SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1891. THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

17

turies of burial. But there are the brick books, moved to a land then undiscovered, stored in London, put together, and little by little, read into English. These books tell we show t Niscover

us about Nineveh. Nineveh was a city of great kings. The list of its sovereigns is a list of conquerors. There was Tiglath-Pileser I who extended his power from the Mediterranean Ses to the Persian Gulf, a builder, a civilizer, a lion-hunter, the lord of eighty kings. There

non-hunter, the lord of eighty kings. Increase was Assur-nazi-pal, devastator, destroyer; who dyed the mountains of Kurdestan with blood; flayed kings alive; others he walled up in living graves, others he impaled on stakes; boys and girls he burned in the first hands and feet, ears, noses, and hends he out of beyond automation and was proud

cut off beyond enumeration, and was proud withal of these royal exploits.

RECEIVED TRIBUTES FROM JEHU.

There was Shalmaneser II, who defeated

a great confederation headed by the King of Damascus, and including Ahale, King of Judah, and received tributes from Jehu,

whole land utterly. And Esanhaidon wao enried off a King to Babylon. And Assur-beni-pal, the King of Nahum's day. These were the rulers of this great city.

Great, indeed! Twelve hundred towers guarded its walls, three chariots could drive abreast along the top. At the gates and by the palace entrances men set those huge winged bulls with human faces, symbols of

THE PEOPLE WERE LIKE BULERS.

The character of the rulers represents the

forever. That evil city, that cruel power,

must have an end. How does he know

THE PROPHECY OF DESTRUCTION.

That is what he begins with; God is

d, and all the nu

the side of the right.

with amazement.

us about Nineveh.

THE GREATEST ABYSS on the short rations I had been able to bring

In the World Is That Mighty Furrow | the snakes to emerge from their holes; but Through the Plains in Which the Colorado Flows.

A LEAP FOR LIFE ON ITS EDGE.

Long Tramps Over the Sandy Wildernesser With Tongue Shriveled Up With Heat and Thirst.

SHADOW SUCCUMBS TO THE STEAD.

Haspitality of an Irish Woman and Something About the Water Supply Out West.

INTELLEN FOR THE DISPATCE.]

SHALL not attemp to describe the Grand Canon of the Colorado, 5 for language can not < touch that utmost wonder of creation. There is but one thing to say: "There it is; go see it for yourself." It is incomparably the greatest abyss on earthgreatest in length, greatest in depth, greatest in capacity,

a mile deep, so wide that the best 100-ton cannon ever made could not throw a missile from brink to opposite brink in many places, ribbed with hundreds of side canons thick would be wonders anywhere else, its rantchiess walls carved by the cternal river into a myriad towering sculptures-into domes, castles, towers, pinnacles, columns, whose material here is sandstone, volcanie rock, yonder fimestone, and min bewildering marble-threaded by the entest stream in half a continent, which is a mere steel ribbon at the bottom of conceivable gorge, the Grand Canon emde is that of which there is no ing as description. Even the presav from the dazing view crowded thoughts and feelings which well within, and became more estend of fainter as time goes by.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

The descent was ten times worse than the HOSPITALITY OF THE WILDERNESS. nieral-more difficult, more dangerous, and niere painful. Once I backed over a little "An' phat's the mather wid dhe arrum?"



due and reaching down my foot found notnselow. A startled glance over myshouli a narrow cleft 50 feet deep just below mu! I had not seen it in my look from farther along the ledge, whence only the shelf which the gully split was visible. and a trying situation too tired college-day trick of by one hand, and besides, that hand different hold from a smooth ar or flying ring. The cleft was ght feet wide, and about ten feet I saw with the first trial that c getting back to the top of my right arm was almost at full igh to hold by the edge, and my feet re in a horizonial crack which admitted them two > these inches into the cliff. It required the utmost caution to keep in left arm from being squeezed inst the rock-and such a squeeze would ve made me faint with agony and fall. but two courses-to try to jump to hand on the side of the cleft, or to till exhausted and then drop to sure It did not take long to choose nor precautions. in the necessary as a very doubtful undertaking-to spring ord and sidewise from such a foothold ion feet, and gain four laterally. The give you a notion of one small matter, let of the cleft was nearer my right hand reral fest, but I could not jump to the Railroad hauls the equivalent of 6,000 water--as you may readily see by placing wif in a similar attitude-because that ong acts was in the way.

we started back to Peach Springs and arrived after a tiresome but uneventful walk, marked only by Shadow's first introduction to a rattlesnake. In all our trip together it had been weather too wintry for in this tropical valley we found a very large in this tropical valley we found a very large one that day. Shadow's fearlessness in "tackling" any and all foces had been sheer impudent ignorance; and I was glad to find that there was one creature which he in-stinctively feared. His whole back was o-bristle, and his growis were faitly start. ling in their unaccustomed intensity, but he could not be persuaded to come near that were the start of the sta who loved each other with such devotion ugly coil even when the snake was killed. Along here we became acquainted with a that they shared every pleasure, and if one wept the other wept with him. The brothers race of filthy and unpleasant Indians who were in world-wide contrast with the admirwere as beautiful as the day. They were

able Pueblos of New Mexico. These unattractive aborigines, ragged, unwashed, vile, and repulsive-faced were the

Hanlapat Indian

bustled around to get me supper.

tall, slender and very strong. Their mother, the Countess, looked with pride at her manly boys, and as she stroked their golden ourls she said: "Andrew and Marion, my dear sons, you will be so renowned that even the stones

will talk about you." The brothers belonged to a royal family, and they owned many castles among the mountains which they so much loved. One day the two brothers were hunting along the edge of a precipice for a bear which had robbed their flocks. They heard

ITCH'S

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

W

which had rooped their flocks. They heard the low growl of the animal, and drawing near, Andrew was about to shoot his arrow, when from a thicket near by, flew a dart, which pierced the animal's side. At the same moment a merry laugh sounded. The wounded beast with an angry roar rushed into the thicket. "We must hurry to the rescue, for I am

"We must hurry to the rescue, for 1 and sure that was a child's laugh," cried Marion, as he ran forward, and with a single shot laid the bear dead before him. "What a pity that my first shot did not kill him," said a sweet, clear voice, and then from out the bushes stepped a beauti-formation marging a former and a Hulapais (pronounced Wholl-ah-pie), a distant offshot of the far superior Apaches. They were once very warlike, but since they ful maiden wearing a short, red dress and a white cap, under which her golden hair greatest in capacity, and infinitely the most sublime. Hundreds of miles long, more than streamed over her shoulders. Her eyes were deep blue, shaded by long lashes, and her skin was white and fair. For a moment the three gazed at her in astonishment, then lessness and worthlessness. The manu-facture nothing characteristic, as do nearly Andrew asked: "Are you a little forest fairy, or a witch

all the aborigines, and are of very little in-terest. Their shabby huts of sticks, gunny-sacks and tins are visible here and there "I am neither," was the reply; "I have lived all my life with my grandfather on the other side of the mountain. To-day, for along the railroad, and their unprepossess-ing faces are always to be found at the stathe first time, I have permission to leave our park and wander where I please. But now evening is approaching and I must After a brief pause at the then 20-house

metropolis of Hackberry to inspect its low-grade copper mines, we made the end of a hasten home. With these words the little stranger 36-mile walk at Hunlapai, another boxcar section-house, and one of which I shall alsprang lightly through the bushes, and soon disappeared from sight. For many days the brothers talked continually of the beautiful maiden whom they had met in the forest. ways cherish pleasant memories. A big, savage white dog flew out at Shadow with inhospitable bark; and the outlook was not wholly encouraging. But a little, thin-faced Irishwoman drove off Shadow's assail-But although they went often to the place where they had seen the fairy, as they called

the little girl, they waited in vain for her. One stormy night in winter, as Andrew and Marion sat with their mother near the bright fire blazing on the hearth, they heard, ant and bade me enter. Could I get some-thing to eat, and sleep beside the stove (for I had had to ship my blanket home, since it was too much of a burden through the mid above the meaning of the wind, a low, wailing sound, as if some one were in deep dis day heat, and with the broken arm; and the nights were cold), and do a little writing at tress. Throwing open the door, they saw crouching against the castle wall, the little fairy about whom they had thought and talked so much. The kind mother gently lifted the child in her arms and tenderly the table? Of course I could, and sh

carried her into the warm room. When her sobs had ceased, and the little stranger was she asked kindly, noticing the sling, and when I told her the tears started in her tired blue eye. resting comfortably, the Countess said: "Tell me, my child, what brings you here

this stormy night, and why have you left your home?" Urlanda, for so the little girl was named,

tired blue eye. "Och! The poor lad! The poor brave lad! Out in this wicked country wid a broken arrum!" And she ran to bring me a pio meant for the men's supper, and other sec-tion house delicacies, bound to soothe my hunger if she could not mend my bones. After a generous supper she went to the other car and dragged in her own mattress and quilts and made me a luxurious bed on looked sad again and replied:

looked sad again and replied: "Three days ago my good grandfather, the only friend I have in the world, died, and the servants all fied from the castle, and I was left entirely alone. I know not where and quilts and made me a luxurious bed on the floor, despits my protests. In the morning she firmly refused the customary to go. Then I remembered the kind faces of your sons, whom I once met in the mountain, and I thought if I could find them, they payment. In vain I told her I had plenty would befriend me. I saw the light of your of money and could not be content to im-pose upon her. She only said over and over: "No, it's not meself 'll tak the firsht fire gleaning through the darkness, and I thought that my troubles were at an end; but although I knocked at the gate as loud-ly as I could no one seemed to hear me, and nickel from yees, poor lad. Ye'll need it, or ever ye get out av this sad place." I concluded that I must perish out in the cold."

Two years later, on a visit to New Mex-loo I came late at night to the lone section house of Cubero and slept on the floor till morning. At breakfast I noticed some-"Now you shall stay with us, and be out thing familiar about the face of the little

sister," cried Andrew and Marion in chorus. "Yes, my dear child, you shall stay with with us and be my daughter, and I shall old woman, but could not "place" her until I had gone half a mile. Then her tall old teach you to spin."

husband and her bright sons were aston-ished to see the stranger fly back to the "But I have already learned to spin," snid Urlanda," for the fairies, knowing that I was motherless, taught me that art, and house, throw his arms about little Mrs. Kelly and give her a sounding smack on you and I shall spend many pleasant hour her withered cheek! She was even more together over our spinning wheels. That evening the little company in the castle was very cheerful, and each oue thought of the lumbfounded than they, until I said: you don't remember the 'poor lad' with a greyhound and a broken arm that slept on happy days that were in store for them; for happy days that were in store for them, for the counters had always cruved a daughter and the boys had longed for a sister. The next morning, when Urlanda with her newly adopted brothers, had gone for a the best mattress at Haulapai, and left no pie for Keily's supper?" WATER DELIVERED BY BAIL At hardly any of the stations through that walk in the forest, an ugly old women, with hideous green eyes, entered the bedroom of the countess, and in a shrill voice said: rast stretch of country is thore any water. In a few cases there are springs within a few leagues which can be piped to the track, but in most places the supply comes many scores of miles in trains of huge tank-cars. "Gracious lady, last night you received the beautiful Urianda into your home. If you love your sons, and do not wish great trouble to come to them, you will send and is delivered into barrels half buried trouble to come to them, you will send away this girl at once. For mark my words, beside the track. Feople who grumble a their railroading over a transcontinental if she remains here, she will bring sorrow t

moment the two brothers were changed in-to rocky peaks, and Urlanda became a foam-ing waterfall, which plunged between them. WARNING: The countess, who was overcome with grief, threw herself on the ground and was

changed into a soft moss, which crept lovingly over the rocks. Among the Bucegi Mountains there stand, These two moss-covered peaks, and the roaring waterfall can still be seen by travelclose together and facing one another, two

ers; but the old castle has long since fallen into decay. PAYSIE. SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Weel

if They Solve Them Correctly-Hom Amusements. Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine. 1673-TWO PROVERBS.



1674-TRANSPOSITION

Who leads the fight for '92? A score of voices answer "I." Each man is noble, tried and true, With ready hand to dare and do Aught at his cherished country's cry. McKinley, Sherman, Reed and Blaine,

Gresham and first vre in the race; Harrison, two, is in again, Lincoln would take it, too, 'tis plaing Each is a good man for the place.

Opposing, the list is not so last: Cleveland and his successor, Hill, One of these two will hold it fast, And when election day is past, Who is the man the place to filly

This is a matter to interest all Who is the man to get our votest He who obeys his country's call Seeks the people to disenthrall Bees that our starry fing still foats. H. C. Burean,

1675-STAR

A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. An idiot (Obs.)
Contention. 5. To be between. 6. Dying of hunger or cold. 7. A firework. 8. Heat.
A persuader. 10. Ones who permit. 11. A pesture (Obs.) 12. A diphthong. 13. A letter. Buye Races.

1676-TRIPLE LETTER ENIGMA.
In "humming bird;" In "naughty word;" In "marching herd,"
"Be one," said two To his pal, Hugh,
"Here is the price-enough for you"- (Hands out a V.)
"It's all you'll see, Bo go your way-don't be a flow."

If you should wish A toothsome dish Just get complete, a little "fish."

1677-SQUARE.

1. In reality. 2. Placed alone, (Rare). 8. The business of catching fish. 4. Facings made of squared stones, (Arch). 5. Adheres closely. 6. Terrestrial. 7. One of Homer's poems. Iowa Bor.

1678-CHARADE

An honest old salt was Jack Spray, A liking he had for the sea; He *lasted* high seas far away As happy as Jack Tar could be.

If on land Jack stayed for awhile. Bad whisky, and gin, and such staff Away he would store with a smile, Quite more, I am sure, than enough.

A total he'd have while on land, And ardent spirits he would qualit And when he first too drunk to stand Old Bacchus he'd praise with a laugh.

1679-WORD-BUILDING

 Join "a fairy," "a small quantity," and "a pool or collection of water," and make "a frightful sparition."
Join "a leaf of gold or silver" and "a girl's name" and make "a woman fabled to have been made by Vulcan, and upon whom all the gods and goddesses bestowed gifts to make her more complete."
Join "an injury," "a personal pronoun," and "wealth," and make "a plant bearing a yellow flower."
Join "a weil-known domesticated ani-nul," "a snout," and "a serpent," and make I Join "a fairy Ha small mul," "a snout," and "a serpent," and make "a fint-headed adder." 5. Join "courtship," "inside," "useless." and "a termination of abstract names denot-

IN BEAUTIES Under the Coating of Coal Dust at the Pit Brows of Old England

FLOWS THE REALM'S BEST BLOOD. The Lasses Are Superb Athletes and Models for the Sculptor.

HEALTHY, CONTENTED AND BLAMELESS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WIGAN, ENGLAND, Aug. 6.- Approaching Wigan by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway which completely gridirons

those two important shires of tremendous industries, the eye rests on a fair and pleas-

ant English landscape. The nearness of great manufacturing cities has crowded the pretty farmsteadings closely together. The fields are small and carefully tilled. The roads are narrow and often paved. Hedges are trim; gates are well painted; farm offices are ample and bright with fresh whitewash; and fine old towers or neat spires here and there show above masses of ancient trees through which splatches of color from thatch, tile or gable hint of quiet village homes. To the eye it is a winsome and pas-

toral picture. Soon the horizon line is pierced with chimney stacks like mighty spears. Besides these, as your train speeds along, there shortly appear little bunchings of houses clustering about higher grimy clumps of buildings, and surmounting these are huge wheels of steel. Seen across pretty copses, gentle hills or nestling homes and outbuildings, these seem like mighty spider-webs against the gray of the far, lower sky. Scores of these weird, black, how-like circles are visible. The mendows and fields run green and fair close to the edges of the huddled structures beneath

WHERE PIT BROW LASSES WORK. They are the great wheels above the mine plis. Over them runs the steel wire or chain which lifts or lowers the "hoppet," or sends below the "cage" with its half-dozen mpty trucks to return them to the bank or pit brow, each truck laden with its 600 to 800 pounds of coal. Thousands more men dig beneath these wheels and fields than labor in the fields above. There are more miles of streets, galleries and ways below the surface of Lancashire than above, counting all the countryside highways and city streets. It is beneath these mammoth wheels which lift the coal that warms half of Britain, and

drives more than half her clanging machin-ery, that you will find nearly one-third of all the pit-brow lasses of England at their Your first glimpse of the pit women at work in their strange garb, with their faces, arms and hands black as night from the grime of the coal dust, would fill you with a feeling of revulsion and dread of contact with such apparently saturnine creatures, and a thrill of indignation that women wer enslaved by such seemingly degrading work. Acquaintance with the work and the pit-brow lasses themselves will completely hauge these first impressions.

SINGING AS THEY TOILED. There are five kinds of women's labor at the mines. To make this clear to those un-used to mine provincialisms, the five classes may be called "washers," "coblers," "tippers," "screeners," and "fillers" or "levelers." The work of the former I

found to be at some mines to wash the dirt from coal in a long shute under rough sheds. A rapid flow of water filled two parallel troughs. The women raked the dirt together and got rid of it through traps in the trough. Most of these women were singing heartily as they toiled. They were under shelter; seemed to take their work easily; the sound of the running water was pleas-ant; and they told me they would not like to exchange their work for any other labor at the mines. It occured

songs; and I found it to be true. These

along-handled, tiny but sharp and stout space. One crack or prod of this, so dex-trous are they, will split into a score of pieces the hughest lump of coal, which is done if it showns signs of inferior quality. As frequently mines discharge from 1,000 to 3,000 tons of coal per day over this double set of screens, and ensure marticle of it masses set of screens, and every particle of it passes under the inspection of eight women, four at each screen, some knowledge of the won-derful quickness of eye and movement on the part of the state of the screen of the part of these pit-brow women can be formed. No ship stoker ever came from the coal bunkers more ebony black than they all become after the first eage of the day's operation has been "tipped." The "levelers" or "fillers" attend to the of the Earth Was Lost. RESULTS OF LAYARD'S EXCAVATIONS

wagons or cars. Though the coal is carried into them direct from the screens, much tumbles about the tracks. This is thrown into the wagons, and when they are filled, the women climb into or upon them and adjust the coal in the same manner as the

coke-makers trim the coke wagons. WHAT THE GIRLS DO.

This work is usually done by girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age. The scramble under between and over the wagscramble under between and over the wag-one with the agility of monkeys, and every one has superb physical developement. I saw one place her hand upon the bumper between the railway wagons, and with a light spring leap upon it, and from this, in mother motion, vault into the loaded ear if the literature of four centuries, almost all other books written beside them having been quite forgotten, and when you reflect that these 12 books have lasted more than 20 centuries, during which men have persist-ently continued to remember and read them, the inference is a fair and natural one that these books are worth something. The little books, the foolish books, are forgotten in a year. It is the great books that live.

Having been fortunate enough to come upon the pit-brow lasses at various mines at all hours of labor, in all departments and conditions of their labor, at their hours for meals and rest, on their way to the mines, and to their homes, and again in their homes, I can testify to their thoroughly good nature, good heartedness and unusual respectability. I confess that I expected to find the most forlorn creatures bearing the image of women. All the illustrations I had ever seen portrayed them as hollow-checked, hollow-checked, scraggy, sodden and beastly. They are nothing of the sort. Physically they are the finest formed women in Encland in England.

WILD AND AWFUL GRANDEUR.

It is, of course, a startling thing to come suddenly upon the platform above a pit mouth and—amid the deafening clamor of the engines, the crashing of the "eage" as it comes from the abyss below with terrific it comes from the abyss below with terrific speed, the thundering of the iron trucks upon the metal floor as they are "tipped" and hurled back into the hollow iron case, with the endless booming of the coal along the "screens" and into the wagons, while dodging the flying rock and shale—half discern these weird, swarthy figures of women, half cled in man's and holf in momentation. half in woman's attire, plunging here and there, as if engaged in some bedlamish saturnalia. It is one of the most picturesque scenes of labor I ever beheld, and has the element of wild and awful grandeur in it. But it has not the hopeless tragedy in it of the certain wasting away of human life furnished by the mill or the factory. En-

furnished by the mill or the factory. En-glish roses glow from English cheeks and flame through the pall of coal on the faces of these pit-brow lassies. You cannot find plumper figures, prettier forms, more shapely necks and limbs or daintier feet, despite the ugly "clogs," in all of dreamful Andalusia. There is not harder, firmer, finer flesh and muscle in any prize ring. The sparkle of royal good health leaps from their splendid hazel eyes. Their lips are like the cockney's heart and spirits, "cherry ripe." And you never will find more dazzlingly white or beautiful teeth in the Azores, in Cuba, or with our own colored people, the coal-dust perform-ing the work of a magnificent dentrifice. BEST BLOOD OF ENGLAND. BEST BLOOD OF ENGLAND.

They are most cleanly women and a bath is invariably taken when the brow or "broo gear" is thrown aside for the day. Then the pit-brow lassie is arrayed as becomingly as any of her class in England, and on the village street or at church of a Sunday you could not pick her out from among her companions, unless for her fine color, form and a positively classic poise and grace of carriage possessed by no other working women of England. I was in company with Vicar Wood, of Pemberton, a part of to me there might be some con-nection between the running water and the mine. "Well," he thoughtfully remarked, "it "Well," he thoughtfully remarked, "it

Story of the Prophet Whose Words HE CRIED OUT AGAINST NINEVEH The Destroyers Came and the Metropolis

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH! The last 12 books of the Old Testament

cover a space of 400 years. That is as long as from this day back to the time of Christopher Columbus. And the very latest of topher Columbus. And the very latest of these books was written more than 2,000 years ago. Now, when you get 12 books King on the black obelisk in the British which are almost the only survivals out of the literature of four centuries, almost all whom Ahaz, King of Judah, bribed to at-

whom Ahaz, King of Judah, bribed to at-tack Israel, and who carried away most of the Northern Kingdom into cuptivity. And Sargon, who completed that bad business. There was Sennacherib, "the hammer," to whom Hezekiah, King of Judah, paid trib-ute, who carried away 200,000 of the inhabit-ants of the Southern Kingdom into exile, and narrowly missed depopulating the whole load utering. And Frankeddon who year. It is the great books that live. These 12 books are books of sermons. And the sermons are political sermons. These great preachers had a conception of their duty and their place in the world which not only did not forbid them to meddle in politics, but actually commanded strength, alertness, and which even now, in them to preach more about politics than the midst of great London, fill the beholder

about any other subject whatsoever. . PREACHED ON LIVE TOPICS.

They discussed the great questions which character of the people. They were cruck, releases, ferceious human animals. The "bloody city" Nahum calls it. And the man with the shovel tells us that they cared were stirring the minds of their generation. It is profitable and interesting to note what these preachers were not interested in-not in metaphysics, not in rituals, not in mat-ters denominational or ecclesiastical, not in Babylon the great buildings were temples. anything small, temporary, unpractical. They were concerned with great, wide, pub-At Nineveh they were palaces. Against this great city, the impersonation of irreligious worldliness, at the climax of its power, Nahum raised his voice. Away in conquered and dismantied Judah, least among the tributaries of the great King lie questions. They felt called upon to assail corruption in high places. Dishonest dealers, avarieious capitalists, selfish priests, stealing politicians—for then they had a message, a plan, strong, stern mes-

this obscure poet writes this poem. That is what it is; it is a poem, a sermon in poetry, a dirge over a wicked gity. It is not likely that anybody in Nineveh ever heard of it. But the people of Judah heard it, and is brought some comfort to their sore hearts. Nahum knows that Nineveh cannot abide sage. Not much is known of Nahum He is called the Elkoshite, which means that he lived, or at least was born in a town named Elkosh, perhaps in Galilee. A little, obscure town, anyhow, wherever it was. Out of backwoods Moresheth comes Micah, out of backwoods Elkosh comes Nahum. Yes; out of backwoods Nazareth, small and de-spised, a town with a bad name, comes the feat and desolation about him, all the hu-Prophet of prophets. It matters little where a man is born. The future of the man strength is on the side of Nineveh, yet God is over all; God reigns, and He is on man depends upon the man. No small sur-roundings can keep him from growing great if the spirit of greatness is in him.

WHY HE PREACHED OF NINEVER. against the evil and for the right, therefore Nineveh shall be destroyed. What! The Some think, from a word or two in Na-

vast, stupendous, splendid eity, this me-tropolis of the nations, this center of all might, majesty and dominion-destroyed? Yes, destroyed! He pictures it all out. It hum's book, that he wrote in Judah. Either way, Judah or Galilee, Nahum lived at an immense enough distance from the city against which he uttered all his preaching. Nahum spoke of Nineveh. A strange fact, that. What could have stirred up anybody is like a canvas of Verestchagin. Outside are the hosts of the besieging enemy, with in Galilee or Judah to preach a fierce ser mon against that tar-away Nineveh? painted shields and purple robes, with scythed chariots and forests of glittering Well, partly, perhaps, the interest which every good man feels in the abolition of any spears. Within is confusion and fear, The streets are full of fleeing men, hurrying

into hiding for their lives. Standl Standl The people cry to the soldiers who should defend them, but there is none to listen. The men in armor are evil anywhere. The spirit which took Amos from his Tekoah pastures into the streets of Samaria, the interest which we ourselves feel in the two supreme barbarisms our generation-Siberian exile and African slavery-this might account for it. Siberia is a long way off, and Africa is still more distant, yet we are indignant and have strong words to say about what goes on yonder beyond the oceans. Nahum may have been interested in darkest Nineyeh as we are in darkest Encland. But there was we are in darkest England. But there was is red w much more than that. The wide space between the Mediterranean and the Caspian

Seas is traversed by three notable rivers; one, the river of the promised land, the other two, the rivers of the Garden of

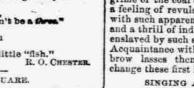
Nineyah shall be destroye Between the Jordan and the Mediter tions shall clap their hands in gratitude and anean Sea lay the kingdoms of Palestine-Israel in the North, having Samaria for it gladness And all that happened. All that came apital, and Judah in the South, having its fearfully and tragically true. Up from the South marched the Chaldeans, the people capital at Jerusalem. Between the Euphrates and the Tigris lay the kingdoms of Mesoof the Southern Kingdom, breaking potamia-Assyria in the North, having Nineveh for its capital, and Chaldea in the chains of bondage. The Ninevites kept a hundred days of fasting and lamentation South, having its capital at Babylon. Now, in Nahum's day the one city which stood and prayer to the forgotten gods, but the gods paid no heed. The Tigris rose and out pre-eminent among these four was Nineveh. Babylon was in subjection, Samaria was depopulated, and in captivity, Jerusalem was paying tribute, all to swept away a great space of the wall. Through this breach came in the besiegers. The King burned himself alive in his magnificent palace. The city was robbed of its rast riches. Down fell its walls and stately Nineveh. The people of Jerusalem, then, had a good buildings. It was at an end. The grass deal to do with Nineveh, and a good reason for being interested in that great city. There grew over the ruins. Nature covered the dead city with a winding sheet of green and brown. The very name of it vanished for centuries out of the memory of man. It lived their great ruler. They had a king, indeed-Namasrch-but the King of Nine-veh had carried him off and shut him forgot God, and was forgotten. up in a palace prison which he had at Babylon. Their real king was the King of GEORGE HODGES. the Assyrians, who reigned at Nineveh. In Nahum's day Nineveh was the center of the NAPLES AND NEW YORK.

years ago ther

Eden.

is red with flames, and the water of the NINEVEH IS RED WITH BLOOD.

Destroyed, destroyed! and no deliverance though her walls be stout as mountains and high as heaven, yet shall they be laid low that the victorious enemy may march over.



LAT IN THE SUS PAINTING.

cas tired-more with pain than with and needed every bit of strength for that supreme effort. feet into an easier position hand clutch for a moment, and hung my upper teeth upon a point of to wase my legs a few pounds. For a ment so, and then with a desperate ath I thrust my whole life into a frantie int and sprang book wards out into the air. rado Canon ran all its 700 miles cliffs of solid gold I would not that fump again, but now that it is all r I am glad to have done it, for the sake rience-just as I am glad of a other things which were un-

in fearful in their time. was a well judged jump, and it needed my best. I landed upon my back on the outor edge of the shelf, whence a push



Mrs. ERDy Refuses the Money.

would have rolled me half a mile-unles see victous-pointed jags below had to long enough to cut me in twain h my feet hanging over the brink away. He followed peaceably, and in a couple of miles 1 had forgotten my wonder-ment and was busy with other thoughts. ated jags below had dott. Studiow had found an easy way ed me in a moment. Of course, the along there came a suarl so uncarthiy, so all was unspeakable torture to the savage, so unlike any other sound I ever on arm and for some hours I lay there heard, that it froze my blood, and there is and faint in the blistering sun before was strength in me to continue the frothy mouth with sunlit fangs more fear-You may be very sure that I ful than a rattlesnake's. Shadow was mad! and over no more ledges without a very il knowledge of how the bottom was to b

wached and that it was a great relief to THE DOG'S FEAR OF A RATTLER.

When we had done so much exploring as Sas possible in my crippled condition and And Reed is on the floor.

line do so without any conception of the difference between operating a road in the desert and one in a land of abundant water, fuel and labor. It is an interesting subject you all.' Then, with a horrible laugh, the witch departed, while the Countess, frightened and astonished, wondered over her words. The mother would have willingly made any into which I must not enter now; but to sacrifice for her sons; but she would no readily believe that so fair a creature as cars (each holding some 4,000 gallons) one mile, or one car 6,000 miles, every day of Urlanda could ever cause sorrow, she was unwilling to drive the lonely girl from the only home she had. But when the mother was alone with her sons she told the year, to supply its stations with water; and that to supply its coaling chutes it has to haul daily the equivalent of 30,000 cars

them of the old woman's appearance, and of of coal (each car of something less than 20 tons) one mile, or one car 30,000 miles. her warning words. "It is false," cried Marion, angrily, "our

Had it not been for hunter experience, which made me never touch a drop of water beautiful sister could never cause us any harm, and we shall prove to the old before noon, no matter how encked, and to witch that she has not spoken truthfully.' As Andrew echoed his brother's word keep my salivary glands awake by a smooth quartz pebble under my tongue, I do not know what would have become of me. As nothing more, for the present, was said about the matter. But the countess detercountess it was, more than once we came at night to a station with tongues swollen dry and mined to keep a close watch on her foster daughter, and at the first sign of danger to rough as files projecting beyond our cracked lips, and the first drink brought a spasm of The years passed by, and although the Countess guarded her sons with the greatest care, she could not see that any harm threat-ened them, and the three children seemed

fearful pain. SHADOW .COULDN'T STAND THE STRAIN.

Despite the heat Shadow had been indevery happy together. The youths grew to strong, good men, and their adopted sister was more beautiful even than when a child. fatigable in his pursuit of rabbits. I was averaging over 35 miles a day in my haste to get across that forbidding land and to meet a sudden need for my presence in Los An-geles, and Shadow, I believe, must have Then came a time when each of the broth ers wished the fair Urlanda for a wife; but the beautiful girl loved both so dearly that traveled at least three miles to my two. But now it had begun to tell on him, and he ran no more, but daugled wistfully at my heels, she could not make a choice between them, and begged that they would allow her to remain as their sister; but the brothers would and would not eat. At Yucca, after a fearful day, we found only a miserable shanty not be satisfied with this. And now for the of shakes, almost as open as a rail fence. first time in their lives they began to quar There was no covering to be had for love or money, and the drip from the water tank rel, and use harsh words toward one another. The Countess now remembered the witch's made two-foot icicles that night. At last I warning, and although her daughter had grown very dear to her, she would willingly have sent her away in order to procure hap-piness for her sons. But it was too late; found a town and dirty gunnysacks-and that was our bed. As usual now in these wretched nights

Shadow and I lay spoon-fashion, huddled close to keep from freezing. That night he r neither Andrew or Marion would hear of Urlanda going away, and they declared growled and twisted in his sleep, but I thought nothing of it. Next morning, that they would first leave their home, and wander in foreign hands. The little family in the castle was no longer a bright and happy one. The Countess grew sad and pale, Urlanda's eyes were always red with weeping, and the brothers were sullen and when we had traveled some four miles down the track, he suddenly turned and fled back to Yuces . Utterly dumbfounded at this de sertion by the faichful dog who had always morose. One morning Andrew went to his seemed haunted by a fear that he might lose me, and who would even spring from brother, and said:

"Marion, it grieves me to think that there is such a hatred between us, when his nap if I changed my seat in room and refuse to lie down again until he had been formerly we loved one another so dearly. Let us decide the matter by combat, and he caressed and convinced that I was not going to escape, I trudged back the suffering miles who conquers shall have the castle and cara for our mother and Urlanda." to Yucca. He was lying in the shade of the

tank, and growled hearsely as I approached. Marion consented to this plan, and t next morning at suarise was the time fix I put a strap around his neck and led him for the battle. Just as the dawn began strenk the cast the two brothers ascen the mountain. They had taken their pla And on a sudden as I strode carclessly and were about to draw their swords, Urlanda and the Countess rushed to the spot and begged that the combat might not take place But the youths would not heed their cries, and again faced one snwithin six inches of my throat was a wide, other. Then Urlanda cried out: "O woodland nymph, when I was a child CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

you came to me and gave me counsel. Now send your wand to me, that I may prevent A Scene That Is to Pe this battle. 'Twill be worth something to be present Before she had ceased speaking, a fairy

And look the gathering o'cr. When Speaker Whnt's-His-Name

there.

ng state or quality," and make "a kind of MORNING GLORY

16SO-ENIGMA.

What is it that telieves my mind Of worrying cares and thoughts unkind, And to the present makes us blind? What is it that we all should bless For hiding from our brain distress And making sorrows thought of less What do we call this magic hand That beckons us to slumber-landthes us with its mesueric wand? What charms the ills of life away What charms the first of the away And hold us in enchantment's sway, Invites us in fair fields to stray? We all have felt this subtle power, It makes our checks bloom like a flower, And hides from us the darkest hour.

1681-HOUR GLASS.

1. Destitute of a cover. 2. A postoffice o lin county, Massach Franklin county, Massachusetts. 3. Muscles which tend to strengthen any part of the body. 4. Those who hold to mysticism. 5. Baryta. 6. A river of Switzerland, 163 miles long. (Web.) 7. In newspaper, 8. Haughti-ness. 9. Son of Zophah. (Bible.) 10. Spots. 11. Lays aside an old coat as a preliminary to taking a new one. 12. Orthoclass. 13. Generalized. Converts top to bottom: Discrepancies.

Generalized. Centrals, top to bottom: Discrepancies. Diagonals, left to right down, and left to right up. Free from perplexing connection. POSTMASTER.

1682-CURTAILMENT.

If you one the total out of your bread, without a doubt "Twill be sour and soggy; If you try to eat of it. You will not be pleased a bit-In the mouth it's cloggy. BITTER SWEEN.

1683-TRANSPOSITION.

"Friendship is a tender plant, Not a tree of sturdy growth;

"Who and what are friends," you ask met "Wherein does their friendship lie?" With no riddle do you task met will not this rule apply?

"Those who see the good in other Gverbalance what is base: Who their evil passions smother, Seek each false step to retrace.

"Lies in mutual forbearance, And in unity of heart; It presents the same appearance, See together, 'see opart.'" H. C. BUBGER.

ANSWERS.

1664.-Digno, dine: Bute, but; Quito, quit; Brest, best; Amberg, amber; Caen, can; Flint, lint: Havre, have; Corea, core; Posen, pose; Calder, alder: Sofia, sofia; Angers, anger: Kent, ken; Ayr, ay. Biga, rig; Turin, turn; Nice, ice. The deleted lotters spell-George Francis Train turn; Nice, ice. The deleted lotters spell George Francis Train.

in, a, Spa, 16:6	P	T	E	T	T	5	M
	Î	N	F	A	N	T	A
	E	F	F	Ũ	8	E	D
	T	Λ	U	N	T	E	D
	1	N	8	T	0	R	E
	S	T	E	E	R	E	R
	M	Δ	D	D	E	R	8

1667 .- Ambled, blamed, beldam, bedlam, 1668.—Car e

wand fell from the trees into the girl's out stretched hands. Waving the wand wildly, -Ebony, ebon, bony. Urlanda uttered a few words, which could

not be understood by the others, and at that

their work. The purling of the water through the shining coal effected these prisoned humans just as a tiny house-fountain will bewitch continuous melody from the throats of canaries and mocking birds in your window or conservatory. There was the hint of the wildwood in it;

the whispered voices of the field and stream; the endless call of nature's heart to all that was responsive in their own. The "coblers" are the coke-burners. many mines all the fine coal and refuse of the screens is transformed into coke on their own premises. The women here from the nature of the work are compelled to DO CONSIDERAELE HARD LABOR.

Armed with long-handled shovels they scoop the small coal into arched doorways of the ovens with the same throw and

force as, and far more definess and derterity than, the man. When the ovens are finally "charged," the women build up the

doorway with bricks, which are plastered over, and the ovens are then left to them elves for several hours. The coke is finally taken out in the form of a huge lump, which splits easily in pieces. Here again the women are employed in splitting the coke "cobles" or lumps and loading them into trucks. The coke is apt to cut their hands and the women are provided with stout leather hand guards. With the aid of these they pile the coke into the coke wagons or cars until filled, and then "trim" the loads

neatly, so that none of the coke is lost in its ubsequent railway journey. At most mines this work by women is out of doors in storm or shine; though several owners have lately rovided sheds. The "tippers" do the beaviest work ac-

complished by women at the brows of En-ish mines. The chafts are surrounded with a high metal platform, usually covered as a protection to machinery and workers, but open at the sides for light and air. AS IF IT WERE A BABY CARRIAGE.

As the "cage" comes up from the depths below, with its load of six trucks they are moved from opposite sides, the weight of each truck, chalked on it by the weighman below, is shouted to the tallyman who is boxed in a little glass-encased office at one boxed in a little giass-encased once at one side, by tally-boys, and as the trucks are pulled from the cage by powerful men, they are caught by the pit-brow women who shove them to the "tip," where the coal is conveyed to the soreens, and upset. Each truck when empty must weiga 200 pownds. Its load of coal will run from 600 pounds. Its load of coal will run from 600 to 800 pounds. It is geared on diminutive some bulk to handle. Yet two of these strong pit-brow lasses will catch this truck is though it were a baby carriage and send it flying to the "tip," dump it upon the screens by the nid of a lever, and hurl it

back to the cage for return into the mine, in a way that would electrify even an American woman's rights "promoter." The work of the "screeners" while the most trying on account of the endless cloud

reen, a kind of riddle of iron bars, ing on the principle of an endless chain, ing on the principle of an endices chain, is constantly carrying the coal, which has been dumped upon it from the "tip" above, down along an incline into the coal cars, or "wagons," as they are called here, stand-ing upon elevated tracks beneath. As the coal passes along, the dust and fine coal used for commuting falls into a shute beused for cone-making falls into a shute be-

storage bins below.

But here and there are clogs of dirt, bits of rock, pieces of shale and huge "faulty" lumps of coal. All the shale, rock and dirt are picked from the screens by hand, and the way they fly from these pit-brow women's nimble fingers is a wonder. A bystander is in danger of a broken head; and one cannot help thinking what a marvelous coatingent these women would make in a Belfast riot. They also have in their left

Hon. Mrs. Blundell that no pit women here at Pemberton should receive the annual gift of a suit of clothes who did not bear a reproachless character. I have charge of the distribution. There has not been but one instance where a refusal of the gift has been found necessary during the past ten years."

In almost countless conversations with the pit-brow women, I have not found one who did not seem happy and contented in her labor. For this class any labor at any wage is a godsend in England. Altogether, I should seriously regard the pit-brow lasses as the handsomest, heathicst, happiest and most respectable working won EDGAR L. WAREMAN. in England.

A TERRIBLE AFRICAN ANT.

The Bashikousy, a Most Voracious Creatur Which Eats Its Prey Immediately.

ew York Advertiser.] There are a great many species of ants in Africa, some of which are found in vast numbers. The most remarkable and most

dreaded of all is the bashikouay, and is a most voracious creature, which carries nothing away, but eats its prey on the spot. It is the dread of all living animals of the was destroyed. It seems incredible-that forest-the elephant, the leopard, the gorilvast city, like New York, like Paris, like London, was leveled with the ground, and and then absolutely forgotten. Men walked la, and all the insect world-the man himself is compelled to flee before the advance of these marauders or to protect himself by over the place where it had stood and were fire and boiling water. It is the habit of quite ignorant that any city had ever been planted on that site. Across the river grew up a new city named Mouslim, whence we the bashikonays to march through the forest in a long, regular line, about two inches get the name muslin, and the people who lived there were altogether unaware of

broad or more, and often miles in length. All along the line large ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep the regular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they

cannot bear, they immediately burrow under-ground and form tunnels. It often takes more than 12 hours for one of these armies

to pass. When they grow hungry, at a certain command, which seems to take place all along the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresisti-ble. All the other living inhabitants of the forest flee before it. Their advent is known beforehand; the still forest becomes alive with the trampling of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of wide-tired wheels; but at best is a cumber- the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animais are fleeing away. Their manner of attack is

leap. Instantier of nitized is an impedatous leap. Instantier, the strong pincers are fistened, and they only let go when the piece gives away. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury. Sometimes men condemmed to death are Sometimes men condemned to death are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry bashikouays passes, in a short time only are skeletons remain to tell the tale.

TAKING THE INDIANS' LAND.

Claims Filed on a Valcable Strip Given the Reds by Grant,

New York Herald.) When the Puyallup Indian reservation was originally laid out in Washington the the great past of the Assyrian Kingdom. Indians had no access to the tidewater

where they had been accustomed to fish President Grant issued an order making section 34 a part of the reservation. It is section 34 a part of the reservation. It is claimed that he had no right to do so, as the land is subject to homestcad entry. land is subject to homestcad entry. Four claims have been filed in the Seattle

and in the destruction of the city the palace Land Offic on that part of section 34 which had been burned, down had gone the floors is outside the Puyallup Indian reservation. The property is worth \$5,000 per acre, and and walls, and the books with them; then

A WISE MAN AND A SHOVEL. We know a great deal about Nineveh, and are likely to know a great deal more. We know it by the labors of men with shovels. The great city came to an end and

world.

Nineveh. But some 20

who has committed suicide.

came that very wise man with a shovel, and he began to dig down into the big mounds

across the river, and speedily discovered wonders.

One thing that he found was a picture

Queen were serenely eating supper, looking complacently meanwhile at the decapitated and bleeding head of the King of Babylon,

RECORDS THAT TOLD & STORY.

The man with the shovel dug down into

books written in character, and not on

but on bricks-brick books, the characters

brick, copying all the good writing they knew of in the world's literature of that

day, just at the time when Nahum was

THE BOOKS OF BRICK.

the Other Progress. New York Ledger.]

Artists and descriptive writers regard the bay of Naples as one of the most lovely views ever disclosed to human eyes. On that favored expanse of shining sea and verdure-lined shore the choicest gifts of our fond and partial Mother Nature are showered lavishly, as though she would attune the children of summer and the sun to harmony by the peaceful beauty of their environment. The soft tones of the blue Mediterranean, the yet softer tones of the clear Italian sky with its fleecy, floating cloudislands, the bright colors of the fishing craft, the dots of white canvas in the middl distance and the smaller dots away toward Capri and the hazy horizon, and the subtle, indescribable charm of the mellow Italian the very King who reigned in Nineveh in the days when Nahum was writing his book, King Assur-bani-pal. You may see it to-day in the British Museum. The King and atmosphere merge into one perfect picture. Small wonder it is that the Italians have

The Bay of One Typical of Artistic Culture

Small wonder it is that the Italians nave coined the saying: "See Naples and die!" Americans who cannot journey to South-ern Europe can enjoy a view nearly equal in some particulars and superior in others to the Neapolitan waterscape. From the span of Brooklyn bridge they can view an arrena of gravity pridge they can view an expanse of greater variety in human interest and quickened by more forms of life, even though the view be without the exquisite the Carnegie Library of Nineveh, and brought out actual tons of books-queer aky and sea tints and seenic effects of the other. The lower stretches of the harbor are bordered by the green uprise of Staten paper, nor on parchment, nor on anything else of which books are commonly made, Island, flanked by the Knickerbocker estaisiand, named by the Knickfordowic extra ary named Kill von Kull and by the Nar-rows, guided by the esplanades and par-pets of Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton. The harbor itself is busy with the mighty stamped in when the clay was soft. And, most remarkable of all, men studied these brick books and learned how to read the Drick books and learned how to read the letters of this deadest of dead languages. The library was a vast one. This very King Assurbani-pal had collected it. His scribes were writing it in their books of transatlantic steamships, the coastwise shipping and steamboats, ferry boats and pleasure craft of all descriptions, passing between the Bartholdi statue and the National ensign flying at the army post on Governors Island. Forests of masts and spars line the shores. The panorama of the busiest port in the Western World is before

omposing this book which we are studying. A wonderful library-books of astronomy astrology, mathematics, grammars with de Each view is typical-the Neapolitan, of poetry and artistic culture; the American, of direct utility and progress. Each has its clensions of nouns and conjugation of verba, dictionaries, law books, natural science, botany, geology, books of religion with our Genesis story in them, almost word for word, of the creation and the fall and the flood, and books of history with records of

SHE WAS TOO PREVIOUS.

A Sample of the Kind of Wit That Grealty Pleases the Frenchman.

I saw some of these books last summer, La Caricature.]

La place et les gages me vont; maintenant Madame voudra bien me soumettre le portrait de Monsieur pour savoir s'll me plaira

autant que Madame. The translation-I am satisfied with the place and the wages. Will Madame now be so kind as to show me the portrait of Monsieur so that I may see whether he suits me as well as Madame does?

neath which carries the "screenings" WOULD MAKE SPLENDID BIOTERS

of coal dust in which they are enveloped, requires less muscle than dexterity. A work-