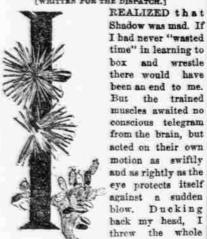
THE JOURNEY ENDED.

The Territory of the Depraved Mojave: Indians and One of Their Cremation Ceremonies.

AWFUL THIRST IN THE DESERT

Turned Out of Dogs by Two Consumptives Who Had Gone to the West to Die.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.]



force and weight of legs, arm and body into a tremendous kick, and a simultaneous wild thrust upon the leading-strap. My foot caught Shadow glancingly on the chest and he went rolling down the 30-foot embankment.

But he was upon his feet again in an snatched at the heavy six-shooter, but it and worked around to the middle of my back, and was hampered by the heavy-porketed, long duck coat. Before it was cen loosened in its scabbard, the dog was within six feet. I sprang to the edge of the ank, and threw all my force into a kick for life. It caught him squarely under the offom. Up and back he came, like the rebound of a rubber ball, and just as he was within four feet I wrestled the colt loose "threw it down" with the swift instinctive sim of long practice, and pulled the trigger even as the muzzle fell.

TWO SHOTS SETTLED IT.

The wild tongue of flame burnt his very face, and he dropped. But in an instant he was up again and fled shricking across the barren plain. The heavy ball had creased his skull and buried itself in his flank. I knew the horrors of a gunshot wound-my poor chum should never go to die by inches the hideous death of the desert. A great wave of love swept through meand drowned my horror. I had tried to kill him to save myself-now I must kill him to save him from the most inconceivable of agonies. My trembling nerves froze to steel—I must not miss! I would not! I dropped on one knee, caught his course, calculated his speed, and the spiteful crack of the six-speed, and the spiteful crack of the six-speed, and the spiteful crack of the six-speed, and the spiteful crack of the six-le was a full 150 yards away, flying like wind, when the mercitul lead outstripped and caught him and threw him in a wild omersault of his own momentum. He over kicked or moved, but lay there in a limp, black langle, motionless forever.

Weak and faint and heavy-hearted, I dug
with my hanting knife a little grave beneath a tattered vucca and laid the poor
clay tenderly therein, and drew over it a
coverlet of burning sand, and piled rough lava fragments on it to cheat the prowling coyote, and "blazed" the tattered tree. The

to his last long sleep, and went alone down the bitter desert. MOJAVE INDIANS OUT FISHING. The country was fast turning more in-finitely desolute. Wider and wider were the reaches of molten sand, whose alkaline clouds swept in gusts up the valley, choking and stinging throat and eyes and nos-Then I came down into the green y of the Colorado, where were little ponds and waving grasses and willow thickets and little brush rancherias of the Mejave Indians. Swarthy women were washing at the little pools; and in a larger pond, left by the river in high water, several ojave men were fishing in an odd fashion Three of them had each a huge orier basket, anoc-shaped, 10 feet long and 3 feet wide These they submerged in the water, while three other Indians splashed greatly with long poles. When the fishers lifted their sket nets each had a lot of silvery, smeltlike fish; and these they tossed deftly into

thirsty sand drank my tears; and choking and with burning eyes I left poor Shadow

deep creels slung to their backs. They are a curious and physically admirable race, these Mojaves-tall and lithe and



The Finish matchless runners for a day or two at a pull superb swimmers; full of strange enstoms, but sadly degenerate in morals. In warm weather-and it is hardly ever cold in their tropic valley—the men wear only a breech-ciout, and the women a single garment generally made of flaming bandannas bought in the piece. They dress their long hair in curious ropes, and plaster the scalp with mud, tattoo the chin in wild patterns, and have no ornaments save fichus which they make with great skill from tiny glass

A MOJAVE CREMATION CEREMONY. They have been practicing cremation from time immemorial, and were just having a funeral near East Bridge. The corpse, dressed in its best, was stretched on top of a huge pile of dry old ties from the railroad, and the chief mourner touched a torch to the heap of dry brush at the bottom. As the flames sprang aloft and hissed and roared. the mourners stood in a gloomy ring, chant-ing a wild refrain; and as the savage fire and savage song went on, they threw upon the pyre from time to time all the earthly pos-ressions of the deceased, and one by one

heir own garments and ornaments. Passing the strange, jagged spires of peaks, which are called the Needles because two of them have natural eyelets—though these are visible only from the canon, and

stood upon the then forbidding soil of California. A night at the rather, pretty little railroad town of Needles, and I started off again into the grim Mojave Desert. It was the beginning of 200 miles whose sufferings far outweighed all that had gone before. There were five telegraph stations in that awful stretch, and the largest town in 160 the then forbidding soil of California. A night at the rather, pretty little railroad town of Needles, and I started off again into the grim Mojave Desert. It was the beginning of 200 miles whose sufferings a little faster, please, it soolds and treats me as if I were its worst enemy. I tell you, little wood dove, I shall bother myself no longer with such work. I shall not re-SHADOW HAD TO BE KILLED.

And the largest town in 160 miles had three houses. At last I took to walking nights, since there was a full moon, and trying—but with scant success—to sleep by day.

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At Daggett I found a new companion who was poor and ragged, but infinitely more of a man than those who had shared—and half spoiled—short sketches earlier in the tramp. He was a young French Canadian named Albert Munier; had come to the mining camp of Calico and been fleeced by his ab sconding employer; and now, penniless and ragged, wished to get to Los Angeles.



Would I mind it he walked with me? There

was a pleasant frankness in his face; and I promptly said "Come on!" Neither of us will be likely to forget that

But he was upon his feet again in an instant and sprang welfishly toward me. I day—the most awful of all my journey. We missed the trail, and for six anguished hours struggled through the heavy sand, over fiery hills and down hollows that were like a fur-nace. I had thought I knew thirst before; but it was never understood until that afternoon. A score of times I thought we must fall and die there, and only mulish will kept us up. For the last five miles gether." I had to help poor Munieralong by the arm. And just at sunset we came, more dead than alive, to Stoddard's Wells, the only water in 50 miles. There was a little flow of water from a tunnel in the hill, and a miswater from a tunnel in the fill, and a mis-erable "house" of split shakes, inhabited by the two only absolute curs I met in nearly five months. They would not let us sleep in the house, though I offered a hand-ful of silver for the use of a battered chair sleep in the house, though I offered a handful of silver for the use of a battered chair near the fire—for my arm showed bad symptoms that day, and I dared not catch cold in it. They said they did not keep a house for tramps, and when I showed them a pocketful of credentials waved them aside, vowing they could not read which was all of credentials waved them aside, vowing they could not read which was all of credentials waved them as pocketful they could not read, which was a lie.

> TURNED OUT INTO THE NIGHT. They ordered us out of the house, and stood in the door berating us in the vilest language. Our blood boiled, but we could not even take the old, savage satisfaction of thrashing them, for they were wretched, hacking consumptives, come here to stave off death, and even a cripple could not strike them. A grim night we passed by our lit-tle campfire of greasewood twigs-4,000 feet above the sea, and chilled by a fierce wind from off the snow peaks of the Sierra Madre. I was worn out, for my day's walk had been 40 miles—18 before Munier joined me at Daggett—and miles of great suffering; but I Daggett—and miles of great suffering; but I dared not go to sleep. At last weariness overcame me and I dropped off. When I woke Munier was sitting and shivering by the little fire and feeding it with weeds, while I was warmly wrapped in his huge old ulster! The unselfish fellow had go nimself to save me from a chill that he knew

would be dangerous.

The next day's equally painful tramp was mostly down hill, but even more torrid as we came to lower altitudes. Never was there so blessed a sight as when, at last, we looked down from the top of a high ridge—the winding your absence it has stood still. As the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great magniful and the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his corn, he had no other way to grind his looked down from the top of a high ridge— which has since been discovered to be a mountain of pure marble—to a green ribbon of a valley, a broad, clear, shallow river, the Mojave. We stopped at a pleasant ranch, where gray-headed Rogers had his 2,000 snowy-fleeced Angora goats, and next day, crossing the river where the little railroad town of Victor has since been built, plodded up the long, sandy slope toward the noble range which shuts off the grimmest of deserts from the Eden of the world.

CLOSE OF THE LONG JOURNEY.

Up the long, smooth slope we came with the afternoon, paused on the brink of the sudden "jumping off place," and plunged down into the steep depths of the strange Cajon (box pass, pronounced Cah-hone) Pass. A few miles of barren gullies and ridges, and we came to a little house beside a tender green where the grateful sands of the arroyo thanked a tiny spring. And here poor Munter fell, unable to move another sten. I made arrangements at the house for him, gave him half my dwindling money, and with a hearty and regretful handelasp left the brave fellow and hurried on down the canon.

In the soft, sweet evening I came to the first fence I had seen in 500 miles, and an orchard in fragrant bloom of peach and apricot, and to the hospitable little farm house that used to be "Vincent's," Ah, such luxury! When kindly Mrs. Vincent knew me, she spread such a supper as my long-abused stomach had lost all memory of, and for that I had had no fruit in so long, she gave me in sumptuous array about my plate 14 kinds of delicious home-made pre-serves! That night, for the first time since breaking my arm, I was able to get off all clothing, and revel in a glorious bath and a

spotless bed. Next day I trotted gaily down the canon, climed over the western wall, and struck out along the foothills. Now I was truly in "God's country"—the real Southern California which is peerless. It was the last day of January. The ground, was carpeted with myriad wild flowers, birds filled the air with song, and clouds of butterflies fluttered past me. I waded clear, icy trout brooks, startled innumerable flocks of quail, and ate fruit from the gold-laden trees of the first orange orchards I had ever seen. Pretty Pomona gave me pleasant lodgings that night, and next day, February 1, 1885, a 30-mile walk through beautiful towns, past the picturesque old Mission of San Gabriel, and down a matchless valley, brought me at midnight to my unknown home in the City of the Angel

CHARLES F. LUMMIS. THE WINDMILL.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE, 1 A fresh, cool wind blew over the hill, and, rushing down into the valley, roughly shook

the tree tops of the pine forest. "I shall no longer trouble myself with such thankless work," he sighed, "I am going to take life easier, and seek more for niovment."

"What has vexed you?" chirped a wooddove, from her nest among the branches, "I hope that you mean to leave off shaking my nest so violently, or my little birds will certainly tall out."

ertainly tall out."
"I meant no harm to you," replied the wind, "but that windmill on the top of the hill is the plague of my life. I use all my strength and energy to bring it into motion, and all the time it is so cross and ill-natured, acting as if it were doing me a favor in turning around."

The dove made no reply to these remarks, and after a short pause the wind continued:
"You do not know how provoking it is; I
"Your duty is simply to tell what they be. The dove made no reply to these remarks, and after a short pause the wind continued:

not from the railroad—I crossed the 1,300-foot drawbridge (now abandoned for a fine new cantilever, a dozen miles below) and stood upon the then forbidding soil of Cali-

bring upon the people. The miller and his family must suffer, and if the mill does not

family must suffer, and if the mill does not turn there will be no bread, for there is no other way to grind the corn."

"What do I care for the people?" asked the wind, "they never trouble themselves about me. But you are such a good little creature that for the present I shall stay here and rock the cradle while you seek food for the little ones."

And with that he hears to rock the cradle.

And with that he began to rock the cradle, and with that he began to rock the cradic, as he called the nest, so gently that all the birdlings closed their wide open mouths and fell fast asleep. But, after all, the wind was not so ill-natured as one would think from his words, for every day he flew away to the hill top to try to turn the mill. But this thankless creature sighed and scolded more than ever, and sometimes would not make even a single motion. Each evening the wind returned to the valley, and poured forth his complaints to the dove, who praised him for his efforts, and tried to encourage him. But finally he lost all patience, and, after neglecting the mill for several days, he went to it one morning and

"Why are you so still to-day? It seems to me that you have grown old and that your working days are over. "Indeed, I am as young and as strong as

"Indeed, I am as young and as strong as ever," was the indignant reply, while the mill flapped its wings angrily.

"Pardon me," said the wind, saucily, "but I noticed how tired you seemed, and thought you were weary from your labor, and wished rest.

"I do wish rest," returned the mill, "but

that is not because I am too old to work.
"Then I shall leave you to enjoy yourself,, said the wind, "and will not trouble you by urging you to move.'

He then hastened to the wood dove, who kindly greeted her old friend, and asked: "What success have you had to-day?"
"I am very well satisfied with my morning's work," answered the wind. "I have been to visit the mill, and we have parted

company forever. It was tired and wanted to rest, and, as I have grown weary of its constant complaining, I have decided to take a long journey and may not return for several weeks. But I shall not forget my little wood dove, and when my travels are over we shall spend many happy hours to "I am sorry that you are going away," said the dove, "for we need you here, and the miller will be in great distress about the windmill."

But the wind only laughed at these words and flew merrily away. As he passed the mill he cried:
"Goodby, old mill, I am going on a jour-

For many days the wind continued his travels. He journeyed over sandy deserts, through busy cities, and across wide seas. He saw many new and strange sights. Yet he was not entirely happy; for he thought often of the beautiful hill where he had lived so long, the cool, green valley, and the little wood dove who had urged him not to

'I shall go home," he thought, "and see if I am really needed. If the dove's words are true I shall overcome my dislike for the old mill and try to persuade it that we must

work together."

Without any further delay the wind began his homeward journey. He sought first the little wood dove, who was now entirely alone, for her little ones had grown too large for the nest and had flown away to make homes for themselves. The little bird was sleepily chirping her evening song and was almost ready for her night's rest. work together. and was ab friend the wind drew near and gave him a

the miller had no other way to grind his corn, he has decided to bring a great ma-chine from the city. That would spoil our beautiful hill, and the noise would drown the songs of the birds and the gentle whisperings of the pines. I tried to find you, and beg that you would come to us, who were in such need of you; but I knew not where you had gone. Every day I have hoped and watched for your return. And now that you have come, do you think you

can help us to keep away this machine of which we are so afraid?"
"I shall surely try," said the wind; "but what does the mill think about it?"
"It has been so silent and sad," was the reply, "that I have not ventured near it."

Nearly all night long the wind and the dove talked over what had happened during the last few weeks. At sunrise the win betook himself to the hilltop. When the

mill saw him it cried: "O, dear wind, have you returned? A great misfortune has come to me. I have rested so long that my arms have become stiff, and I can scarcely move them. I am to be torn down and must leave this beautiful hill, where I have lived all my life. I can no more look down over the valley and see the pines nodding to me. If I could only turn as before I might be allowed to

remain here."

"Perhaps I can help you if you will let me," said the wind, who now felt a great pity for the poor old windmill.
"If you will only be so good," was the reply, "I did not dare to hope that you would even think of me after my rude behavior to you. But if you will help me now, you shall never again have cause to

"We shall forget the past," said the wind,
"and try, hereafter, to do our best."
He then rushed with all his force against the mill; but the arms had become so stif from long disuse that they only creaked and scarcely moved at all. But the wind tried again and again, and the mill used all its strength, until finally, toward evening the arms began to move slowly. The next morning the wind was again at his place on the hill-top, and this time with better success; for by noon the mill was turning rapidly, and as the miller looked up at it,

he said: "After all, I think I shall not tear down the old mill; for it yet seems to be able to do good work."

So the mill was allowed to remain, and when the pines nod to it, it answers: "Yes, I am still here, thanks to my good friend, to whom I shall ever be grateful." Every evening the wind visits the wood-dove; but the greater part of the day he spends with the windmill, and together they work merrily and happily.

PAYSIE.

SOME ENIGNATICAL NUTS. Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week

if They Solve Them Correctly-Home Amusements. ddress communications for this depart E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.



1 If the keystone bemoved the others would THEY PAINT CORPSES. And yet, though the largest, tis nothing at

This stone may be used for quenching the thirst, And, when in good-order, stone bottles will

No. 3 is quite quiet, it ne'er makes a noise 'Tis calm and 'tis still 'mid sorrows and

joys.

4. A stone that's bewitching; beware, O young man! This sigh so entrancing may-turn out your

i. To remove this stone is no very hard task We can use it for drawing peer out of a cask.

 I think it is glue that forms this No. 6,
 For I notice, when touching it, each finger sticks. 7. An emblem of mourning; the name of a

Which, in England, in any churchyard you Like the star near the North Pole, by which sailors steer,
 This draws the attention of any one near.

9. An intellectual stone; one well versed in

knowledge. No doubt such are used when building a 1685-TRANSPOSITION.

There is tumult in the city,
Blast of bugle, beat of drum,
For the boys are marching homeward,
See, the conquering heroes come!
From the battle field of Shiloh,
From the hillside and the plain,
For the criticl war is over,
And our boys come home again.

Primal pomp and glittering banners,
Ne'er to tyrant or to king,
Brought such cheers and shouts of welc
As those tattered standards bring;
Riddled by the foeman's bullets,
Torn by shrieking shell and ball,
In the broad next of the sunlight,
See those torn folds rise and fall. See the heroes of the battle.

See the heroes of the battle,
Column after column strong,
Worn and weary with the conflict,
See them as they pass along.
Yes, the cruel war is over,
To the North the victors come,
Lay aside their war-like, trappings,
Rest the soldiers' rest at home.
H. C. B.

1686.—CHARADE. Small Tom was growing scholarly, Or so his sister thought, When she for his birthday Second third had kindly bought. "For thirds I've grown too tall,"
And it on the floor he cast;
"I'd rather have the all,
First, second, third, last."

1687.-DIAMOND. 1. A letter. 2. Something frightful. 3. Tufts or bunches. 4. A small mining town of Durango, Mexico. 5. Innkeepers. 6. A swelling. 7. A milky or waxy substance. 8. Capable of being cut. 9. A large net for catching fish. 10. A cowl (obs.). 11. A letter. Mesa.

1688-ANAGRAM. O love, the leveler of men's lives, The smoother of our ways; Who bindest all with hopeless gyves, Thou puzzle of all days.

Love doth the fallen brown leaves stain With gorgeous carmine dyes; Love softens every pang of pain, And lights the tear-dimmed eyes

Love paints the rainbow's radiant glow, With an unseen hand to guide it: With an unseen hand to guide it:
"Tis the joy that silver lines each woe,
"Tis "a harp, the fancy hide it."

Love smiles upon the poor and low, With all, her wealth she snares; She points the soul to heaven's glow, Three forms—complete—she wears.

1689-WHO? Justly famed for wit and beauty;
Of her court the queen, indeed;
She to sorrow was no stranger,
Ever kind to those in need;
Priceless luxuries around her;
Husband great, two children fair,
Into that worldly paradise,
Now ambition drags despair,
Ever parting that royal pair.
Dy

1690-PREFIX PUZZLES. 1. By using different prefixes to a word meaning "quarter," make words meaning a citation, separate, to asperse, to incur, to influence, to divide, to disown, to plot, to withdraw.

2. From a word meaning a twist make a

mark by prefixes, make words meaning to pant, unite, animate, exude through the skin, take rest, become public. skin, take rest, become public.

8. From a word meaning to make a mark, by prefixes, make words meaning to refer, abridge, enroll, explain, stamp, dictate, exile, agree, copy, add to.

4. From a word meaning "to bring to a stand" make, by prefixes, words meaning to apply, adjust, bear witness, give display, deposit, mediate, deny, prefix, speak, resolve, set, believe, invert.

1691-TRANSPOSITIONS

I, The prime may flourish here below. By methods sharp and deft; But when the horns of Gabriel blow In the final he'll be left.

He who would first from duty's last, The one who upward strives, Can no'er undo that which is past Nor uplift ruined lives.

1692-CURTAILED DECAPTRATION. rocessions, as they all, Pass through beheaded unlotes, Where flags are gay, where garlands fall-Through these their current rolls.

The center's but a part Of the triumphant tree;
The parts well joined, with cunning art,
Create a second true.

BITTER SWEE

1693-LEFT RHOMBOID.

Across: 1. Works of acknowledged excel-lence. 2. Crowds. 3. To afflict. 4. Prates. 5. Smoothes over. 6. Braggarts. 7. Instru-ments for teasting. 8. Those who catch. Down: 1. A letter. 2. An abbreviation. Down: I. A letter. 2. An appreviation.
2. A serpent. 4. Genera of grasses. 5. A close embrace. 6. Pure. 7. More so. 8. Makes empty talk. 8. Spaces of five years. 10. Plants of a certain genus. 11. Mixess. 12. To tax. 13. Anger. 14. An abbreviation. 15. A letter.

JULY SOLVING. Prize winners: 1. E. J. Robinson, Sharon, Pa. 2. H. C. Burger, Salem, O. 3. Rebecca H. Nicholls, Sharon, Pa. Roll of honor: F. Walter Miller, J. R. B., Sarah Burbanx, S. T. H., Blinks, Chas. T. Farnham, Mrs. Minott.

ANSWERS. 1673-1. Little pitchers have big ears. 2. Freat cry and little wool. 1674-Alger, large. 1675- G CO FON DISSENSION INTERVENE STARVING SERPENT FERVENCE CONVINCE R CONSENTERS ING OE 1676-Mum-mac-hog.

1677- D E F A C T O E N I S L E Y A S H L A R S C L E A V E S T E R R E N E O D Y S S E Y 1678-Was-sail. 1679-1. Hob-gob-lin. 2. Pan-dora. 3. Mar-1-gold. 4. Hog-nose snake. 5. Love-in-idle--Sleep.

UNOPERCULATED
NORTHOBANGE
EXTENSORS M YSTICS BABIA A I R B E E R A MOTTLES

Some Odd Ceremonies in Chile Over the Bodies of the Dead.

A DEAD CHILD ON A PLANK. Almost a Revolution Over the Burial of a

Man Who Defied a Priest. SUIT OVER THE COST OF MOSSES

CONCEPCION, CHILE, Aug. 1 .- A sound of music attracted me to the window this morning, and what do you think I saw? A mahogany-hued peon, or Chilean peasant, carrying on his outstretched hands a board, about five feet long, and on the plank a dead child, attired in a red calico frock. The small corpse was that of a girl, apparently 5 years old. The lower extremities were encased in white cotton hose, "a world too wide for the shrunk shank;" a jaunty wreath of paper roses crowned the smoothly braided jet black hair; the cheeks were horribly daubed with vermilion to simulate the hue of health, and the wide open eyes

seemed staring into infinity.

The plankbearer was followed by two women, evidently the mother and grand-mother of the deceased, who walked with an air of converses. an air of conscious importance as becomes those who have furnished an "angelito" (little angel) to swell the heavenly host. those who have furnished an "angelito" (little angel) to swell the heavenly host. Behind the women marched two men, playing with might and main, one on a fiddle, the other on a guitar, each intent on a tune of his own, regardless of the other's performance; while the rear was brought up by a laughing and chattering dozen or more of men, women and children, most of whom gave indubitable evidence of unwise genergave indubitable evidence of unwise good osity on somebody's part in the way of chicha. They were on the way to the panchicha. They were on the way to the panchicha the "little angel," over theon to inter the "little angel," over which they had been dancing and drinking for three days past—and which, possibly, had been loaned once or twice in the meantime to friends who were not so fortunate as

to have a corpse in the family. AN EXCUSE FOR AN ORGIE. Among the more degraded class of Chileans it is a general custom to make death an excuse for orgies as wild and ridiculous as those of the fabled wake; and the body of

a child especially is often kept for festive purposes until it becomes offensive to all who approach the house.

In this queer country there is a funny side, even to funerals. A member of the United States Navy Astronomical Expedition in Chile meda comparence talk the tion in Chile, made some years ago, tells the tion in Chile, made some years ago, tells the story of a common occurrence. He said: "Returning late one night from a dancing party, I had the opportunity of witnessing festivities of quite a different character. Passing in front of a small casa, my attention was attracted by a loud singing and shouting within. A woman who stood in the decrease segments against the decrease segments. the doorway, seeing me pause, invited me to enter. 'What is going on?' I asked. 'Estamos valando um angelito de Dios' (we are watching an angel of God), she replied. My curiosity being excited by such an answer I entered. The room was crowded with men and women of the lower classes, engaged in drinking and clapping their hands to the music of two females, who sat on the floor, guitar in hand, singing a drawling ditty, the burden of which was the happiness of something or some-body in heaven. But the most prominent object was a kind of rude altar, set round with lighted candles and ornamented with tinsel flowers. In the midst of these sat the life-sized figure of an infant, dressed in tawdry finery, adorned with gauze wings, its face profusely painted red and white. 'It is the image of some saint,' I said to myself, and was turning away; when a second glance convinced me that there was something unusual about this figure. The hair looked year natural, the sain was the sain the sain that the second saint was the saint looked very natural; the eyes were strangely vacant and filmy, and even the finger nails

were perfectly formed. COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HIS SENSES. "There seemed to be a good deal to of art for nature, and yet too much of nature for art. I approached to scrutinize it more closely, and was horrified to discover that it was a corpse. 'What is that?' I asked of a bystander. 'Un angelito, senor' ('An angel, sir'), he replied. 'A what?' 'A dead child, sir.'

"One can understand how refined senti-ments may induce the bereaved mother to strew the bier of her infant with fresh flowers—emblems of youth, beauty and inno-cence—but this display of paint and tinsel, this maudlin blasphemy and midnight debauchery in the presence of the dead, is re-

volting. Among the better classes of Chileans funerals are conducted on pretty much the same plan as in other civilized countries, except that here ladies never attend them. It is customary for all the friends and acquaintances of the afflicted family to pay them visits of condolence within ten days them visits of condolence within ten days after the obsequies. For a month the mourners are expected to sit in one corner of a darkened parlor. The condoling callers approach them, one after another, occupy the nearest chair for five minutes or more, while expressing their sympathy for the living and regret for the dead; then make their bows and retire as succeeding arrivals move up. A refreshment table is generally spread in an adjoining apartment, at which visitors may fortily themselves for this onerous duty of friendship, or refresh them-

selves after its performance. Among many odd incidents pertaining to funerals, the following is still much talked of hereabouts. Some ten years ago a well-known citizen of Concepcion, who had served his country faithfully and lived sans peur et sans reproche as Chilean citizens go, quarreled with the middle-aged mother of his half dozen children. She took "French leave" one night, and nothing was heard of er afterward. Having remained in single blessedness a year or two, without being able to ascertain whether the runaway spouse was living or dead, the gentlema took a younger woman to wife, contrary to the wishes of the church.

A FIGHT OVER A BURIAL.

Shortly after the second marriage he became so sick that his life was despr Of course, the friends sent for a priest-who came and commanded the man to renounce the new wife before he could receive absolution. This the husband refused to do, and the priest retired in high dudgeon, without leaving behind the desired pass through purgatory. The man grew rapidly worse, and the priest was called again, and yet again, the latter always making the same demand, with the same result. Threats followed, of direct eternal consequences; and finally the poor harassed man, unable to give up the ghost in peace, seized a revolver from under his pillow and drove the priest from the room. Half an hour later he was dead-and the

church refused to bury him. The family appealed to the Mayor of the city, who ordered his burial; the priests appealed to the Bishop of Concepcion, who declared that he should not be buried. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Nobody would ever think of being buried in other than "consecrated ing buried in other than "consecrated ground," and in those days the cemeteries all belonged to the church. Meanwhile as time went on, the cadaver became in the condition of Lazarus of Bethany, as described by Martha when the Savior visited his tomb. The President of the Republic was appealed to, and he overruled the Bishop's ruling, and ordered that the man be buried in the cemetery. There was no gainsaying this verdict, and the "bone of contention" was finally interred. But the contention" was finally interred. But the matter did not end there, for the whole nation became stirred up about it. For months the unsavory subject was in everybody's mouth, the newspapers teemed with its pros and cons, and adherents of both sides of the controversy made it a test case of "strike for your altars and your fires, strike for the green graves of your sires' -or more properly speaking, for their adobe niches in the pantheon walls.

ident, denouncing him bitterly as a heretic and a corruptor of all that is good, and popular sentiment ran so high that revolution seemed much more probable than it did a month before the present war began. I think it was in 1884 that President Domingo Santa Maria (Balmaceda's predecessor) settled the matter judicially by inducing Congress to pass a law which threw all the public cemeteries of Chile open to people of every religious faith, or of no faith at all. Previous to that date they had been the exclusive property of the Romish been the exclusive property of the Romish church, and had yielded a large revenue. Besides the \$8 tax on every cadaver, burial lots were sold at a high price. In the big cemetery at Santiago the longest time for which a lot was sold was four generations, about 30 years. An average lot, about two yards long by one yard wide, cost \$30 for a period of four generations; the same size lot for one burial, one year, \$3; for the privilege of erecting a family monument after the lot was paid for, \$50 additional. A record was kept, and when the stipulated time expired, the friends of the deceased could continue in possession, only by renewing the lease and paying only by renewing the lease and paying another \$30. If the family had moved to another part of the country or were all dead, their lot was resold when the lease expired and the former tenants evicted; but if they desired to remove their dead to another place, \$30 was charged for permis-sion to do so. The Church of Santiago owns a first-class hearse, which is used only for great dignitaries, at the cost of \$50 for conreging the corpse on its last journey. It also has a second class hearse, for "common people," the fee for using which is \$12; and a third-class hearse, for \$8. And so on down the social gamut to the sixth class, composed of the Church's most devoted servants, who, having no money to pay for any hear the second contraction.

any hearse, carry their dead on a stretcher, and lay them, coffinless, in the rotos ("ragged people's") corner. THE CEMETERY AT SANTIAGO.

is certainly the most populous, if not popu-lar, public resort in the country. And the population, still constantly increasing, is a permanent one, disturbed by no May-day moving, or revolutions, or changing Gov-ernments. It is divided into five parts— one for dignitaries of the church, one for wealthy and influential people, another for common clay, and another for "rotos," for common clay, and another for "rotos,"
who are too poor to pay anything. Passing
into that City of Silence through a lofty
arched gateway topped by a tall cross, one
stands amazed at the multitude of
bronze and marble statues, many of
then executed by the most famous sculptors
of Europe, a crowd of costly and artistic
shapes, far exceeding in number those to be
found at Greenwood or Mount Auburn.
Thousands of the monuments are in the from
of crucifixes, reminding the visitors of some of crucifixes, reminding the visitors of some one's thought, "Let us hope they have gained the crown, for behold the multitude of crosses they have left behind." Everreens, willows, flowering shrubs, roses and forget-me-nots riot everywhere, with t'at uncanny luxuriance peculiar to graveyards.
Should you tarry to watch the sexton digging a grave, you would observe that his spade soon encounters something hard in the andy earth. It is only the fragments of some forgotten person's coffin which, with skull and marrow bones are carelessly rattled out upon the sward. A little deep down he is sure to come upon another "poor Yorick," and yet another; four layers of them being

about the average.

IT KILLED THE BISHOP. It is still spoken of with bated breath in Concepcion, how, when the famous "ceme-tery bill," which compelled the authorities to permit the burial of Protestants and other heretics in the public pantheons, had passed both Houses of Congress and re-ceived the signature of the President, the Rishon of this discesse the President, in Bishop of this diocese, the most influential Jesuit in all South America, a man of pow-Jesuit in all South America, a man of powerful physique and in apparent health, dropped dead from the shock of the news. Pending the President's signature, he was waited upon by a delegation composed of hundreds of the wealthiest ladies of the country, who besought him to veto the obnoxious bill. They were the wives and daughters of the Chilean aristocracy—the same class of ladies, still swayed in all things by the church, who are to-day espousing the cause of the revolutionists, which in reality is a question of the Liberal which in reality is a question of the Liberal | the day.

priestly rule of half a century ago.

A few years ago a wealthy Chilean died, leaving \$1,000 in the hands of an executor to be expended in masses for the repose of his soul. The native priests would not consent to perform more than 500 masses for that amount of money; and so the thrifty executor wrote to Spain, and after considerable haggling procured a thousand masses for \$600, pocketing the remainder for the comforting of his own soul. Thereupon the local priests brought suit against him—not for defrauding the dead, but for cheating the church out of its legitimate business.

THE HOLY HOST PROCESSION. Even the Holy Host procession, which possessed such weird fascination for us in Peru and Bolivia, is here losing its power. Formerly in all parts of Chile it was conveyed to the dying with bells and lights and burning incense, and great pomp of military; but in recent years so many diffi-culties have arisen between the natives and heretic foreigners—the latter sometimes re-fusing to kneel in the street when the sacred procession passed—that the authorities have forbidden these outward demonstrations in the principal cities, though they still continue in the interior villages. In Santiago and Valparaiso the holy viatico, or Host, is now conveyed to the bed of death by a priest under a red umbrella, preceded by three boys with a bell and lighted can-

In Concepcion one may sometimes meet it in a lumbering coach, drawn by donkeys, with a driver dressed in red seated in front and a black-robed priest inside. The carries the consecrated wafer in a small box: while a boy, also dressed in red, walks be-fore ringing a bell to call the attention of

passersby.

It is a strange sight. Even politicians of the "Liberal" type, who are most bitter in their denunciations of the church, invariably stop and uncover their heads and many of them spread their handkerchiefs on the dusty sidewalk and kneel upon it, while the lower class fall upon their knees at once. When a cross-road is reached, all the people for the distance of a block, must uncover their heads or bow to the earth, and good Catholics murmur prayers for the departing soul, to which the sacred wafer with ts mysterious significance is passing. So sacredly is the custom of kneeling observed among the natives that even the particle pants in a waltz or cuaca will pause when the sound of the bell is heard and bend the knee until the viatico has gone by. FANNIE B. WARD.

EVERY MAN A MAGNET.

This Fact Accounts for Some of the Eccen

tricities of Watches. That the human frame is an excellent magnet is well known by practical experience to every watchmaker and mender, says a jeweler in the St. Louis Globs-Democrat. A man will carry a watch for years and be proud of its accuracy, then he will fall sick, the watch will lie on the mantel or on the dresser and will develop great inaccuracy

and unreliability.

No explanation is forthcoming except the one that the absence of magnetism upsets the time announcer, and the best proof of this is that when the man gets around again and carries his watch it soon gets all right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom that two individuals can use the same watch satisfactorily.

A lot of healthy riveters can raise more din than an army. But that is now over. Machinery has entered the field, and a poiler can now be riveted with so little

Noise of the Boller Makers.

CONVINCED AT LAST. ident, denouncing him bitterly as a heretic

> When the Great Nicodemus Said-He Believed in the Savior

HE TOLD WHAT WAS NOT TRUE.

Miracles and Teachings Astonished but

Did Not Convince Him.

"There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews; the same came to Jesus by night and said unto Him, Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these mirseles that Thou doest except God be with him." That is what a teacher who came from the schools of Jerusalem said to the teacher who came from God. Thus began the interview of Christ with Nicodemus. Nicodemus said that one dark night, in a dim room of a Jerusalem lodging-house, in the presence of Jesus Christ. Nicodemus was an old man, a Pharisee, a member of that great council of the Hebrew nation, the Sanhedrim; a man probably wealthy, certainly of important position, a "ruler of the Jews." Take an English bishop, and an English lord, and an English head-of-a-college, combine the three dignitaries in one person, and you get a glimpse at Nicodemus. That was the kind of place he held in the estimation of the people of Jerusalem. A man of eminence; a leader in the world ecclesiastical, in the world intellectual, and in the world politi-The great cemetery at Chile's capital, with its more than 300,000 registered dead, cal. When he passed along the road every-body knew him. If he were to knock at the

door of a small house on a back street and go in, there would be 20 people to wonder why. Thus he went in the dark, upon a windy night, when the street would be empty and he would be unseen. THE SCENE AT THE TEMPLE. Jesus of Nazareth, with whom the great man held this secret interview, had come down a few days before out of Galilee, where His home was, and had set all tongues to talking about Him in consequence of a singular occurrence in the temple. It was the time of the Passover, and the city was crowded with visiting worshipers. The Temple court was thronged with people, coming to pay their church taxes and to offer their accustomed sacrifices. In order to pay the taxes they had to get their money changed into Hebrew coin; and in order to offer the sacrifices they had to have doves

and sheep and oxen. And Annas, the High Priest, had accordingly turned a part of the great church into a market. The tables of the brokers, the stalls of the cattle, the seats for them that sold doves, were the center of unceasing noisy traffic. The Temple officials had a monopoly of this religious business, and a most irreligious use they made of it. It was an illustration of that amazing and scandalous paradox which every day finds example somewhere—the implety of the pious, the rascality of the righteous. They stole money out of poor men's pockets. They whole thing was an organized desceration, a consecrated robbery. And now, of a sudden, when the crowds were greatest, had come in Jesus of Nazareth, of whom nobody had heard before, a young man not past thirty a carrenter's son from a country past thirty, a carpenter's son from a country village back in Galilee; in He had come, bringing a whip with Him, and had actually driven out the whole company of thieves and robbers into the street.

party against so-called conservatism, of the aristocracy against the common people, free schools and enlightened progress against circumscribed education and a return to the priestly rule of half a century ago.

Here was a man with an opinion, with a common people, free the utterance of infallibility. When Christ said, "But I say unto you," all who heard that independent pronoun held their breath. Here was a man with an opinion, with a priestly rule of half a century ago. a mind of his own. It was amazing! It

was astounding!
All honor, then, to Nicodemus, who heard new truth taught in the streets, and wanted to hear more of it; and was willing to take the risk of embarrassing discovery and serious consequences to make a visit to this new teacher. It is true he came by night and was not so brave as he might have been, and went away afterward and took his old place among the doctors. He was no great hero. But it is worth a great deal, and speaks well for Nicodemus, that he came at all.

OTHERS BEHIND NICODEMUS.

And Nicodemus seems to say that he is not alone in this laudable curiosity. "We "We know," he says, "that Thou art a teacher come from God." Who are the others, sharers in this knowledge? Eminent men no doubt, rulers, Pharisees, companions of Nicodemus. We seem to get a whisper here from the secret councils of the Sanhedrim. Nicodemus came alone, but behind were others, waiting to question him, eager to learn whatever he might learn. Even in the most narrow generation new truth finds its way into some hearts. Christ comes to his own; and his own receive him not—but some receive him. Some Nicodemus, though it be by night, searches him out. There is more good in the world, more earnestness, more "thirst for God," than the world gets credit for. "We know that Thou art a teacher come from God." They said that in their hearts. They went on day by day, keeping the old customs, changing scarcely at all; nobody dreamed of calling them followers of Christ. And yet the words of Christ were in their ears and in their hearts. in their hearts. And they were secret dis-ciples of Christ anyway. And who will say that even that is not better than being no disciple of Christ at all? Just like men to-day, who stand outside the church, and never say that they are on Christ's side; and yet are on Christ's side, in secret.

DIDN'T CARE FOR INFLUENCE. Now, Jesus of Nazareth wanted His new truth to get into the hearts of all men. And anybody would have told Him that the quickest way to do that was to persuade wealth and influence over to His side. And here was His easy opportunity. Here was Nicodemus, a Pharisee and a ruler of the Jews, interested even to the point of taking risks, standing in His own room, and asking, with astonishing condescension, to be taught. "Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God." That was the first step to discipleship.

The conversation that follows is plainly

but a brief fragment of what was so night. But it is evident from what is written that Jesus did not show any unusual eagerness in receiving His unusual visitor. For wealth, for position, for influence of in-fluential men, for most of the outside advantages which a new movement is accus-tomed to account of value, Jesus cared absolutely nothing. He went out of His way one time to get into the company of His disciples a man named Matthew, a publi-con, the most unpopular man in Capernaum. But when a rich young enthusiast came to Him running, holding out his hands, eager to follow Him, and ready to bring his money with him, Jesus said that he must leave his money all behind and come in

CONDITIONS WERE TOO HARD. And when this influential Pharisee, rich and of high position, a man of dignity and and of high position, a man of dignity and learning, seeks Him out, sets himself at His feet, and asks to be taught, Jesus says: Nicodemus, the first thing for you to do is to begin all over again. You must break with your past, Your office, your money, your book learning will count for nothing if you come with Me. The only distinction so much as see the kingdom of heaven. And the old man would not do that. The conditions were too hard for him. The con-versation breaks off suddenly in the record, and nothing is said about the answer of Nicodemus. But he did not come out openly for Christ. We know that. He kept his office.

Nothing can be imagined more unworldly than this interview with Nicodemus. To Christ, a man was of consequence exactly in proportion to his manhood. No other con-sideration whatever entered in. He cared just as much for a poor man as He did for a rich man, and just as much for a rich man as He did for a poor man. That is, He cared for the man. He set no more account upon THE CROSS WIPED OUT HIS DOUBTS the man's position, or popularity, or money, than He did upon the color of his hair. As for the notion that influential names would help His cause, nothing could have been

further from His wish.

And Jesus looked into the eyes of Nico demus, and He saw that he was not that sort of a disciple, and he did not want him. Yes; He wanted him—but changed, first; a man with a new heart, born again. He did not want the Nicodemus that He saw. He listened to Him, and He answered him with a treat he which tested him. And Nico. with a truth which tested him. And Nico-

For Nicodemus was not really convinced.

demus did not stand the test. NICODEMUS NOT CONVINCED.

He was impressed, there is no doubt of that, and strongly impressed—but he was not fully persuaded. Listen to him: "Rabbi, we know that Thou art a teacher come from God, for no man can do these miracles that Thou doest except God be with him."

I would rather hear Nicodemus say "I" than "we." That would sound better. This is the way the Christian creed begins, with that significant pronoun "I". The Chris-tian stands alone, as he will stand in the day of judgment, and looks up into the face of God, and speaks for his own self. Others may say this or that; thus and so may the official teachers teach; here and may the official teachers teach; here and there may blow the wind of popular doctrine; but I, holding up my hand, alone, with all my heart hold this. That is the attitude of Christian faith. There is something evasive, timid, half-persuaded, about this desire to get among a crowd and say "we know." And then, notice how Nicodemus thinks of Christ. He is a teacher and miracle-worker. Nicodemus has been won to admiration by His doctrines and won to admiration by His doctrines, and has been struck with amazement by His wonders. That, indeed, is the beginning of discipleship. Men everywhere came under the influence of Christ by the attraction of

His words and His works. NOT CONTENT WITH WONDER.

But Christ was not content that any man should stop there. He wanted more than that. He was not satisfied with admiration; He wanted allegfance. "The Jews ask for signs," St. Paul says, "and the Greeks seek after wisdom." The Jews will be persuaded if you can show them a miracle, and the Greeks will be convinced if you can show them. the Greeks will be convinced if you can bring them to the conclusion of an argu-ment. "But we preach Christ crucified," he says, "unto the Jews a stumbling-block and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them that are called, Christ the power of

God, and the wisdom of God."

There it is. Nicodemus is part Jew and part Greek; he has seen signs and heard wisdom, so he comes. Christ wants him to translate his admiration and his wonder into love. Don't you see how Nicodemus stands off, and looks at Christ from a distance? Don't you feel the difference be tween the courteous respect of Nicodemus and the warm affection of John and Peter? There is what the matter is with Nicodemus. Let no man think that Christ is satisfied with such discipleship. Christ may be your philosopher and saint and hero; you may regard him as the wisest of all teachers, as the flower of humanity; you may even confess that there is something divine about Him, that He worked wonders, that He came from God. And yet, you may still stand only in the steps of Nicodemus.

DIDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE SAID. No; Nicodemus was not really convinced. He says that he knows that Jesus is a teacher come from God. Listen to that, and look at Nicodemus shutting the door behind him and going out into the dark! For what shall a man do when he has discovered a "teacher come from God?" Why, follow him devotedly, and obey him unre-Sanhedrim on one side and a teacher come from God on the other, what sane man will hesitate? Who will care what the fathers said, who will mind what the brethren say, when he can listen to a teacher come from God? What is wealth, place, dignity, popularity, beside allegiance to a teacher

actually come from God?

But Nicodemus did not believe what he said. He said, "We know"; and very likely he thought he spoke the truth, but he did not "know," at all. For Nicodemus did not follow Christ. He listened to Him, and went away, impressed, no doubt, more deeply than ever, but still not impressed ough. Secretly he reverences Him. But does not really believe that He is a

teacher come with a message from the Mos High God. By and by the chief priests and the Pharisces send officers to arrest this divine teacher, and the officers come back empty-handed, crying, "Never man spake like this man!" They did not dare to touch Him. Whereupon the rulers answer scornfully, "Are ye also led astray?" Then speaks Nicodemus, "Doth our law judge a man ex-cept it first hear from himself and know what he doeth?"

* NOT A CHRISTIAN CREED. He has, perhaps, a hope that if Christ can but speak to them as He spoke that night to him they may be persuaded. But they ex-claim, "Art thou also of Galilee?" And claim, "Art thou also of Galilee?" And Nicodemus has not a word to say. This man is not convinced. This creed of his is not the Christian creed; and even such as it is, he does not actually believe it. would stand up in the council, if he did, and say so. Nicodemus, then, went away after a whole evening's talk with Jesus Christ, and stayed outside the Christian company. A good man, a man of estimable char-acter, a man of wealth and education, and of standing in the community, one of the rulers. This good man heard a sermon preached for his own particular benefit by Jesus Christ Himself, and after the sermon he went on, so far as anybody can see, in just the same old way. Even the Master's sermon did not persuade him into the company of the disciples, into open and confessed allegiance, into the church. That is a good thing for the discouraged prescher to remember. Nicodacouraged preacher to remember. Nicode-mus comes to church Sunday after Sunday, and the preacher has him in his mind when he prepares his sermon and when he preaches it. He prays, Sunday after Sun-day, that his sermon may persuade this good Nicodemus

TO TAKE THE NEXT STEP, to speak out what he is hiding in his heart, and to come into the church. And Nicodemus listens, and listens, and listens, always with attention; and after the service he gets up and goes out, and there is the end of it. And the preacher sometimes thinks that he might as well preach to the posts and pillars.

God help Nicodemus, for somehow we

cannot help him.

But Nicodemus never forgot that interview with Jesus Christ, never lost the sermon out of his heart, was not just the same man after it that he was before. One day from the beginning. And then beneath the shadow of the cross, when even those who had followed Him had fled away into hiding places, came Nicodemus forth, braving the scorn of all men, bringing a great and costly offering of myrrh and spices for His burial. Nicodemus did at last stand out upon the side of Christ. "I, if I be lifted up," he had heard the Master say that night, "will draw all men unto Me." And here that word began to find fulfilment. Christ crucified convinced him.

The Profits on Beer.

GEORGE HODGES.

The saloon keepers of New York pay \$2 and \$2 25 a keg for beer, according to quality. There are 95 glasses in a keg. CHURCH AND STATE AT WAR.

The church hurled anathemas at the PresThe church