Treasures in the Bowels of the Earth.

rocks.

The climate of North Carolina, especially

Just as Nature Fixed It.

poorly patronized cemeteries show that this county can easily give points to the field and carry off the blue satin ribbon. Relatively, the larger part of the State is very near as the Creator left it in the sun to dry. Virgin forests are still that way after the lapse of millions of years, and I have had them pointed out to me with pride on that second by all times have

that account by old timers here. There are thousands and thousands of acres every-

where, and nowhere will you see thereo

afternoons this side of the non-dividend de

claring grave. It is a good place for that, but better still for those who have been

with a highly mortified horse, or sometimes a budding heifer of two or three summers. The North Carolina mule has never been en-tirely satisfied with the terms of surrender

at Appointator, and it has embittered him a good deal, so that instead of taking up the duties and obligations of life and winning success for himself, he strikes one as being

rather morbid and unhappy. He seems also prone to comment harshly on the lack

WHERE IS CHICAGO!

Doubtful About It.

It is asserted that a Nantes newspaper

published on April 29, this year, this ac-

ount of Chicago: "It is situated at the foot

boulevards are regular and as straight as

its streets, which seemed to have been

ruled with a straight-edge, and in it

all railroads have termini. One

of buildings, in which all styles of architect-

ure meet without confusion. About 60 years ago we first visited the falls of Niagara, and

ago we first visited the falls of Niagara, and our first stop was naturally at Chicago. Excellent hotels, very attractive people were there; and as we took a rapid walk along the banks of the 'father of waters' we were obliged continually to avoid meeting the descendants of the companion of Saint Anthony (pigs). Now these noisy animals have their own quarter, where they are sold, and they no longer, by their squeals, disturb the public peace."

When woman's rights have come to stay,
Oh, who will rock the cradie?
When wives are at the polls all day,
Oh, who will rock the cradie?
When Doctor Mamma's making pills,
When Merchant Mamima's selling bills,
Of course, 'twill cure all woman's fils,
But who will rock the cradie?

When mamma to the court has hied,
Oh, who will rock the cradle?
She has a case that must be tried,
But who will rock the cradle?
When Captain Mamma walks her decks,
When Banker Mamma's cashing checks,
When all our girls have lost their sex,
Must

The following is for a companion piece t

When all saloons have gone to stay
Light hearts will rock the cradie.
With husbands home at close of day,
Light hearts will rock the cradie.
When sober papa feels no ills,
When manly papa runs no bills,
Of course, 'twill be as woman wills,
But then she'll rock the cradie.

When papa no saloon has spied,
Light hearts will rock the cradia.
His noble soul will not be tried,
Light hearts will rock the cradia.
When honest papa does his best,
When woman's rights are set to rest,
And all the boys securely blest,
Mamma
Will

Will

The cradle?

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

almost frightened by the height

of the falls of Niagara and receives the

wiser and who came earlier.

医佐

Folly and put matters right while there was still time. The man had awakened a deep interest in Westcott's mind concerning the old house and its surroundings, not omitting the beautiful Miss Carter. Indeed, the young man had pictured to himself a lovely young man had plettred to himself a lovely girl, from the Indian's description, lighting the Golden Lamp, long before the "vision" came in sight. The first glimpse of Marian, when entering the precincts of Fisher's Folly a few hours ago, had somewhat resembled the realization of a dream.

But Westcott had no time for such re-

"That is not all. The news that reached us—in my dream—was that the key opened a secret strong room. The Indian was conscience-stricken; and on his deathbed implored some one to come and tell us all about it. And," added Marian, "some one came—some one who took the lantern and the key and went in search of the strong room; for in this secret place, as I dreamt, there are bags and bags of gold."

The merclant was now looking keenly into his daughter's face. Marian did not return his glance, but she placed her hand persuasively on his arm, for he had half risen from his chair. "The only way, father, to reach this strong room," continued Marian—"the only way that the Indian knew of was by moving a panel in the wall. And flections at this moment, for he had reached the foot of the steps and had come upon a long passage. It was at right angles to the steps; it widened out sufficiently to chable him to walk straight ahead. He at once quickened his pace, but he was careful as he advanced to observe every detail of the brickwork, for he dreaded the mere thought was by moving a panel in the wall. And
the person to whom he confided this secret
—a person related to Mr. Girdlestone—
followed his instructions and found—"
"Found what?" of losing his way in such a dark and mys-

terious locality.

To anyone with a belief in the super-To anyone with a belief in the supernatural, however slight, this was not an expedition likely to awaken a feeling of skepticism. More than one strange fanoy flashed across Westcott's brain. A sudden current of air, which he now encountered, was like the icy breath of some unseen phantom that had hurried by. But this only proved to be, when he raised his lantern and examined the walls, a small iron grating, which was doubtless placed there for ventilation. But he had no sooner explained away this phenomenen than a more weird sensation seized upon him. The noise of muffied footsteps broke upon his ear—footsteps that seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer, for each moment they sounded more distinctly, and beyond the passage along which he was advancing. Was it the tread of a sentinel, in the shape of Mr. Girdlestone's ghost, on guard over the bags of gold? Westcott stopped and listened. The sound of the footstep ceased; he had heard the echo of his own footfall in an extensive vault. A pace beyond where he had stopped would have brought him to the entrance; a few feet more and he would probably have natural, however slight, this was not an exwould have brought him to the entrance; a

remor; for the vault at the edge of which he now found himself had no visible limit.

The light from the lantern in whichever way he directed it gave him no clue as to

ing his way back appeared remote. His only plan would be to follow, if possible, the direction of the wall, either to the right or to the left. By this means he might,

without abandoning all hope, continue the

"Before taking another step forward

to this passage along which he had come had been cut out of the brick wall. The

hole was unsymmetrical, but sufficiently large for an ordinary-sized man to pass through. The bricks which had doubtless been taken from this hole lay in a heap two

of stumbling, the light from the lantern fell upon something which set Westcott's heart beating fast. The floor of the cellar,

as far as he could see, was unpayed: it was

hastened to detach the key from the lantern and place it in the keyhole. It fitted the

lock, but no force could move the key; it

despair. He stood looking at it with a puzzled face. But presently the puzzled expression changed. His eyes became hopeful and animated. He noticed

marks of rust upon the key-marks which were not there when he placed it in

the lock. He knelt down and opened the lantern. Having unscrewed the lamp near

half full of oil. He poured some drops upon the key and again thrust it in the keyhole.

After some persuasion it began to show signs of yielding. Then they moved, then stuck, then moved again. Westcott's pa-

tience was becoming exhausted; his face flushed and his hands shook from excite

ment. Suddenly the key turned and the door flew open. Westcott raised the lantern

door flew open. Westcott raised the lantern hastily above his head and went stealthily

Meanwhile, Mr. Carter, asleep in his armchair, was dreaming about his old partner. He dreamt that he could hear him pacing

He dreamt that he could hear him pacing up and down the dining hall, while he sat at his writing table in the office below. It

the discovery had brought him out of his

ncial faculties in order to save the h

and his peculiar walk, as it appeared to Mr.

Carter, expressed his anger at the situation. He felt himself greatly humilated. He had

persuaded of his inferiority as a financier-

though he had doue his best, as he kept re-peating to himself, he "had done his best." But the monotonous tread of his relentless partner still went on: it seemed to enter

t became so unbearable that he cried out in

Marian was standing at the entrance to

the dining room with her eyes fixed anxiously upon the merchant. Mr. Carter

put his hand to his forehead perplexedly. "A strange dream," he muttered. Then

suddenly looking up, he said: "Where is

She listened with intense eagerness for any

started up. "Where is the Golden Lamp?"
At this moment, Marian, standing within her boudoir and near the

secret panel, heard a slight noise; but she dreaded to look round; she dreaded to take her eyes from her

father's face. She spoke to herself in a low tone of despair: "What shall I do?"

Immediately a muffled tone whispered in reply: "Tell him everything. All is well." Mr. Carter had sunk into his chair. Ma-rian approached him. Her face brightened

"I have been dreaming," he repeated. "I dreamt that Mr. Girdlestone had come back

to life—that he was pacing up and down this room. He seemed to know all about

Marian sat down beside the merchant.

He looked up with a smile. "About Mr.

"Partly," she replied, "and partly about

cheering in his daughter's voice.

"His money, Marian?"

our troubles.

despair, and awoke.

ndication of his coming.

'Did you call me, father?"

seemed to him that Mr. Girdlestone

, he found the lower part more than

Westcott drew the key out of the lock in

ted all his efforts to turn it.

would have brought him to the entrance; a
few feet more and he would probably have
fallen head foremost into the cellar.

Was it to be wondered at that the Indian
servant, Westcott now thought, had fled so
precipitately from this house in Fisher's
Folly after his master's death? If he had
once followed him into these vaults, as the
man professed to have done, his sudden
decad could be understood. Mr. Girdlestone
must have seemed, in the eyes of this unreflecting native, something almost superhuman
—a being whose disembodied spirit haunted flecting native, something almost superhuman —a being whose disembodied spirit haunted

& Co. is saved. This bag must contain at least 1,000 guineas, and there are more than 50 like ft in the strongroom. Is not this convincing?" It was yellow and rotten from age, and the action of raising it burst open the sides, and the floor was immediately covered with gold. The guineas clinked and spun about in all directions; and some of them rolling toward the hearth, settled down at Mr. Carter's feet. Fisher's Felly. Had not a shadowy form, as he imagined, appeared to him when he was on the point of revealing the secret? Even Westcott, who was among the most skeptical concerning disembodied spirits, began to experience a certain indefinable

ter's feet. Neither John Westcott nor Marian's Neither John Westcott nor Marian's father thought of seeking any rest that night. They were too deeply occupied with a minute examination of the cellars under the old house in Fisher's Folly, and bags of gold that Mr. Girdlestone's relative had discovered there. No place could have better served a hoarder's purpose, for it was a secret strong room that had been built centuries ago in which to store treasure in the time of civil war or serious rioting in the the dimensions of the place: it was, he could only conclude, an immense cellar. He shrank back with a natural feeling of hesi-tation. Which direction should be take? If he descended and went forward into the menetrable darkness, the chance of findtime of civil war or serious rioting in the

It would have done Mr. Girdlestone's heart good, let us hope, had he wit-nessed the prosperous turn which the old firm now took. Under Mr. Carter's instruction—for Marian's however, he resolved to make a close examination of the spot. And he soon discovered that the entrance father was in reality an excellent man of business—John Westcott became in time as great a financier as his uncle had been begreat a financier as his uncle had been before him. And when he was urged to accept a partnership in the house, a year or
two after the memorable date of his return
to England, he could not refuse for he and
Marian had in the meantime learned to love
each other. Besides, the will which he
found had named him his uncle's heir. And
so, after their marriage, Mr. Girdlestone's
house was for many years their chose's or three feet below. While inspecting this heap, over which he had been on the point house was for many years their chose

as far as he could see, was unpaved: it was covered with damp-looking clay. He crept down over the bricks and alighted upon it. The clay was trodden down into a distinct footpath toward the left and close under the wall! To what point could this footpath lead? Westcott did not This old mansion in Fisher's Felly, still down over the bricks and allighted upon it. The clay was trodden down into a distinct footpath toward the left and close under the wall! To what point could this footpath lead? Westcott did not hesitate another second. Bending forward, with the lantern almost touching the ground, he carefully intowed the center was a reasonable to be stopped and raised the lantern. He was standing opposite a closed door. In his impatience he struck it with his heel; but it resisted the shock. He havened to detach the key from the lantern and this landmark in the history of London will soon be demolished and forgotten.— Thomas Ste. Hare, in Chamber's Journal

> A BABY HERO. A Pathetic Little Story of a Brave Child in the Hospital.

Detroit Free Press.) His face was white and the soft drifts of golden hair lay as thistledown on his pillow and formed an aureole about his head. The look of pain was in his eyes, as it was always, but there was something that had just come there, a gleam of conscious pride, which expressed itself, too, in his halting, baby speech, for he was only a baby, one of many in the Children's Free Hospital.

As he was wheeled through the ward on a

low stretcher on his way to the operating room he would wave his small hand to his fellow sufferers. "Me getty op'rash'n," he said proudly;
"me getty well."

Nor did that look leave his eyes when he

was laid tenderly on the operating table, and the great big doctor in the great, long brown robe prepared to cut into that trouble-some hip where the disease was located, and which had prevented him from walking s

step alone.

The nurses in their white caps and aprons emed to him that Mr. Girdlestone had and out the dissetrous state of affairs; that stood near, ready to assist the doctor. A young doctor was to administer the chlorograve, and that he was exerting all his great orm, and a student held the case containing the instruments that were to be used.

Still there was no fear in those bright eyes, nor did the white face grow troubled at sight of so much preparation.
"Me getty well now." It was not a quesnot the courage to go and place the matter clearly before Mr. Girdlestone. He was

tion, but a ststement,
"Yes, little man, you will get well now," said the doctor, and then there was only the short word of command that was almost military in its precision, and after an anxious half hour it was all over. When they carried him back to the ward

into the very throbbings of his brain. He could not shut out the sound. At length a little new head lay on the pillow of the cot next to his, and he looked over at the newcomer with a wan smile of welcome. "Getty op'rash'n? Getty well, too?" he saked faintly.

Then his eyes closed and shut out the world and he drifted away to the slumberous land of Nirvana, while Science, his foster mother, watched at his pillow to see him "getty well."

HE WON THE BET.

Marian glanced at the clock. The ten minutes which John Wescott had named had almost expired. Would he soon return? And by So Doing Proved Himself Sharp Than His Fellow. Again Mr. Carter passed his hand across his brow. "I have been dreaming," said he. "Am I dreaming now?"—and he gianced round the room. Suddenly he

Chicago Herald.] Two drummers were lounging near the register of the Grand Pacific last evening. A well-dressed man of medium age, with sandy mustache and chin whiskers, briskly

walked a cross the rotunda to the telegraph "It's funny," spoke up one of the drum-mers, "how much more a close observer learns of people than another."
"How is that?"

"You see that well-fed looking man with a silk hat at the telegraph office." "What of him?"

"What of him?"
"I know a good deal about him just from observation. He is a politician in the first place, for you notice how cautiously he guards his blank while writing his dispatch. with a sudden feeling of gratitude and de-light, but the merchant did not look up. He is from Minnesota, you know that by the cut of his coat, and a blind person could tell that he walks like a St. Paul man. I'd be willing to bet a bottle of wine that all of my

"That's a go. Mr. Clark, who is that man at the telegraph office?"
"Governor Merriam, of St. Paul, sir." "Father," said she, "I, too, have had a There was always something

"Didn't I tell you?" exclaimed the drum-mer to his friend. "Now get out your kodak and we will take a drink." "With pleasure, after you answer one question. How did you know that was the Governor of Minnesota? Surely, it wasn't by his walk and all that, as you said?"

"Of course not. I saw him register. "Yes. I have been dreaming that news by his had reached us about Mr. Girdlestone's Indian servant. He knew everything con-

Skyland Thought Works. VANDERBILT FOR A NEIGHBOR. The Nice Times He Will Have With Him at This Rural Retreat.

Heavy-Set Cottage That He Calls the

RESOURCES OF BUNCOMBE COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATOR. Treasures in the Bowels of the Earth.

Diamonds of fine water, and from onehalf to two karats in weight, have been
found in the State, but not in sufficient
quantities to interfere with agriculture.
Fine detached crystals of zircon, garnets
and graphite occur in Franklin, Lincoln
and Macklenburg counties. North Carolina
is also headquarters for granular or crystalline corundum, or emory. Arcenic, antimony, bismuth, cobalt and nickel are also
met up with here, but not in the gneissoid
rocks. SKYLAND, BUNCOMBE Co., N. C., June 5.

UNCOMBE cour ty, which may also properly be spelled Bunkum. is a large and beautiful county on the French Broad and Swananos rivers, with Asheville as the county seat. The name itself gave rise to the expression "Talking for the county is really its chief charm. It is, in fact, why both me and Vanderbilt came here. We said to ourselves: "Staten Island is beautiful beyond sion "Talking for
Buncombe,"
which is now a
classic, toward the
close of the fa-

mous debate on the "Missouri question" in the Sixteenth Congress. It was used at that time, according to history, by Felix tameer of the cute, Walker, an old mountaineer of the cute. name on it. quaint and curious variety so common and At night, or in the shade, it is always cool here, especially during the holidays. But take the year round, facts, figures and poorly patronized cemeteries show that

so delightful in the hills of Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. He lived, I am told, at Waynesville, in Haywood county, on the borders of Buncombe, which was also one of the counties of his district. was also one of the counties of his district.

The old man arose to speak in the midst of a stormy howl for the "question," and, it is said, when an hour or two only remained of the session. He rambled on in an aimless sort of way, which is so exasperating to bright young Congressmen whose heads are yet big with their first unuttered speech. Why He Insisted on Talking.

Why He Insisted on Taiking.

Felix could not talk for sour apples, it was said, but as yet he had not himself made a speech, and he felt that he could not look the voters of Hickory township and Sandy Mush in the face if yielded to others and went home without brightening up the pages of the Congressional Record. When the forensic sprouts of the Sixteenth Congress therefore, came to him and offered therefore, came to him and offered to him their bright new Con-gressional jackknives if he would quit, he simply shut his lips closer and stated, as the gavel fell, that he was talking

stated, as the gavel fell, that he was talking only for Buncombe.

Buncombe county has an area of 450 square miles, and is bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge. It is very mountainous, but fertile, with an all purpose climate that cannot be beaten in the world. Cattle, grain, tobacco and wool are among the products. Skyland is where I am as this letter is being written. It is a small but growing place, containing 37 inhabitants and 8 head of horses. It is quiet here at present, of course, owing to shrinkage in values at the large money centers, but this, it is thought by our best minds down at the store, cannot last long.

His Cottage Is Heavy Set.

My house is rather a heavy set cottage, and is made from the trees which grew where the house now stands. It faces toward a little brawling stream called Croup creek. I call my place the Skyland Thought Works. I am some like the gentleman in the foreground of the almanactieman in the foreground of the almanactieman in the foreground of the almanactiem may be a made of the stream of Croup creek and a couple of patent wooden pails on which bonds have been issued bearing a low rate of interest. The works are in charge of my coachman, and I also control the bonds. As the town His Cottage Is Heavy Set. and I also control the bonds. As the town grows we propose to put in another bucket

George Vanderbilt's extensive new grounds command a fine view of my place, I was over there yesterday to see how the grounds command a line view of my place.

I was over there yesterday to see how the
work was progressing. It is a beautiful
site. One can see from the foundations of
his prospective mansion for miles up the
beautiful French Broad river, and the
smoky tops of the soft, blue mountains
make a magnificent picture of gentleness
and represent

and repose. A Friendly Call on Mr. Vanderbilt It is a pleasant sight to drive over there on a quiet morning, when the thrush is sing-ing in the persimmon branches and the pawpaw is soughing in the mountain zephyr, to see Mr. Vanderbilt, with a little leather bootleg bag of shingle nails tied around his waist, laying shingles on an outbuilding waist, laying shingles on an outbuilding which he proposes to use as a chicken house, or, possibly, wearing a pair of lime spattered



boots and finishing out a chimney as he cheerily calls for "More mort." He likes to be busy, he says. "Duty done is the soul's fireside," he remarked to me yesterday, as he put a lot of nice fresh liniment on his thumb and showed me where a pretty little pink nail was sprouting over the ruins of the other one.

Mr. Vanderpilt will have one of the most extensive and beautiful, if not the most extensive, expensive and beautiful home in the world. One reason I have not yet finished up my place is that I want first to see what George does, and thus get the advantage of his experience. He does not mind that, he says. His house will be bigger than Charlie Kuster's hotel at Larimie City, and will have hot and cold water and gas in every room. The servants will oc-cupy rooms entirely apart from the family, Mr. Vanderbilt will keep help the year round. He has set out his pieplant already, and yesterday ordered a span of horseradi

A Railroad All for Himself. A railrod running from Baltimore, on the main line to Mr. Vanderbilt's place is owned main line to Mr. Vanderbilt's place is owned by him, and is used solely for conveying building material and salaries to the men. It is called the Vanderbilt system. Twenty thousand dollars per month is the sum paid at present to men working on the grounds, aside from those who are building. And yet my grounds, especially on Monday, present, I think, more cheerful appearance than his'n does. I often tell him that when our folks are rinsing out their white clothes in folks are rinsing out their white clothes in the second water, and placing my new par-boiled shirts on the lawn to bleach, I know of no landscape gardener who can begin to get such effects as we do.

Mr. Vanderbilt is very popular here, ee-pecially on Saturday evenings; but he is not

loved alone for his vast wealth. Here, as on Staten Island or in the city, he is known as a quiet, studious, thorough gentleman and scholar, as well as a good judge of the native wines made here in the mountain fastnesses of the State out of the grains and cereals of Carolina, and used to shorten the long stage waits formerly so pairful when the Governors of the two Carolinas were thrown together.

the Governors of the two Carolinas were thrown together.

The richest of gold mines known, prior to the acquisition of Carolina, were found in North Carolina, and yielded \$500 to the bushel. Possibly the reader thinks I am trying to be facetious, but that was the rate \$500 to the bushel of earth—for it was a placer mine—or \$3,000,000 while the mine was being worked. Then it suddenly became flooded, and I believe is still a little moist as this letter goes to press.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) ECENT as massage may be to many read ers, neither name nor practice are new, ranking among the primitive—one may say instinctive— methods of cure. In any pain the natural prompting to press the hand upon the

lief is common to civilized man and savage. It is the effort to equalize circulation and draw the blood from the injured part in congestion, or bring back natural warmth in ollapse, for friction does both.

seat of suffering, to rub or knead it for re-

Like all healing methods in the hands of ignorant or unprincipled practitioners, massage is overdone till it becomes charletanry. At the same time in wise hands it is a blessed and signal relief, often superseding the painful operations of surgery and drastic medicines. In condensing the most interesting facts about it the names of Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Douglas Graham, of Boston, will be sufficient authority. Dr. Graham's able and scholarly book on massage is the manual for the profession, and massage enters largely into Dr. Mitchell's famous cures of nervous and spinal diseases.

Stories Homer Tells About It.

Massage originally is from the Arabic word "mass," meaning to press softly, but now includes all manual forms of relief, rubbing, stroking, kneading and beating the muscles. The learned Prof. Billroth, of muscles. The learned Prof. Billroth, of Vienna, who drew modern attention to its use about 1875, says that massage is as old as surgery. Kneading, rubbing and working the muscles to relieve fatigue was the practice of savage and heroic nations from the earliest times. Dr. Douglas reminds us that Homer, in the "Odyssey," tells how beautiful women rubbed and anointed warworn heroes to rest and refresh themwhere, we read, the fair Polcaste, youngest daughter of Nestor, bathed Telemachus, "and after she had bathed and anointed him with olive oil and cast about him a goodly

"and after she had bathed and anointed him with olive oil and cast about him a goodly mantle he came forth from the bath feeling like the deathless gods."

In those days of heroic simplicity it probably was no more for a woman to rub and anoint a man worn out with fighting men of his own mettle through days of fasting, heat and watchings than for a hospital nurse to tend a man aching so from wounds he does not know whether men, women or demons attend him. But ancient and modern charities of this sort are equally removed from the hideous massage madams who make themselves and their art disreputable.

Farly Masters of the Art.

The fact that rubbing can make flesh and cause it to waste is often observed in mascometimes lose much adipose tissue, to their detriment, by the excessive use of massage. The tar vinevards of this State are well known everywhere, and rank with those of Europe as to adhesive qualities and bouquet. The mule also flourishes here, and it is well to take a day off while he is doing so. The detriment, by the excessive use of massage. But this can be used to advantage where fat is superabundant, with want of tone and tension, for in these it will be found that hard rubbing binds. Soft rubbing loosens not only tough and matted conditions of skin and superficial muscles, but also involuntary tension of muscles found in overtaxed and debilitated people. Here comes the necessity of careful discrimination, for if a patient in such condition receives, such mule is rarely found associated with his own kind here, but is oftener hitched up the necessity of careful discrimination, for if a patient in such condition receives such vigorous rubbing as passes for massage in these days the trouble would probably be aggravated, for greater tension would be excited by the pressure of friction and manipulation upon terminal nerve filaments already in a state of irritation.

All Persons Cannot Stand It. It takes a certain amount of strength to bear massage, and nervous, high-strung women sometimes are not at all improved by it, soothing as it may immediately seem. My own last experience of massage by a trained operator produced a sort of an intense sleepiness for half a hour, followed by intolerable wakefulness the entire night, as it I had taken strong coffee.

it I had taken strong coffee.

Massage is nowhere better understood a the present day than among the Sandwich Islanders, from whom it is to be hoped some waters of the great lakes. In no part of enterprising traveler will import the art Europe will you find so great a city. Its boulevards are regular and as straight as those islands must be done on foot or horseback, long distances over rough roads, life would miss one of its greatest alleviations without this masssage, or lomi-lomi, as the natives term it. When footsore, weary and sleepless with aching joints after a journey the consequences with us would be days of the consequences with us would be days of stupor and lameness. But the Hawaiian civilization sends relief in the shape of an expert with firm, soft touch, who comes to your mat as you lie in a single garment, and skillfully kneads, works and strokes each wearied muscle from head to foot and charms each pain away. Mr. Nordhoff's description will be remembered by all readers:

Quickly Relieves a Headache. "Almost everywhere you find some one skilled in this peculiar, delightful and re-freshing treatment. A stout native, befreshing treatment. A stout native, be-ginning with your head and working slowly downward over the whole body, seizes and squeezes with a quite peculiar art every tired muscle, working and kneading with indefatigable patience, until in half an hour you find yourself fresh, all soreness and weariness absolutely gone and mind and body soothed. The lomi-lomis, is used not merely for overexertion, but to relieve rheu-matic and neuralgic pains. I have known it to relieve violent headaches in a very

Any one who has been under the hands of a clever masseur will regret that the lemi-lomi experts have not long since been im-ported to train a few thousand men and ported to train a few thousand men and women in the art so greatly needed in our nervous and sedentary race. The chiefs keep a number of lomi-lomi people in their retinue, and Dr. Emerson says the chiefs are 25 per cent larger and taller than the subjects, because better fed and more constantly lomi-lomied. In cases of stunted growth, probably nothing would so effectually increase the stature as abundance of pure air, strong food and skilful daily massage.

A Rubbing for Lawyers' Heads.

It was proposed a few years since by some projecting people to import a number of Japanese masseurs, who are also very skilful in the art, and introduce Eastern luxuries into New York City, but, like many other excellent schemes, it waits some shrewd person "of known executive ability" to carry it out. The well-known lawyer who always has his head well rubbed before going into court with a case has a practical going into court with a case has a practical idea of the value of massage, and if its vir-

LESSONS IN MASSAGE.

An Old Art That Has Been Handed Down With Good Results.

WHAT THE EXPERTS THINK OF IT.

A Lean Person Without Magnetism Makes the Best Masseur.

RUBBING OILS INTO THE SKIN

Tues were fully understopd elients would insist on a general practice of the habit, when probably fewer muddle headed judgments would result.

To attempt a description of the mode of applying massage physicians agree is not an easy matter. For perfection it requires a certain rapport of an intelligent, skilful hand with the feelings of the patient—a rarity which anyone can imagine who has tried to have his head combed in exactly the right way. French, German and Scandinavian physicians often apply massage themselves without thought of compromising their dignity. Drs. Brown-Sequard, Weir-Mitchell and Edward H. Clark have tried their hands at it. But the patient would probably prefer less valuable time and feel more at ease with an ordinary nurse.

THE SINS OF JEREBOAM'S PEOPLE Called Him From His Sheep and Made of Him a Divine Messenger.

HIS SERMONS ARE EVEN YET HEARD

Masseurs People Can Afford.

About 17 years ago Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam, treated the Dagish Crown Prince successfully for a chronic joint trouble; but such luxuries are reserved for crown princes, and stiff joints are better prevented by cheap, good masseurs whom one can afford every day.

Dr. Weir-Mitchell refers his first interest in the subject to the remarkable results obtained from its use by a charlatan in a case of progressive paralysis. Dr. Douglas thinks there is great room for improvement in the training of masseurs, and most patients will agree with him. His "shrewd, superannuated auntie out of a job," who has learned the meaning of the word massage and prints it on her card, and continues her rubbin' as she has always done, is a type of a plentiful class of masseurs who can be tolerated if they do not mix magnetism, scientism and spiritism with their muscle and can keep their hands off a patient's trinkets and fine handkerchiefs during a visit. The muscular, middle aged trained nurse, who smells rather strongly of perspiration and needs a dentifrice, who chews gum during the operation and talks just enough to break the soothing effect of Triction, whose touch would be perfect if it were anywhere else, is not likely to do much good to one who is anything of a sensitive patient.

Lean People the Best at It.

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A stout, ruddy or plump person is not the best for massage. Such people require a great deal of exercise in the open air for the proper oxygenation of their blood and confining work, like massage, with its stooping posture wearies them and puts them out of breath. Spare, enduring persons, with a gentle, firm touch, absolutely without magnetism, are far and away the best masseurs. For magnetism is like any other hypnotic—chloral, chloroform and the rest—prone to reactions which leave the patient weaker for its use. Sensitive people will agree with me that the so-called magnetisperson absolutely repels and antagonizes them; every bristle, so to speak, stands erect at his or her approach, and the whole sys em seems roused to throw off an unwholesome power. Some clean old colored auntie or spinster who is thankful to earn her bread by honest "rubbin"," without a notion of "magnetism," is vastly more desirable than the half-trained masseur who has hurried through a course under some pupil teacher in haste to be earning her \$2 an hour. Ught touch of her hands, slimy with vaseline, is something one would fain forget, but cannot. One point must be taken, that the best physicians condemn the use of vaseline or any salves or unctions in massage.

The Romans used to have their slaves

massage.

The Romans used to have their slaves rub them with oil, it is true, and so they anointed themselves with the sweat of stalwart helots, thinking to imbibe strength thereby. These two details of practice they have left for us to improve upon by rejective.

bath, as it is all the skin is likely to take at , and more is wasted. Care must be taken to keep the person entirely warm and in a glow during the bath. In 15 minutes to half an hour, as one grows accustomed, the remaining oil can be washed off with warm, soapy water—no soap being applied directly to the skin, or it will wash the oil from the pores.

Very weak persons may take an ammonia bath first—one tablespoonful of liquid ammonia to three quarts of warm water—in the forenoon, with oil after it, and a second oil bath late in the day or evening without a water bath. The oil should be always hot as is comfortable. It is said that oil baths are given in connection with some of the public baths in Chicago, but it is prob-ably for the purpose of supplying the joints rather than to nourish and strenghten in-valids. Thin dyspeptics, who can eat little; persons in advanced consumption and patients recovering from fevers are nour-ished and strengthened by absorbing nutri-tion in this way, when the stomach is too

weak to supply the system.

How to Stroke the Face As to the mooted point in facial massage, whether the stroking is to be given toward the eyes and nose or away from them, the answer is always away from the nose and eyes. As to whether massage is given across wrinkles or in their direction, the skin has its own contractile power when roused, and there is less danger of stretching it than is imagined. Enough has been said on this subject before. Dr. Douglas tells us that massage on other parts of the person often has more effect in reaching organs than rubbing the parts themselves. In masseeing the face of a fat patient the tissues can be only rolled and stretched under the fingers and palm, away stretched under the fingers and palm, away from the corners of the eyes and nose, from the corners of the eyes and nose, toward the angle of the lower jaw. If the patient is thin or in moderate flesh, the cheeks can be grasped between the thumb and fingers and more thoroughly masseed in the same direction. The foreinger covered with a fold of thin cloth may be put inside the cheeks, and these softly squeezed manthe cheeks, and these softly squeezed, man-ipulated and stretched between thumb and

nger. But nowhere, our author tells us, is more practice and skill required than in massage of the face and head. That it will relieve the dreadful neuralgia of the fifth pair of nerves is of far less interest to most women than that the cheeks can recover plumpness in this way. Still massage is too much of an art to be disposed of in the columns of a newspaper. SHIRLEY DARE

This is a sad word when taking leave of the beloved, but when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables us to say it to an attack of liver complaint, it is by no means sad, but decidedly jolly. Similarly, if the great tonic alterative relieves from dyspepsia or kidney trouble we experience joy. Malaria, rheumatism and neuralgia are also tenants which this remedy dispossesses.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] The word prophet, in the Bible, means preacher. Nowadays it commonly means predictor; prophecy is a sort of fortune-telling. But the word in Hebrew means 'one whose ear is uncovered." The prophet is the man who hears. The word in Greek

means one who, not foretells, but forthtells. He utters forth the great truths God

has given him. The mission of the prophet is to be God's messenger and God's interpreter. Thus Aaron was to be Moses' prophet. Mohammed was called Allah's prophet. St. Paul says that "he that prophesieth speaketh unto men to edification and exhortation and comfort." It is quite plain what sort of man he is talking about, he is describing a preacher. So the prophets are the preachers.

These Bible preachers differ from other preachers—how? Is it that God wrote their

preachers—how? Is it that God wrote their sermons for them, while we have to write our sermons for ourselves? We have to study, to think, to learn, to observe, to choose words and ways of putting things, while the Bible preachers did but sit down with a pen in hand and God guided the pen? Is that the difference?

A Difference Only in Truth. Is it not rather in this: that God some-Is it not rather in this: that God some-how whispered certain great truths in these men's hearts, and that they wrote them down as best they might? And so their difference from us is not in their words, nor in their style, nor even in their freedom from human mistake, but rather in the greatness of their truth. These men stand

Now, I want to study to-day the book of the prophecy of Amos; that is, the volume of the sermons of Amos—a small book, but of great interest. The condition of things in the days of Amos, in the eighth century

The Worn can Weary Opticalist.

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The best way of paining to the interest may be optically optical can want to hear. Go now to the worn want was ward to hear.

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know how to abound. For all such the peti-tion in the Litany is fitting, "In all time of our prosperity, Good Lord deliver us." The Results of Great Wealth. The Results of Great Wealth.

The people of the Northern kingdom were rich, and they fell into the sins of wealth. One of the sins of wealth is selfishness, another is sensuality, another is cruelty. The rich people of Samaria contented themselves with luxury and forgot the poor. They had their summer houses and their winter houses, with walls inlaid with ivory, with couches of ivory hung with governors. with couches of ivory hung with gorgeous embroideries, and they surrounded them-selves with sounds of music and were waited

selves with sounds of music and were waited upon by slaves, and drank wine from bowls of silver. Outside the poor were starving. Selfishness grows into sensuality. The rich people cared only for eating and drinking—mostly for drinking. Intemperance was a national sin. The priest at the altar, the judge upon the bench, the King upon the throne, reeled and staggered through strong drink. The "drunkards of Ephraim" was the name which another preacher than Amos gave to the whole nation. And worse nos gave to the whole nation. And worse s abounded. Selfishness and sensuality bear fruit in oppression and cruelty. Men were not satisfied to neglect the poor, they must needs hate them and abuse them. If a poor man got in debt they sold him as a slave for the Price of a Pair of Shoes.

So greedy were they that they begradged the needy the very dust which they flung upon their heads as a sign of lamentation. The land was full of deceitful balances. Men were busy selling chaff in the place of wheat. The garments of the needy were greedily taken in pawn. Beside the very altars men reclined on couches made soft the poor.

There is only one thing which can deliver people out of the temptation of riches, and that is religion. But the Northern kingdom had no religion. Or, if any still lingered the control of the religion. They

among them, it was a false religion. They had departed not only from the old Govern-ment, but from the old Church. At Dan and at Bethel golden calves were set up to worship. On the high places were altars to Baal, and in the hidden recesses of the dark Basi, and in the hidden recesses of the dark woods were shrines to Asherah, places of abomination. There were gorgeous vest-ments and fine music, and much external pomp and ceremonial; there were sacrifices and offerings. But true religion was prac-tically dead. The Northern kingdom was like Rome in the days of Nero; it was like Paris in the days of Lonis XIV. Paris in the days of Louis XIV.

The Shepherd of Tekonh. Now, away down in the Southern king-dom, in the village of Tekoah, six miles south of Bethlehem, lived a poor herdsman named Amos. Part of his work was to tend sheep and part of it was to tend trees. The sheep were the stunted, ill-looking creatures of those Southern hills, and the trees were sycamores, whose fruit, to keep it from bitterness, has to be punctured before it ripened.

The poorest people eat it. There was talk,

no doubt, in the pasture fields of Tekoah about the vices and idolatries of the North-ern kingdom, and Ames listened to it. And as he listened his heart burned within him. He was but a poor obscure man, not a prophet nor the son of a prophet—a poor herds-man of Tekoah.* What had he to do with

the iniquities of the splendid and sinful kingdom? Somehow he felt that he had a great deal to do with it. It was when the word came, to do with it. It was when the word came, away off in the deserts of Asia Minor, about the murder and butchery of the Roman Colosseum, and a young monk took it into his head and heart and hands to stop it. You know how he made his way on foot over the long road to Rome, with fists clenched, and the fire of God burning in his soul. You know how he entered Rome, leaped over the barriers into the arena, separated the gladiators, and did actually bring it about—though he gave his life in the doing of it—that that infernal butchery went on there not a day longer.

How Amos Was Called.

How Amos Was Called.

That was how Amos felt. God had called him. "The Lord took me," he said, "as I followed the flocks, and the Lord said unto me: Go, prophecy unto my people Israel." Nothing could keep him back. You do not need to read this book of sermons through need to read this book of sermons through
to be assured that here is a great preacher.
Give a man a message from the living God;
a message which he is absolutely sure of,
and which men are in crying and dying
need of; a message which he cannot help but
utter. And you have a preacher; to such a
messenger men must listen.
You can tell plainly enough by reading
these sermons that Amos was a countryman.
He got his illustrations from the fields. The
stars of the clear night which he watched in
the pasture land, the harvest wagon loaded

the pasture land, the harvest wagon loaded high with grain, the bird taken in the snare, the plowing oxen, the basket of ripe fruit—these most readily came into his mind. A plain countryman, a sort of old-time Hebrew Burns, with the same tan on his cheek and the same fame is him to be a sort of the same tan on his cheek and the same fame is him to be a sort of the same tan on his cheek and the same fame is him to be a same fame. cheek and the same flame in his heart. A poet, thinking in notable, strong poetry. But, above everything else, in dead carnest, great thoughts in him, a great preacher.

Into the Very Heart of Sin.

Into the Very Heart of Sin.

His subject is judgment. Upon all the sins of this sinful people waits the wrath of God. Not a new subject. Noah, they say, "the eighth person," a preacher of right-eousness, had to preach after that fashion. And not an old subject, either; that is, not a subject of the past and out of date. Needed this day, and in this town.

Picture the preacher. The place is Bethel. That was the capital of that kingdom, the Paris, the London, of Israel. The King lived there with his court about him. And the chief temple of the idolatrous religion was srected there. The chief priest

And the chief temple of the idolatrous religion was erected there. The chief priest had his seat there. Straight into Bethel, into the very heart of it, advanced the preacher, and took his stand there in the public square, before the ivory palaces, within hearing of wicked princes, and wicked priests, and wicked people, and lifted up his voice and preached—as you may read in his book. A fine, fearless deed was that. Who will deny the man that did it a place among great preachers?

The Chief Priest Sent Him Aware. The Chief Priest Sent Him Away.

Day after day this plain farmer in his country dress spoke the very truth of God in the Bethel market place. Daily the great city listened, crowding the streets. Sometimes with threatening, sometimes with tears, he pleaded God's indignation against all the luxury and cruelty and sensuality he saw about him, keeping nothing back. Finally the chief priest came. Amarlah,

New York Press.]
On the [Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City a peculiar and exceedingly ingenious plan is followed in the riveting of the iron work of the great trusses. In putting these up, owning to the necessity for haste, much of the iron work was bolted together with bolts and nuts. Now that the entire structure is in position the bolts are being replaced by rivets. The method used in this replacing is simple, but as the same time requires considerable skill on the part of the workmen engaged. The nan on the ground has a little hand forge



Throwing the Red-Hot River with a small bellows attached, by means of which he heats the iron spikes or rivets to a white heat. He then takes the white hot piece of metal in a pair of pincers, and with a dexterous toss passes it up to the men on the scaffolding, when one of them, with a no less dexterous turn, catches the flying spike in a nail keg, bucket or some

similar receptacle.

The precision with which the heated rivet is thrown and caught is really remarkable, as the distance it has to be thrown is fre-quently from 30 to 35 feet, yet so skilled do the workmen become that a miss is seldom if ever known. After being caught by the men on the scaffolding it is taken from the nail keg with a pair of pincers, inserted in the hole from which a bolt has previously been removed, and riveted firmly in position

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