Amusements.

E. R. CHADBOURS, Lowiston, Maine.

1585-A MECHANIC'S OUTFIT.



A THREE-THOUSAND MILE WALK,

Being a Narrative of Sport, Adventure and Hardship During a Trip on Foot From Ohio to the Pacific Coast.

WRITTEN POR THE DISPATCH BY C. F. LUMMIS.

better.

run 106 feet another bullet broke his spine

Before another cartridge could jump from magazine to barrel the doe was out of sight.

Can Scarcely Be Said to Run.

Beautiful animals are these shy rovers of the plains, graceful and slender as a grey-hound, and fleeter of foot. I can think of

nothing else so agile. They seem, when scared, not to run, but rather to fly upon wings like exaggerated thistle-downs. They stand about three feet high and weigh from

40 to 60 pounds, but the smallest seemed to me much nearer six tons by the time I had

"packed" him 20 miles. It took an hour's work, and the scouring of several acres to

which it was covered, meat never tasted

had a curious affection for snakes-an at

traction which invariably prompts me to play with them awhile and to kill them when the one-sided romp is over! Even the scar of a rattlesnake bite on my forefinger

A Frolic With Death.

a pane of glass. I know of nothing more dreamily delicious than to tease a rattler

towers a Something which no man can de-scribe. Afterward you may see that it was only a couple of feet of body, with an ugly little delta of a head; but in life it appears a

No Wonder It Can Charm

No other creature in the world, save it wear feathers, is capable of such absolutely

unhampered motion. It swings, sweeps, waves from side to side, backward and for

ward, in liquid sinuousness that is so beau-tiful as to seem unreal. The tiny bead-eyes,

which never wink, glitter like living dia-monds; the strange, pink mouth, open wide and flat as a palm, twinkles its flexile thread

of a tongue; and through all burrs the

When our play was over, and it was time to hasten toward Kit Carson, I pinned the neck of the snake to the ground, with the broad muzzle of the rifle, and reached

broad muzzle of the rine, around for my hunting knife to chop off that unsafe head. Just as I was stooping, him he writhed loose, and

quicker than thought made a lunge at my

face. That hideous open mouth, which in that instant seemed larger than my hand, came within three or four inches of my nose; but luckily he struck short—for my

wild jump backward was not a tithe swift enough to have escaped. But I must have made a considerable dent in the atmosphere.

At least I got him pinned down again and

finished him. Did you ever examine the wonderful adaptation of a rattler's head for its purpose of death? The teeth are like

those of ordinary snakes, so tiny as to be hardly visible, and are only to assist in swallowing, for no snake chews. At the very outer rim of the upper jaw and a little back from the front are the fangs—two tiny back from the ground needle and about a

points, fine as a cambric needle and about

quarter of an inch in visible length. They

quarter of an inch in visible length. They are imbedded in a strong, white, elastic muscle, and when the mouth is closed they lie flat along its roof, pointing backward. Opening the mouth throws them forward, rigid and ready for action. They still "rake" backward, and therefore strike far more effectively.

The Essence of Death.

At the very back of the head, on each

side of the neck, are the little bags which

hold that strange, colorless, tastcless essence

of death, and a very tiny duet leads from

each to the base of its corresponding fang, which is hollow its whole length. The

ection of striking squeezes the bags, and a

few drops of poison spurt in an infinitesi-mal stream, but with great force, through the duct and the hollow needles. I have

been hit three feet away by the fluid, when

a snake which shared my room for a year struck at me from the other side of a wire

An hour later I killed a very tiny snake,

only ten inches long, but with six rattles.

He had the prettiest skin I eyer saw; and he

was so wee I "didn't know he was loaded."

He was only half-dead when I reached Kit

Carson, and all that dozen miles was wrig-gling at the end of a string tied to the leg of

snake skins-unless it is their only revenge

A Typical Floating Town.

on their traditional foe.

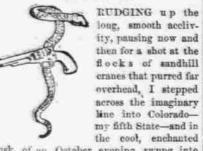
more effectively.

distinct and superior creature.

Now, I poked out the muzzle of my rifle to his angry snakeship, and no eye could follow the swift flash in which he smote it,

has not taught me better.

CHAPTER II.



oug, smooth acclivity, pausing now and then for a shot at the flocks of sandhill cranes that purred far overhead, I stepped across the imaginary line into Coloradomy fifth State-and in the cool, enchanted

dusk of an October evening swung into
First View. The "town" consisted of a
section house, where a supper of rancid
bacon care notates, leaden bread flounced

work, and the scouring or several sects to
get together enough sagebrush, blue-stem,
and the bulbous roots of the soapweed to
build a fire which would roast a few pounds
of steak, and despite askes with with sorghum, and coffee which looked exbetter.

The later afternoon brought another experience—different, but no less exciting. A lucky shot brought down a large hawk at very long range, and I went over to get him. Coming back through a patch of thick, tall guily in the grassy plain, gathered a little guily in the grassy plain, gathered a little resinweed for a pillow, spread my sleeping bag on the soft sand, and turned in.

Just as I was dozing off a tiny patter roused me, and, opening my eyes, I saw the side of a big rattler. I had stepned right actly like some alkaline pools I wot of and and after supper I found a luxurious little guily in the grassy plain, gathered a little

roused me, and, opening my eyes, I saw the sharp, inquisitive face of a coyote looking down at me from the bank not five feet above. I slid my hand softly to my 44, but he was off like a shot, carrying with him the pretty pelt for which I was so anxious. he was off like a shot, carrying with him the pretty pelt for which I was so anxious. First View of Pike's Peak. Next morning before the sun had imbed above the bare, brown divides of

Kausas, I rolled out of "bed," danced about a few moments in the cool morning air to inlimber my joints, and then hastened to introduce my chattering teeth to a breakfast which would have swamped any less burglar-proof stomach. Its only merit was hat it was warming. As the day burst into bloom the section people pointed out the faint patch of white upon the far-off Western sky from which First View takes its namethe noble head of Pike's Peak, which half a century ago was one of the saddest and most romantic goals toward which man ever struggled. It is nearly 150 miles from First

Then, filling the long magazine of my Winchester and stowing a quart bottle of water in one of the capacious pockets of my coat, I struck out at a rapid gait northwestwardly, desiring to hunt well out into the las it may, no one who has ever played with a rattlesnake can fully disbelieve the supermiles ahead, before night. It is no easy walking upon the plains at this season of the year. The short, brown buffulo grass soon polishes one's soles until they shine like glass, and directly the feet slip, so that it is rather hard to tell whether the step which has tempted me to drop the stick and reach out my arms to that beautiful death. Unluckily for them, the field mouse and the rabbit have not a mulish man's will. carries one farther forward or the slide

Ten slippery miles must have been traversed in this dubious and aggravating loco-motion before my eyes, rested on the object of their search. Three or four miles off, in a w divide, were four tiny gray dots. They had no apparent shape, nor did they seem to move; but the hunter's eye-even when t has been abused by years in chasing the alphabet across a white page—is not easily fooled. They were antelope—and the next thing was to get them.

The theories of antelope bunting were

sufficiently familiar to me by reading, but when put into practice they did not fully bear out the books. A big red bandanna, tied to the end of my bamboo staff, was soon dapping to the wind, and I lay fully an hour behind a handy resette of the Spanish dagger, innocently expecting my game to come straight up to me—as they should have done according to all precedent in the stories. Their attention soon grasped my signal, and they did sidle toward me by degrees, demurely nibbling the dry grass as they advanced. But they had probably seen auction flags before, and after perhaps a mile of their herbivorous advance they stopped, and even began grazing away from It was plain that any further advances oward an acquaintance must come from me.



Leaving the banner snapping in the wind, I erawled backward on my stomach some hundred yards to the foot of my low ridge, and then, behind its shelter, started on a

His Labor for His Pains. For half a mile or so this shelter lasted, and thence I had to crawl flat on my face from sagebrush to cactus and from cactus to sagebrush, for fully a mile, dragging the rifle along the ground, and frequently stabbed by inhospitable cactus leaves. At ast, only 300 yards away, I pushed the Winchester over a little tuft of blue stem: at before my eye could run along the sight the buck gave a quick stamp, and off went the four like the wind. It was a very sore hunter that claubered stiffly to his feet and shook an impotent fist at those vanishing specks, already half a mile away, and aped back to where the flag and coat

lying. But ill-luck can never outweary persever gling at the end of a string tied to the leg of the antelope on my shoulder, his spasmodic mouth opening and shutting close to my fingers. I removed them from this eareless proximity very hastily when the station shouted: "Why, you fool, he's twice as pizen as the big one!" The skin of the larger one served me as a hat band until a mouse afterward devoured it for me—as they have many such trophies since. I don't know why mice should be so fond of enting snake skins—unless it is their only revenge ance; and a couple of hours later came my revenge. Just as my head came level with the top of an unusually high swell a sight caught my eye which made me drop as if shot. There in the hollow, not over 550 varids away, were three antelope grazing from me—an old buck, with two-inch prongs on his antiers, a young buck, and a steek doc. By good luck they did not suepeet my presence, and it must have been minutes that I watched the pretty creatures through a tate of grass before I pulled the prigger. As the smoke blew back past me I w the old buck spring high in the air, run a few rods, and pitch forward upon the earth. His companious stood bewildered for a second, unknowing which way to run, and that hesitation was fatal to the young back. He started north, but before he had

is the skunk! The natives are mortally afraid of these pretty but unpleasant fellows, and declare that their bite is sure death. The bite of any animal—even man—when in a rage is highly poisonous, and I daresay the black-and-white terror of the plains largely deserves his bad repute. He is very ready to attack men. The wildest langh I ever had was at a lonely ranche one moonlit night when we all slept out of doors. I awoke to see the undressed ranchero fleeing about the house as though the very deuce were after him yelling "murder!" at every jnmp, and a big striped site of the family were resting to be ready for their evening's work, Blanche stole quietly up the dark passage into the kitchen, and peeped into the room. How light and beautiful it was. The sunbeams danced gaily in at the windows, and shone brightly on rows of polished tinware. As no one was to be seen, Blanche ventured out of the hole, and said aloud: "How large the world is and how pleasant it would be to live here."

"Whom have I the honor of hearing speak?" said a voice near by. der!" at every jamp, and a big striped skunk loping after him, in great apparent enjoyment of the race.

Very Near to Starvatio

My stomach is never likely to forget those days across the Colorado plains. Meals were procurable only at the far-apart section houses—and such meals! Had it not been for the rifle I should probably have been starved out. As for the sleeping, the softest beds to be found—and the only clean ones beds to be found—and the only clean ones—
were the sand and the grass; and upon them
I stretched my sleeping bag nightly, writing
till late by the wavering fire of grass and
little roots, and then turning over for so
sweet a sleep as beds of down seldom know.
My feet, too, shared the adversity, though
now so tough. In hunting I was continually
stepping when my every were huss—into stepping—when my eyes were busy—into patches of the prickly pear, and more than once the maddening needles pierced shoes and foot. Once, when I stumbled and fell several feet into such a patch, hundreds o the sting-like daggers went half an inch through either sole, pointing forward. I could not cut off the shoe and walk barefoot 100 miles to a store, and to walk in



them was equally impossible. So they had to be pulled off—an indescribable torture, which was like pulling out violently a hundred bedded fish hooks, and then the needles had to be carefully plucked from the shoe.

But for these drawbacks there were equal temperature. That high day are were equal.

atonements. That high, dry air was an ex-hilarating joy to the swelling lungs, and the his fangs striking the barrel with a little tick, as though a needle had been stabbed at eyes, sharpened daily to their long-forgot-ten keenness, feasted full on a sight whose memory will never dim. The snowy range of the Rockies, shutting the whole Western sky from north to south, far as sight could reach—dazzling white by day, melting to indescribable purples at dawn and dusk, for, severe and cold, they are the picture of a lifetime. with some stick or other object just long enough to keep those grim fangs from one's own flesh. I have stood for hours thus, thoughtless of discomfort, carried away by the indescribable charm of that grisly presence. Perhaps the consciousness of playing with death and as his master contributes something of that claim. Be that as it may no one who has ever played with

A Glimpse of the Rockies.

For 300 miles north and south these ser-rate battlements split the sky, with here and there the sentinel heads of loftier peaks upreared. Ninety miles to the south stood upreared. Ninety miles to the south stood the vast pyramid of Pike's Peak, its great gray head rising from the brown plains like a giant. North as far frowned mighty Long's Peak, with broad shoulders overshadowing all its fellows, and head among the clouds; and between their host of brethren Pike's Peak is the most famous, but not the highest of the Colorado mountains. The altitude of the Sierra Blanca is 14,464 feet; Mount Evans, 14,430; Gray's Peak, 14,341; Long's, 14,271; Mount Wilson, 14,280; La Plaia 14,302; Uncompadare 14,235. Talk of grace in the cat, the deer and the swan, why, they are lubbers all beside that wondrous liquid form. Two-thirds of its length is coiled in a triple circle, the beaded tail forward, and up on the other circumference while opposite and a trifle "coventrie" (as a machinist would say) 289; La Plata, 14,302; Uncompahgre, 14,235; Mount Harvard, 14,151; Mount Yale, 14, 121; Mount of the Holy Cross, 14,176; Cule-bra, 14,049; Pike's Peak, 14,147. There are scores of other peaks from 10,000 to 13,-000 feet high, and countless "foot hills," of which each is taller than our noblest moun-

tain in the East.

Near Magnolia a hard, mean-faced, foul-mouthed fellow met me, and before I fairly noticed him had a cocked revolver under my nose, with a demand to "give up my stuff." I was considerably worried, but a look into his eyes convinced me that he lacked what is called, in the expressive

Tables Turned on a Crook. "Well," I drawled, "I haven't very much, wen, I drawled, I haven tvery much, but what there is you are welcome to," and unbuttoning my coat deliberately, as if for a pocketbook, I jerked out the big, hidden 44, knocked the pistol from his fist with the heavy barrel in the same motion, and gave him a turn at looking down a muzzle. Now he was a crayen as he had head. he was as craven as he had been abusive, and begged and knelt and blubbered like the cowardly cur he was. I pocketed his pistol, which is still among my relies, gave pistol, which is still among my relics, gave him a few hearty kieks and cuffs for the hor-rible names he had called me when he was "in power," and left him grovelling there.

So, striding light across the bare, dry plateaus, over the alkali-frosted sands of waterless rivers, glad in the glorious air and the glorious view, knocking over an ante-lope now and then, companioned by squeaky prairie dogs and sung to sleep by the vocif-erous coyotes, I came, on the 23d of October, to handsome, wide-awake Denver, the Queen

City of the plains.

Here I met my family, who had come by the swifter, but less interesting Pullman, and we had four happy days together before they started for San Francisco by the Central Pacific, and I donned my knapsack again and turned my tough feet southward. And what a glorious revenge those four days in civilization gave my treates. days in civilization gave my stomach upon its weeks of adversity! The waiters at the Windsor used to stand along the wall in respectful awe to see that wilderness of dishes before me explored, conquered, and

[To Be Continued Next Week,]

THE WHITE MOUSE,

[TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The mouse hole in the great house at the city gate was no ordinary mouse hole. It was made almost before the house itself was finished, and since then many happy famivenomous snake that breadth at the back which make it a sort of triangle; and if you inal hole. Among others he had constructed see any serpent without that you may be sure he is not dangerous. The head of a harmless snake looks but little wider than cheese and cake could be easly carried, and cheese and cake could be easly carried, and thus the old opening in the kitchen cupboard, where now only dishes were kept, fell into disuse. Peace and plenty always reigned in this mouse home, where the kind father and mother taught wisdom and prudence to their children, who soon learned the art of securing food, and at the same

time of avoiding traps.

There was one little mouse who could not join her brothers and sisters in their excursions to the pantry. That was Blanche, cursions to the pantry. That was Blanche, the youngest of the family, and the pride and pet of her parents. Instead of a gray coat, such as the other children had, Blanche's fur was as white as snow, and for this reason she was never permitted to leave her home.

"For," her mother had said to her, "you are so beautiful that if anyone should see you, you would be stolen away from us, and never again be allowed to return to your home. Think what sorrow that would cause us."

But if Blanche was deprived of vists to

But if Blanche was deprived of vists to

road poked a few miles further through the brown plains; the houses of Kit Carson were torn down and moved to the new terminus, and so it went on, and the cities of a day had soon left only a station and a dug-out or two, up to which the coyotes sneaked impudently as of yore.

There are numerous rattlesnakes and the hideous centipedes—six inches long and with scores of black-fanged legs—but the most dreaded creature in all that wilderness is the skunk! The natives are mortally afraid of these pretty but unpleasant felages.

The pantry, she was well supplied with all the dainties that it contained. The choicest morsels were saved for her, and she was bountifully provided for by the others. But the little mouse was not content with having the homage and admiration of the whole family. She thought: "They tell me here at home that I am very beautiful. I wonder if those in the outside world would think me as pretty."

This question so troubled the mouse that she determined to learn the truth, and one afternoon, while the family were resting to

"Whom have I the honor of hearing speak?" said a voice near by.

Blanche was so frightened that she could not move from the spot, and she thought:
"Now some one will see my beautiful coat, and the spot and she strong a strong and she should be seen to be a strong and she should be seen to be seen and will try to keep me from returning

Then a little white, curly dog crawled from behind the stove and said: "Do not be alarmed, little mouse, I shall do you no harm. I am Azor, and a great pet with my mistress; but sometimes in the afternoon I am very lonesome, and I shall be glad to

make your acquaintance."

After these friendly words, Blanche drew near to Azor and told him that for the first time in her life she had crept from her home and how delighted she was to see out into the world. Then the little dog described to the wondering mouse the beauties of the house, talked about his friends and told of

the feasts which they had every night.
"You must come to one of our feasts,"
said he, "and I shall introduce you to
Minette and Pincher, the gray cats."
"Cats," repeated Blanche, anxiously, for
she knew that in her home no one spoke
kindly of cats. kindly of cats. "These cats are very courteous, and would receive you in the kindest manner,"

said Azor; "now promise that you will come-to-morrow night."
"I should like to," replied Blanche, "but I know my parents will not allow me." "They need know nothing about it," urged the dog; "they will be in the pantry all night, and will never miss you. You are much too beautiful to be hidden away in that dark hole."

Blanche was much pleased with this remark, and promised to be in the kitchen the next evening. The little mouse then hurried home. The family were just awaking from their nap, and her absence had not been noticed. All the next day Blanche was very restless and uneasy. Her favorite food lay untouched before her, and she thought only of the evening. As soon as the inhabitants of the mouse hole had gone on their usual trip to the pantry Blanche hurried away to the kitchen, where she

found Azor waiting for her.

"I was sure thot you would not disappoint me," said he, "and now we shall go into the parlor, where our friends are waiting for us."
Although trembling with excitement and fear, Blanche ran along by her companion's side. When they neared the door, Azor said: "Can you walk on your hind feet? That is the way we always appear at these

evening entertainments."
"I have never tried to walk that way," said Blanche, "but if you will kindly give me your paw, I shall make the attempt." The pair then entered the parlor, where on the sofa sat two large cats, and on an easy chair near by was the Newfoundland dog, Carlo. Azor introduced his friend, who was received with many polite boys and words of welcome. The conversation which followed was very learned, and so far beyond the understanding of the little nouse that she grew weary, and was be-ginning to fear lest she would fall asleep, when supper was announced. Then what a scramble there was. The cats and dogs seemed to forget all their fine manners, and pushed and scratched one another in their efforts to get the best that was to be had. The little white mouse was so frightened that she hid behind the table until the meal was over. Then the said to Azor: "I must certainly hurry home, lest my parents discover my absence and punish me for

discover my absence and punish me for having run away."

After many farewells, and invitations to be present the next evening, Blanche went with Azor back to the kitchen. Then the dog said: "If you will only attend a few of our meetings, you will become wiser than your parents, and will know how to act in refined society, where, on account of your beauty, you will be a great favorite."

1589.—POT POURBL Transposition.

Final than the sapphire's glow, Softer than the ruby's fire, Milder than the blossom's blow, Prime, thy fair hues all admire.

Reversal.

Though mother, son, or loving we Should come the wretched prime.

te."
The foolish little mouse was so flattered by these words that she readily promsed to again disobey her parents, a meet Azor the next evening. Blanche re-turned home before the family arrived there, and nothing was known of her entrance into polite society. The little white mouse was true to her world, and at the appointed time again stole from her home into the

"See, Azor," she said. "what a beautiful this morning, and said it was very becoming to my white fur. I can walk on my hind feet, too, for I have been practicing all day, and I am sure you will be proud of me to-

Azor was highly delighted with Blanche's appearance, and after paying her many com-pliments the two hurried away to the parlor. But the reception was not so pleasant as it had been the night before. Carlo had quarreled with the cats, and every one was in a bad humor.
"I think we had better not stay." whis-

pered Blanche, when she saw how matters stood. But Azor replied: "It would be very impolite to leave so early. We must

at least stay until after supper."

The angry looks which Minette and Pincher cast at Carlo caused Blanche some neasiness, and she took a place near the door, so she might run away if occasion required. When the supper was brought in there was no scramble this time; for the cats would not eat at the same table with Carlo. After Azor had eaten his meal he looked about for Blanche; but she was nohis meal he where to be seen. He then went to Pincher, who had been taking a walk in the hall. "Where is our little friend?" he asked.

"I suppose she grew tired and went home," replied Pincher; "I saw her go out into the hall some time ago."

The cat spoke very sofily; but a look in her eyes made Azor think that the little mouse never reached home. And he was right.

When the mouse family returned home

from their nightly visit, the first inquiry was for Blanche, and when she could not be found, there was great confusion in the little house, the wonderings as to what could have befallen their pet. Finally the mother said: "I fear Blanche has been disobedient and ventured away from home." The father then ran through the passage leading to the kitchen, and just at the entrance of the hole, he found a blue ribbe

and a little white tail. Carrying these, he returned sorrowfully to his home to tell the sad fate of the little white mouse. PAYSTE. MOSQUITOES CAN KILL.

1593-TRANSPOSITION. A Little Child Was Once Smothered By th Isn't it strange That you can change That you can change New Jersey Insects. le name you New York Press.] Men now living and not yet 40 years age remember that during one summer the mosquitoes on the Barnegat Bay marshes became so numerous as to cause the death

of a cow by their continued and furious at-1575—All investigations, including these conducted in private, are inconvenient to law-breaking individuals. tacks. Nor did they stop there. A toddling child living adjacent to one of those meadows wandered out of the house one day and was attacked by a swarm of mosquitoes which seemed to contain millions. With a fury scarcely equaled by a tribe of enraged oux on the warpath the insects beset the 1578—R-at-e. 1579—Blacksmith. 1581—Cottage, inn, hut, shed, barn, hotel, 1581—Cottage, inn, hut, shed, barn, hotel, 1582—Sin-g.

G R A N G E

child. In an instant her ears and mouth were filled with the pests and she was smothered to death by them before her almost frantic parents, at the imminent risk of their lives, rescued her corpse from the victous and deadly onset. HOUSEHOLD goods packed and stored. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 and 34 Water st.

SOME ENIGNATICAL NUTS.

es for the Little Folks That Will Kee Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly-Home

Address communications for this departmen



Whatare the articles, and who should have them?

1586-CHARADE

First. I am, I must confess,

I am, I must confess,
Quite dainty in my dress,
And parted in the middle is my hate.
Although I am not vain,
I sport a slender came,
Of patent leather shoes I have a pair.
My collars all are high,
The neckties that I buy,
Are such as every primal ought to wear.
I love the pretty girls,
Their dimples and their curls,
My greatest joy's to court a maiden fair.
If ever you should chance
To drop into a dance,
Pretty sure you'd be to find me there. Next.

Oh, it is small, I know,
But everywhere I go,
It surely is the truest friend I ve got,
Yes, though I scour the earth
Far from my place of birth,
Until I find some drear, deserted spot.
Beneath the northern star,
Or in some desert far,
Where by no troublous mortals I am vex
Yet in these solitudes,
Where solemn stillness broods,
I still must ever feel that I am next.

still must ever feel that I am nex Last. In busy marts of trade,
Where bargains sharp are made,
And men pursue the shining bubbles, gold
There am I always seen,
With face of varied mien; The fortunes I have made can not be told.
Strange it may seem to you,
But often it is true
I'm seem beneath the feet of those wh

dance;
And ever am I found
At the tables square or round,
Where gamblers woo the fickle goddess,
Chance.

"Perfection's pink" am 1,
Never seen by mortal eye,
Though sought for like the famed philospher's stone;
But still the truth is plain
That, though the search is vain,
In striving for me man has better grown.
H. C. LOUGHLIN.

1587-RIDDLE A parasite beneath the sea,
A parasite upon the land;
I cling to rocks tenaciously,
And cling to all of open hand.

In commerce, art and surgery, In home-life, too, I'm prized; But by the courteous in society I surely am despised!

One day, late in November, an old man might have been seen riding along one of the country roads that led from the city of K.—. He was seated in a rickety, old non-descript vehicle, which was drawn by a despised, yet patient, beast of burden. The animal was old and decrepit, so their progress was slow, and it was quite dark when they arrived home. So familiar was the old gentleman with the premises that he didn't stop to procure a lantern, but unharnessed his animal in the dark and drove him into the inclosure which had been portioned off for him in the barn. The next morning the man went to the barn and found that he had, in the darkness, driven his lame old animal into a tree, where he had remained all night. What variety of tree was it? 1588-A NOCTURNAL EPISODE

1589.-POT POURRL

Though mother, son, or loving wife Should come the wretched prime to Yet for the sake of each dear life, Alas! by him they fined must be. Mutation.

Ye gods, whose statues of fair stone Stand in the storied land of Greece, Stand in the storied land of Greece,
Say, tell me why thy power is gone,
And in thy shrines broods stient peace,
No more the gifts of goods or gold
Are dedicated to thy name;
No treasures more thy temples hold,
And men heed not thy claim.

1590.-A MUTILATION A disciple of Houdin was showing his skill, Causing things to appear or vanish at will; When, taking a plant from a garden bed

near, From whose ripen seeds silken beards appear, With a stroke of his knife he cut off a third. When a most miraculous thing occurred; For the part that was sundered stood up on

its feet, Ready either to battle, to frolic, or eat; While that which was left more fragran grown,
To our fathers and mothers familiarly known;
But a puzzler's eye would see to-day
Instead of a plant in battle array
Two quadrupeds—with a maiden between
Sitting at ease like a fairy queen.
Then the gleam of the blade as it flashed in

air Revealed a lake diminutive, fair Beside whose brink a vision stood Of an ancient king, not wise nor good, Who ruled in Israel in days of old, Of whose life and death the Bible has told. or whose fire and death the Bible has told Still another stroke, the third and last, The Jewish king was a thing of the past, While another beast his freedom had gain and only a sweetheart to us remained; As I have one and care not for another, As I have one and care not for another, I leave her with you, my puzzling brother. M. C. Woodford.

1591-DIAMOND. 1. In Pittsburg. 2. A basket. 8. More imperfect. 4. A saddler. (Obs.) 5. Relating to the Garden of Eden. 6. Numbers of a sect of heretics of the sixth century. 7. Ravelins. 8. A town of Austria-Hungary. 9. One who sets a price. 10. A French article. 11. In dispatch. IRON MASK.

1592-A BEAU'S STRATEGEM. A bashful beau who wooed a belle, The love he bore her blushed to tell; And, thinking of an artful move, On paper thus expressed his love: 1 0 U

The maiden, with a ready will, Took up the beau's discarded quill, And in one sentence, pithy, short, She perpetrated this retort: 2 R U WM. WILSON

The sweetest female name you know
Into a word,
Cruel, abhorred,
Whose wrongs have drenched the world with ANSWERS.

1576—Astronomers. 1577—I. Miss, take, mistake. 2. Sham, rock, shamrock. S. Kit, ten, kitten. 4. Pa, amount, paramount. 5. Shad, owe, shadow. 6. For, bears, forbears.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

Murray's Story of the May Walk of Brooklyn Sunday Schools.

100,000 LITTLE FOLKS IN LINE.

Bits of Human Nature That Crop Out During the Big Parade.

BUSY TIMES FOR THE MANY MOTHERS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, June 13.-Imagine, if you ean, 65,000 children countermarching sixteen deep. Imagine these 65,000 children dressed in their best new spring clothes, carrying ten thousand banners and flags and class emblems of the Sunday school. Fill in with bands of music, with a broad, grand boulevard of smooth asphaltum, with sidewalks packed with adult humanity. mostly of the female sex, with side streets gorged with carriages, trucks, vehicles of all descriptions loaded with people in gala attire, with houses decked with flags and bunting, with every stoop and window and balcony occupied by more excited people, and lastly with the genial summer's sur shining exultantly over all.

In this picture you have a rude outline of what was seen in the City of Homes and Churches on the occasion of the annual Sunday school parade. This parade is called the "May walk," though it sometimes occurs about the first of June. To Brooklyn belongs the exclusive honor of this tre-mendous exhibition of her Protestant Sunday school children, and under that head all denominational shades of creed come together once a year. In the ranks are the rigid disciples of Calvinism who may be-lieve in infant damnation, and side by side are the followers of Universalism, who may believe all are to be saved at the Great Day of Independ of Judgment.

Differences of Doctrine Forgotten, Headed and flanked by ministers and superintendents and teachers the sub-divi-sions bear aloft the banners of their indi-vidual faith—but all unite in this celebra-tion of the children's day and for the moment cease to wrangle over the niceties of doctrine. The event is always looked for-ward to in the City of Churches and leaves

ward to in the City of Churches and leaves a lasting impression of pride and pleasure in all who participate in it, or form a part of the quarter of a million or so lookers on.

The parade is divided up to suit the conveniences of the great city—65,000 in one division, 25,000 in another and 10,000 in another other. The actual attendance in line is a round 100,000, though the stragglers will run round 100,000, though the stragglers will run somewhere between 25,000 and 30,000 more. These children range from 4-year-old tots, led proudly along by brothers and sisters, to young ladies and Bible class boys of 21. A few are younger—a few are older. The great mass range from 7 to 15 years of age. A more beautiful sight than they present in May-day costume, under their Sunday school banners, on these occasions cannot be seen on top of Mother Earth. The love of little children is one of the deepest, substantial and all-pervading of the human instincts. It exists independently of race, color, nationality, patriotism, religion, civilization. This instinct alone would be enough to stamp the "May walk" in Brooklyn with the seal of public interest and approval. proval

Philosophically Interesting. But as it embraces some features of re-ligious ecremony and at the same time ex-hibits the underlying strength of the churches present and the root of the churches yet to come, this celebration ap-peals both to the strongest human instincts and the reflective imagination of the philos-opher. No reasonable human being could look on these 65,000 happy, childish faces and come away without feeling that the world is a better world to live in. The proud mothers and fathers who line the proud mothers and lathers who line the route of the parade to catch a glimpse of their own individual offspring in the ranks, lend by their eager faces, their smiles and waving handkerchiefs a still brighter glow

And the children themselves! What a And the children themselves! What a world of love and tender patience and parental anxiety they represent. It is the "coming out" day for Brooklyn school children, and in this respect may'be compared with Easter Sunday in the life of the society woman. Whatever new outfit of clothes the child is to have for the summer Sundays is prepared and worn first at the May walk. It is in this newest and best that the Sunday school scholar of Brooklyn joins the great procession.

Costs Mothers Lots of Worry.

You mothers who read this know what it takes to get one child in readiness for such an event; and how much greater is the tax upon your efforts and purses when there are two or three, or half a dozen, running from two or three, or half a dozen, running from that uneasy 4-year-old to your miss of 19. You alone can imagine the work of perhaps 50,000 mothers for this annual exhibition. In Brooklyn the church governs the social life of all grades of people. It is society. With her schools and her churches and her

With her schools and her churches and her homes Brooklyn finds no parallel anywhere in the United States. You must thoroughly understand this to comprehend the full significance of the May walk.

The school system of Brooklyn is considered the finest in America. Its mark is in the intelligent faces, the bright eyes, the frequent round shoulders and that chests of these children.

Dear, dear! What a pity we can't have education without deformity, religion with.

education without deformity, religion with-out bigotry! The thing which most appeals to the observant eye on such an occasion is the apparent evenness of worldly circum-stances in this Brooklyn crowd. There are few sharp contrasts. There are exquisitely dressed children and simply and cheaply dressed children in the parks; there are ele gant ladies on the brown-stone stoops. But the grand whole is

That Overwhelming Middle Class

as we term them. This is quite as conspicuous among the little ones as among the dense crowds that line the streets. There are the sons and daughers of million-aires shoulder to shoulder in Christian fel-lowship with the children of grocers and butchers and bakers and barbers—the church being for the nonce the great leveler. But you will never see except in this same city of Brooklyn the same great proportion of plain welf-to-do folks—the same comparative absence of apparent extremes.

There are negroes and Chinamen in the

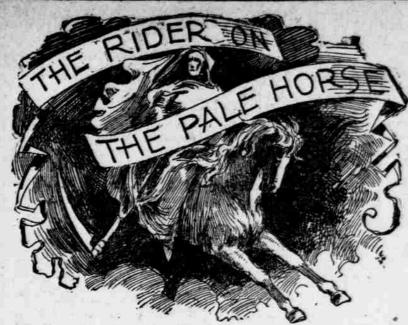
There are negroes and Chinamen in the line of march, carrying the same banners of the church, and this fact draws general attention. The blacks, little and big, wear good clothes, but the Mongolian sticks to his flowing garments and pigtail. The heathen Chinee may occasionally be a convert to our religion, but he doesn't accept our combination of treusers and walstcoats and things. The next peculiar feature of the May walk is the number of pretty girls in the parade. Brooklyn is famous for her in the parade. Brooklyn is famous for her pretty girls, though many of them work in New York. In the first place, there is a stamp of village innecence in the faces of these young girls and young ladies which distinguish them from the Broadway article. Characteristics of Brooklyn Girls.

Characteristics of Brooklyn Girls.

This is emphasized by simplicity and soberness of attire. There is no chic about the Brooklyn girl—is a lack of "style" of "git-up and-git," so to speak—but she is sweet and innocent and modest as any Quaker maid. From childhood she has been a member of the Sunday school and at the first blush of maturity is taken into the church. This gives a rather serious tinge to church. This gives a rather serious tinge to her character and educates in her an abcustomed to the soubrettes and ingenues of upper Broadway, the stately artificiality of Fifth avenue, and the coarse, sodden vul-garity of the East Side, the demure shyness

and maidenly innocense of the Brooklyn girl is a sweet revelation.

In this procession you see her at her best. She comes forth arrayed like the bride blushingly awaiting the bridegroom. He doesn't show up here. He is bending over



Who rides so late On specter steed
At frantic speed?
Who seeks the castle gate? who seeks the castle gate?
A phantom on a spectre steed
Unclad in robe or mail
Rides in the moonlit vale.
Pale Rider, stay thy course,
Rein in thy milk-white horse!
Fast barr'd the castle gate;
Rein in thy specter mate;
Thy knock will not avail,
Thy midnight errand fail.
Pale Rider, halt! Draw nigh!
Who is it rides, and why?

DEATH-I'm Death, and this my steed,
Thy song hath checked our speed,
For since that morn, Man's natal mor
When Time first struck a jubilee,
The glad salute to earth's first-born,
The masterplece of Deity,
A song and music stays the course
Of Death and his pale specter horse.

A birth brings joy; the natal breath May not bring joy to thee, O Death. The groan, the wail to thee belong, 'Tis not for thee the voice of song. NATURE-

When Adam took his place
As first-born of his race,
Glad shouts broke out on high
And music shook the sky;
Glad shouts like sounding years
Re-echoed mong the spheres;
From Orion to Pleiades,
From Polar star to southern seas
The loud resounding anthems rise
Along the gamut of the skies;
Till sun and star exultant sang,
Joy to the world! Good hall, O Man !

Such songs the angels bend to hear, But fall discordant on Death's ear: DEATH-

When all the morning stars
Sang with the Sons of God,
My strong red steed fell down
In terror and amaze,
While I myself grew cold with fear.
When silence reigned again on high
Death's horse rose up as white as snow,
And Death since rides on a pale horse.
E'er since the song of stars
A song will halt my steed.

NIGHTINGALE-When Death, song-lulled forgets to ride, And lays his horrid spear aside, Then failing heart and clouded brain May turn to hope and life again. Oh, that the stars might ever sing To stay the hand of Terror's King; Sing on, sing on, we havening throng. Sing on, sing on, ye burning throng, Fill time and space with shout and song, But what thy errand this fair night? Who gains by this thy tardy flight?

DEATH-Yon castle gray that stands
Like sentinel on guard,
Shall ope its gates to me.
Within its guarded granite hall,
The inner chamber of the hold,
Where rests the angel of the ark,
I'll take my stand in spite of bars.
This night fair Lady Estmere dies.
Her babe newborn lies on her breast;
Through it I'll strike her to the heart.
Thy song detained me one brief hour While she has felt the thrilling glow
Of mother for her first-born child,
Thus making life a sweeter joy,
And death a harder, keener pang.
I hear her wild appeal to God
To spare her life to love and guard
The child that nestles in her arms.
Her grief would melt a heart of stone;
Sir Estmere weeps in wild despair;
The knight may weep, the lady die,
For man must weep, and all must die,
But what is grief to me?
I'm Death, and this my steed!
I hasten to fair Estmere's side;
Thou and thy song hath stayed
Her flight to Paradise.
She dies within the hour;
I'm Death, and this my steed! While she has felt the thrilling glow

IGHTINGALE-Stay, O Death! I'll sing to thee!
I'll sing to thee all night,
I'll warble all the day;
New songs I'll make,
Fresh chornls wake,
If thou wilt only stay.
Stay, O Death! I'll sing to thee!

Oh let thy pale tired steed lie down
Beneath the green-wood tree,
And let me thy worn senses drown
With midnight melody;
A bed upon the clover heath
Is softer than the couch of death.

Stay, monster, stay! O grim despair! He's gone! He's gone! Death's gone! That dying mother bars my throat; Her awful cry, her wailing prayer Would drown the peal of loudest note. Woe, woe is me! Death's gone! HORUS OF SPIRITS-

Around the castle turrets sweep The birds of ill omen,
The winds around the gables weep,
And ghosts stalk in the glen;
The owlet on the heath
Despairing hoots in wild affright,
The dogs are howling at the sprite
That haunts the house of death. THE FATES-

Come to the hall of death, Come to the house of wee to-night And gaze upon the paie cold face Turned to the weeping stars.

The shadows darken on a bier, A burning censor sadly swings
Where weeping angels guard the dead
With folded arms and drooping wings.
Ah, gentle mother, where art thou?
Hushed is thy voice and cold thy hand;
I weep to feel no more thy touch:
Come back, come back, from shadowland.

No knight ever led in the van—,
No hero or leader of man,
E'er conquered on land or the wave
But sprang from a mother as brave.
A nerve from the mother's true heart
Will stretch o'er the land and the sea,
Though myriads of leagues may part,
At the end of that nerve will be
Her child, her truant child astray.

GIGHTINGALE-Hark! above the castle dome Sweet music bursts from far! List! I hear the mother's voice Like echo from a star.

Like ecto from a star.

Death no more shall stay her song,

Nor grief shall choke her voice;

Forever on the hills of joy

She'll wander and rejoice.

PITTSBURG, June 13. E. A. W

a desk, or rushing around with a pencil be-hind his ear over the river in New York somewhere. There is about one man visible to every 50 women. It is the women and children's day. The men are off hard at

work to earn money to pay all these Sun-day-go-to-meeting clothes. The Whole City Goes Idle. 4

The tradesmen of Brooklyn, however, are at their doors or front windows, or out on the walks looking at the children. The lat-ter are thrown out by regiment, brigade and divisions on the side streets half the day, and block up the walks. There is little or no business being done anywhere in Brooklyn this day. If you go in somewhere for a glass of beer you'll find the place deserted, the hearing varpristor out on the curb and went up a side street and entered one of the beaming proprietor out on the curb, and his bartender standing on the bar to get a better view through the window or over the screen. No customers for the ice cream saloons either, and the pretty cashier and her waiters are out on the sidewalk, taking in the make of the Bible class girls' new

The butchers' and grocers' and District Messenger boys who must work on this day of days have forgotten all about their errands and are trying to goad some half-grown lads, who carry a blue plush banner inscribed in letters of gold with "We Are His Lambs," into coming around the alley for a scrap. And the "lambs" look as if they would like to accommodate them; only there is teacher keeping a sharp eye—two sharp eyes behind glasses—to see that no such inharmonious event occurs. There seems to be an understanding arrived at in spite of this watchfulness that a pair of "His Lambs" will be back there later "when the procession broke up" to settle matters.

Their First Long Dresses. Then these self-conscious school girls in

the aforesaid hats—of course they don't see the ice-cream girls and the pretty eashier, and if they do they have no idea what they are thinking about; but they turn a side are thinking about; but they turn a side and rear view every now and then, as if merely in the course of conversation—just as the boy turns his guidon so that people can read the wording from various directions. Some of these girls have put on long dresses for the first time this morning, and are momentarily in fear of stepping on the front breadth or that the rear section may not hang right. The big, red-faced members of the German bands—there are 20 bands lying around the side streets this morning—look longingly toward the nearest beer place, but recognizing a possible prejudice on this score on the part of their Sunday school employers, refrain from their

day school employers, refrain from their favorite cup, or seek it around the block. The little tots are just wild for the march and music to begin. One little pair of beauties, dressed as George and Martha Washington, walk coolly around under a couple of thousand pairs of eyes, and are unmoved by the loud and incessant manifestations of delight. New York Blissfully Ignorant of It.

Well, well; if I should tell half the amus ing and instructive things I saw at the Brooklyn May walk, I should become wearisome. When the parade was over the little folks filed into the great churches, where icecream and cake and oranges, etc. rewarded them for their fatigue. And the the 65,000 children, or so many of them as survived the occasion, went wearily home with an orange each, to be put to bed early by the 50,000 tired mothers, and a half a million other church people and their friends of Brooklyn, who had witnessed the

riends of Brooklyn, who had witnessed the parade under various disadvantages, declared it was the greatest Brooklyn ever had seen, and then fell asleep also.

The New Yorker, as a rule, never heard of the "May walk," or if he has, it was only a casual allusion in his daily paper—which he skipped. The event took up about as much space as a "common drunk before a police justice. CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

WE call at residence with upholstery san ples and furnish-estimates on work. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street.

WHERE SHOPLIFTERS DISGORGE. They Usually Make for the Nearest Avella-

hie Place to Unload. New York Sun.] What do shoplifters do with their spoils when they are so loaded up that walking is uncomfortable? Detective Cutts, who has had a large experience in one of New York's biggest stores, one day followed two women who, he was sure, had been shoplifting for several hours, yet so cleverly that he could not gather evidence enough to warrant their arrest. When they left he followed. They

those side entrances to a saloon leading into a small room partitioned off for women. Quick as a thought Detective Cutts ran in the front door and said to the bartender: "See here, you know me. Lend me your apron. I want to wait on those women. Tying on the apron, the detective answered the call of the women and served them with beer. He waited a few minutes, and then went in to find them pulling out all sorts of merchandise and making them into

undles.
"Oh," said he; "got all those things at the store, eh?"
"Yes, but what's that to you?" "It's this much to me," said the mock bartender. "I'm the store detective, and I

want you to go back with me and pay for Shoplifters who steal for business and take as much as they can get dispose of their stealings about their persons only temporar-ily while in the store. Once outside, they find some quiet place in which to disgorge and arrange their stealings, and the private rooms in saloons are very convenient for the

A BATTLESNAKE IN SCHOOL.

t Frightened the Teacher and Pupils and Put Them to Flight. nati Enquirer.)

The other day when the teacher and pupils of District No. 7, of Clay township, Auglaize county, arrived at the schoolhouse they found a large rattlesnake quietly dozing on one of the desks. The lady teacher and the young scholars, none over teacher and the young scholars, none over 10 years of age, attacked the reptile with sticks, when it suddenly rose, rattled furiously, and sprung at them—the first evidence they had that it was a rattlesnake. It put the scholars to flight. A neighboring farmer was summoned, who shot it, and the frightened teacher and scholars went back to work.

Life's End. No beings do forever last; All follow their predestined way, Some living long, some dwindling fast, Existing for a single day. The inner shapes the outer frame,

More simple here, there more refined; Their Maker's wisdom loud proclaim The most of all, the human kind. These under Nature's wise control, Do in perfection highest stand, And wander on to reach their goal. The grave, in near or distant land

Man's days are measured here on earth, Old age he seldom doth attain, Oft from the moment of his birth The perfect health is wished in vain.

In childhood, or advanced in age
Do various dangers us surround,
In peace, and on world's noisy stage,
We threatened are, by ills around. Some illnesses one can resist

Far easier in younger years; They vanish then with lesser fears, And disappear like in a mist.

But after great and constant strife, With hostile, inner racking foes, An end is put to human life, Our eyes we then forever close. In life we e'er must try our best,

In peace to live and thus to die, The body though on earth finds rest Our soul finds happiness on High. Dr. L. Guynn

K. K. Stabsartz, Vienna, A.