cast it off.

He not only cast it off, but he pursued it with a bitter hatred. He invited into his

with a bitter hatred. He invited into his kindom all the paganisms, and necromancies and superstitions of all the surrounding nations. In the valley of Hinnom, in a place called Tophet, close by the Jerusalem walls, was a brazen image of Moloch, a relic of the days of Ahab. This was repaired, and the furnace at its feet was again lighted for human sacrifice. On the flat housetops of the city a host of little altars smoked with incense in adoration of the stars of heaven.

incense in adoration of the stars of heaven.
At the street corners, in brick ovens, women baked cakes in honor of the unclean goddess Astarte. The temple worship stopped. The

Baal. The temple worship stopped. The sacred vessels were used in the service of Baal. The great altar was broken down and two new ones built, one to the sun and the other to the moon. The name of Jehovah was erased from all inscriptions. The Holy of Holies became a lumber room.

A Season of Persecution.

Manasseh began a general persecution.
Day by day the prophets of the old religion
were hunted down and ordered off to death.
The nobles who held to the old ways were

and Goths and Huns and Vandals.

Who Invaded Rome.

found fulfillment.

Seythian or Chaldean, the dust of their

taken to be of more interest and consequence than the eternal. But let trouble

What Zephaniah Had to Say.

Zephaniah's sermon, as it is preserved for us in his book, is a dreadful sort of sermon,



such luck to his master, was given one of the best rooms in the building, and on ac-count of the kind attention which he re-

ceived from both his master and the serv-ants, lived to a good, old age.

Edwin's two brothers never became rich men, and they both wished many, many

nstead of either the mill or the donkey.

SOME ENIGNATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep

Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week

if They Solve Them Correctly-Hom

Address communications for this departm

1613-THE PURELE-OF THE TRIANGLES,

in the accompanying diagram, four equal and similar triangles are constructed by means of nine equal straight lines.

Now, with three more equal straight lines, construct a figure containing two more equal and similar triangles.

J. H. FEZANDIE,

Who'll be king of the jokers.
That bravely banish the blues?
Who'll be king of the smokers,
That relish Nicotian dews?
Who'll be king of the urchins
That brighten the travelers' shoes?

Who'll be king of the toilers?

The king of the lazy crew?
The king of the speculators?
Of the lovers who meet to woo?
Who'll be king of the drunkards?
The beggars we know have two.

Who'll be the fisherman's monarch?

There's one for the maker of pies.
Who'll be king of the cowards?
Who'll be king of the spies?
Who'll be king of the cravens?
We know there is one for the wise.

Of the pinte hordes that rob? Who'll be king of the orators? Of the babies who crow and sob? Vho'll be king of their mothers? Of the restless, riotous mob?

Who'll be the king of the timid,
In doubt what to do or say?
Who'll be king of the postmen
Who honestly earn their pay?
And since there's a king for the sullen,
There is surely one for the gay.

1616-TRANSPOSITION.

Though Patrick was clever, good-natured

and brisk, he Was fond of a one full of brandy or whisky

And fee at full speed down the broad road to

Till blest Father Matthew's Society caught

And to a full sense of his misdoing brought

him. He saw all his danger, its woes, and its ter-

rors, Signed the pledge, and most manfully three

all his errors; Grew stendy and business-like, and of late

Has bought a neat cottage, and fine four

"There's no 'five' man than Pat to be found

To the joy of his good little wife who de-

Mr. Cook one for all the elite of the city.

Erasures, corrections, and two strangely blended.

The writer's confusion, now three on the

to the moon

For all he can tell he is ready to swoon.

M. C. S.

1617-DECAPITATION.

An all of tea, At close of day, Does not agree With me, I say.

For, like a last, I lie awake,

Till hours are passed, When it I take.

When I was a small boy, oh, a very, very small boy, I didn't like to study. If, on looking my lessons over, they seemed hard I would close the book with a bang and I would close the bang and I wo 1618-MY CONFESSION

declare I never could get them. When of the playground, if the games didn't go o just according to my mind, I would leavet! game with the momentary intention

1619-CHARADE.

"When summer comes," said little Jack One blustering winter day. "I'll give up all my in first games, And in the fields I'll play.

"I'll plant some pictty flowering vines And train them o'er the all And will enjoy the fragrant blooms Until the frosts of fall."

1629-TRANSPORMATION.

That adjectively means make warm or hot; Transform it, as we here now do, And lo: a true "lace factory" springs to view

total term we here have sought,

"I'll find the two to all the nests

He shunned the straight path that we lear

Who'll be king of the sailors?

E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.

Amusements.

times that they had chosen the despi-

thereafter known as Count Havenothing, took up his residence in the golden palace, and a few years later he married the Princess, the King's beautiful daughter, and for the rest of his life was a happy, wealthy man. The faithful cat, who had brought such lack to his master, was given one of [TRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATCH] A good, old miller, who was about to die, alled his three sons to him and said: "My lear children, my last day has come, and I an be with you only a few more hours. All the wealth I possess is the old mill, a donkey and a cat. These are yours to do with is you think best."

Soon after the miller died and was laid to est. Then the eldest son divided the propcity. He kept the mill for himself, gave he donkey to the second son, and there was nothing left for the youngest son, Edwin, except the large gray cat. The boy was very much dissatisfied with his share, and said: "What can I do with a cat? If it were made of gold it would be of some value; but I cannot even sell its fur. The best thing for me to do is to drown it."

The cat heard these words, and creeping from his place behind the stove he stole up his master, and looking piteously into to his master, and looking piteously into his face said: "Do not despise me, kind master, nor allow me to be killed; for I can bring great fortune to you. Only give me a bag; then buy me a hat and a pair of boots, and you will see that your share of your tather's wealth is the best."

Edwin laughed heartily at this speech, but replied: "You are a sly animal, and who knows but that you might bring me some lack."

The hat and boots were purchased, and tressed in these the cat took his bag and began his travels. He first went into the field and thought: "Now, I will try to steh a rabbit, for I am told that the King s very fond of stewed rabbit.

He then stretched himself out as if dead, and directly several rabbits hopped near, gazing curiously at the strange sight of a cut dressed in hat and boots. It was not ng before the cat had the unsuspecting to the King's palace. When he reached the cate the servants laughed loud and long at he cat dressed in such a costume, and they illingly led him to the King. When he and come into the royal presence, the cat ook off his hat, made a low bow, and said: Your Majesty, my muster, Count Have othing, has sent me to you with this pres

ent, which he begs you to accept."

The King took the rabbits, and sent many banks to the kind Count. A day or two later, the eat came again with squirrels, which he said were a present to the King from Count Havenothing. This time the King sent not only thanks, but a purse of gold, which the delighted cat carried to Edwin, who greatly praised him for his shrewdness. For several months the cat carried gifts to the King and always received in return some rich present for his

One morning, the cat said to Edwin: "To-I shall make your fortune for you; you must do exactly as I say. The ng is going to ride with his daughter past mill, and when his carriage comes in it, you must jump into the millpond." win had now such confidence in his faithful servant that without asking why, promised to do as he was told. The miller's the miner's con watched all day for the King's carriage. Late in the afternoon he saw it approach, and as it drew near, Edwin jumped into the stream. The cat stood on the bank, and cried: "Help, help, the Count Havenothing has fallen into the millpond and is drowning."

The King recognized the cat's voice, and remembering the many gifts he had reremembering the many gifts he had rerelived from the Count, he sent his servants to rescue the man, whom he thought to be
direwning. When the servants had pulled
Edwin out of the water, and had returned
to the carriage, the King said: "Go to Count
Havenothing, and tell him that the King
sends him an invination to ride in the royal sends him an invitation to ride in the royal

But the cat said: "Your Majesty, my master has just been taken from the pond, and, although nothing would give him creater pleasure than to ride with you, he uld not uppear before you and the Princess in his dripping clothes. The King then dispatched a servent

the eastle for a princely suit with which to adorn the young Count. When Edwin, dressed in his courtly dress and attended by his faithful servant, appeared, the Princes hought him the most handsome youth she had ever seen, and the King repeated his invitation for him to ride with him. While Edwin, the poor miller's son, was

md, the cat sped like the wind over the road until he came to a large castle made whelly of gold and precious stones. In the ch perfume of choice flowers filled the air Here lived an old magician who was skilled in all maric arts, and who was a cause of country. His wealth was much greater tended; even than the King's, and his palace was the grandest in the world. The cat entered But he must get it right—'tis from Alderman Feeder.

With his finger he four the irregular scrawl Till he starts at the sound of a clattering fall. the magnificent building, and went directly into the presence of the owner, who was a man, bent almost do ending over books so much. His thin, gray hair hung down over his shoulders, his small, black eyes were set deep in his head, and his face was yellow and wrinkled. He noked up as the cat came in, and said "How dare you come here to dis

fall.

Lo: Boggles, the clumsiest waiter alive,
This moment has broken his favorite fire,
Then his clerk has made up an account, and
it's wrong:
He must six it himself, and it's ever so long.
He'd some screen of fine strawberries prom-The cat took off his hat, made his best I do not come to disturb ised at noon,
Three o'clock, and those berries have gone you; but I have heard what a great man you ere, and I simple wished to see you. The old man was very much flattered by these words, and replied: "Yes, I am a great man; but I did not know that cats had

There is no creature who has not heard of you," returned the cat, "and I thought

your magic arts for me." "I shall do so with pleasure," answered the old man. "What shall I do first." "I have heard," said the cat, "that you n change yourself into any animal you

sh; but I do not believe it."
"Of course, I cau," cried the magician, and if you dore to say that I cannot I shall you at once. Instantly the old man vanished and in his

place stood a large lion shaking his main game with the momentary intention of never playing with the boys again. When I grew older I announced that the practice of medicine was my choice of professions. My friends all exclaimed that of all the professions that was the one for which I was naturally least fitted. Why? roaring furiously. The cat was so frightened that he sprang out of the win-dew and ran as fast as he could toward the pate. But the old man laughed heartily al cried: "Come back. Now will you believe that you have heard about me? The car came back and said: "I have seen you become a raging lion; but can you ecome so small an animal as a mouse?"

The magician made no reply; but a mo

ment later a tiny mouse was running over the floor. Quick as a flash the cat seized and killed the little creature. Then he went about among the servants and told them that their old master, the magician, Havenothing, would soon arrive. The faith-id cat then stationed himself at the gate, and watched for the King's carriage. When the royal party came near he said: "Master, everything is in readiness for your

Edwin felt that he could trust his servant, and he said to the King: "This is my palace. Will not you and the Princess stop here to

The King looked in astonishment at the

1621-HALP SQUARE. 1. A celebrated epic poem of the Hindoos-2. Explation. 3. A preacher. 4. One whol-maintains that the soul is the proper princf-ple of life. 5. Slanders. 6. Wrong. 7. Quiet 8. An insect. 9. A letter repeated. 10. A

1622-TRANSPOSITION. The first is man's good friend and servant— That must be owned by the observant. Transpose, and what you now do make You always find by sea or lake. BITTER SWEET.

PRIZES FOR JULY. They are three in number, and will delight the winners. They will be awarded the senders of the best three lots of answers for the month, the solutions, as usual, to be forwarded in weekly installments.

ANSWERS. 1604—To appear amid inconsolable cranks, who insist on pouring their sorrows into one's ear is unbearable.
1605—Champi-ton.
1606—The battle of Waterloo.
1807—Flint-lock, shot-gun, pistol, rifle, cannon, revolver, musket.

1608—Clan-g. 1609—The dial of a city clock, 1610—Car-a-van.

THE GAY SWEET BILLY.

How the Meadowlark Changes His Note With the Seasons-A Good Bird Up North, but Ill-Mannered in the South-His Habits.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] the Meadowlark is the bird for me, He sits on top of the walnut tree. And sings aloud with a voice of glee, "Sweet Billy, Sweet Billy, come out to me.

But late in the fall,

He changes his call, And sings "Sweety Bill," in a mournful tone, As though Billy had gone and left him alone. The meadow lark, sometimes called "old The meadow lark, sometimes called "old field lark," or "American starling," is best known to country boys and girls as "sweet Billy," from the fact of his uttering these words so plainly when he comes to us from the South early in April. He is one of our most beautiful birds when he first comes, with his bright yellow shirt and black bosom, but toward fall, the black breast becomes of a dull gravish color, and it is then comes of a dull gravish color, and it is then he changes his brisk notes of "sweet Billy"

to a plaintive, long-drawn-out "sweety The lark is one of the farmer's best friends, as he never eats fruit and very rarely disturbs grain when growing, al-though he occasionally eats the grains of oats or rye which he finds scattered in fields at harvest time. His regular diet is insects of different kinds, beetles, ants, etc., and like the red-winged blackbird he is very fond of cutworms, which he destroys in great quantities after the fields are plowed

for corn.

They begin building early in May; both male and female helping make the nest which is built on the ground and composed of dry, wiry grass made very compact, to which a hidden and almost winding path is mace, and generally so well concealed that the nest is only to be found when the bird is frightened from it. Their nests are very cosy affairs, each one having a roof over part, if not the whole of the nest, under which my lady lark sits protected from both sun and rain.

sun and rain. Many a time, when school "let out" have I spent happy hours hunting through the old pasture field for a lark's nest and when I found one, with what joy I carried home the four pure white eggs, with spots of red-dish brown, and added them to my collee-

They are gregarious birds, for most of the year, going in flocks from place to place, and only desert their wandering life when raising their young. I have sometimes seen, late in the fall, 100 or more collected in a

harmless a bird in the Northern States, when the lark goes South he loses his good manners and becomes quite a thief. Audubon says that in the Carolinas many planters agree in denouncing the lark as a depre-dator, alleging that he scratches up oats when sown early in the spring, and is fond of plucking up the young corn, wheat, rye

John Burroughs—one of our best authori-ties on birds—speaking of the "return of the birds," says: "The swallows live and chat-ter about the barn and build beneath the eaves; the partridge drums in the fresh sprouting woods, the long, tender note of the meadew lark the meadow lark comes up from the meadow," and he counts them the happiest days of his life, when a bare-foot boy free from care, he wandered through the fields and meadows

And listened to the yellow-breasted lark's Sweet whistle from the grass. AUNT CLARE.

AN OHIO LEGISLATOR'S YARN. His Party of Poker Players Were Frightened by a Skeleton Gambler.

Cincinnati Enquirer. Scott Bonham tells the following remark able story, and as he is an attorney and member of the Board of Legislation there can be no doubt as to its veracity: "Some time subsequent to 1849," said Scott, "myself and several young fellows caught the

gold fever and concluded to go to California and become millionaires. We reached the Eldorado in good condition, and upon the advice of an Indian purchased 300 acres of land supposed to contain a vein of the coveted metal. After a fruitless search for three weeks in the bowels of the earth, we returned one Saturday afternoon to our shanty, and after supper sat down to a social game of poker.
"We played all Saturday night, all day Sunday and well into Sunday night, when a terrible storm arose. The thunder crashed

around us until our cabin seemed tottering on its trail foundation, but still we continned to play until the war of the elements grew so terrific that one of our companions rose from his seat, saying he would play no longer. He had hardly left his place when a flash of lightning more intense in its brill-iancy than any before caused us to pause in our play, when glancing at the face of Jim our play, when glancing at the face of Jim

—who sat opposite the vacant chair, my
blood almost stopped circulating at the look
of horror on his countenance. His eyes seemed fixed with a glassy stare, and fol-lowing the direction in which he looked, I saw a sight. Seated in the chair just vacated was a skeleton, holding in its flesh-less fingers five cards, while before it on the table were three or four stacks of checks. 'Look,' I exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. The others did so, and with one impulse we all jumped from our seats and dashed through the door into the storm that was through the still raging. Huddled together under a large tree we passed the night, and from that day to this I've never played a game of

Saving the Shade Trees.

St. Bouis Globe-Democrat. "The surest way to keep worms out to shade trees is to bore a half-inch hole in the trunk just at the ground and pour in coal oil and sulphur mixed to about the con-sistency of this syrup. In a week not a worm will be left on the tree, and if you pull off a leaf and offer it to the hungriest caterpillar in town he will take a bite and then squirm about as though it made him

To Imprison a Language,

The Bowdoin scientific expedition to the land of the Esquimo secured before its de-parture from Mr. Edison the latest and most improved form of the phonograph, and by its means the Esquimaux songs and lar guage may be caught and reproduced.

was born during Manasseh's reign. Manasseh has been compared to Julian the Apostate, and the comparison is an apt one. His father was the good King Hezekiah, who had Isaiah for his father confessor. He WORK OF ZEPHANIAH

His Biography Is a Blank, but Something Is Known About Him.

HE WAS A FEARLESS PREACHER.

It Was a Sinful Time in Which He Spoke His Burning Words.

HIS SERMONS APPLICABLE TO-DAY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The last 12 books of the Old Testament fall into three divisions, according to the times in which they were written. Some were written before the war, some during the war and some after the war.

The war was a pretty long war. It lasted about 300 years. There were two campaigns in this war, in one of which the chief enemy was Assyria, in the other Chaldea. The main event of the first campaign was the destruction of the city of Samaria by the Assyrians, and the carrying away of great numbers of the population of the northern kingdom into captivity. The main event of the second campaign was the destruction of the city of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans, and the carrying away of great numbers of the population of the southern kingdom into captivity. Then came up another mighty nation, or combination of nations, and laid hold upon this Assyrio-Chaldean power and put it down—the Medes and Persians. And this new power permitted the exiled He-brews to go home again; and so the long war

Four Natural Divisions, Four Natural Divisions.

It might be better, perhaps, to say that the last twelve books of the Old Testament fall into four divisions, rather than three. Some were written before the war, some during the Assyrnan campaign, some during the Chaldean campaign, and some after the war was ended. This is the order of the books, according to this division: (1) before the war, Amos and Hosea; (2) during the Assyrian campaign, Mieah, Nahum and Zephaniah; (3) during the Chaldean campaign, Habakkuk, part of Zachariah, and Obadiah; (4) after the war, Joel, part of Zechariah, Haggai, Malachi and Jonah. The prophet whose life and writings we

The prophet whose life and writings we are to study to-day lived just as the war changed from one campaign to the other. In his day Nineveh was destroyed, the power of Assyria was destroyed with it, and the Chaldeans of Babylon were just beginning to be the rulers of the East. The prophet's name was Zephaniah. Who knows anything about the prophet Zephaniah? Nobody knows very much about him. We go to the componenties house the large search of the componenties have the search of the componenties because the large search of the componenties have the search of to the commentaries hoping to learn some-thing, and we read in the very first sentence this: "The biography of Zephaniah is absolutely blank,"

What Zephaniah Tells of Himself,

And yet we do know something about Zephaniah, after all. He tells us two things about himself, plainly. He tells us the names of three or four generations of his ancestors, and he tells us the name of the King in whose reign he lived. Now we will have to take these two facts, and use them, if we can, as the naturalists do, who find two bones and studying them diligently are able at last to make a picture of a whole animal. Out of these two facts we are to

construct a biography of Zephaniah.

Zephaniah tells us that his father's name was Cushi, and his grandfather's name was Gedaliah, and his great-grandfather's name was Amariah, and his great-grandfather's name was Hizkiah. Queer sounding names they seem to us. And as we don't late in the fall, 100 or more collected in a field making preparation to leave for the South. One bird is usually perched on a tree near by as a sentinel, and the moment a gunner approaches he gives the alarm and the flock is on the qui vive in an instant. They are so shy that it is very difficult to approach them, and when shot at they are secured only by guns of long range. Their flight is a peculiar, hovering one, the wings moving in short, almost imperceptible vibrations.

In the r's name was Hizkiah. Queer sounding names, they seem to us. And as we don't know anything about the people to whom these names belonged, they don't give us very much information. But Zephaniah was evidently proud of them. A man does not set down the names of his ancestors to the fourth generation unless he thinks them personages of considerable importance. Some think that the Hizkiah of this list was Hezekiah the King. In that case Zephaniah had royal blood in his veins. And as we don't know anything about the people to whom these names of considerable importance. secured only by guns of long range. Their flight is a peculiar, hovering one, the wings moving in short, almost imperceptible vibrations.

A few larks often stay with us through the winter, and when deep snow is on the ground they visit the barnyards and if not molested become very tame. Although so

All the more honor, then, to Zephaniah r these plain-spoken sermons of his. All comes from the fields like Amos, or from the villages like Micah. He is a poor man. The rich are naturally conservative. It has been said that no man is so timid of change as the man who owns two millions. People as the man who owns two millions. People in high position are naturally conservative. Naturally, I say, for everything is going on exceedingly well with them. They need no bettering. They are not deprived of their rights, nor ground down into the dirt; they are not starving in tenement houses.

Well done, Zephaniah, to sympathize with the sorrows of others as if they were your own, and to preach the indignation of God against the evils of your time! One of the best things about the days in which we live is that men of wealth and position are awake to the wrongs which vex society, and are giving their best thoughts and their best dollars to get them remedied. Darkest England and the Way Out.

Zephaniah is giving £1,000,000 over in England to help the man who purposes to search London "with candles," as the prophet says, and to bring light into its black corners. The best friend of the people to-day is Zephaniah. If he only knew the real way to right the people's wrongs, they would get righted fast enough. Our nineteenth century Zephaniah recognizes that the people have wrongs, and that is itself a great step in advance.

Zephaniah goes on from telling us the names of his great-grandfathers to tell us names of his great-grandiathers to tell us another and more important name, the name of his King. He is writing, he says, in the days of "Josiah, son of Amon, King of Judah." Now, think of a King of Judah being the son of a man named Amon! Fo Amon was the name of one of the great deities of Egypt. Josiah's grandfather, then, named his son after one of the Egyptian gods. That was almost as bad as if a man in this Christian country were to name his son Judas. It was a defiance of all right religious sentiment. Take that short name and hold it up, and you can look through it, like a telescope, into the land and the age in which Zephaniah

Wrote Before the Reformation For when Zephaniah says that he lived in King Josiah's day, and then proceeds to preach this fierce, scathing, perfectly re-lentless and unsparing sermon which we find in his book, it is at once evident that he lived before the reformation. You remember about that reformation in the days were born in Bohemia, and are in the lived before the reformation in the days were born in Bohemia, and are in the lived by a mere ligature, like the Siamese but resemble rather in of King Josiah. You know that it had the queerest kind of beginning. It began with the finding of an old book in a church cellar. their formation Millie-Christine, some They were clearing out the temple, after a whole generation of neglect, and under a pile of rubbish they discovered a dirty, They were clearing out the temple, after a whole generation of neglect, and under a pile of rubbish they discovered a dirty, mouldy old roll of parchment, and when they picked it up and began to read it, behold it was the Holy Bible!

That was a discovery indeed! In all the

land there was but one Bible, and that was lost. And here beneath this pile of rubbish the Bible was found. It had even been forgotten that any such book was in existence. And when they read it, why it went straight gotten that any such book was in existence.

And when they read it, why it went straight in the face of all the habits of the time. It forbade men to steal; it forbade men to commit murder: it forbade idelatry in short it. mit murder; it forbade idolatry; in short, it forbade nearly all the respectable customs of the day! And the result was Josiah's reformation. But Zephaniah evidently wrote before there was any reformation. Now, this reformation occurred in the eighteenth year of Josiah's reign. Amon, his father, had reigned only two years before he was murdered in a court conspiracy. Zephaniah, then, must have lived a good deal of his life in the day of Amon's father

The Character of Manas ch Now we get back to the man who named his son after an Egyptian god. Zephaniah SAVED BY A SHADOW.

who had Isaiah for his father confessor. He may have been brought up, like Julian, with unwise strictness. No doubt he was disgusted with the substitution of ceremonial for righteousness, which he must have seen about him. Anyhow, he had so much religion, good or bad, in his boyhood that when he came to be his own master he east it off. by a Colorado Convict. FIGHTING A WILDCAT AT NIGHT.

A Beautiful Young Grayhound Picked Up in

Camp as a Companion.

AN ODD AFFLICTION OF THE FEET

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] been one of those be writing now; for on that pretty November day, just out of Canon City, there was no time for the second walking. That

The nobles who held to the old ways were hauled down from the rocky crags which stood about the city. At last came Esar-Haddon with his army of Assyrians, fresh from battering down Samaria, and they took Manasseh captive, and carried him to Babylon. And so the reign of terror ended. Through all this håd Zephaniah lived; amid such scenes had he grown up. Even when he wrote and preached, there had as yet been repentance. The priests still said their prayers to Baal. The altars smoked on all the housetons. event recurs oftenest to my mind as an instance of what very slender threads they sometimes are by which our lives hang. on all the housetops.

In such an age, in such a land, Zephaniah Had it been a cloudy day, or had it been just as bright and the sun an hour higher, preached his sermon.

The occasion of the sermon seems to have or had a certain road run south instead of west, or had it been fringed with grass instead of level dust, my tramp and my life would have ended together very abheen the approach of some great danger.

Away off on the horizon they saw the armies of some fierce invader. Who it was nobody knows. Perhaps it was the Scythians. Out from behind that long barrier of

Leaving the rifle in Canon City, I started mountains, Himalaya and Caucasus, which early to explore the Grand Canon of the parted the civilized world of that day from the uncivilized, advanced the Scythians, the Arkansaw, whose bluff portals open a couple of miles west of town. Nearly midway I first of the fierce Northern tribes to march upon the South, the precursors of the Gauls noticed a huge stone building against the side of a white hill of limestone, half hidden by the clouds from a score of limekilns. Who Invaded Rome.

Down they came, urging their swift horses along the Syrian sea coast, bound for Egypt, and being bought off by the Egyptian King, rode back again beyond the mountains. Perhaps it was the Chaldeans, about this time throwing off the Assyrian yoke, destroying Nineveh and threatening the West. Probably it was the Chaldeans. In them, anyhow, Zephaniah's preaching found fulfillment. I had talked with no one in Canon City, and had no idea what this building was; but at nearer approach the sight of watchful, hard-looking men pacing up and down, here and there, with six-shooters on their hips and double-barreled shotguns over their shoulders, told the story as unmistakably as words told me later.

Working the Colorado Convicts, Swarming about the kilns, delving in the hillside, and engaged at various other works, were hundreds of fellows in telltale stripes of black and white. It was the Colorado Penitentiary, containing at that time 350 odd convicts-mostly murderers and "rust-lers" (horse thieves)-all of whom worked

scythian or Chaicean, the dust of their armies was seen on the far horizon, and everybody was afraid. Then Zephaniah preached. That was a good time to preach. When all goes well people sometimes seem to miss the meaning of life altogether. The small obscures the great. The transitory is outside the walls by day unfettered.

Never having seen prisoners thus loose, I grew interested, and trotted like any other fool along the sidewalk, gazing curiously at the vicious faces of the 100 jailbirds who quence than the eternal. But let trouble come, let the sky get black overhead, and the future blacker yet along the path; let pain come, and failure and distress, and affliction; let death come. And people who have never thought before, begin to think. It was only when the famine touched him that the prodigal son looked back toward home. This is the benediction of disaster, that it makes people think. Zephaniah preached in a good time.

What Zephaniah Had to Say. were at work on the two-foot wall at my very side. It did occur to me that my appearance caused considerable excitement among them; but I could not take the hint, though their faces were the very look of hungry wolves. I was walking westward, and the morning sun was behind my back— two trifles for which I have since been grateful. A group of convicts rallying to some work a few hundred feet to the south caught my eye and turned me half back to the wall. As I stopped to gaze at them something seemed to drag my eyes down to the light, smooth dust in front of me, and there was something that for an instant made

A Play for Liberty.

my heart stop beating. It was only a shadow—a clear, sharp, long shadow thrown beside my familiar own—the shadow of a larger

—a clear, sharp, long shadow thrown beside my familiar own—the shadow of a larger burly figure swinging a heavy stone-hammer above my very head! That silhouette on the sidewalk will never lose one clearcut line in my memory. I had been stupid before, but I was awake now. To spring half-way to the middle of the road with a tremendous leap whose half I could not cover now, jerking my forty-four from its scabbard even while in the air, and to "throw down" on the convict with a sayage

"throw down" on the convict with a savage "Halt!" was the work of an instant—and

none too soon. The fellow and his mates sprang back to their work with looks of baffled rage, and one of the mounted guards

came up in such a dash that he nearly rod

me down. Two six-shooters were buckled to his waist, and his hard face wore an ex-

pression which was anything but pleasant

They Wanted the Revolver.

"Why you infernal blankety-blank fool,"

ject of attack. Despite the ominous cries of "halt," and the click of his six-shooters

and a dozen farther guns, three of the party

started like goats up the precipitous rock. Two turned back as the buckshot began to

a day-of-judgment sermon. Indeed, it furnished the suggestion of that day-of-judgment hymn of the Middle Ages, the "Dies Irae." "The great day of the year is near," Irne." "The great day of the year is near," cries the preacher," it is near and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord; the mighty man crieth there greatly, that day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness, a day of and against the high battlements. The sermon rings with the indignation of God. God looks down upon the earth, and

the more honor to him for speaking out against the princes and the judges, and the priests and the prophets of his day, and taking the people's side against them. More commonly the plain preacher in such troublous days is a man of the people. He sides at the same time, "that swear by the Lord, and that swear by Malchan, These neutral people He counts among His enemies. God looks down upon the earth, and He sees not only this little laud of Syria. Some people seemed to think that God sees all the earth, and There Is Evil Everywhere

There is Egypt in the south and Assyria in the east, there is Philistia also along the sea coast, and Moab and Ammon on the other side of Jordan. These, too, the Lord sees and will inevitably punish. All evil, the whole earth over, shall perish before the fire of the anger of God. All evil, whether it be away off in darkest Nineveb, or right here at home in Jerusalem, among our princes and our judges, and our priests, and our prophets, and our people. God is right-oeus, and no unrightcousness can abide in His presence. That is a hard lesson. But it is true—is it not? It is a bitter kind of preaching, and we don't preach it so much in these days, perhaps, as we ought to. But it is true, as true in Pittsburg as it was in Jerusalem. There is such a fearful truth, to be well considered by all thoughtful men as the indignation of the righteous God. There is such a certainty as inevitable pur And an equal certainty, thank God, of in

us. If we turn to Him there are no words us. If we turn to Him there are no words to express the gladness with which He will receive us. Zephaniah knows that, too, and preaches it. And the day-of-judgment sermon ends, as it ought to end, with praise and promise, and the inviting of the benediction of God.

GEORGE HODGES.

WONDERFUL TWIN SISTERS. The Bohemian Freaks That Are Attracting So Much Attention.

"Why you infernal blankety-blank fool," he snapped. "Don't you know no better'n to sashay along in reach o' them fellers, with a gun stickin' out handy like? There's 19 life-termers in thet gang you was a-huggin' up to so, an' thet pop o' yourn meant life an' liberty to any one on 'em thet get his hooks onto it. 'Bout quarter 'f a secont an' your head would 'a' been mush an' we'd 'a' Pall Mall Budget.] A remarkably interesting phenomenon was shown last week at the office of the Figaro newspaper to a very limited number of specially invited guests, comprising the most distinguished medical men of the metropolis. Among the laymen present were Lord Lytton, M. Munkacsy, Senor your head would 'a' been mush, an' we'd 'a' had a break fur the hills. Now git out into the middle o' the road, an' keep ez fur from anything striped ez you know how. Git!" I shivered a little and "got," and found no fault with the dust in the middle of the Ruiz Zorilla, and M. Clemenceau. phenomenon consists of twin sisters joined road. Ordinarily I do not like strangers to

to reekon them by heads, whereas the man-

ager insisted on an opposite decision, and he gained his point, so they came for a single

address me as brusquely as did the fortified person on the black horse, but under the circumstances it would hardly have made me resentful had he shaken me.

To guard this great body of desperate ruffians there were 38 guards on foot, armed with double-barreled shotguns (with nine buckshot in each barrel) and 45-caliber six shooters. Three mounted patrolmen, with-out guns, but carrying two big Colt's re-That was a discovery, indeed! In all the land there was but one Bible, and that was lost. And here beneath this pile of rubbish the Bible was found. It had even been forvolvers apiece, were constantly riding about the entire place. In the little stone sentry boxes along the high wall which en-closed the small yard of the "pen" were several expert marksmen, each armed with the finest long-range rifle ever manufactured, with telescope sights, and good in such hands to bring down a man at 800 yards every time. But, despite these desperate odds against them, the unarmed convicts whereas Rosa still indulges in the beverag she prefers. When one was ill the other sometimes made a break for liberty. Only a few months before this, 14 of the worst desperadoes working on the limestone quarries had "jumped" their "walking boss" with rocks and hammers. By almost a miracle he esthey are healthy in appearance, and they appear to be very amiable and good tempered. On their way to Paris a curious question was raised. The officials wanted caped serious injury from their first volley of missiles and saved his revolvers—the ob-

The Walking Tourist Almost Killed

patter on the cliff around them, but the third, a gritty murderer, kept on. Under that deadly fire he gained the top of the great gray ridge and looked across into the rocky fastnesses of the great range. In two seconds more he would be out of sight and safe—for he could reach the canons long before any pursuer. And just then, there was a little white puff from the corner watchtower, away down there in the valley a full 1,000 yards away; and the mountain echoes caught up and bandied a spiteful "crack!" The convict leaped high into the air with a wild shriek, and fell back dead upon the sunny rocks.!

THE COST OF A MATCH

To Be Greatly Reduced by a New Way of Getting Phosphorus.

METAL SHELLS FOR CORPSES.

sunny rocks. Grand Canon of the Arkansaw.

Grand Canon of the Arkansaw.

For the unpleasant experiences of the morning the later hours fully repaid; and among the glories of the Grand Canon of the Arkansaw I forgot all about stripes and stone-hammers. It is a very small canon beside some I have seen; but a very noble and impressive one, with a savage grandeur all its own. For nine miles the wild little river seethes over the granite debris at the bottom of a gloomy chasm it has cut through the Rocky Mountains. As the Greenhorn range rose on the slow upheaval of the world's inner fires, the tireless stream kept carving, chiseling, gouging, polishing with its beauty, but for its
usefulness. Had I
been one of those
carving, chiseling, gouging, polishing with
the flinty tools itself had brought for unknown miles; and when the flat strata had been one of those people who are "so thin they have to walk twice to make a beetle 3,000 above the howling torrent, shadow" I should not usually inaccessible slopes, but sometimes in savage cliffs which overhang the very stream. About midway of the canon is the famous Royal Gorge, with sheer walls a thousand feet in air. The Denver and Rio Grande Railway, bound for Salt Lake, follows the river through this whole canon; and in the Royal Gorge hangs to the vertical cliff by great iron rods and A shared tical cliff by great iron rods and A-shaped

After exploring the canon from end to end I returned to Canon City, resumed my rifle, and struck off by a little trail into the Greenhorn mountains in quest of game. The striking miners of Coal Creek were just then scouring the country, and killing even the bluejays to stave off starvation; so my hunt was fruitless. Nightfall caught me away up in the West Mountains without food or shelter. Just as I was preparing, however, to dig a hole and crawl in out of



A Rude Awakening. the cold I spied a little cabin on the next hill, and was soon there. No one was at home; but the door was unlocked, and the pick, gold-pan and drills told me that the owner was a miner—and so that the house

was free to use by a stranger. A Battle With a Wildcat. Along in the night a great uproar over ead brought me to my feet in sleepy alarm. By the dying coals I could see two savage eyes above me, glowing weirdly. It must be a cat of some sort—nothing else could have got to the rafters. My rifle stood in a corner; but the ponderous Remington was at my belt, and I "turned loose" into the darkness about those two little angry balls of fire. There was a blood-curdling screech and something came crashing to the floor and began scrambling toward the window, evidently crippled. I pulled the trigger again, but there was only a dull click—the magpies on which I had been 1 accieing that afternoon were avenged. But a 44 makes a terrible shillaleh; and with the crazy zeal which at times catches the least ourageous hunter, I clubbed it and "wadeo in." It was rather a one-sided fight, for those blows would have felled a horse. Once the plucky brute caught the butt in his teeth and raked my duck cost with his cruel claws; and both, as the novelists say, "will carry the sears to their dying day."
At last a lucky whack settled my unseen for and I blew up the fire for light on the

It was a wildcat, as I suspected—but such wildcat. Though he was now dead as Adam, his size actually terrified me. Had I dreamed of his proportions I would have crawled up the chimney sooner than face him. One who has scraped an intimate acquaintance with the bob-cats and lynxes of he Maine forests hardly cares for a handto-hand struggle with a cat twice their size. and I had not then learned that the Rocky Mountain variety, though far larger, is far more cowardly. With his long, milk-white teeth, his needle-pointed sickles of claws, and his marvelous agility and muscularity, this fellow would have cleaned out a room full of men, armed how you will, had he known his talents. My bullet had broken his right foreleg at the shoulder, and the first crack over his head with that triphammer of a revolver practically settled the question. He brought me supper as well as excitement, for he had killed a hen. I as excitement, for he had killed a hen. I cleaned and cooked the aged bird, and chewed her tough tissues till nearly daylight. As for the cat, I "packed" him some ten miles on my shoulders next day for the sake of weighing him; and a rancher's scales showed h m up at 53½ pounds. His beautiful mottled hide still serves me

as a rug.
His Feet Got Too Tough. Coming down through Pueblo, and thence striking southward, I was sorely troubled by a strange affliction. Did you ever hear of feet getting so tough that the very toughness made them sore? That is exactly what ailed mine. The hide on my heels was as hard and almost as thick as a wall, he of the late the context walking. mule's hoof, thanks to the constant walking in a climate so exceptionally dry, and where this horn-like sole abutted on the tender skin of the ankles there came cracks three inches long and excruciatingly deep. It took several days of careful treatment to heal these peculiar and painful "wounds." It was section supper time as I strode up to the section house at San Carlos, and the men were just lifting the handear from the track. A beautiful young grayhound flew out at me savagely; one of the laborers gave him a curse and a lift with his heavy brogan. The dog had been left there friendless at the death of his master. If I wanted him I could have him. Of course I wanted him; he was too young and handsome and spirited to be left to the abuse of those two-legged brutes. How little I dreamed then hat that careless mercy meant-of the pleasures, the privations and the deadly dangers we were to go through together, this slender black dog and I; or of the awful experience that was to mark our parting, and leave with me some of the brightest and some of the saddest memories of crowded life!

"Shadow" was his name thenceforth, and he was the truest shadow that ever foll Two hours later he did me the only ill-turn of his faithful young life. Coming around spur I found myself within 100 feet of four fat antelope. But just as I pulled trigger, Shadow saw them too, and made a terrified leap aside. His cord was tied to my wrist, and he jerked the rifle so that the ball struck 100 yards from aim. I had still time to drop one or two of the antelope as they ran straight from me, but doubly frightened at the report, the poor pup kept up such a dancing and howling at the end of his rope that I had to give it up. And so, empty-handed and footsore, we came late to the town of Spoons—the Mexican hamlet of Cucharas. C. F. LUMMIS. C. F. LUMMIS,

Danger From Fire.

AN IMPROVED PROCESS OF PLATING

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The large and increasing demand for phos-phorus, not only for the manufacture of matches, but for its subsidiary applications in the organic syntheses which form one branch of modern chemical industry, and in the production of many of the phosphor alloys that have recently come into vogue, has made the question of its econominal production of much commercial import-ance, as well as of technical interest. In the method of manufacture at present generally employed, the chief cost lies less in the raw materials than in that of the plant and labor necessary for the production of phosphorus for them. Electricity has been introduced into this process with increased yield and decreased cost.

The new process is quite simple, consisting merely in feeding in the raw materials, passing the current between suitable electrodes and collecting and condensing the volatized phosphorus in the usual way. When it is remembered that formerly mineral phos-phates had to be treated with sulphurio phates had to be treated with sulphuric acid, the liberated phosphoric acid separated from the calcium sulphate produced at the same time by filtration, the solution of the former concentrated by evaporation, mixed with charcoal and heated strongly in small retorts, before reaching the stage to which the mere application of current now brings the raw material, the immense advantage of the new treatment will be seen. The most important leature involved is the application of heat in the very spot where its usefulness is greatest; doing away at one stroke with the clumsy practice of external firing at present employed in this and many kindred industries.

Hotel Annunciators Out of Fix.

Hotel Annunciators Out of Fix. We very seldom realize how useful one of

the modern inventions is until all of a sudden accident or fate deprives us of it. Take for accident or fate deprives us of it. Take for instance the ordinary hotel annunciator. One or two seasons ago the biggest hotel up in the Catskills was completely paralyzed, so to speak, by the sudden breaking down of its annunciator service. It was around the Fourth of July, and the house was full. Things were going on pleasantly, when suddently not a single push button worked, and the halls and corridors became allive with angry guests who wanted to get to the desk and find out why their call, made about 50 times, had not been answered. In desperation the manager sent a man on horseback across to the nearest electrician, and meanwhile a doctor and the man in charge of the soda water plant tried to expostulate with the furious guests. At last one or two electrical engineers spending the Fourth in the house volunteered their services, and soon found out that the battery had never been refreshed. In many of the hotels now, the proprietors are introducing devices by which any one of say, 559 wants can be immediately signaled from the room to the office. One device abolishes altogether the big board of annunciator drops. It consists of a circular arrangement by means of which the number calling makes its bow at a little window, this being effected by the revolution of discs on which the numerals are painted. In this way the annunciator no longer takes up as much room as a circus poster or a painting to be bought by Congress.

Electroplating the Dead. nstance the ordinary hotel annunciator,

Electroplating the Dead. A method of preventing the decomposi-tion of corpses and animal tissues in gen-eral by the electro-deposition of metals on the same has been going the rounds of the scientific press of this and other countries. This is not by any means a new idea. A correspondent has called attention to the number of times that history has repeated itself in this process of turning corpses into metallic statues, and in doing so has unmetallic statues, and in doing so has unearthed a patent of about 40 years ago, in
which the process is set forth in the following quaint terms: "I proceed as follows with
the cadaver after it is placed into my hands
in order to produce the desired result: First,
I commence by closing all the organs by
means of molders' wax. Then I cause the
body to assume the position it is to retain
and metallize it with a solution of nitrate of
silver, which is spread on the previously
greased surface of the body. The latter is
then placed in a bath of sulphate of copper,
and I proceed in the same manner as in and I proceed in the same manner as in ordinary galvano-plating operations. After the subject is galvanized I polish it, and it can then be bronzed, silvered or gilded. The body is thus kept from patrefaction, and it always preserves the same traits and all the finish possible."

The Future of Storage Batteries. There are few electrical appliances that elicit such widely-varying opinions from electricians as the storage battery. Some stoutly hold that for traction purposes the accumulator will never be reduced to a commercial basis, while others just as emphatically maintain that it will inevitably be the almost universal source of power for city electric lines. Be this as it may, the storage battery will unquestionably come into general use for lighting in the near future. As a reserve when the machinery breaks or is at rest, and as a regulator when the machinery breaks or is at rest, and as a regulator when the consumer is running, it insures that the consumer is never left in the dark. Buildings have been known to have been lighted for five or six days by storage batteries, while for tem-porary lighting, for concerts, balls, etc., they form a convenient method of installing at a short notice, the electric light, while dispensing with the noise of running machinery, accompanied by the ordinary amount of smoke and dirt.

Extinguishing Fires by Electricity. bires have once in a while been caused by electricity, and it seems strange that the very source of danger can now be utilized as a cure for the ill that it may create. The systems of automatic sprinkling generally adopted are open to many objections, and are often found uncertain in action just at the moment when they are required. The main difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way are now overcome by the use of an electrical sprinkler. This modification an electrical sprinkler. This modification comprises the use of a motor and pump, and a complete system of "sprinkler" pipes, which can be so arranged as to cover every part of the building it is desired to protect. Push buttons are placed in convenient positions on every floor, and these start the motor and pump and open any valves which may be required for the extinction of the fire. It is an immense advantage to thus be able to gain control of large masses of water and to localize the flow.

Modern Scientific Instruments. A curious illustration has been afforded by the new electric railway to Stockwell, Eng-land, of the sensibility of modern scientific land, of the sensibility of modern scientific instruments. An automatic record is kept at the Royal Observatory of earth currents and magnetic disturbances. These are usually of an atmospheric origin, or the re-suits of variations in terrestrial magnetism; but, strange to say, since the opening of the underground electric line the registering needles at Greenwich have been regularly thrown into vibration exactly at the periods when the trains are running. As these are different on Sundays and weekdays, there, seems little doubt that this is the true cause of the disturbance. The railway tunnel is over two miles from the nearest earthplate connected with the observatory; but the currents set up are sufficiently strong to make very distinct deflections. A New Plating Process.

A plating process, which exhibits many radical improvements on existing methods, promises to come into extensive use in Eng and. The object of the process is to give the baser metals, by electrolysis, a more expensive or more ornamental coating than is usually given; a coating, moreover, that will not readily tarnish or corrode. This can be deposited to any required thickness in an adhesive form, and will not crack or peel off; it is as hard as nickel but far more least that any angle of the state of the stat off; it is as hard as nickel but far more elastic, and not porous. The process is found peculiarly applicable to the metal fittings of yacht cablus, as the metal treated can be kept bright much longer than that ordinarily used. Chandellers similarly treated will resist heat much longer than otherwise. This process appears destined to have a wide range of usefulness, inasmuch as it possesses special advantages in dental applications, not only for instruments, but for mouth plates.

A New Kind of Insurance.

For 25 cents you can insure yourself and family against any bad results from an attack of bowel complaint during the sum-mer. One or two doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. No one can