[TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

There was one time a peasant who was so miserly that, although possessing great wealth, he would allow himself but one good meal a week. At other times, when craving food and suffering from hunger, he would lock himself in the room where he kept his treasure, and letting the gold pieces fall through his fingers on the table, he would listen to the merry jingle and say: "Is not that sweet music, and while listening to it can one think of hunger? With this gold I could buy bread, meat and wine such as Kings have; but in a short time the food would be gone and my money too. No, no; I shall keep my gold and enjoy its pleasant jingle."

The peasant's little cottage stood at the foot of a high hill, far from any town or city; but this place pleased the money-loving man; for he had no visitors to entertain, and no shops near to tempt him to part with his precious gold. The peasant lived alone, with the exception of his only child, little Adele, who milked the cow, took care of the house, and, on Sundays, cooked the dinner for her father. In the evening, after the milking was done, the peasant would give his daughter a bowl of milk and a little bread, which would be all the food she would have until the next evening. Often the little girl thought she would run away to the city, where she might find employment, and earn enough at least to buy bread. But the distance was great and she did not know the way. So Adele remained with the miserly peasant, always hoping that something would happen to make her life brighter.

Not far from the cottage stood a great rock, under which was the entrance to the dwarf kingdom. These gay little people roamed over the hills and valleys, and no one knew anything about them. One day, however, the dwarf King's daughter became very ill, and the King, fearing lest his child should die, called a counsel of all his subjects to know what should be done for the suffering Princess. One little dwarf, who was so old that he seemed to have lived ever since the world was made, said: "There is but one cure for the King's daughter. She must drink a glass of milk, which must be given just at midnight, and by some one who will at the same time send a kind message to the sufferer."

All the dwarfs dearly loved the kind Princess, and although the ground was covered deep with snow, they started out in quest of the milk. No one expected the peasant would aid them, and all, with one exception, ran as fast as they could past his house. But Knipps thought: "Perhaps when the peasant hears of our distress, his hard heart will soften, and he will help us."

And just as the little clock on the mantel was striking 12, the dwarf knocked at the cottage door. The peasant sprang up, thinking someone had come to rob him of his wealth, and grasping a stout club, he opened the door only a tiny crack and said: "Who comes at this hour to disturb a poor old man?"

Knipps told of their trouble, and begged the peasant that he would give the milk, and send a kind message to the princess. "What do I care for your king or his daughter?" asked the man, "take some of the gold which you have hidden in your caves, and buy milk for your princess, and do not bother me at this time of the night."

He then shut the door with a bang, and the dwarf turned sadly away. But Adele had heard the conversation, and when, after his harsh words her father had closed the door, she sprang from her bed, and opening the window of her room, called softly: "Little dwarf, come here. I think I can help you."

In an instant Knipps was at the window, and handing Adele a small golden flask, which he carried, begged that she would fill it with milk. Bringing forth the bowl which contained all of her meager supply, the little girl poured the entire contents into the dwarf's flask, and then said: "Tell the Princess that Adele sends her this milk, and hopes that it will make her strong and well."

"With many thanks, and promises of eternal friendship, Knipps departed. It was as the old dwarf had said. As soon as the Princess heard Adele's kind message, and had tasted the milk, she at once began to grow strong, and was soon quite well again. In the meantime the peasant, after he had refused the dwarf's request, went back to his bed and thought: "Those dwarfs are a thieving people, and doubtless are trying to find out where I keep my treasure, in order that they may steal it. I am glad that I have gotten rid of them so easily."

The next morning when the miser was walking through the forest he saw a great company of dwarfs, led by Knipps, coming toward him. Each one had his arms full of snowballs, and they began to pelt the peasant, and cried at the same time: "You have always wanted gold. Gold you shall have, and gold shall bury you."

The old man now noticed that as the balls struck him they became flakes of gold, and soon a large heap was about him. With a glad cry he hastened home for a bag in which to put his treasure. When the peasant had picked up every grain of the precious metal, he put the heavy bag upon his shoulder and started to the city, where he would exchange the gold for money. The snow was deep, the distance was great, and when the man reached the city he was almost exhausted by the weight of his burden. When he had made his trade with the goldsmith and received the shining coins, he thought: "Now, I am richer than the King. Shall I not buy myself a good meal?"

But when he had looked again at the money he said: "No, I am not hungry, and this gold is better than food."

He then started on his way home, and as he traveled over the long, lonely road, he became weak and weary, and wished for bread with which to satisfy his hunger. Finally, overcome from fatigue and lack of food, he sank to the ground and died. Then came the dwarfs in great numbers, and buried him deep under the snow and covered him with the gold which had cost him his life.

In the little cottage at the foot of the hill, Adele waited in vain for the return of her father. Many times she looked out into the stormy night thinking to see him plodding through the snow. She milked the cow, and being very hungry, she ate her own supper and that which she had prepared for her father. Then fearing lest the peasant would return and punish her she crept into bed were she soon fell fast asleep, and did not waken until morning. But the peasant did not come the next day nor the next, and during the remainder of the winter Adele lived alone and was really happier than when her father had been with her; for he had always been unkind, and never seemed to love her. Yet the little girl always expected him to return, and did not dare to touch the gold which he had left. One day she said to herself: "When spring comes, if father is not here, I shall wait no longer. I shall take the money and go to some city; for I am lonely here, and this cottage is a very uncomfortable home." So the spring came; but the peasant did not return, and Adele decided that she would leave the home, where she had so little pleasure, to seek a new one.

On the night when she thought to sleep in the cottage for the last time, as she was making ready for her journey the next day, suddenly she heard sounds of music and singing. The walls of the old house creaked and groaned. And a few moments later Adele found herself in the hall of a large mansion, and around her was a group of dwarfs, who said: "We have not forgotten how you aided us in our trouble, and as a reward for your kindness, we give you this home, with horses and chariots, fields and meadows, and servants to obey your every wish."

It was all as the dwarfs had said, and Adele lived happily and contentedly in her beautiful home, until a noble prince came and carried her, as his bride, to his father's palace. PAYSIE.

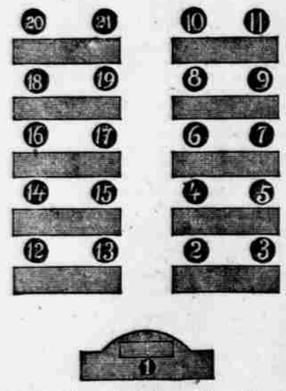
WHEN HE WAS HUNGRY HE FINGERED HIS GOLD.

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly—Home Amusements.

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, *Lewistown, Maine.*

1565—A SCHOOL OF CELEBRITIES.



In a certain part of the world, not clearly stated on the map, is a curious school, which I was fortunate enough to be enabled to visit. One fine day I presented myself at the door and was ushered in by the author of "Hail Columbia" (7). The United States Government (1), who sat at the teacher's desk, greeted me cordially and ordered the "Little Giant" (2) to hand me a chair. The class in history had just been called, and was about to proceed, when the "Wizard of the North" (17) came shuffling in, and was sentenced to ten minutes' standing on one foot for tardiness, as was also the "first white child born in America" (18) and the "Iron Duke" (19), who followed close after.

"Who discovered America?" was asked.

The "King-maker" (6), who stood first, thought it might have been Davy Crockett, but was quickly told by the next pupil—the founder of the Grand Army of the Republic (3)—that George Washington did. The question was passed to the "Hero of the Dark Continent (4), who had some idea that he had done the feat himself, and then to the "First Postmaster General of the United States (5), without being correctly answered. They were sent to their seats in disgrace.

The class in music was then called, and the inventor of the Merrimac (8) caroled "Annie Rooney" very creditably, the author of "I Came, I Saw, I Conquered" (9), and the "Master of the House of Gold" (20) coming in very strong on the chorus. The "Heroine Lucknow" (13) performed on the comb, while the "Finder of the True Cross" (15) hummed an alto. The "Father of History" (14) rose and sung "Home, Sweet Home," and the class in geography was called. The author of "One Tongue Enough for a Woman" (16) proceeded to talk for himself and all the rest about the earth's rotundity, and, time pressing, I took my departure, leaving him and the "Scourge of God" (21) in a hot debate with the "Sage of Monticello" (12), Buff Hal (10), and the author of "Liberty and Union," now and forever, one and inseparable. MRS. C. R. S.

1566—RIDDLE.

You often see us resting under table, sofa, chair,
Who search for burglars 'neath the bed, may chance to spy us there;
All housekeepers our virtues know; we save them work galore;
Yet this is all we ever do—we roll upon the floor.

So lowly is our station, and so quiet are our ways,
You hardly ever notice us, or think to speak our praise;
If one day we went away, our loss you would deplore,
And wish you had us back again to roll upon the floor. M. C. S.

1567—THE CAMPER'S PARADISE.

There is a certain cluster of mountains much frequented by tourists, and it would seem that one might camp there and have many of the conveniences of civilization. For instance, if one wishes to do a washing there, he will find, ready made, an article laundresses use for smoothing clothing. When dishes are to be washed, there is a box-like article at which the operator may stand while washing them. If thirsty, the means for quenching the thirst may be found near at hand. Does one camper wish to make a formal call on another, the little piece of stiff, rectangular paper is there for him to take with him. If he goes nutting, he will find a bag in which to bring home his nuts. There, too, he may find a large boat in which to float down the stream. If he may wish to try his skates, behold! there is the building in which to wear them. There, too, may be found the hard substance such as abounds in all mountains.

But among all these conveniences there is one drawback: for among these mountains is always to be found the man who has conceived some wild scheme, and makes it the business of his life to talk of it to others and try to bring them to his way of thinking. ETHYL.

1568.—CURTAILMENT.

It is a *whole*, to see a *prime*
The place of merit take,
And make pretence for its short time,
And expectations wake.

Sooner or later, every *one*
The light of day must face;
And then its fleeting race is run,
And empty is its place. BITTER SWEET.

1569.—SAMBO'S CONUNDRUM.

Sambo and Pompey were lounging idly in the shade of a large tree one warm day. Having nothing to do, they were doing it with great diligence. A small dog was brisking playfully among the shrubbery, and the house cat in sleepy content, sat watching him. At length Sambo with a great effort, inquired: "Say, Pompey, why am de cat so much more sedate dan de dog?" ETHYL.

1570—MUTATION.

Sad the wail of winter's gale
Rises and falls,
As the fading ray of dying day
Homeward calls.
Silent long is the wood-bird's song,
Idle is the plow;
Waving trees, mid summer's breeze,
Have "*no buds now.*" ALDINE.

1571—DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Apropos. 3. Stripped off. 4. A degree of honor. 5. Associated in business. (obs.) 6. Procuring. 7. Any species of permanent property. 8. To discompose. 9. The concluding clause of a writ. 10. A prefix denoting separation. 11. A letter. GWENDOLINE.

1572—CHARADE.

Poets who delight in *alls*,
S ng of brooks and waterfalls,
Of a maiden with a crook,
Of her lover with a book,
Of the *second* voice of trees,
Many men and women please.

Poets who dwell in the *one*,
And the present always shun,
Sing rare tales of chivalry,
Tales of conquests wild and free,
Days of license more than law,
Many lawless natures draw.

But the poet whose rare art
Shows the subtle human heart,
Be he denizen of fields
Or of cities, for me yields
More delight than scenery,
Howe'er well set forth it be. BITTER SWEET.

1573.—NUMERICAL.

A 1 2 3 4 southern looking man came down the street of a small village and nearly 2 3 4 of the people were wondering who he might be. "4 5!" exclaimed one old lady. "5 6!" said another. "5 6 7!" laughed a young one, "whoever he is he 6 7 8, I suppose, 7 8 much right to walk these streets as any of us. Not even a poor 7 8 9, with its heavy load, can go through the streets without arousing the curiosity of some who wish to know the particulars of everything they 9 10 11." Then she smiled and blushed as she said to herself, "They little know that he is my lover who has come all the way from 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 on purpose to see me." MRS. E.

1574—CURTAILED DECAPITATION.

All glossy hair,
Or dark or fair,
Or curly, waved, or straight,
If dressed with care,
Conveys an air,
Both modest and sedate.

Midst it should rest,
Like bird on nest,
Becoming hat or toque;
And brow so pressed
Needs not a crest
Its fairness to evoke. A. S.

ANSWERS.

1554—Manhattan Island.
1555—1. Felicity. 2. Infelicity.
1556—Oab-leg-ram.
1557—Goat sucker.
1558—Late, tale.
1559—Strode, trode, rode, ode, de, e.
1560— C A C O E T H E S
A V E R S I O N
C E R A T E D
O R A T O R
E S T O P
T I E R
H O D
E N
S
1561—Teeth.
1562—Wax-works.
1563—Lager, regal.
1564—Circular-arc, curl.

A THUNDERBOLT MAKES GLASS.

How the Tube Known as Fulgurite Is Manufactured.

New York Journal.]

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist recently. "Well, here is the case which once inclosed a flash of lightning, fitting it exactly, so that you can just see how big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though it took only a fraction of a second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silicia in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms at once a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now and then such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly 30 feet; they vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash.

"But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth and frequently existing merely as a thin, glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of little Ararat in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottle-green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the National Museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the teredo, the holes made by the worm subsequently filled with glass.

"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt on the high Nevada de Toluca in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass. Its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

La Grippe Prevented.

La grippe is positively prevented and relieved by the use of Aunt Rachel's Herb Pad. During the prevalence of the disease last year thousands of these pads were worn with universal satisfaction. The aroma or vapor from the pad, arising in front of the mouth and nose, changes the nature of the air breathed into the lungs and is a preventive as well as a cure. Price $2. Made and sold by Aunt Rachel Pad Company, Alfred Speer, President, Passaic, N. J. Send for one at once. wsu

A RIDE WITH RUSKIN.

Wakeman Has a Lively Encounter With the Great Englishman.

A MIGHTY INTELLECT IN DECLINE.

Proposed Visit to Brantwood Spoiled by a Face at the Window.

DROPPING IN ON A BIG GIPSY CAMP

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BOWNESS, ENGLAND, May 22.—The entire year of 1888 was passed by me in wandering among the peasantry of Ireland, with the exception of a few days' visit with friends in Northern Lancashire, England. Journeying from Carnforth to Ulvertson, I entered a railway carriage in which sat a man muffled to his ears in wraps and rugs.

My presence and especially my having left open the window of the close compartment made him uneasy. He snorted and fidgeted for a time, conveying by undeniable token his intense displeasure. Then, making a deliberate grab at the window strap, he hurled the sash back in its place with a crash, and, as he gave his wrappings a tempestuous swirl to replace them, snarled at me:

"Do all Americans live out of doors?"

"All," I responded cheerily, "save those living in tepees and tents. We haven't time to build houses. We like it. It's our way."

My companion instantly shot two spare legs wide apart out of the rugs; leaned a thin body and face far forward as if to make his passionate glare the more effective; and, cutting a swift, large circle in the firmament os the musty compartment with the index finger of his skinny right hand, piped in a vociferous treble:

Spurred Into Classic Rage.

"It is not your way, sir; it is God's way. You Americans would assume the credit of creation's cosmic plan. Even if you lived as you falsely assert, you would be unaware of the dignity you unconsciously, or impudently, assumed. Supreme intelligence wedded to supreme simplicity are alone competent to the realization of eternal Truth!"

I acceded to all this so quickly and eagerly that it seemed in a manner to shatter my nervous companion. He slid back upon his seat in such a helpless sort of way, that I at once gathered the man and his wrappings together; soothingly adjusted the latter; and was relieved of some anxiety to find in a little time, as evidenced by certain rhapsodical snorings, that he had passed over, if but temporarily, into the poppy-land of dreams.

This gave me an opportunity to gratify an almost imperative curiosity. I went so far as to examine his hand luggage. The plain Roman initials "J. R." were all I found stamped upon antiquated portmanteau and rustier handbag. But over in the corner of his seat was a neat brown paper parcel, which might have held a bit of untouched lunch; and I saw on this the startling legend: "For Mr. Ruskin."

Not a Face for a Happy Heart.

When John Ruskin awoke, we could both look out of the compartment window and see the tide sweeping in from Morecambe Bay across the Leven Sands. It seemed to please him, and his large gray eyes flashed brightly under the grizzly brows with a light that transformed his pinched face into something like kindly radiance. But I do not believe it was the face, despite his imperial fame in the realm of art and letters, that had ever stood between the world and a happy heart since that long ago time when the mystery of his life left him in wifeless and childless isolation.

Some impulse of companionship led him to question me closely and without ceremony regarding myself and my then literary work in Ireland. I answered him honestly, addressing him by his name, and expressing regret that Englishmen like him would not do as I had done—visit the lowly of Ireland in every part of Ireland with an honest purpose of discovering misgovernment and its deplorable results, and protesting against it in high places where it would be heard. This threw him into another paroxysm of rage in which he gave vent to language I would not care to repeat, the tenor of which may be shown by his closing objurgation, repeated again and again, "Guns, not government, for Ireland!"

Received a Very Vigorous Reply.

Mr. Ruskin, or no Mr. Ruskin, I would not sit silent under that, and at all risks denounced his barbarous Toryism so roundly, pointed out his own inexcusable and wholly ignorant malignity with such daring, and illustrated his lack of humanity, while famous before the world as a prophet of illimitable tenderness and charity, the logical outgrowth of his endless battle for the worship of nature, truth and God, with such unspairing recklessness, that its very audacity, or some manner of kindly introspection, calmed him, just as the train slackened its speed at Ulverston. Here when I hastily left the carriage with a curt "Good day, sir!" he called to me to return. Reaching his thin hand out to me he gave my own a hearty grasp, and said most graciously and friendly:

"Bear away a kinder thought of me. You have been very plain, sir; but you have done me good. I am not well, sir; not well at all. But I like any man who is not afraid of me. I'll think about Ireland. Come to my home at Brantwood, any time at your pleasure."

The grizzled face had everything human and good in it as he spoke. I thanked him; said I would come; and hurried away in the crowd; but with the then many conflicting emotions in my mind, I said to my welcoming friend at Ulverston, as I mentioned my ride with the famous Englisman, "If it had not been John Ruskin, I should have regarded the man insane."

A Sad Scene at Brantwood.

"John Ruskin?" he added sententiously. "Oh, everybody up Lancashire way knows he's always been crazy!"

Before I could visit Brantwood it was known to all that the cloud which is seldom lifted had dimmed the great man's intellect. But a little time ago the cable told American people that he had attempted to take his own life.

Brantwood itself as seen from the highway seems like a single facade of gray old stone, set in a hanging wood against the verdure-covered mountain escarpment. As I stood there for a time drinking in the beauty of the spot and the quaint simplicity of the structure a face appeared at the window. Then another was seen beside it. The latter was big and rosy. It was the face of a keeper. The former was deathly white, features, hair and beard. It was pressed against the pane as if with the meaningless impulse of a babe. In a moment more two white claw-like hands were raised. These clutched nervously at the bars of the sash. The whole picture was that as if the living shade of Ruskin for an instant implored for release for imprisonment; despairingly exerted a last feeble struggle for liberty; voicelessly but eloquently cried out to God for flight beyond the misty purples of the far mountains to the Ultima Thule of eternal rest. I could not bear to see it longer; and heart-sick from the frightful picture and its dolorous suggestions, made hasty flight from Brantwood; forsaking the pleasant highway and plunging bravely towards Windermere over the rugged Furness Fells.

A Large English Gipsy Camp.

In three hours' time, I suddenly came to the edge of a circular dell or dingle, at the western descent into Dalepark, about two miles from the southern end of Esthwaite Water. A tiny ghyll leaped the edge where I stood, into the dale below, plowed its way in a spumy "force" through the little hollow, and leaped out again in the direction of Esthwaite Water; and I saw that the only entrance to the strange basin was alongside the latter waterfall. I also saw in the little dell, nestled along either side of the foaming "force," the round, brown hooded tents of the largest Gipsy camp I had ever come upon in England.

As for upwards of a quarter of a century any Gipsy camp in any land or clime where I have found it has been my home as long as I wished to tarry, and it was already late in the afternoon, I was not long in making a circuit of the fell-brow, clambering down the sides of the little glen entrance—where I saw that a seldom used way led through protecting larches to the Patterdale highway—and securing a hearty welcome from those of my tawny Rommany friends who were biding beside the smoldering campfires.

Busy Scenes Around the Tents.

There were but few in camp at this hour of the day. These were the very old men who were pothering at all manner of tinkering upon broken donkey carts, donkey gear that required mending, and pans, pots and kettles which were being renewed in true tin-smith style for peasant housewives roundabout; many young chauvies (Gipsy children) that were at all sorts of rustic children's games; and the gaunt old spae-wives, too old for the labors and artifices of the road, who still always serve to hold the reins of good government in any Gipsy camp well in hand, while bravely preparing the evening meals against the younger wanderers' return.

During the interval I had leisure for examination of the picturesque camp and time for learning much of the ways and annual journeyings of this particularly large single community of English Gipsies. There were 16 tents. I knew that meant housing for from a score to two score Gipsies. They were indiscriminately scattered along the little stream over whose channel, cut in the solid rock, one could anywhere step or leap. The dingle comprised perhaps 80 acres of land. The part chosen for the camp was always a patch of sunlight, which Gipsies dearly love.

Descendants of Noted Families.

Here were representatives of all the Enlish Gipsy families of note—the Whartons, Stanleys, Reynolds, Smiths, Brewers and the Falls, Baileys and Boswells, descendants from the Scottish Gipsies of Yetholm by intermarriages of generations ago. They were all originally potters and packers. Their former permanent home was in Westmoreland and Cumberland. In olden times they made all the rude delft ware used by the Umbrian peasantry, and by journeyings into Staffordshire brought back in their carts over the old Liverpool, Manchester and Carlisle coach road much of the better ware; even trading in "Mintons" and "Wedgewoods" at the houses of the Umbrian gentry and nobility. Now they have their winter homes in Liverpool, Birmingham and Lancaster, and before the snowdrops and primroses are showing their pale lusters besides the English lakes, the Gipsies are back there in their old haunts; many of the men dickering and trading at the Umbrian fairs, and often buying and shipping horses to Manchester and Liverpool; some pursuing their ancient calling at tinkering and osier work; and the women selling willow ware and trinkets, and reaping rich harvests and dukkering (fortune telling) among the Umbrian dames and the less credulous but more generous tourists who throng the lovely region.

The Genuine Gipsy Belongings.

I had not been in a Gipsy camp since my last year's brief wanderings with the Rommany in our own loved land; and it was like a delicious home-coming to see the genuine Gipsy belongings that were here. There were the rude forges that could be slung under the creaking carts. There, innumerable odds and ends of the real tinker's craft. There, the camp fires, which, low as they may smolder, are never allowed to wholly go out, because they represent a lingering loyal trace of old Aryan fire worship. There, crouching by cart or tent or fire or on haunches at the glen entrance, as if sentineling the glad eventide return of absent masters, were the brave, loyal, gaunt and voiceless Gipsy dogs. Here and there the kettle sticks—not the stage tripods which burlesque Gipsy reality, but the strong, sacredly prized, crooked iron kettle sticks—with their sizzling pots beneath. While here and there, but always facing each other and the fires between, were the real tents of the Rommany; hoods rather than tents; woolen blankets, like our grandmothers' stout old sheets, stretched over oaken bows, and fastened with polished oaken skewers; all so snug and strong that no ordinary storm can wreck this tiny Gipsy home. And I knew that my bed this night would be beneath one of these, on piles of sweet rushes from the silent tarns above, mingled with fragrant fronds of larch and fir.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

LIKE TO BE HUMBUGGED.

What a Woman Physician Says About the Wants of Patients.

New York Evening Sun.]

A woman physician in the city told a most remarkable thing a day or two ago. "It takes a deal of conscientiousness to keep a physician from becoming a quack," she said. "It's such an easy thing to quack when you know your patient wants you to, and that because the patient wants it, it would perhaps be beneficial in the end. By quacking I mean resorting to clap-trap and unscientific methods, such as the faith-cure and its like. No one but a physician has any idea how great a demand there is for this among intelligent people.

"They don't want the honest, straightforward exhibition of the action of drugs on the body. They want a mystery about it, an exhibition of healing as a divine force—something that appeals to the imagination. And because it's a subject for the imagination the demand comes not from the ignorant and unthinking, but from the most intelligent and best-informed people.

"I have known some of the most logical and clear-headed people in this city to offer such a resistance to scientific rational measures in medical treatment and insist so strongly upon some illegitimate and inadequate course, as to put the honest physician's patience to its last resort.

"It isn't quite that they like to be humbugged. They don't know it by that, though the physician does. They want something for the imagination to work on. And that's the stronghold of the quack practitioner. It takes an honest man or woman to practice medicine honestly."

A Very Funny Incident.

New York Telegram.]

There was a very funny incident connected with a fire in a milliner's shop in Brooklyn recently, which somehow or other did not get into print. The proprietress is fair, fat and 50 and highly excitable. On the discovery of the fire she made a rush for the showcase to save some bonnets. She got inside, and before she was aware of it, the door had swung to and had locked her securely in. And then the fun began. The case was in full view of the crowd, who began to guy and chaff her. No key could be found to fit the snap lock, so the firemen carried the case and its contents across the street, where the crowd began a war dance around the unfortunate lady. Finally, in sheer desperation, the old lady broke the glass and made good her escape amid the cheers of the assembled crowd.

Rheumatism.

Rheumatism is an inflammatory disease; sometimes beginning suddenly, sometimes coming on very gradually, for which Pe-ru-na is a never-failing remedy. It has been tested in all forms of rheumatism, and it is no exaggeration to say that Pe-ru-na is a specific for it. It neutralizes the acidity of the blood and lessens the fever and thirst. Pe-ru-na applied hot to the joints soothes the pain and reduces the swelling. No other medicine is needed to treat this universal and dangerous disease, either to quiet the pain, remove the swelling, cleanse the blood of acid accumulations, or guard against heart complications, than Pe-ru-na. Those wishing a complete description of rheumatism, acute and chronic, and spring disorders, should send their address to The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, O., for a copy of The Family Physician No. 3, which will be sent free.

ESTIMATES furnished by sample at residence on furniture re-upholstery.
su HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water st.

HUNTING WILD GOAT.

An Exciting Sport to Be Enjoyed on an Isle of the Pacific.

CAPTURES FROM A HORSE'S BACK.

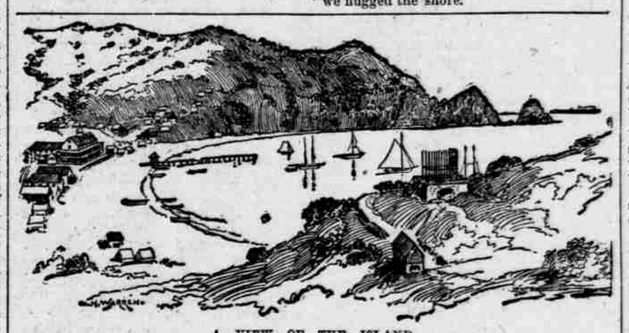
Animals Placed on Rocky Catalina for Shipwrecked Sailors.

SHOTS MADE FROM BOATS IN THE SEA

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

AMONG the picturesque features of Southern California are its islands, especially those of the Santa Barbara group and Santa Catalina, the latter lying off Los Angeles, 30 miles distant. Rodriguez, the early explorer, mentions the island in his memoirs, describing it as being densely populated with Indians. He also dwells upon its many beauties.

Catalina is the gem of the Santa Barbara channel and the largest of the islands, being 23 miles long and from 2 to 4 wide, and almost separated by a narrow isthmus at its northern portion. It lies parallel to the coast, extending north and south, and rises abruptly and precipitously from the ocean. From a distance of 60 miles the island looms up, two of its peaks, between 2,000 and 3,000 feet high, being especially noticeable. From the highest of these a grand and impressive view stretches away. The island appears to be a perfect jumble of peaks, the original range being cut by innumerable canyons, worn away by the rains of centuries, their sides in turn divided and rent by smaller gulches or canyons.



A VIEW OF THE ISLAND.

A Near Approach to Paradise.

It is a habit of the enthusiast to label every attractive place paradise, but if the term should be attached to this western island one would hardly gainsay it from a climatic standpoint. The breezes from the blue ocean come laden with the odor of a thousand flowers. From the deep canyons and the bits of mesa land the musical notes of the plumed quail call to its mate in the chaparral, while the melody of the lark and other birds add to the charm of the surroundings. Descending into the center of the island, its charm increased. The air was soft, balmy and clear as a bell; a subtle something suggesting the perfection of climatic conditions which is here almost attained.

The trail led down a canyon lined with flowering shrubs, at the bottom of which a clear stream ran tumbling into the sea. I followed it until my horse could move no further; then crept down the brook bed until I looked through a deep gap and saw the clouds of mist sweeping in from the sea and heard the bark of the sea-lion. Making my way to near the summit again I rode within a few feet of the edge of the western border, and looked down perhaps 1,200 feet. The drop was almost perpendicular, so much so that a stone tossed from the back of my sure-footed mountain pony fell in the water. Midway between the top and the water masses of cloud or mist hung, beaten in by the west wind and beginning to creep up the canyons like flecks of silver. Below the blue water could be seen here and there, while the hoarse bark of the sea-lion told of neighboring rookeries.

Almost Within Grasp.

How the Goats Got There.

The upper portion of the island is fairly level, so that a horse can be run a few miles, but the climb to reach it is not inconsiderable. The wild goats of Catalina have become famous. Years ago they were placed upon the island by some philanthropic person, it is said, to benefit wrecked seamen here, and now, fairly wild, they afford ample sport to the hunter who requires an object in his wanderings over this mountain island.

My first shot at them was during a trip to what is known as the middle ranch. I was mounted on a fiery little steed, bred on the island by Mr. Frank Whitley, who has lived here 30 years, and while I was listening to my companion's tales of the olden time, from around a bend came the sound of scurrying feet, and through the trees a mass of flying forms was seen; so near that I had not the heart to fire, though my rifle was across my saddle.

The goats had been drinking in a little glen to the left, and, surprised, had dashed across a clearing and up the steep mountain side through patches of cactus and chaparral. A touch of the spur and we were after them, my pony reaching the band just as they were springing up an old trail. They were so close that I determined to try one from the saddle—a proceeding I found rather difficult—the fiery broncho plunging up the mountain and dodging the cactus, excited by the rush, shouts and cracks of the bullets now heard over the divide. Twice I almost reached the horns of a fine buck, then as victory was almost within my grasp; the pony slipped and I slid off, holding on to the rein and being dragged 10 or 15 feet down the canyon.

Up and at Them Again.

The broncho, by no means discouraged, quickly sprang to his feet, with ears up and eyes cast toward the fleeing forms that were now disappearing over the divide. After a short ride up the little canyon and around the divide, where I had several good shots at long range, I returned to the low land to find the rest of the party coming in from the adjacent peaks highly excited with the sport and bearing a fine head with massive curving horns.

The island at this point was the sportsman's ideal; a valley shut in by mountains, covered with a carpet of green and flowers of every tint; flocks of plumed quail were on every side, and so tame that they could be killed with a rifle. There was an element of excitement in roaming through these canyons. A number of years ago some cattle were placed upon the island, and the increasing descendants had become wild and vicious, gradually developing all the caution of their ancestors in allowing themselves to be rarely seen. A friend had once seen them, and while sitting on his horse had been charged directly down the mountain side by a bull so quickly that he could not fire, and barely escaped being bowled over into the canyon.

Sent a Bullet Up the Canyon.

The highest realization of singular surroundings was reached upon another occasion, when, with Mexican Joe as guide, we approached the wild goat by water. We were drifting along the northeast coast, the sea being so lumpy and the wind whistling down the canyons in such sudden gusts that we hugged the shore.

We were rowing along, when our guide pointed to the cliffs that rose above us. I followed the direction of his finger, and saw high on the slope of the bluff a black and white spot. It was a wild goat, and so far it had doubtless not seen us. Several others were near by. The shore here was an abrupt precipice. Near us stood a rocky column almost alone, rising out of the water 40 or 50 feet, and surmounted by the nest of an osprey that rose shrieking a warning to its mate. Beyond this the wall of rock rose directly upward, then extended back, forming a little canyon, the sides of which were covered with brush that grew less and less, until at the very summit big bowlders and crags stood out apparently ready to fall into the sea. By these bowlders the wild goat stood, and as the osprey rose and circled by it, to gain a higher vantage, it stopped feeding and showed its big horns against the sky.

To make a shot at such a distance and under such conditions was worth trying. The boat was pitching and tossing about in the trough of the sea, and watching my chance I sent a bullet up the canyon. There was a crash, a roll in the brush, starting a minature avalanche into the sea below and that was all. There was one chance that the goat would roll down into the water, but it did not, and whether its horns are waiting for me on the edge of the precipice, or whether the animal made off could not be determined, as we found landing in such a sea an impossibility. Further down another shot, and a successful one, was had in this novel sport, made as it were, on the fly, while the boat bounded along in the dark shadows of the island.

A Feature of California Sports.

There was something weird in this passing panorama. The abrupt cliffs, their strange colors of red, yellow and grays, the deep canyons, the glimpses of peaks beyond with their cappings of cloud, the sobbing of the waves as they rolled and plunged into deep caves, the coiling fronds of kelp—all tending to create an impression that this island was, not 40 or 50 miles from the populous city of Los Angeles, but far away in the Southern seas.

Wild goat hunting has become a feature of Southern California sports, and the big horns and grizzly heads of the ancient animals will soon be rare. During the summer, when the little village of Avalon is filled with guests, hunters climb the peaks, and the ring of the rifle is heard in the canyons, while during the winter tourists from Los Angeles and the various resorts make up parties, charter the steamers, and enjoy all the delights of a midwinter trip to this romantic spot.

Until quite recently the people of Southern California have been singularly blind to its beauties, but one by one the choice spots are being picked up. Men of wealth are buying canyons and harbors; the yachts of the local clubs anchor in the bays, and in a few years the wild glens of the island, its eyries and secluded spots, its ancient Indian graves and landmarks will become so well known that much of its present charm will have departed.

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

HOW TO REED A DOLLAR.

Putting the Corrugations on the Edge of the Round Silver Piece.

San Francisco Chronicle.]

What is the "milling" on a dollar or other coin? Probably not one person in 500 would answer this simple question correctly. There is a popular belief that the corrugations on the rim of a dollar are the milling. A *Chronicle* reporter thought so too until the point happened to arise in a conversation with C. M. Gorham, coiner at the mint, the other day.

Mr. Gorham went into the coining room and picked up a "blank," a round piece of plain silver cut out of a silver bar. It had gone through one machine, which had slightly rounded the edges. The blank was dropped in a milling machine, and when it came out a minute or two later the rim was flat and the edges of the rim were raised a little above the level of the sides. The verb "milling" used in this connection is this raising of the rim of a blank piece of money, and the noun "milling" is the plain raised rim without reference to any corrugations anywhere. The purpose of the milling is to protect the surface of the sides from wear.

The milled blank was dropped into a stamping machine, from which it dropped a perfect dollar. While in the machine the piece dropped into a corrugated collar, and the piece expanding under great pressure the rim was forced into the corrugations and became similarly corrugated. These parallel notches or corrugations, generally called the milling, constitute the "reeding." The term is adapted from its architectural use to express a small convex molding, especially when such moldings are multiplied, parallel to each other.

OUR customers all speak highly in praise of St. Patrick's Pills. They are the best—Berry Bros., Carroll, Neb. For sale by druggists. wsu

TRIED TO HAVE FUN WITH HIM.

A Little Incident That Cured a Smart Ohioan for Life.

Cincinnati Times-Star.]

"I remember a friend of mine," said 'Squire Johnson, "who considered himself funny. He went to a prominent jeweler on Fourth street, and purchased a watch for $50, receiving a written guarantee that the watch would keep good time for a year. If the watch failed the purchase money was to be refunded.

"Well, my friend was called to Europe soon after that, and spent several months traveling about various parts of the earth, and it happened that he returned to Cincinnati on the very day the guarantee of his watch expired.

Asking me to accompany him, we went to the jewelry store, and, calling out the proprietor, my friend laid down the guarantee, which the jeweler read, and then expressed himself ready to fulfill his contract.

"The watch was placed upon the counter, and was found to be just one-half minute too fast. The jeweler placed it carefully in a drawer, and going to his safe, counted out five crisp $10 bills and passed them to my friend, with a smile.

"'Yes, but I don't want the money,' he stammered; 'give me back my watch. It was only meant as a little pleasantry.' 'I have complied with my contract,' replied the jeweler, 'and I only meant a little business.' 'But I must have that watch,' said the thoroughly disconcerted funny man. 'Well,' replied the jeweler, proceeding with his work, 'I consider a watch that varies only one-half a minute in a year worth more than $50. I will sell you the watch for $100.'

"So chagrined that he hardly knew what he was doing, my facetious friend paid over the $100 and pocketed the watch.

"'When