

A farmer and a miller once had a violent quarrel, and although they had formerly been good neighbors, and their lands joined they became the bitterest enemies, and each wished to injure the other. Conrad the farmer's son, and Martha, the miller's daughter, had been friends and playmates: but now on account of the strife between the two fathers the children were not allowed to meet nor to play together. As Conrad walked in the field with his mother, he

"It is such a long time since I have secen Why does my father forbid me to go to her house?"
"Because," replied the mother, "the miller is an evil man, and has done us a great

But surely. I can play down by the mill-The farmer's, I can piny down by the mill-pond," said the boy, "and if Martha is there, I need not go to the miller's house." The farmer's wife frowned and said: "Do not go near the mill pond, or the wa-ter nymph, who lives there will surely carry you to her home under the water."

These words did not frighten Coursd; for he had heard that water sprites had very beautiful homes, and many treasures were to be seen under the waves. So the boy, who was usually obdient, thought:
"If I cannot play with Martha, I shall go to the mill pend and watch for the water nymph, who perhaps will tell me how I can

my father's permission to go to the Little Martha, too, was very lonely without her friend and playmate, and thought her parents very cruel because they would not allow her to run across the wheat field

to Conrad's home.
One night the water nymph, who lived in the miller's pond, came from her beautiful palace under the water to the surface of the stream. But instead of dancing over the waves, as was her custom, the little sprite sat down on the the shore, under the will-

daughter to my little hovel. A fine time they will have searching for their children. If the smoke from the burning wheat smothers the little girl I shall not care."

Just at that moment the miller and his wite came to the shore and began calling for their daughter. The old witch disappeared, and the nymph hid among the willows, but she could hear every word that was said, and her heart was so touched at the grief of the parents over their lost child that she hurried to the palace, and cried:

"Conrad, haste to the miller, and tell him that the wheat witch has taken his daughter and carried her to her hovel."

Conrad, anxious to rescue his little friend,

Conrad, anxious to rescue his little friend, lost no time in making his way to the shore. Here he found not only the miller and his wife, but also his father and mother, who in The boy had hardly repeated the nymph's message when a great cloud of smoke arose from the field and the wheat was all ablaze. The little nymph, peering above the waves, also saw the flames, and knew how soon the smoke might fill the witch's hovel and suffocate the little girl who had been carried

there. Then she cried in pleading tones:
"Dear water, in which I have lived so long, you have always been kind to me, now show kindness to others. Rise above the shore, haste to the wheat field and destroy

shore, haste to the wheat field and destroy the cruel flames."

The water heeded her entreaties and rose, as first slowly, then faster and faster until it reached and extinguished the flames which were rapidly spreading over the field. For a long time the neighbors, forgetful of their quarrel, sought in vain for the witch's hovel. Then the nymph, unmindful of her father's command not to leave the pond, sprang out of the water and leave the pond, sprang out of the water and running across the field offered to lead the way to the miserable home of the witch. When they arrived there they found the hideous old woman cooking some bad-smelling broth over a wood fire, and in a dark corner sat little Martha, too frightened to move. But when she



ows, and paxed sadly over the fields, lookme as white in the soft moonlight. As she mapping black eyes, approached as charming as ever, little

but why are you so sad this beautinight and why are you not chasing the The my mph greatly disliked the old witch. had a very evil nature, and answered

ely here in this pond, and do not know why my father gave me this 15 80 far away from my brothers and sis-When the children used to play on a story, I could hear their merry voi at night, while playing with the sures, I could sing the songs they had sung.

hat is because the farmer and the milhave had a foolish quarrel," said the he wheat field, and all my beautiful grain ng to waste just because the miller will art's is among the wheat, To-morrow I art's is among the wheat, the miller will as his daughter. But if you are so lone you not persuade Conrad, the farrier's son, to go with you to your home under the water? Your crystal palace would have such a charm for him that he would soon lose all desire to return to his hun ble home and the parents would be punished for their foolishness in not allowig their son to play with his little friend, am sure that he will come to the shore in the morning and then you can carry

With these words the old witch disappeared, laughing at the sorrow she was about to bring upon the two neighbors.

The next morning, when the farmer's wife thought that Conrad was playing in the held, the boy stole away to the mill pond. He had scarcely arrived there when the water nymph, her beautiful face wreathed n smiles, gilded over the water, and, draw-

ing near, said to Conrad: "Why have you stayed away so long? I have been very lonely without you."

The boy was so astonished over the lovely creature and her sweet voice that he could find no words to reply to her question. "Come with me," continued the nymph,
"I have long wished to show you my crystal palace, filled with the choicest treas-

She then took Conrad's hand and led him under the water. The boy had thought to see wondrous beauties, but he was in no way prepared for the enchanting scenes which spread out before him. There were which spread out before him. There were brond avenues covered with pearls and bordered with flowers of many gay colors. Harps, touched by the gentle breeze, produced the sweetast music. Through the trees could be seen the fairy palace, gleaming and glistening as if made of precious stones. When Conrad, accompanied by the nymph, had examined and admired the beauties and treasures of the palace, the

nymph said:
"Now, dear Conrad, I want you to stay
here, and when in a year I go to my father's home in the deep sea this palace and all i The boy looked thoughtful for a moment.

and then replied:
"If Martha, the miller's daughter, were here to play with me, I think I could stay." 'i shall go to the shore, and watch for her, and bring her here," said the nymph, and she then hurried to the top of the pend, where she was met by the witch of the wheat field, who said:

"So you have earried the farmer's son to your nome, and I have taken the miller's

saw her parents and the farmer and his wife, she sprang up with a glad cry, and, before her jailer could prevent her, the whole party were hurrying away from the place. The old witch was furiously angry, and was about to resort to some of her mag-ic arts in order to bring back her victim, when the water, at the command of the nymph, again arose, and, filling the hut, drowned the wicked witch, and the country

was ever after freed from its terror of her. was ever after freed from its terror of her.

Of course, the farmer and the miller never
renewed their quarrel. They once more became firm friends, and the two children
were, as before, constant playmates. They
loved best to spend their play hours on the
shore of the millpond, where the water
nymph would often join in their sports.

When the year had passed, and the time

came when the little water sprite was to return to her father's home, she left her palace and all its treasures to Martha and Conrad.

And even to this day pearls and other treasures are washed up by the waves on the shore of the millpond.

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.

Address communications for this departmen E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewiston, Maine.



1695-TRANSFORMATION SCENES.

A Turkish arrow struck a dor-And thus failed "to appear"
Where it was aimed, within the breast
Of one who crouched with fear.

An Irishman who tried to shoo A sea bird, did so weil
"A model" for his friends he stood—
"A specimen" quite swell.

III. A witch who lit a candle small Transformed it in a trice: It turned into a "woolly plant" Called Mullein by advice.

A person who in all pursuits Could train and teach with care, Became a "red-nosed baboon," And wisdom did foreswear.

1696-CHARADE

Did you ever go a-camping?
On the billside pitch your tent?
Where you spend the days a-tramping,
When prime total you are bent? "Tis a pleasant thing, I say it,
To escape the burning heats
Nor unduly I display it—
Get the very best to cat.

Last will still the youthful fever,

Life shall find us cheerful, gay. H. C. Bungen.

1697-DIAMONE. 1. A letter. 2. Mamma. 3. Ran. 4. Rages. Cultivation (Obs). 6. Those who pay an-ual rents raised to the utmost. 7. Gaster nual rente raised to the utmost. 7. Gaster-spodous mollusks, having turret-shaped shells. 8. Notched. 9. Show. 10. A plant. 11. A letter. EUGRNE.

> The pitiless last of sorrow May dull for a time, the whole; But there waits a dreary to-mor Sad waking for sorrowful soul. Better the tears quick starting, To lighten the weight of care, To lessen our sorrow's smarting, Then leaden, dry-eyed despair.

1698-DECAPITATION.

1699-DOUBLE CROSS WORD. In "famous men;"
In "nine or ten;"
In "toil and care;"
In "part and share;"
In "storm and shade;"
In "straw and blade."

Seek, ob, seek, the quiet country,
When you need a little rest:
Roam through primal, over final,
See Dame Nature at her best.
Here you find true relaxation,
Freedom from all troubling care;
Drink of Nature's inspiration,
Gather sunbeams here and there.
Live your life, be good and noble;
Life, just as we wish, is made,
Hence your every act ennoble;
Trust not Fortune—fickle jade.
H. G. Bu

1700-кномвого. Across: 1. Execrates. 2. A corpse. 3. ing buds. 4. Umbrellas (Obs). 5. A case in horses. 6. Farming machines. vincible necessity.

Down: 1 A letter. 2 A termination, 3 A doe in its second year. 4 A bird. 5 A masculine nickname. 6 Wooded land. 7 Insured. 8 Small columns. 9 A fish. 10. Tolled, 11 An abbreviation. 12 An abbreviation, 13 A letter.

1701-HNIGMATICAL ANAGRAM. I would not live without it,
"Tis precious as my life,
And yet it cost me nothing,
While with meaning rife—
"O, mere paths."

I ne'er have been without it, Nor shall I ever be, Until, with dim eyes dying, The last of earth I see—

Though no'er I'll be without it. Without it yet am I:
As surely I'm within it
As stars are in the sky. 'O, mere paths

1702-CURTAILMENT No pleasant one permits upon Her face an ugly whole; Twill change the grace of sweetest face, Like ink an unmarked scroll.

The children shun a scowling one, And from her presence hide; While smiling dame does homage claim And keep them by her side. BITTER SWEET

1703-DOUBLE ACROSTIC [Words of Five Letters.]

1. A man of great wealth. 2. To accustom.
2. Moving circularly. 4. Relating to an hour.
5. A dress for the head. 6. Palatable. 7. To cry out loudly. 8. A tree. 9. A sofa. 10. Something beyond the usual course.

The initials will give the common name of common plant.
The finals another name of the same plant. CORA A. HOWARD,

1704-TRANSPOSITION. ne dreads the oft-descending rod, r cowers neath some tyrant's nod; hat tyrant may in self be found, By appetite of passion bound.
No two are found upon his board.
Unless purjoined from other's board
in three he'll find a heating balm.
For bruised flesh or other harm,
It first he four in limpid brook That runs through five by many a crook.

ANSWERS.

1684—1. Ci-phor. 2. Ci-den. 3. Si-lent. 4. Si-ren. 6. Si-phon. 6. Si-zy. 7. Cy-press. 8. Cy-posure. 9. Sci-entific. 1685—Regal, glare. 1685—Than-a-top-sis. CANELES
BONIFACES
UMEFACTINE
GALACTILE

1688—Faith, Hope and Charity. 1688—Josephine. [The enigms is an d con-tract, at-tract, abs-tract, de-trac sub-tract, 2. Spire, a-spire, con-spire, in-spire per-spire, re-spire, tran-spire. 3. Scribe, a-scribe, circum-scribe, con-scribe, sub-scribe, in-scribe, pre-scribe, pro-scribe, sub-scribe, tran-scribe, post-scribe. 4. Pose, ap-pose, conpose, de-pose, dis-pose, ex-pose, im-pose, inter-pose, op-pose, pre-pose, pro-pose, pur-pose, re-pose, sup-pose, trans-pose, 1691—1. Churl, lurch. 2. Stop, post. 1692—M-arc-h. crostic.] 1890—1. Tract, ex-tract, abs-tract, de-tract

SEINE



[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.] What strange looking creature is that, Auni Clare. scare?

Aunt Clare-That queer looking bird is the horned owl, Lizzie. He sits on a height that would make you dizzy.



The Horned Owl. L'zzie— hat is he doing, wooing?

Lizzle— Can't the old rooster save their lives, Defend himself and protect his wives?

Aunt Clare— No; the rooster may flap his wings and crow,

But the fattest chicken has got to go
To make a feast for the owl's young daugh who likes fat hens, though she hadn't oughter.

Or Words to That Effect.

London Globe.1 Latest additions to the Dictionary of Daily Euphemisms. Theme: "The honorable member made an ass of himself." Variation: "The honorable member unfortun-ately debarred himself, by a rather mala-droit incursion into a subject which he had better left alone, from moving the really valuable resolution of which he had given

A SMILE AND A BOW

Is What the Rich Young Man of Chile Is Always Dispensing.

BUT STREET ETIQUETTE IS BAD.

The Male Creation Will Not Budge and Are Sure to Make Remarks.

HARD LINES OF THE WASHERWOMEN.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

Concepcion, CHILE, Aug. 4. - The stranger to this remote corner of creation is apt to imagine that the Chileans are a semi-barbarous nation, wretchedly elad, if clad at all, with little refinement and less edu-

entirely erroneous

eation, superstitious, oruel and bloodthirsty. When first arrived here-astonished by the magnificence of "los Riços" (the wealthy class who, though numerically few, yet rule both Church and State), their splendid casas and numerous schools and places of amusement, their costly living and stylish dressing and dazzling display of jewels, and their graceful and generous hospitality-he jumps at the conclusion that his previous impressions were absurdly and

entirely erroneoua.

But as time goes on, and he learns how the "common people," who make up the bulk of the population, live and move and have their being—he reluctantly comes back to his first opinion as concerning a large majority of Chileans. There are so my conditions of existence in the and consequently such a variety of charac and consequently such a variety of charac-ter, that one may say of these people with equal truth—they are both highly civilized and sunk in barbarism; profoundly edu-cated and densely ignorant; rich as Crossus and poor as Job's oft-mentioned turkey; that they live in palaces furnished with every modern luxury, and in mud hovels with nothing but beans and raw clams for "daily bread;" that they are the most warm hearted, genial, hospitable and thoroughly delightful people in the world, as well as the most treacherous, revengeful and never

THE LEADING CHARACTERISTICS. Certain natural characteristics may be clearly traced through all classes of society—such as the quick, sensational and emotional nature, which makes the Chilean soldier a terrible foe; the Chilean citizen ready to lay down his life at any moment for a point of honor or the cherished institutions of his beloved country; the Chilean lady or gentleman a most generous and delady or gentleman a most generous and de voted friend; the Chilean lover, male or fe male, ardent to an extravagant degree hard-ly conceivable by an Anglo-Saxon mind, and inclined to jealousy as sparks fly up-

ward. In Chile the typical Rico (rich man), young or old, dresses every day in figura-sive purple and fine linen. For him there is no "second-best" attire in the way of a rough-and-ready morning costume or busi-ness suit, for he has no need of such, being like the lilies in that he toils not, neither like the lilies in that he toils not, neither does he spin. His clothes are always fine, dainty and fashionable as an artist tailor can "create" them; his polished hair carefully parted in the middle or trained to stand straight up a la pompadour; his immaculate shirt cuffs, with conspicuousty jeweled buttons, extending toward his knuckles just so far by a hair's breadth; his very small, sharp-toed, high-heeled shoes reflecting his beauty as in twin mirrors; his monogram-embroidered handkerchief delicately scented, and in his eyes a handsome diamond ring and scarf-pin are no less essential than shirt or trousers. He has been sential than shirt or trousers. He has been taught deportment from his cradle, and mastered that science to perfection at an early age. As often as he meets you, be it a dozen times a day, he holds his alender cane daintly in one well-gloved hand while tipping his faultless tile with the other, bow gracefully and low, and shakes you by the hand—with never the slightest perceptible variation in the depth of the obeisance or the warmth of the shake; unless you happen which case he may embrace and kiss you.

HOSPITALITY OF THE RICH. If, being only a casual acquaintance, you call upon him on an errand of business or pleasure, he will hasten to inform you that everything he possesses is unreservedly yours—his house, himself, his family, his servants, are all a su disposicion de usted— "at your disposal." His wife, who is gener-ally beautiful and always well dressed, will ure, he will hasten to inform you that smile on you benignly through a drift of face-powder with a touch of rouge on either side the nose, and assure you in soft-voweled Spanish of the pleasure she feels of thus forming your acquaintance—and make you believe it, too, which is the best part of it. Fellow foreigners tell us that all this trop-ical courtesy means little and is only "skin deep." But who cares to go deeper? It is delightful, all the same, and quite deep enough to outlast the occasion.

We, who profess to be a cultured people,

We, who profess to be a cultured people, and are likely to stiffen our necks with Yankee conceit when our ways are compared with those of other nations, might learn from the Chilenos agood many needed lessons in common politeness. For example, they never enter or leave a coach, street car or other public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants. No lady or gentleman to the manner born ever sat down to or arose from a table in Chile, either public or private, without an inclination of the head to all present. So in shopping they bow to the merchant or his salesman on entering or leaving a store. That sort of thing, it seems to me, is much more human between fellow-travelers on life's short journey than our don't-care-for body way.

CUSTOM ON THE STREETS. In the streets, however, the average Chilean might learn some good behavior from Germans, Englishmen and Yankees. from Germans, Englishmen and Yankees. Here gentlemen consider it a proper tribute to female beauty to stare into the lady's face as long as she remains in the range of vision, whether she appears to like it or not; and in passing, though she be an entire stranger, to address her some complimentary remark, such as beso sus manors, Senorita, "I kiss your hands, Miss;" or "You are very beautiful," "Your eyes are like the heavens," etc. When a group of gentlemen are conversing on the narrow sidewalk, and a lady approaches, they seldom think of making way for her, or, at most, will move nearer the wall, leaving her the curbstone; and I have often seen ladies compelled to step down into the gutter in compelled to step down into the gutter in order to pass around them.

The excuse of these gentlemen is that they are not yet accustomed to female emancipation. Their real ladies are seldom seen alone upon the public streets, and Chilian ideas of caste forbid them to show much deference toward "common people."

In Chile no place is sacred from the fumes of tobacco, except, perhaps, the church.
Gentlemen are always smoking, whether
walking or riding, with or without ladies.
They do it in the parlor, the ball room and at the table. The Priest in the Pantheon takes a whiff between his prayers; and the gay bomberos (firemen), while running

takes a whiff between his prayers; and the gay bomberos (firemen), while running with their engines, must pause to light the cigarrito, be the emergency never so great.

Though in this alleged Republic, all titles were long since abolished, many of the old families who would be glad to retain them, still keep up the retinue and state of nobility. A shining example of this was the late Countess of Torro, who gave the government alyearly sum for the privilege of being called a countess—a gratification for which she could well afford to pay, being possessed of almost fabulous wealth. Her enormous, two-storied brick casa was painted a brilliant red, with white doors and window casings. Her deceased husband ordered in his will that its color should remain unchanged and stipulated that dismain unchanged and stipulated that dis-obedience on the part of the widow would forfeit the property. To the day of her death the estimable Countess sported a Parisian ceach and four, with four out-riders

THE MIDDLE CLASS AND POOR "The typical middle class Chileno is very ke his more aristocratio-neighbor, at least in outward appearance. His house may be almost barren of furniture and the wolf may THREE GREAT

in outward appearance. His house may be almost barren of furniture and the wolf may sometimes prowl dangerously near the premises; but at all times his manner is precisely like that of los Ricos, and his clothes are as nearly a copy of theirs as circumstances will permit. But the Chilian "Roto"—the acknowledged poor man—is an entirely different being, who never spes gentility, having no style to sustain and no ambition to rise above the caste in which he was born. He has no relations whatever with his richer neighbor, except to serve him for pay whenever occasions require: and he regards the "Rico" as a great personage, whose dignity he would fight for any day.

The Roto wears a slouch hat, always mangy from long usage, dirty breeches rolled up at the bottom, and a garment of indistinguishable hue which he calls a shirt. If the weather is warm, he goes barefooted; if cold, he clatters around on a pair of clumsy clogs with wooden soles an inch thick—that is, if he can afford them; if not he goes barefooted both winter and summer. When chilly he done a heavy blanket, called a poncho, that has a slit in the middle through which he thrusts his head. He is not a beanty—thick, course black hair hanging straight from the crown, high cheek bours, wide mouth, and skin the color of an oid shoe; but he has dazzling white teeth and small hands and feet that any Gringo might envy. He has no yearnings after the unattainable and his few wants are easily supplied. He desires no better palace than the one-room adobe hut, with straw roof and dirt floor. His furniture consists of a rude bench or two by way of chairs, a pine table or perhaps a dry In the History of the World, and Haggai Saw the Close of One. HIS SERMONS FOR THE TEMPLE.

Again and Again He Preached and Success Came to Him at Last.

HISTORY FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT

A study of the last 12 books of the Old Testament has this advantage, if it has no other, that it brings us into acquaintance with 12 good men, brave men, leaders of the people in the everlasting battle of right against wrong, men afraid of nobedy-not of the princes, not of the rich, not of the priests, not even of the people—fearing God only, and so preaching sermons worth earing.

In every generation it comes to be be lieved that "whatever is, is right." People get used to wrong, injustice, oppression and sin, as they do to bad air. And every generation, accordingly, has need of somebody who shall fling the doors wide open and let in the winds of heaven, who shall set himself against the conventional iniquity of the time and try to get it righted. And whether they live their brave lives and speak their fearless words in Italy, or in leved that "whatever is, is right." People speak their fearless words in Italy, or in America, or in Judea, they are men whom to know is a privilege, an uplifting and an inspiration. And such were the men whose speeches are set down in the last 12 books of the Old Testament.

with straw roof and dirt floor. His furni-ture consists of a rude bench or two by way of chairs, a pine table or perhaps a dry goods box in lieu of it, a hide in one corner on which to sleep, another rough box which serves for trunk, closet, cup-board and the shrine of his patron saint, a mate cup, and a pot of charcoal upon which his wife pre-pares the beans and garlio.

FILLED WITH SUPERSTITION.

gled finery.

In this country there is no objection to

"woman's rights"—that is, for women of the Roto class—so far as the right to labor

THEY ANTICIPATE HAGGLING.

ack smiling at her own business ability.

If the husband is a ranchero, the wife

oxen, hitched by the head to a lumbering cart, and sell the farm produce or wood cut

for burning. The poor lavenders (wash woman) seems to have the hardest time of

it. With dresses pinned high around the waist, they stand all day knee deep in the

river, pounding the dirt from other people's clothes. In Chile water is never heated for

washing purposes, neither is soap extensive-ly used, nor fabric-destroying bleachers, and

tubs and washboards are unknown. The lavenders, with a buudle of soiled clothes on her head, seeks some favorite spot on the

banks of a running stream, where is a pro-jecting rock, and there standing in water which is almost ice cold during half the

year, she moistens the garments one at a time, and, laying them on the rock, pounds the dirt out of them with a club or wooden paddle. I never saw

whiter linen, but it requires three or four

days to do a washing, every piece being wet, pounded and blesched, over and over again, until white as snow. I have watched these

until white as snow. I have watched these poor women during the winter months, when chilly, penetrating rains would drench their garments and I shivered in furs and flannels—standing with bare legs in the cold stream, six or seven hours a day, every day in the week. In Santiago and Valparaiso, where a river or public fountain is not at hand and the people are more learned in the ways of the wicked world, the lavendaras wash in shallow wooden travs, kneel-

daras wash in shallow wooden trays, kneel-ing upon the ground near their own doors, and use acids which quickly rot the clothes.

LABOR ALONE IS CHEAP.

IABOB ALONE IS CHEAP.

In Chile everything is wonderfully expensive but muscle, and that is of comparatively little value. A lady's bonnet costs from \$30 to \$100; dress silk from \$6 to \$20 the yard, and the modiste will charge you you from \$30 to \$50 for making it. In Santiago I paid \$12 the dozen for linen hand-kerchiefs of small size and ordinary quality,

and \$18 for a pair of button boots which at

embroidery or crocheted lace a quarter of a yard deep. The first essentials of dress for

a Roto woman, young or old, are a volumi-nous white petticoat, a black mants, a cigarette, and a box of musk, gown, shoes

and other toggery being mere accessories.

FANNIE B. WARD.

THE DOCTOR BEAT HIMSELF.

He Didn't Size up the Quality of the Gen

St. Louis Republic.]

A certain well-known German physician of St, Louis was the victim of his own "previousness" the other day. He had successfully treated a wealthy lady's daughter for diphtheria, and the lady was extremely grateful for it. When the child was thoroughly well mother and daughter appeared at the physician's office. The little girl shyly handed the physician a neat little knit purse, while the lady went on to say: "For having saved my child, doctor, I want to present you with this purse."

"But," said the physician, after an embarrassing pause, "I have sent you a bill for \$300."

The lady flushed, then said, quietly:

The lady flushed, then said, quietly:

erosity of His Visitor. t. Louis Republic.]

A STUDY IN HISTORY,

FILLED WITH SUPERSTITION.

Like all ignorant people, he is extremely superstitious, believing in charms and amulets as powerful to drive away diseases, and that the devil roams about in various guises, perpetrating mischief upon man, and that saints and angels and even the Blessed Virgin herself will come in person if importuned to wrestle with his satanic majesty. He is slovenly, slow and patient, but a man whom it would be wise to avoid when his anger is aroused. He knows how to use the terrible curvo, and would think There is also another advantage in this kind of study, and that is that we are not only reading books and hearing men, but we are learning history; and history, rightly learned, is as profitable a study as there is. Because history is the story of human life written in large letters, and therefore plain to read. That which is obscure in individual experience is clear in history. I wish that all the Latin and Greek and grammar and geography could be put off the lists of studies in the public schools and history be put in the place of them. Modern history, chief of all; American history first, emphatically; but ancient history also, for example and for warning. A study in the last 12 books of the Old Testament is a study in history. when his anger is aroused. He knows how to use the terrible curvo, and would think no more of severing your windpipe with it than the neck of a chicken.

His numerous sons and daughters grow up without education, and their most hopeful outlook upon the future is to serve in the rich men's casa. Happy indeed is the young rustic who can become valet or major-domo to a gentleman who will pay him the splendid salary of \$6 or \$8 per month, feed him from the refuse of the family table and clothe him in the cast-off "purple." The highest aim of the Roto maiden—except, of course, the more natural ambition to marry and set up a home of her own—is to become a cook, with salary all the way from \$3 to \$10 a moth, or a lady's maid, who falls heir to her mistress' draggled finery.

in history.

The Prophet Haggai saw the end of the The Prophet Haggai saw the end of the first great era of universal history. For the history of the world falls into three great eras, the Primeval, the Classic and the Modern. The differences are very striking. The ruling nations of the Primeval Era were Egypt, Assyria and Chaldea; their great cities were Thebes, Nineveh and Babylon; they were built beside the three great Eastern rivers, the Nile, the Tigris, the Euphrates. The ruling nations of the Classical Era lived in Greece and Italy: their the Roto class—so far as the right to labor in any avenue is concerned. They are not only employed as street ear conductors, but they do the street cleaning, and gangs of them with short willow brooms sweep the dirt into the ditches long before sunrise. Outside the cities they keep the shops, the hotels and the drinking places, besides doing all the garden work. They occupy the markets almost exclusively, selling meats as well as vegetables. The Roto's wife will carry a basket of fruit around all day on her head, peddling from aoor to door, or will Euphrates. The ruling nations of the Classical Era lived in Greece and Italy; their chief cities were Athens and Rome; they were built on hills looking toward the great inland sea, the Mediterranean. The ruling nations of the Modern Era speak English; their chief cities are London and New York; between them reaches the wide ocean.

HOW TWO ERAS ENDED.

Two of these great eras have come to an end, each by a great catastrophe, the fall of the chief city. And in each case this catastrophe was brought about by an invasion from the north. There is a strange verse in the psalter wherein we read that "promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor yet from the south"—"uplifting," the word means, "rule," "conquest"—no, but from the north. Across the great continent of Asia and Europe stretches a long line of mountains, broken here and there, but making a nearly continuous wall or barrier from the Pacific head, peddling from door to door, or will seat herself somewhere in the sun and patiently await customers, content with the profit of a few pennics between dawn and To buy anything of her a lengthy negotia tion is inevitabla. If she expects to get 50 cents for a basket of peaches, her first price will \$2 or \$3. Then she will haggle and chatter and plead and remonstrate with you; and if you start away, will abandon other oustomers to follow you; until she finally splits the last straw of difference and goes back smiling at her own business ability. tinuous wall or barrier from the Pacific coast of Asia to the Atlantic coast of Europe—the Himalayas, the Caucasus, the Europe—the Himalayas, the Caucasus, Carpathians, the Alps, the Pyrenees. This notable barrier of mountain divides that vast continent, north and south, into two

unequal parts.

The great nations of the first two eras of the world's history dwelt south of the mountain barrier; the nations of the Primeval Era occupying the east, and the na-tions of the Modern Era the west. Behind the mountain wall, in the north, lived the barbarians. Down they came over the great barrier, and first one and then the other of the two eras ended with the fall of the ruling city. In St. Augustine's day the Goths took Rome. In Haggai's day the Persians took Babylon.

BELSHAZZAR'S LAST NIGHT.

Belshazzar, the King of Babylon, sat in his marvelous palace, well named "The Ad-miration of Mankind," and a gorgeous ban-quet was set before him. And the men and women of his wicked court kept feast with women of his wicked court kept feast with him that night, and drank wine out of gold and silver chalices which had once been consecrated for God's service in the Temple at Jerusalem. And there came a shape like a man's hand upon the wall, and wrote three words there, plain for every scared courtier to see: Mene, Tekel, Peres; numbered (and found wanting), weighed (and found lacking), divided (and given to the Persians). That night was King Belshazzar slain, and Cyrus, the Persian, reigned in lain, and Cyrus, the Persian, reigned in his stead.

The result of this notable conquest, as It concerned the Jews captive there in Baby-con, was to set them free. For there was a cond of union between the Jews and the persians in their likenesses of their relig-ions. They were both set against polytheism and against idolatry. Down came the mighty statue of Bel from his majestic temple towering over the city, and at one rope pulled a Persian, while at another tugged a Jew. Cyrus, accordingly, desiring to strengthen the frontiers of his new kingdom, knew no better people to live along the Mediterran-ean Sea, beside the road to Egypt, than the people to whom that country rightfully be-longed, the Jews. And the Jews, therefore, got permission to go back. And the long captivity was over.

and \$18 for a pair of butten boots which at home would have cost about \$4 50. I am informed that a gentleman's suit of common clothes costs from \$60 to \$100, and a pair of patent-leather shoes from \$15 to \$30; and a silk hat not less than \$25. Breadstuffs are correspondingly high, and far beyond the reach of the poor Rotos.

But there is one luxury in which the poorest Chilean woman will indulge, whatever else may be wanting, and that is a stiffly starched white petticost. Though her dress may be ragged, her feet and head bare, she would no more do without it than a Nantucket skipper would dispense with his pipe. I have seen them splattering around in the mud, displaying beautifully-laundried white skirts trimmed with hand embroidery or crocheted lace a quarter of a BACK TO THE PROMISED LAND. Back they went, over the old road, a second exodus. Again, as their fathers marched out of Egypt, so they entered into the deserts of Assyria, turning their faces toward the promised land. The Ark with its sacred tables of stone inscribed with the moral law of God was lost. In the place of it they carried the consecrated (and deserted) vessels of the Temple, which had glittered on Belshazzer's table. And one might read a prophecy here of that substitution of ritual for righteousness, which was to mark the last stages of their national history. Thus with words of leave-taking, was to mark the last stages of their national history. Thus with words of leave-taking, the music, and psalm singing, the caravan pushed out over the gravelly plains. In four months they saw the snowy peaks of Hermon. And down the way along which Nebuchadnezzar had pushed his armies to the capture of the city, they reached Jeru-

The first thing which the returned exiles did was to begin the rebuilding of the Temple. That was in the year 535 B. C.—a Temple. That was in the year 535 B. C.—a memorable year. The primeval era of universal history ended and the classical era began in 535. The date is easily remembered, in this way: the first Temple at Jerusalem was built by Solomon about the year 1000 B.C.; the last Temple at Jerusalem, built by Herod, was destroyed by the Romans in the year A. D. 70; now 1000 added to 70 makes 1070, and half of that is 533, the date of the rebuilding of the 535, the date of the rebuilding of the Temple in the days of Haggai.

TWO DISCORDANT NOISES. They had a great service the day they laid the foundations of the Temple, with incense and music and vestments and lights and trumpets. But there were two discordant trampets. But there were two discordant noises; there was a sound of crying and a sound of cursing. The crying came from the old men, like Haggai, who had seen the former Temple; when they contrasted this with that, their hearts sank within them. They could not refrain from tears.

The cursing came from the Samaritans.

The Samaritans—occupied—the middle por-

"Let me have the purse, please."
She took two \$100 bills out of it and returned it to him, with the remork: "There are \$300 in there now, so your bill is paid," and left the room.

Now the doctor is cursing his clumsy

tion of the land. They were part Jews and part heathen. When the people of the Northern Kingdom had been carried away captive, colonists from the East had been brought in, and the Jews who remained had intermediad with them, and the Samari-A TOUR TO HALIFAX.

two great needs—one was the Jews' need of the Samaritans' strength and money, and the other was the Samaritans' need of the

privilege of giving their money and their strength.

THE SAMARITANS SHUT OUT.

They were the aristocracy, counting back their ancestors generation after generation, and they wanted no intermingling of baser blood. This, at least is certain, that they

steward is not a policeman nor a soldler. His work is not so much to guard as to give.

HAGGAI'S FIRST SERMON.

At last, one day in September, in the year 520 B. C., probably on the occasion of some religious festival, when great crowds of people were gathered on the Temple hill, this old man Haggai got up on a big piece of broken stone and made a speech. They all knew Haggai, one of the few old men among

them; a quiet man, fonder of writing than of

speaking, of repute among them as a com-piler of their national history, and of some fame as a poet. Some think that he wrote part of the book called Ezra, and a dozen

Psalms are marked with his name and Zach-

Consider your ways.

That was well said. The house of God,

EFFECT OF THE SERMON.

And Haggai's speech made an impression. It was one of those sermons which the listeners could get hold of and act upon. At once they set to work. They began to order stone and wood. They began to clear away the rubbish from the temple hill. The

good effects of a sermon sometimes last a long time; but more often, I am afraid, they last ashort time. Anyhow, it seems to be considered a desirable thing to have a new

ermon, and even two new sermons, every

Sunday.

Haggai's sermon stayed in the minds of

Ezekial sketched in exile, so big that it covered the whole country from the Jordan to the sea, and from the peaks of Lebanon to the desert of the South. It seemed too

to the see, and from the peaks of Lebanon to the desert of the South. It seemed too much to undertake. And, beside the splendid church they had before, how could they ever make this look like anything? So work was stopped. The rubbish had been about half cleared away. Not a stone had been laid upon a stone. Everybody

REASONS BY WHAT IS LEFT.

So a month passed, and then Haggai preached again. Don't be discouraged, he said. It is true that the new temple cannot

equal the old to-day: perhaps, in some ways, never. But do the best you can; that is all

God asks. Some people won't give anything because they can't give \$500. They fail to realize the value of the little. The two richest churches in this country to-day are the Roman Catholic and the Methodist. They are both of them churches of the poor.

The secret of it is that everybody helps. Give what you can. God measures the gift, not by what is given, but by what is left. God will bless you, said Haggai. And he looked far ahead into the future, and

saw the nations of the heathen bringing their riches to adorn this temple, and God

Himself giving peace in the midst of it.
And ahead we look, past Haggai's time, and
on and on, till the Christ comes, and the
temple becomes but a symbol of the universal church, and the old prophecy is realized beyond the prophet's brightest dreams.

FORGOT THE SERMON AGAIN.

So the people were encouraged and went to work again; and the effect of this second

sermon seems to have lasted a whole month, or perhaps six weeks. And then everything

It was a statement, put in a way which everybody could understand, of that sorry fact of life that the evil is more pervasive

than the good. Health is not contagious but disease is. I heard a young man preso

THE SACRIFICES WERE LOST.

The sermon on the temple hill and the sermon in the steerage taught the same lesson—the lesson of the contaminating influence of evil. But what had that to do

with church-building? Why, this. There was the great altar smoking with sacrifices in the midst of the broken walls, and here

first sermon.

Not Such a Bad Place as a Popular Expression Indicates.

brought in, and the Jews who remained had intermarried with them, and the Samaritans were their descendants. And the Samaritans wanted to help with the good work of building the national church. That raised a hard question. What should be done? On one side was the pride of race, of pure blood, of high descent and the pride of religion—aristocracy and orthodoxy; two great arguments, one represented by the word society, the other by the word church. On the other side were two great needs—one was the Jews' need of THE QUEEN'S SOLDIERS IN CHURCH.

Sights on Board One of the English War Vessels in the Harbor.

ANNOYING INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.) Boston, Aug. 28.-Our kind Quebes This last, perhaps, the zealous church builders did not think of. They did not consider, perhaps, that one way to help people is to let them help. And, anyhow, it is pretty sure that they had no great desire to help the Samaritans at all. They were orthodox, and they proposed to have the orthodox build the orthodox church. friends not only accompanied us to the steamer, but remained with us until the whistle sounded "all aboard," when all not disposed to remain aboard took a hasty departure, waving a kind farewell. The Miramichi can hardly be called a floating palace, having been a blockade runner in our late war, but she carried us so smoothly over the waters of the Gulf during the nearly four days of our sojourn on board, that we should choose her again for such a trip. The pleasant society of new made friends from Toronto, Albany and Cincinnati made the time pass quickly, although the stopping

places were few. Four hundred and fifty miles from Quebec, a short stop was made at Gaspe, where Jacques Cartiers first landed in 1534, and a little further south is Perce, the curious, arched rock, rising perpendicularly from the water to a height of several hundred feet. Myriads of gulls were flying about its surface or perched on its top looking like small pegs. Here would be a good place for adventurous youths to practice the exploits of birds' nest hunters.

A BARY IN PERIT. Near several small places the steamer an-hored, while small sailboats came out to exchange freight and passengers, and at one time it was such a ticklish business be-tween the rough sea and dodging boat, that tween the rough sea and dodging boat, that we were greatly relieved when the man with the baby in his arms pitched into a seat without dropping the baby. The manis for souvenir spoons having spread among the passengers like measles, our stop at Summuside, on Prince Edward Island, gave an opportunity for some of the ladies to add to their collection even there, while others inspected the lobster canning, which is the chief industry of the place. At Charlotte-town "spoons" again stood first on the programme of entertainment for those who had the disease, but to many the innumerable Paalms are marked with his name and Zacheriah's. An old man, gray hair flowing over his shoulders and down his breast; when they saw him everybody gave attention. The Prince Zerubbabel was there and Joshua his right hand, and a great company of priests and people. So Haggai preached his first sermon. Some of you say, he began, that it isn't time yet to build the house of God; but I notics that you are building your own houses fast enough. Is that right? Shall the people dwell in handsome palaces, while the temple of God is a heap of broken stone? the disease, but to many the innumerable jelly fish sporting around the steamer were

much more interesting.

Saturday morning we were all "on deck" early to take the train at Pictou. We were informed that the train would stop at Truro for breakfast, but it was not due there until the Church, stands in every community as 9:05 and it seemed as if we would never a sign of man's regard for God. It is not start, Gentlemen went foraging in all dia sign of man's regard for God. It is not the very best sign, not by any means an adequate sign, but it is, nevertheless, one of the ways of estimating how much the people care about religion. At least, if the house of God is conspicuously meaner than the houses in which the majority of the people live, something is pretty surely the matter with the people's religion. That is what Haggai thought. rections but came back with the most hope-less accounts of the capabilities of Pictou restaurants. We diverted our thoughts restaurants. We diverted our thoughts from our inward anxieties by examining the time-table of the Inter-Colonial Railway, which was adorned by such euphonious names as Pugwash, Tatamagoucha Merigomish, Antigonish, Assametquaghan, etc., and such announcements as "train leaving Halifax at 13:30 o'clock arrives at St. John at 22:30 o'clock and at Montreal at 16:40 o'clock next day," etc.

A DISORDERLY BREAKFAST.

Truro was reached at last and over two Truro was reached at last and over two dozen hungry people poured into the restaurant, prepared to illustrate the stimulating effect on the appetite of a voyage on salt water. The proprietress met us with looks of dismay. She had prepared breakfast for just two people! After trying to collect her badly scattered wits, she promised to do what she could if we would wait, and there was no doubt on that point, provided the train could. We distributed ourselves at three tables ready for action, looking at vathe congregation just about two weeks. Then the enthusiasm wore away. It began to be seen that the task was an immense one. I suppose that the plan of the unbuilt temple looked about as large in the eyes of Woresternbirg same to offer us another

Worcestershire sauce to offer us, another pointed to a motto on the wall, "Eat, drink and be merry." The third point of advice was all we could follow.

The ride across Nova Scotia was very pretty, especially as we approached Halifax, but the city itself impressed us very unfavorably with its dingy, weather-beaten looking houses, and the ill-smelling streets. Window washing seems to have gone out of style in Nova Scotia. But the kind attentions of some of the residents so overbaltions of some of the residents so overbal-anced all defects as to take away all the terrors of the threat of our childhood, "Go to Halifax." We vasited the Public Garden, of which the citizens are justly proud, and heard the first concert of the Leicestershirs

Regiment Band while there. SOLDIERS MARCHING TO CHURCH. The next morning we attended services at the Jamison Chapel and were in time to see Her Majesty's soldiers marching in their gay uniform to church. It was certainly a very fine sight and we were assured that there were nearly 1,500 of them. When they were seated the large gallery that surrounds the interior of the church was one uninterrupted mass of scarlet, while in the body of the church the color was broken here and there by more place, fully disposed, although more sombrilooking, worshipers, like ourselves. The infantry wore white helmets and the artillery the little jaunty can often perched upon at the Jamison Chapel and were in time to ing, worshipers, like ourselves. Ane infantry wore white helmets and the artillery the little jaunty cap often perched upon one ear, but all wore the scarlet coat, while here and there a black band on one arm betokened mourning. We had noticed this custom all through Canada, and also how much more mourning is wore than with us. The youngest children were dressed in black, and in several instances babies in arms wore black ribbons, cloaks and caps. We hold that here is another point in which we are far in advance of our neighbors and trust the time may soon come when women will not think they honor the dead by making themselves as dismal as possible to the living.

The above digression is probably due to the fact that the chapel service was of such an advanced state of ritualism that we got lost—mentally. The altar, with its candles and gally colored cloths, the intoning of the whole service, the sing-song tone of the chaplain even in "Let us pray," struck us very unpleasantly, but the singing of the hyms by that great body of men, led by the coract, was simply grand. The sermon was very short.

ON BOARD THE BELLEROPHON.

or perhaps six weeks. And then everything stopped again. It is so much easier to get things started than it is to keep them up after they are started! Now it was December, and again there was a great gathering of the people to celebrate the Hebrew Christmas, and again the prophet lifted up his voice. He asked two questions of the priesta. Suppose a man carries a holy dish, a sacred vessel of the altar, and his dress touches somebody else; is that person made holy? No. But suppose a man who is ceremonially unclean from touching a dead body touch somebody else; is that person then clean or unclean? Unclean.

It was a statement, put in a way which Two great warships lay in the beautiful Halifax harbor, one English and one French,

Two great warships lay in the beautiful Halifax harbor, one English and one French, and as time did not permit a visit to both, we took the advice of friends the next morning and rowed out to the Bellerophon, of Her Majesty's line. We were courteously received and put in charge of a young sailor with a good, honest face, who showed us "up stairs and down stairs," and all sorts of places and things strange to us. It was all wonderfully clean, but we thought it miser ably comfortless, especially to see those not on duty stretched on the bare floor asleep, with never a pillow. The sailors all wore white duck, which added to their clean appearance, and the majority were in bare feet. We were told that there were nearly 500 on the ship.

We stepped to watch a squad being drilled in the use of one of the great guns, and the drill-master spoke repeatedly of an "ole." It was some time before the truth penetrated our dull brains that he was talking about a hole. There were cannons of different sizes on board, from the ten great ones to pratty little ones that a child might want to play with, and all sorts of firearms, but when we asked our guide how many cannons in all there were he said he did not know.

Driving in the park and suburbs over the fine roads and dining with our good friends completed our visit to Halifax, which, like the other Canadian cities, we liked the better the longer we stayed. The steamer Halifax bore us away from Her Majesty's dominion the next morning, on route for Boston, but as we had an usually rough passage, we have no desire to shave the details with our friends, but we are convinced that is must have been a similar experience that has brought into such ill-repute the admonstion "Go to Halifax."

The Best Teacher,

The Best Teacher,

but disease is. I heard a young man presch one Sunday at sea to the passengers in the steerage. He was trying to teach them something about the duties of good citizenship. One of the ways, he said, to be a good citizen is to keep out of bad company. And then he told a story about a man who had a swearing parrot, and he thought that he might reform the swearing parrot by giving him for a companion a good parrot that didn't swear; but the next day the good parrot was swearing like the bad one.

in the midst of the broken walls, and here were these despondent, indolent and selfish people offering them. Your offerings are all polluted by your disobedience, the preacher said. This is what God wants; build His church, then your other acts of obedience will count for something. Then God will bless you. Look out over the dusty fields, needing the blessing of the rain. Look into the empty barns, prophesying famine. Look up into the brazen sky. How can you expect God to listen and give fruitful harvests while this whole nation is despising and defrauding God?

That same day Haggai preached a special sermon to one man, Zerubabel, the Prince. After all, it is the sermons preached to one man that tell! And after that the work went on; and the preacher had no need for The surest lamp to guide our wayward feet, is experience. It points to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the best medicine, the surest safeguard in cases of malarial discase, whether in the form of chilis and fever, billous remittent, dumb ague or ague cake. The same guides indicate it as sovereign in constipation, rheumatism, "la grippe," liver complaint, kidney trouble and dyspepais.