promised refuge from the bullets. All but one and

that was Rice Brown. He knew it meant him the moment Riley Brooks uttered the first syllable, and his pistol came to the

front with a brevity born of long practice. His rival's was already there and so the shooting began. As a result Mr. Brooks received a serious injury which crippled his

good right arm for many a day, while Mr.

Brown was picked up with a wound in the

side which even the sentiment of Cinnabar, inured to such things and inclined to optim-

ists had been cared for at the O. K. house,

"yere we be again an' nuthin' settled. Yere

we has all this shootin' an' all this blood lettin', an' the camp gets all torn up; an'

still thar's jest as many of these yere people as before, an' most likely the whole deal to

go over again."
"I shore abominates things a splittin' even this away," said Rosewood, "but Cinnabar must b'ar its burdens same as other camps. It can't be he'ped none."

The Cactus Flees the Camp.

The next day the two duelists were still in bed. A new phase was given the affair

when "The Cactus" was observed, clothed in purple and fine linen, and with two vio-lent red roses in her straw hat, to take the

stage for Tucson. The management of the O. K. house reported in deference to the ex-cited state of the Cinnabar mind that "The

tenure of human life born of long years on the border. Be that as it may, she experi-

up stairs, and took the stage without even saying goodby to them or anyone else.

"An' some fools say women is talkers,' said Rosewood in high disgust.

Said Rosewood in high disgust.

Three days later Old Scotty, the stage driver, came in with startling news. "The Cactus" had married a man in Tucson and would bring him to Cinnabar in a week.

"When I first hears it," said Old Scotty, with a groan, "an" when I thinks of them

two pore boys a-layin' in Cinnabar, an' their rights bein' trifled with in that way, I

shore thinks I'll take my Winchester an' go an' stop them rites a whole lot; but pards, the Tucson marshal wouldn't have it. So she nails him an' I hears in a saloon over that she's been aimin' to marry him before she ever hops into Cinnabar at all. I sees him,

afterwards, an' he's a little, measly-lookin' prairie dog an' from his looks he couldn't get a job clerkin' in a store."

"Thar you be," said Armstrong. "An-

Thar you be," said Armstrong. "Another case of woman's inhumanity to man.
However, if "The Cactus' has done gone a
flutterin' from her perch in this yere fashion jest the same we a ust prance 'round an'
give her a high old time on her return. The
honor of the camp bein' concerned, of course
we whoops it up in style." And they did.

DAN QUIN.

So the Duellists Were Left.

You bet red is my favorite color.

Well," said Armstrong, after the duel-

ism at all times, admitted as dangere

"You all who ain't interested yere better

suddenly broken.

take to a lower limb.'

She'd Settle After the Sho "You don't want these two young male persons to take to shootin' of each other all

ap none, do you?" said Armstrong.

some decision on her part.

Bill Tutt Knew His Proper Play.

"Excuse me, pards," said Tutt with sad earnestness, "but I don't think I wants cards in this at all. "The Cactus" is a mighty spirited lady, an' you all recalls as how I've been pesterin' some 'round her in the past myse'f, for which reason, with others, she might take my comin' on such errants derisive an' bang me over the fore'erd with a dipper or some sech objectionable play. So I reckon I better keep out of this yere embassy a whole lot. I ain't aimin' to shirk nuthin', but it'll be a heap more shore to win fi I do."

"Tutt ain't onlikely to be plenty right about this," said Rosewood, "an' I reckon, Armstrong, we all better take this trick ourselves." All to No Purpose. SHE SELECTED A HUSBAND HERSELF

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] HE "Cactus" was the name bestowed upon her in Cinnabar. Her signature, if she had written it, would probably have been Mollie Prescott, at least such was the declaration of

Rosewood Jim. Rosewood Jim.

"I sees this yere female a year ago in Tombstone," asserted that veracious chronicler "where she cooks at the " "where she cooks at the stage station, an' she gives it out cold she's called Prescott-Mollie Prescott-an' most likely she knows her name, ar

knowed it a year ago." As Rosewood was a historian of known etulance no one cared to challenge either his facts or his conclusions, se the real name of "The Cactus" was accepted by the Cinnabar public as Prescott.

"The Cactus" was a personable lady, comely and round; and her advent into Cinnabar society had caused something of a flutter. Her mission was to cook, and in fulfillment of her destiny she presided over the range at the O. K. hotel. Being publicly hailed as "The Cactus" seemed in no wise to depress her, and it is possible she even took a secret glow over an epithet which was meant by the critical taste that awarded it to illustrate those thorns in her nature which repelled and held in check the amorous male of Cinnabar. "Life behind a deal box is a mighty sight

too fantastic," quoth the thoughtful Rose-wood, "for a family. It does well enough for single footers, which it don't make much difference with, when a player pulls his sixshooter an' sends 'em shoutin' home to heaven some abrupt. But there ain't no room for a woman with a man who turns cards as a pursoot. Priests an' gamblers ain't got no business with squaws."

As time went on the score of lovers who sighed on the daily trail of "The Cactus" dwindled down to two. The rest gave out

dispirited. dispirited.

"I'm clean strain' enough," said Bill Tutt in apologetic description of his failure to persevere, "but I knows when I've got through. I'll play a game to a finish, but when its down to the turn and my last chip's gone over to the dealer, why I shoves my chair back and quits, an' its about that away of an' concernin' my love for this yere Cactus girl. I jest can't get her none an' that settles it. I now drors out an' g s my seat to someone else." my seat to someone else."

The Kitchen Was Her Castle.

"That's whatever," said a personage known as Texas Joe, who was an interested listener to the defeated Mr. Tutt, 'an' you can gamble I'm with you on them views. I can gamble I'm with you on them views. I loves the 'The Cactus' myse'f to a frightful degree, an' thar's times I jest goes about whinin' for her; but yere a while back I comes projectin' around her kitchen, ar' bing!' comes a skillet at my head an' that lets me out. You bet I don't pursoo them explorations round her no more. I don't work to got my rous onto no woman who is want to get my rope onto no woman who is that callous as to heave kitchen bric-a-brac

at a heart that's pantin' for her. Two lovers still knelt at the shrine of "The Cactus." These were hailed by the men of Cinnabar respectively as Rice Brown and Riley Brooks. A description of one would have been a portrait of the other. They were young and good looking, of the breezy Southwestern type; tanned as to face and lithe and limber as blacksnakes as to person. These still held the affections of "The Cactus" in siege and demanded captulation. That estimable virgin paid no heed to their court nor the commen ooking Cinnabar. She pursued her path



Who Sent You Canterin' Over Here?

in life even and unmoved. She compounded her daily bread, compiled her daily flap jacks and broiled her daily beefsteak by that simple and ingenious process, popular in the Southwest, of burning it on the grid-dles of her range, and all as composedly as though Leander never swam the Hellespont though Leander never swam the Hellespont nor Anthony sighed or sung in the ear of Egypt's queen. Still it was possible that "The Cactus" was a shade less thorny in her treatment of Rice Brown and Riley Brooks than of any of the others. Perhaps she was becoming tired out. Be the reason what it may, these two persisted when the others failed and at last were recognized as rivals.

"All I'm afraid of," said old man Armstrong, the head of the local vigilance committee, "is that these yere young bucks 'll take to pawin' 'round for trouble with each As the upshot of sech doin's would most likely be the stringin' of the survivo by the Cinnabar committee on lariats, these yere nuptials, which now looks some feasi-ble, would be clean busted and the camp get a setback jest that much. I wish this yere maiden would tip her hand in this to some discreet gent, so a play could be made in advance to get the wrong man outen the way. Whatever do you think youse'f, Rosewood?"

"It's a delicate deal," said that sapient radist, "to go tamperin' round a young fe-male for the secrets of her soul, but I shorely deems it a crisis, an' public interest demands somethin' is done. These yere boys is growin' mighty hostile of each other, which I notes last night over in the Gold Mine saloon, where they was paintin' up for war, an' onless we all interferes yere, it's my jedgment some of this yere love-makin' 'll come off in the smoke.''
"Thar oughter be a' act of Congress," said Tutt, the pessimist, "agin love makin' in the Far West an' the East-should be kept DOGS TO BE SOLDIERS.

Whole Regiments Being Trained by the Great Powers of Europe.

BREEDS SUITED FOR THE WORK.

Brutes That Instantly Attack Men Wearing an Enemy's Uniform.

BRIGHT SENTRIES AND MESSENGERS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Germany, Austria, Russia and France are now all at work training dogs for war, and should a European outbreak occur large proportion of the canine tribe would be forced into military service. There is nothing new in using dogs for war purworthy pair of peace preservers appeared in the presence of "The Cactus" and made the inquiries noted, it excited the scorn and ire of that retiring damsel beyond the power of poses, for the Greeks and Romans used dogs as auxiliaries in battles, and the barbarous progenitors of our present stock were first taught to assist their savage owners in the chase and battles. But there is something novel and exquisitely modern in the scientific methods of training and drill-ing whole regiments of soldier dogs for the purpose of aiding ambitious leaders in preserving the "equilibrium of power" in "And yere," said Rosewood in relating the exploit in the Gold Mine saloon imme-

The experiments with balloons and carrier pigeons for war purposes were but the fore-runners of the present movement to impress dogs into the military service. The natural propensities of the dog make him a willing and 'effective servant in this respect, and he learns his drilling lessons so aptly that his education becomes a matter of pleasure to the war trainers. If France has no friendly feeling toward Germany a dummy is dressed up in the German regimentals, and the dog is taught to attack it until the intelligent animal has imbred in him a deadly hatred for anyone wearing similar uniform. If Italy or Russia be the offending nations the property man and trainer simply change the dress of the dummy, and make the dog go through the lessons again.

The Breed Not Decided Upon.

The best dog for this purpose would probably be the bulldog or savage blood-hound; but as they have to unite other qual-ities besides fighting ones into their makeup to prove effective war dogs, other breeds might come with better recommendations. The right breed has not yet been decided upon by military experts. The Germans use their peculiar, ugly, lumbering blue-hounds for this purpose, but the other nations are experimenting with various other breeds. Setters have been found good for sentinel duty, as also the fox terrier, and the fox hounds have found much favor for their terrilers. their trailing qualities; but crosses with the St. Bernard and the mastiff make splendic all-round "war dogs." Several of the breeds, however, are used, each one having a special duty to perform. Those with keen scent are employed for trailing purkeen scent are employed for trailing purposes; the strong, savage ones are taught to attack sentinels on post, and to fight in battle; the noble St. Bernards are trained to go over the field of battle after the fight, and to rescue the wounded, while the flect-footed, sly and adroit varieties are used for carrying dispatches.

In the German army the dogs of a regiment number at least a couple of score, all of which are trained for some special duty, and under the supervision of skillful masters. They are made a great deal of by the soldiers.

about to leave something cast down by the conference, "you all can tell that Riley Brooks an' Rice Brown if they're blamed fools enough to go makin' a gun play over me, to make it and make it hard. Tell 'em

One of the interesting features of the dog drills is that which teaches them what to do after a conflict. The proper duty of the war dogs then is to accompany the search party, and to range over the fields to ascer-tain the whereabouts of the wounded and to them. In the drills sham battles are fought, and then soldiers pretend to be killed or wounded. The dogs are trained to single out the different ones needing assist-The result of the talk with "The Cactus" found its way about in Cinnabar, and in less than an hour bore its hateful fruit. The peaceful quiet of the Gold Mine saloon, ance, and to lead the surviving members t

their side. For sentinal duty one of the first lessons is to preserve absolute silence, and instead of announcing the approach of an enemy by furious barking to intimate their discoveries by low growls, or even by gestures, which some of the highly-bred ones do. The German dogs are taught to distinguish the different uniforms so well that they give the signal of alarm on the approach of anyone clothed in foreign dress. The dog's sense of smell is exquisite, and his hearing is much more delicate than that of man, and sentry dogs are thus particularly useful at

The most difficult part of the training is to make the war dogs good carriers of mes-sages. It is essential that they should be able to carry the dispatches as well by night as by day, and long patient training is re-quired for this work. In fact, they do this work better by night than by day, for then no interruption from soldiers or other obstacles can delay them in their journey.

After the dogs have once learned the way between two points they can always trave swiftly between them on the darkest of

The German war dogs used for messenger have small collars around their necks, and to these strong packet-holders are attached, in which messages can be securely locked. Another use is to carry ammunition to the soldiers in the heat of the battle. Dogs are naturally disinclined to stand, fire, and the chief difficulty to overcome is to make them fearless and careless of the noise around. Experiments have been made which show that as soon as their propensity to turn and run when the rifles begin to crack is overcome, the work is comparatively easy to train them to run up and down the line, stopping whenever a soldier calls for them, and then returning again to get a fresh sup-

ply of ammunition.

It is the natural vigilance of the dogs which makes them desirable for war purposes, and it is supposed that if each sentinel has his dog no sudden surprise at night would be possible. In a reconnaissance the dogs run on in advance and signal the presence Cactus" would return in a week.
"Goin' for her weddin' troosee most likey," said Armstrong as he gazed after the "Let's drink to the hope she gets a red dress," said Tutt. "Set out all your bottles, barkeeper, an' don't let nary man renig. run on in advance and signal the presence of the enemy, no matter where concealed, and generally when he is at a considerable distance away. Dogs are to be used in the advance of an army or regiment to prevent blundering into an ambuscade, and in flanking support they are likewise required for service. Again, they will be used to bring up the rear guard to prevent sudden attacks from behind, and, when in camp, they will be regularly stationed around the outposts to give timely warning of approaching danger. No one seemed to know the intentions of "The Cactus," The shooting had in no wise disturbed her. That may have been her obdurate heart or it may have come from a familiarity with the evanescent enced not the least concern touching the condition of her brace of lovers wounded

Better Than Pigeons and Balloons. Another service to which they have been trained by the Germans and Russians is to carry messages to the forts and outposts along the frontiers, and so useful are they in this respect that whole regiments of trained dogs are kept in constant practice in times of peace. Many of these frontier posts

times of peace. Many of these frontier posts are unconnected by wires, and the dogs carry communications much faster than horses. In cold weather taey are canable of traveling over ground and through dangers which any other message-bearer could not surmount. A war dog will swim a river which a man on horseback would find very troublesome. In the same way in times of trouble the war dogs would be able to carry nessages to different parts of the army where every other method might fail. The homing pigeons and balloons are far more uncertain than the dogs in delivering messages. The former can easily be run down by flerce falcons and bawks, trained for this purpose, and the latter are always subject to the wind and weather; but the dogs, with their natural intelligence and suporb training, could pass through a lonely part of the country, avoiding everybody, and if necessary fight for a free passage through a protected picket.

George E. Walsh.

GEORGE E. WALSH. FURNITURE packed and shipped. Su HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water st.



A FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

## BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs." "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Unorna drew one deep breath when she first heard her name fall with a loving accent from the Wanderon's lips. Surely the bitterness of despair was past, since she was loved and not called Beatrice. The sigh that came then, was of relief already felt, the forerunner, as she fancied, too, of a hapthe forerunner, as she fancied, too, of a hap-piness no longer dimmed by shadows of fear and mists of rising remorse. Gazing into his eyes, she seemed to be watching in their It is so hard to remember anything when I reflection a magic change. She had been Bestrice to him, Unorna to herself, but now the transformation was at hand-now it was come. For him she loved, and who loved her, she was Unorna even to the name, in her own thoughts she had taken the dark woman's face. She had risked all upon the chances of one throw and she had won. So long as he had called her by another's name, the bitterness had been as gall mingled in

and blending, too, with a self not hers.
"And the sun has risen, indeed," she added presently.
"Am I the sun, dear?" he asked, fore-tasting the delight of listening to her simple answer.

one, an emblem of Unorna's self, mixing

"You are the sun, beloved, and when you shine my eyes can see nothing else in

look at you."
"Beatrice-Unorna—anything," came the answer, softly murmuring. "Anything, dear, any name, any face, any voice, if only I am I, and you are you, and we two love! Both, neither, anything—do the blessed souls in a Paradise know their own "You are right-what does it matter?

Why should you need a name at all, since I have you with me always? It was well once—it served me when I prayed for you the wine of love. But now, that, too, was gone. She felt that it was complete at last.



UNORNA'S VISION.

Her golden head sank peacefully upon his smith's mark upon his jewel stamps the shoulder in the morning light.

"You have been long in coming, love,"

"You need no sign like that to show me she said, only half consciously, have come, as I dreamed-it is perfect now. There is nothing wanting any more."
"It is all full, all real, all perfect," he

"And there is to be no more parting,

"Neither here or afterwards, beloved." "Then this is afterwards. Heaven has nothing more to give. What is heaven? The meeting of those who love—as we have met. have forgotten what it was to live before you came-"For me there is nothing to remember

"That day when you fell ill," Unorna said
"the loneliness, the fear for you—"
Unorna searcely knew that it had not

been she who had parted from him so long ago. Yet she was playing a part, and in the semi-consciousness of her deep self-illusion it all seemed as real as a vision in a dream so often dreamed that it has become part of the dreamer's life. Those who fall part of the dreamer's life. Those who fall by slow degrees under the power of the all-destroying opium remember yesterday as being very far, very long past, and recall faint memories of last year as though a century had lived and perished since then, seeing confusedly in their own lives the lives of others, and other existences in their very live is a longer to the lives of the lives of others, and other existences in their own, until identity is almost gone in the endless transmigration of their souls from the shadow in one dream-tale to the wrath of themselves that dreams the next. So, in that hour, Unorna drifted through the changing scenes that a word had power to call up, scarce able, and wholly unwilling, to distinguish between the real and her maginary self. What matter how? What matter where? The very questions which at first she had asked herself came now but faintly as out of an immeasurable distance, and always more faintly still. They died away in her ears, as when, after long waiting and felter to the state of the state o ing, and false starts, and turnings back and anxious words exchanged, the great race is at last begun, the swift, long limbs, are gathered, and stretched and strained, and gathered again, the thunder of flying hoofs is in the air, and the rider, with low hands, and head inclined and eyes bent forward, hears the last anxious words of parting counsel tremble and die in the rush of the wind behind.

She had really loved him throughout all those years, she had really sought him and mourned for him, and longed for a sight of is face, they had really parted and had eally found each other but a short hour since, there was no Beatrice, but Unorna, and no Unorna, but Beatrice, for they were one and indivisible and interchangeable as e glance of a man's two eyes that look on one fair sight; each sees alone, the same-but seeing together the sight grows doubly

"And all the sadness, where is it now?" she asked. "And all the emptiness of that long time? It never was, my love—it was yesterday we met. We parted yesterday to meet to-day. Say it was yesterday-the little word can undo seven years."

"It seems like yesterday," he answered.
"Indeed, I can almost think so, now, for
was all night between. But not quite dark, as night is sometimes. It was a night full of stars—each star was a thought of you that burned softly and showed me where heaven was. And darkest night, they say, means coming morning—so when the stars went out I knew the sun must rise."

The words fell from her lips naturally.

To her it seemed true that she had indeed waited long and hoped and thought of him. And it was not all false. Ever since her childhood she had been told to wait, for her love would come and would come only once. And so it was true, and the dream grew sweeter and the illusion of the enchantment more enchanting still. For it was en-chantment and a spell that bound them together there among the flowers, the droop-ing palms, the graceful tropic plants and the shadowy leaves. And still the day rose higher but still the lamps burned on, fed by the silent, mysterious current that never tires, blending a real light with an unreal what you are," said she,

"Nor I to tell me you are in my heart." he answered. "It was a foolish spee Would you have me wise now?" "If wisdom is love-yes. If not-," She

"Then folly?" "Then folly, madness, anything—so that this last, as last it must, or I shall die!" "And why should it not last? Is there any reason, in earth or heaven, why we two should part? If there is-I will make that reason itself folly, and madness and unrea-son. Dear, do not speak of this not last-ing. Die, you say? Worse, far worse; as much as eternal death is worse than bodily dying. Last? Does anyone know what forever means, if we do not? Die we must, in these dying bodies of ours, but part—no. Love has burned the cruel sense out of that word, and bleached its blackness white. We wounded the devil, parting, with one kiss, we killed him with the next-this buries

him-ah, love, how sweet-. There was neither resistance nor the thought of resisting. Their lips met and were withdrawn, only that their eyes might drink again the draught the lips had tasted, drink again the draught the rips had usted, long draughts of sweetness and liquid light and love unfathomable. And in the interval of speech half false, the truth of what was all true welled up from the clear depths and overflowed the falseness, till it grew falser and more fleeting still—as a thing lying deep in a bright water casts up a distorted image on refracted rays. Glance and kiss, when two love, are as

casts up a distorted image on refracted rays. body and soul, supremely human and trans-cendently divine. The look alone, when the lips cannot meet, is but the disembodied spirit, beautiful even in its sorrow, sad despairing, saying "ever," and yet sighing "never," tasting and knowing all the bitterness of both. The kiss without the glance? The body without the soul? The mo thing without the undying thought? D down the thick veil and hide the sight, devils sicken at it, and lest man should loathe himself for what man can be. Truth or untruth, their love was real, hers

as much as his. She remembered only what goal might be, now that it had come, she guessed even then, but she would not ask. Was there never a marryr in old times more human than the rest, who turned back, for love perhaps, if not for fear, and said that for love's sake life was still sweet, and brought a milk-white dove to Aphrodite's altar, or dropped a rose before Demeter's feet? There must have been, for man is man, and woman woman, and if in the next month, or even the next year, or after many years, that youth or maid took heart to bear a Christian death, was there no forgiveness, no sign of holy cross upon the sandstone in the deep laby-rinth of graves, no crown, no sainthood and no reverent memory of his name or hers among those of men and women worthier, perhaps, but not more suffering.

No one can kill Self. No one can be al-No one can kill self. No one can be ac-together another, save in the passing passion of a moment's acting. I—in that syllable lies the whole history of each human life, in that history lies the individuality, in the clear and true conception of that individuality, dwells such joint foreknowledge of the future as we can have, such vague solution as to us is impossible of that vast equation in which all quantities are unknown save that alone, that I which we know as we can know nothing else.
"Bury it!" she said. "Bury that part-

ing—the thing, the word and the thought— bury it with all others of its kind, with bury it with all others of its kind, with change and old age, and stealing indifference, and growing coldness, and all that canker's love—bury them all, together, in one wide, deep grave—then build on it the house of what we are—"
"Change? Indifference? I do not know those words," the Wanderer said. "Have they been in your dream, love? They have never been in mine."

He spoke tenderly, but with the faintest echo of sadness in his voice. The mere sug-