A Pen Picture of the Bleak New England Hills in a Blanket of Snow.

DRIVING ON AN OX-TRAM.

Jealousies and Internal Dissensions of a Typical Village.

SLEIGHING IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Essaying Snowshoes and Listening to the Tales of a Woodsman.

A GLIMPSE OF MONADNOCK MOUNTAIN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] After the gloom of gray Atlantic weather our ship came to America in a flood of winter sunshine that made unaccustomed evelids blink: and the New Yorker, who is nothing if not modest, said: "This isn't a sample of our really fine days; wait until such and such times come, or go to such and such a quarter of the city."

We were content and more than content to drift aimlessly up and down the brilliant streets, wondering a little why the finest light should be wasted on the worst pavements in the world; to walk round and round Madison Square, because that was full of beautifully dressed babies playing counting-out games, or to gaze reverently at the broad-shouldered, pug-nosed Irish New York policemen. Wherever we went there was the sun, lavish and unstinted, working nine hours a day, with the color and the clean-cut lines of perspective that he makes. That any one should dare to call this climate muggy, yea, even "sub-tropical," was a shock. There came such a man, and he said: "Go north if you want weatherweather that is weather. Go to New Eng-

So New York passed away upon a sunny afternoon, with her roar and rattle, her complex smells, her triply overheated rooms and much too energetic inhabitants, while the train went north to the lands where the snow lay. It came in one sweep -almost, it seemed, in one turn of the wheels-covering the winter-killed grass and turning the frozen ponds, that looked so white under the shadow of lean trees, into pools of ink.

First Sight of an American Cutter. As the light closed in, a little wooden town, white, cloaked, and dumb, slid past the windows and the strong light of the car lamps fell upon a sleigh (the driver furred and muffled to his nose) turning the corner of a street. Now, the sleigh of a picture book, however well one knows it, is altogether different from the thing in real life, means of conveyance at a journey's end, but it is well not to be overcurious in the matter, for the same American who has been telling von at length how he once fol-lowed a kilted Scots soldier from Chelsea to the Tower, out of pure wonder and curiosity at his bare knees and sporran, will Inugh at your interest in "just a cutter."

The staff of the train—surely the great
American nation would be lost if deprived
of the ennobling society of brakeman, conductor, negro porter, and newsboy, told pleasant tales, as they spread themselves at nitacks-four engines together and a w-plow in front-on drifts 30 feet high, and the pleasure of walking along the tops of goods wagons to brake a train with the thermometer 30 below freezing, "It comes cheaper to kill men that way than to

put air brakes on freight cars," said the brakeman. Kipling Takes a Steigh Ride.

Thirty below freezing! It was incon-ceivable till one stepped out into it at mid-night, and the first shock of that clear still nir took away the breath as a plunge into sea water does. A walrus sitting on a woolpack was our host in his sleigh, and he wrapped us in hairy goatskin coats, caps that came down over the ears, buffalo robes and binnkets, and yet more buffalo robes, till we, too, looked like walruses and moved almost as gracefully. The night was as keen as the edge of a newly ground sword, breath froze on the coat lapels in snow, the nose became without sensation, and the eyes wept bitterly because the horses were in a hurry to get home, and whirling through the air at zero brings

But for the jingle of the sleigh bells the ride might have taken place in a dream, for there was no sound of hoofs upon the snow, the runners sighed now and again as they glided over an equality, and all the sheeted hills round about were dumb as death. Only the Connecticut river kept up its heart and a lane of black water through the packed ice. We could see the stream worrying round the heels of its small bergs. Else where there was nothing but snow under the monn-snow drifted to the level of the stone forces or carling over their tops in a tip of frosted silver; snow banked high on either side of the road or lying heavy on the pines and hemlocks in the woods, where the air seemed, by comparison, as warm as a con-servatory. It was beautiful beyond ex-pression—Nature's boldest sketch in black nd white, done with a Japanese disregard of perspective and daringly altered from time to time by the restless pencils of the

Observations on Ox-Driving. In the morning the other side of the pic-ture was revealed in the colors of the sunlight. There was never a cloud in the sky that rested on the snow line of the horizon as a sapphire on white velvet. Hills of pure white or speckled and furred with woods rose up above the solid white levels of the fields, and the sun rioted over their embroideries till the eyes ached. Here and there on the exposed slopes the day's warmth-the thermometer was nearly 40 degrees-and the night's cold had made a hald and shining crust upon the snow; bu the most part was soft, powdered stuff, ready to catch the light on a thousand crys-

tals and multiply it revenfold.

Through this magnificence, and thinking nothing of it, a wooden sledge, drawn by two shaggy, red steers, the unbarked logs diamond-dusted with snow, shouldered down the road in a cloud of frosty breath. It is the mark of inexperience in this sec-tion of the country to confound a sleigh which you use for riding with the sledge that is devoted to heavy work, and it is, I believe, a still greater sign of worthlessness to think that oxen are driven, as they are in most places, by scientific twisting of the tail. The driver, with the red mittens on his hands, felt overstockings that come up to his knees, and perhaps a silver-gray coon skin coat on his back, walks beside crying, "Gee! Haw!" even as is written in the American stories. And the speech of the driver explains many things in regard to the dialect story, which, at its best, is an in-

Stories in Swedish or Russian.

Now that I have heard the long, unhurried drawl of Vermont, my wonder is, not that the New England tales should be printed in what for the sake of argument we will call English and its type, but rather that they should not have appeared in Swedish or Russian. Our alphabet is too limited. This part of the country belongs to laws unknown to the Country belongs to laws unknown to the United States, but which obtain all the world over, to the New England story and the ladies who write it. You feel this in the air as soon as to laws unknown to the United States, but which obtain all the world over, to the New England story and the ladies who write it. You feel this in the air as soon as you see the white-painted wooden houses widens his four legs and plunges, another;

left out on the snow, the austere school-house, and the people, the men of the farms, the women who work as hard as they, with, it may be, less enjoyment of life, the with, it may be, less enjoyment of life, the other houses, well-painted and quaintly roofed; that belonged to Judge This, Lawyer That and Banker Such-an-One, all powers in the giddy metropelis of 6,000 folk over there by the railroad station. More acutely still do you realize the atmosphere when you read in the local paper announcements of "chicken suppers" and "church sociables" to be given by such and such a denomination, sandwiched between paragraphs of genial and friendly interest, showing that the country side live (and live without slaying each other) on terms of terrifying intimacy.

rifying intimacy.

The folk of the old rock, the dwellers in the older houses born and raised hereabouts, would not live out of the town for any consideration; but there are insane people from the south—men and women from Boston and the like—who actually build houses out in the open country two and even three miles away from Main street, which is nearly 400 yards long and the center of life

What Village People Know,

With the strangers, more particularly if they do not buy their groceries "in the Street," which means and is the town, the town has little to do, but it knows everything and much more also that goes on among them. Their dresses, their cattle, their views, the manners of their children, their manner toward their servants, and every other conceivable thing is reported, digested, discussed, and rediscussed up and down Main street. Now, the wisdom of Vermont, not being at all times equal to grasping all the problems of everybody else's life with delicacy, sometimes makes pathetic mistakes and the town is set



Rudyard Ripling. by the ears. You will see, therefore, that towns of a certain size do not ma-terially differ all the world over. The talk terially differ all the world over. The talk of the men of the farms is of their farms—purchase, mortgage and sale, recorded rights, boundary lines, and road tax. It was in the middle of New Zealand, on the edge of the wild horse plains, that I heard this talk last, when a man and his wite, 20 miles from the nearest neighbor, sat up half the night discussing just the same things that the men talked of in Main street, Vermont II S A in almost the same words. mont, U. S. A., in almost the same words.
There is one man in the State now who is
much exercised over this place. He is a
farm hand, raised in a hamlet 15 or 20 miles

from the nearest railway and, greatly dar-ing, he has wandered here. The bustle and the turmoil of Main street, the raw glare of the electric lights, and the five-storied brick business blocks frighten and distress him much. He has taken service on a farm, well away from these delirious delights, and, says he, "I've been offered \$25 a month to work in a bakery at New York. But you don't get me to New York. I've seen this place an' it scares me." His strength is in the drawing of hay and the feeding of cattle. The Farm Hand's Winter Soft Snap.

Winter life on a farm does not mean the comparative idleness that is so much written of. Each hour seems to have its 60 minutes ease in the smoking compartment, of snow-ings up on the line to Montreal, of desper-eternally; the colts must be turned out for their drink, and the ice broken for them if necessary; then ice must be stored for summer use, and then the real work of hauling logs for firewood begins. New England depends for its fuel on the woods. The trees are "blazed" in the autumn just before the fall of the leaf, felled later, cut into four-foot lengths, and as soon as the friendly snow makes sledging possible, drawn down to the woodhouse. Afterward the needs of the farm can be attended to, and a farm, like

an arch, is never at rest.

A little later will come maple sugar time, when the stately maples are tapped as the sap begins to stir, and beringed with absurd little buckets (a cow being milked into a thimble gives some idea of the disproportion) which are emptied into caldrons. Afterward (this is in the time of the "sugaring-off parties") you pour the boiled syrup into tins full of fresh snow, where it hard-ens, and you pretend to help, and eat and become very sticky and make love, boys and girls together. Even the introduction of patent sugar evaporators has not spoiled the love-making.

The Over-Supply of Women There is a certain scarcity of men to make ove with. Not so much in towns which have their own manutactories and lie within a lover's Sabbath day journey of New York, but in the farms and villages. The men have gone away—the young men are fighting for fortune further West, and the women remain—remain for ever, as women must. On the farms, when the children depart, the old man and the the old woman strive to hold things together without help. strive to hold things together without help, and the woman's portion is work and monotony. Sometimes she goes mad to an extent which appreciably affects statistics, and is put down in census reports. More often, let us hope, she only dies.

In the villages, where the necessity for heavy work is not so urgent, the women find consolation in the formation of literary clubs and circles, and so gather to them-selves a great deal of wisdom in their own

way. That way is not altogether lovely. They desire facts, and the knowledge that they are at a certain page in a German or Italian book before a certain time, or that they have read the proper books in a proper way.

At any rate, they have something to do that seems as if they were doing something.

It has been said that the New England stories are cramped and narrow. Even a far-oft view of the iron-bound life whence they were drawn justifies the author. You can carve a nut in 1,000 different ways, by reason of the hardness of the shell.

Kipling Tries Some Snowshoes. Twenty or 30 miles across the hills, on the way to the Green Mountains, lie some finished chapters of pitiful stories—a few score abandoned farms started in a lean land, held fiercely so long as there was anyone to work them, and then left on the hill-sides. Beyond this desolation are woods where the bear and the deer still find peace, and sometimes even the beaver forgets that he is persecuted and dares to build his lodge. These things were told me by a man who loved the woods for their own sake and not for the sake of slaughter—a quiet, slowspoken man of the West, who came across the drifts on snowshoes, and refrained from laughing when I borrowed his footgear and tried to walk.

The gigantic lawn tennis bats, strung with hide, are not easy to maneuver. If you forget to keep the long heels down and trailing in the snow you turn over and be-come as a man who falls into deep water with a lifebelt tred to his ankles. If you lose your balance do not attempt to recover it, but drop half sitting and half kneeling over as large an area as possible. When you have mastered the wolf step, can slide one shoe above the other deftly, that is to say, the gensation of paddling over a ten-foot deep drift and taking short cuts by buried tences if worth the ankle-ache. The man from the West interpreted to me the signs on the snow and showed how a fox (this section of the country is full of foxes, and men shoot

how econs go to sleep for the winter, and squirrels, too, and how the deer on the Canada border trample down deep paths that are called yards and are caught there that are called yards and are caught there by inquisitive men with cameras, who hold them by their tails when the deer have blundered into deep snow, and so photographed their frightened dignity. It was all as new and delightful as the steady "scrunch" of the snowshoes and the dassling silence of the hills.

A View of Monadnock. Beyond the very furthest range were the pines turfied to a faint blue hase against the white, one solitary peak—a real mountain and not a hill—showed like a gigantic thumb-nail pointing heavenward.

"And that's Monadnock," said the man from the West. "All the hills have Indian names. You left Wantastigat on your right coming out of town."

You know how it sometimes happens that a word shuttles in and out of many years, waking all sorts of incongruous associations.

I had met Monadnock on paper in a shameless parody of Emerson's style before ever
style or verse had interest for me. But the
work stuck because of a rhyme in which ome one was:

With Monadnock's creet,
And my wings extended
Touch the East and West.

Later the same word, pursued on the same principle as that blessed one Mesopotamia, led me to and through Emerson up to his poem on the peak itself—the wise old giant, "busy with his sky affairs," who makes us same and sober, and free from lither than the same and sober. the things, if we trust him. So Monadnock came to mean everything that was helpful, healing, and full of quiet, and when I saw him half across New Hampshire he did not fail. In that utter stillness a hemlock bough, overweighted with snow, came down a foot or two with a tired little sigh; the snow slid off and the little branch flew nod-ding back to its fellows.

Vermont Comment on a Fat God. For the honor of Monsdnock there was made that afternoon an image in snow of Gautama Buddha, something too squat and not altogether equal on both sides, but with an imperial and reposeful waist. He faced toward the mountain, and presently some men in a woodsledge came up the road and faced him. Now, the amazed comments of two Vermont forward and the statement of the comments of the comment of faced him. Now, the amazed comments of two Vermont farmers on the nature and properties of a swag-bellied god are worth hearing. They were not troubled about his race, for he was 'aggressively white, but rounded waists seem to be out of fashion in Vermont. At least they say so, with rare and curious oaths.

Next day all the idleness and trifling were drowned in a snowsterm that filled the hollows of the hills with whirling blue mist, howed the branches in the woods till

mist, bowed the branches in the woods till you ducked; but were powdered all the same you ducked; but were powdered all the same when you drove through, and wiped out the sleighing tracks. Mother Nature is beautifully tidy it you leave her alone. She rounded off every angle, broke down every scarp, and tucked the white bedclothes till not a wrinkle remained, up to the chins of the spruces and the hemlocks that would not go to sleep. go to sleen.

Tracks That Beappear in Snow. "Now," said the man of the West, as we were driving to the station, and, alas! to New York, "all my snowshoe tracks are gone; but when that snow melts a week hence, or a month hence, they'll all come up again and show where I've been."

A curious idea, is it not? Imagine a mur-der committed in the lonely woods, a snowder committed in the lonely woods, a snowstorm that covers the tracks of the flying
man before the avenger of blood has buried
the body, and then a week later the withdrawal of the traitorous snow, revealing
step by step, the path Cain took—the sixinch deep trail of his snowshoes—each step
a dark disk on the white till the very end!
There is no much so very much to write There is so much, so very much to write, if it were worth while, about that queer little town by the railway station, with its life running, to all outward seeming, as smoothly as the back coupes on their sleigh mounting, and within disturbed by the hatreds and troubles and jealousies that vex the minds of all but the gods. For instance

—no, it is better to remember the lesson of

Monadnock, and Emerson has said, "Zeus

hates have been a parket by de too

That there are such a folk a long nasal drawl across Main street attests. A farmer is unhitching his horses from a post op-posite a store. He stands with the tie rope in his hand and gives his opinion to his neighbor and the world generally: "But them there Andersons they ain't got no notions of etikwette!"

RUDYARD KIPLING.

CAUSES OF TYPHOID PEVER.

Scientist Cites the Case of the Southside Pittsburg, in 1887.

Cholers and typhoid fever are typical filth diseases that are communicated through air, food and water, and their origin is generally the result of ignorance, carelessness or superstition, says Floyd Davis, a Western chemist in the Engineering Maga-sine. In the fall of 1887 typhoid fever was pidemie in Ottawa, Minnespolis, Pittsburg and many other American cities, and in every case known to us the disease was traced to polluted water. In Pittsburg the Southside of the city was furnished water from the Monongahela river, and the fever was located in this district. Through chemical and biological examinations of the water the pollution was traced many miles above the city to a ravine into which drained the privies of several houses where typhoid fever patients had been located several weeks before.

A similar but more noted case than the above occurred in the little mining town of Plymouth, Pa., a few years ago, in which about 1,300 of the 2,000 inhabitants came down with this disease. Investigation showed that a sporadic case of typhoid fever had occurred several miles above the town and that the excretions of the patient were thrown into the stream that formed the water supply of Plymouth.

SELLING EGGS BY WEIGHT.

The Idea Is Having a Revival in St. Louis and Has Many Good Points,

t. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The proposal to sell eggs by weight instead of by count, as has been the practice in this part of the country since a period to which the memory of man does not go, is being very favorably received. A few years ago when the same proposal was made by shippers who had been accustomed to the plan in the East, and who liked it in consequence, the suggestion was ridiculed, but since then the practice of selling live poultry by weight has been found both practical and convenient, and the result is a revival of the egg-weighing idea.

The chief gain would be in the expense of cases, which, under the count system, have to be made so as to hold exactly 30 dozen eggs. When the system of buying hy

eggs. When the system of buying by weight comes into force it will be only necessary to weigh the cases full and again when empty, and eggs can be shipped packed in sawdust or any other cheap ma-

A NEW book has been placed in the market called Abstract of Instructions on the Violin. It contains instructions so very much simplified to relieve teacher and scholar of very much hard work, to be if necessary a self-teacher. The rules and points connected with success are so arranged with the progress to be clearly understood and easily remembered. There will be no excuse for both teacher and scholar to lend an erroneous course. Every one in possession of a copy of this little work is ready to testify to this effect. The author, J. D. Loppentian, 5719 Penn avenue, E. E., this city, has received the most flattering recommendations from men who were hard to convince of such facts. Experience of more than 20 years' teaching have brought this result. Sold for the price of a single lesson.

Thing as failure recorded when "Iaw-renceville Amber" is used, because it is always uniform in quality. You can't go wrong.

Syame time is here. The bugs will soon begin to crawl. Kill them all before they multiply. Bugine will do it instantly. 25 cents.

WOODLAND MONARCHS Mighty Elms and Sycamores That Knew Pittsburg's Founders.

NATURE'S CHOICEST HANDIWORK.

The Man Who Planted the Oaks That Made Lord Nelson's Fleets.

THOUGHTS APROPOS OF ARBOR DAY.

[WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



GERMAN provert says: "He that plants trees loves others besides himself." An early and excellent illustration of this was Ulysses, after a 10 years' absence. returning home from Troy and finding his father planting trees. He asked him why, being so advanced in years, he would put himself

to the fatigue and labor of planting that of which he was never likely to enjoy the frait. The good old man taking him for a stranger, paused and gently replied: "I lant against my son Ulysses comes home." This old-time picture of contrasts between the Grecian father and son, also characterizes the frequent fact that "men seldom plant trees till they begin to be wise, that is, till they grow old."

The Importance Being Recognised The youth of the present time have it in their power, in this matter of tree planting, to show that old heads may be carried on roung shoulders. In these days of schools



How a Sycamore Was Saved

of forestry, of governmental reports upor the condition and value of our forests, of papers, and societies, and treatises devoted to the preservation and propagation of our wealth of timber lands, estimated by the tenth census to embrace an area, exclusive of Alaska, equal to 15 States the size of Pennsylvania, and of proclamations of the different Governors formally setting aside arbor days to be appropriately observed by the people, it is no unreasonable to suppose, or too sanguine to believe, that the importance of this subject of arboriculture is be

coming more generally apparent and more practically recognized than ever before.

A tree doesn't grow in a day. Foresight and perhaps a generous self-renunciation must have borne their fruits within the human breast before the life of the tree has had time to respond with the fruits of its development, whether they be of shade, of timber, of fruit, or of responsive beauty. If ever the element of time is of the essence of a contract, as the lawyers say, it is so in the case of the planting and reaping of trees.

A Good Deed Its Own Reward. And yet, here as elsewhere, there exists that human demonstration of that divine law of compensation, by which a good deed done becomes its own greatest reward; very much on the principle of that inquiry of Emerson's pine tree, in his Woodnotes, as to "Whether is better, the gift or the



donor?" The kindly spirit that prompted the planting is superior to the mere growth or fruits of the soil, even as the artistic design of the potter's fertile mind is of a finer material than the clay which he molds in his hands and forms on his wheel. The far-reaching influence and wide-spreading results of one man's teaching and example, in this general matter of arbori-culture, are remarkably shown in the life and by the genius of John Evelyn, Esq., the diarist and author of "Silva, or a Disthe diarist and author of "Silva, or a Dis-course on Forest Trees, and the Propaga-tion of Timber in His Majesty's Domin-ions," as it was delivered in the Roval So-ciety on the 15th day of October, 1662. It was said of this treatise, by Mr. Wotton, in his "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning." that "It outdoes all that Theo-prastus and Plinny have left us on that subject, and in respect thereto contains more useful precepts, hints and discoveries, than all the world had till then known from all the observation of former ages."

all the observation of former ages." A Side-Light on Cider. A Side-Light on Cider.

It may surprise some American readers and makers of cider in this apple region of the Upper Ohio valley, to know that as Evelyn's Silva was first published in 1664, in tolio, it had annexed thereto "Pomona, or an Appendix Concerning Forest Trees, in Relation to Cyder; the Making and Several Ways of Ordering it." While, therefore, there may be such a thing as sweet new cider, notwithstanding the captivating way with which Wendell Phillips, in his polished cration upon "The Lost Arts" used to graciously state, that "there is nothing new under the sun," it is yet historically evident that cider was manufactured in England several hundred years

The publication of "Evelyn's Silva" is said to have caused the planting of millions of oaks throughout Great Britain, and to have effectually checked the impolitic waste of her forests. Even more interesting are certain other after-fruits of this action; for it is historically stated that the fleets of Nelson were largely constructed from these self-same oaks. Born in 1620, Evelyn died in the 86th year of his age. Upon his tomb, at Watton, in Surrey, England, is an inscription, placed there by his direction, capable of being read by us to-day with profit, and



which says: "Living in an age of extraor-dinary events and revolutions, he learned from these this truth, which he desired might be thus communicated to posterity:
'That all is vanity which is not honest; and
that there is no solid wisdom but in real

The Communion With Nature. If not of this gentle spirit, of whom could t be more fittingly said that "The beauty of nature shines in his own breast?" Indeed, there is usually a something in the love of trees and nature which seems to exert a refining influence upon the human heart. This is well illustrated in the lives

of Gilbert White, of Selbourne, Izaak Wal-ton, the anglers' saint, and of Thoreau, our American poet-naturalist. American poet-naturalist.

Perhaps the most interesting of American Perhaps the most interesting of American books upon our native trees, for the general reader, is G. B. Emerson's "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetta," in two 8vo illustrated volumes, published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston. But the most complete and exhaustive work upon American trees is one now in course of publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of New York and Boston. It is Prof. Charles S. Sargents' Silva of North America, and is to be complete in 12 parts at \$25 a part, several of which are now issued. Of this grand work the New York am has remarked: "Every library which aspires to exhibit the state of knowledge respecting the Western Hemisphere must include this indispensable book among its treasures." It will interest local readers to know that the Carnegie Library at Allegheny has subscribed for this noteworthy publication.

A Tree Through a Porch. The citizens of Pennsylvania, from the sylvan character of its name and domain, should take an especial pride in practicing he science of arboriculture and in observ-



John Evelyn, Esquire. ing arbor days. The care which is some-times exercised to preserve a tree is dis-played in an accompanying illustration of an instance in the neighboring village of Sheridan, where a sycamore a foot and a half in diameter and twice the height of the house was saved even though it was necessary in constructing the front porch to build it around the tree, the trunk of which pierces both the floor and roof.

Two illustrations are given of the big trees hereabouts. They are made from photographs taken especially for this artiphotographs taken especially for this arti-cle. One is a large elm in the valley of the Chartiers creek, some two miles up from its mouth and not far below where the Steubenville pike crosses. Some immense elms and sycamores or buttonball trees line the banks of the Chartiers near its mouth.

A Tree Prominent in Local History.

The elm two miles up is noted among the oldest settlers of the surrounding section as one of the earliest "corner" or "line" trees of the original surveys. It has been a prominent landmark in local history as far back as the lingering traditions run. Since the writer photographed it last summer it has been destroyed. The oil on Chartiers creek took fire and burned a line of trees bordering the stream at that point, including a neighboring house and this grand old historic elm. It was about 17 feet in circumference, and its age must have been very great. Only the remnants of the burnt stump and the hole in the ground once occupied by its roots, along which the consuming fire ate its way, remain. But the largest one of all is shown in the view of a giant sycamore on the West Virginia side of the Ohio river, opposite the lower part of Steubenville. The young ladies of the Steubenville Female Seminary tied their handkerchiefs around its massive trunk and thus made the measurement of its A Tree Prominent in Local History. trunk and thus made the measurement of its circumference (which must have been a fair one), 22 feet and 7 inches.

It such trees as these could talk, as the ancients maintained they could, it would be no idle fancy for us to believe—did we but listen sufficiently close-that they would

Speak not thy speech my boughs among: Put off thy years, wash in the breeze; My hours are peaceful centuries. ORLIN M. SANFORD. The Women's Friend, "Lawrenceville Amber" is one of the best friends a woman has, because she is always able to make good bread, and by this means is sure to be on the best of terms with her family.

Busing contains no poison. It could be swallowed with impunity, but it kills reaches, bedbuga, etc., quicker than lightning. 25 cents at all dealers.

CHILDREN OF NATURE.

Goat-Skin-Clad Heroes Who Tend Their Flocks in Old Poland.

ALMOST A RACE OF GIANTS.

One of the Few Peoples in Europe Who Do

Not Use Wine or Liquors. THE GRAND HIGHWAYS OF GALICIA

CRACOW, AUSTRIA, March 31.—There are two European Galicias. Each of these in their peasant life possesses great interest to the traveler. Spanish Galicia, comprising the Northwestern Provinces of Pontenedra, Lugo, Coruna and Orense, will ever hold for me the most tender recollections. Its Gallegan folk are the bravest, most patient and loyal in all the world. They love their rugged mountain land with so passionate a devotion that they will suffer untold privation and wen death before they will give

They become the "Gallegan dog" servants of all Spain, Portugal and Italy for half their lives, bearing inconceivable con-tumely, sacrifice and suffering that they may finally come back to their dreary crags and wild and almost sterile glens to the ownership of a little cabin, a tiny patch of land, and the to them blessed right to lay their bones in the same graves as those who have labored, sacrificed and died, in precisely the same way, for ages before them. They are dumb folk, but not even a Spanish nonarch has ever dared attempt their enslavement The other Galicia is less tender and win-

some in any of its aspects. It is indeed im-measurably more somber and tragic. It is Austrian Poland. The Rape of Poland,

Everyone remembers the history of ancient Poland; its line of warrior kings; its splendid and unrewarded victories for Christianity over the Turks; its great universities; even its wonderful medieval literversities; even its wonderful medieval nter-ature; its kingly commoners and its peas-ant kings; and the final treachery of Rus-sia's Catherine, which led to repeated dis-memberment and partition of old Poland by

Russia, Germany and Austria; with the hor-rors of a hundred years of insurrec-tion, murder, slavery and despotism that It is all too horrible to dwell upon. Aus-It is all too horrible to dwell upon. Austria's portion out of the Polish murder and rapine, Galicia, comprises an area of over 30,000 square miles, bounded north and east by Russia, on the south by Hungary and Bukovina, and on the west by Prussia and Austrian Silesia. Fully 6,000,000 souls occupy this area.

cupy this area.

Of these about two and a quarter mill-Of these about two and a quarter milions are Rusniaks—interchangeably called Russinen, Ruthenens and Ruthenians, whom I shall call Ruthenians in these papers, and who are of Russian stock and tongue. A million and a half are Hebrews. The remainder are about equally divided between Austrian and Russian Germans. Almost the entire nobility are of Polish extraction and are country loving and living people. The peasantry are all Poles and people. The peasantry are all Poles and Ruthenians. It will therefore be readily seen that nearly the entire inhabitants of Galician towns and cities are Polish Herews and Germans, the former greatly pre-

Four Classes of People.

To illustrate, this ancient city whose population does not exceed 50,000 souls, contains 28,000 Hebrews. Lemberg, commercially the leading city of Galicia, has 60,000 Hebrews among its 100,000 people. And I have the word of a friend, a Canadian resident of Kolomea, that among the 28,000 inhabitants of the latter city more than 21,000 are Halvern and 5100m. That night we came to Ludvig's people. The reunion was touching and jovful. Between 200 and 400 souls comprised this one mountain side band. Phere are 100,000 folk of the

21,000 are Hebrews.

Practically, then, Austrian Galicia presents for study four classes—the Polish and Ruthenian peasantry who, while theoretically free men, are more slavish than slaves, the ancient Polish nobility who are either rich and great enough to live almost regally in Berlin, London or Paris, or home-loving enough to live upon their own estates something after the simple and patriarchal manner of Count Tolstoi, not very far to the north of them; the Hebrews who financially own both peasant and master body and soul, as well as all busi-ness affairs of every name and nature; and he military who relentlessly control them

Austrian rule over its share of fallen Poland, which for the first three-quarters of century after its seizure was quite as cruel as that of the Bussian plunderers to the north, has had the virtue of not having re tained its more barbarous iniquities. It still impossible to escape the clang of the saber, the jingle of the spur, the challenge of the sentry and the almost intolerable insolence of the omnipresent soldiery.

The Very Air Listers in Galicia.

These uniformed tyrants are in every railway carriage or station. They accompany very coach. They dog the stranger from notel to countryside and back again with imperturbable effrontery. They enter the home at will; and by their godless presence sully every sanctuary and pollute every shrine; while spies are so thick—swarming among all classes in the guise of officials, merchants, artisans, laborers, peasants and omprising in one form or other more than one-twentieth of the entire population—that the very air is said to "listen" in

Despite all this Austrian Poles of Galicia live in "Im Paradisa" in contrast with their brethren, ten miles north of the city, in Russian Poland. The electoral reform law of 1873 gave the Galician Poles direct elec-tions to the Vienna Assembly by districts, thus breaking down the old clannish na-tional Polish interests. The Government has wisely encouraged agricultural reforms and awakened an emulative spirit between native Poles and Ruthenians and many small but thriving German agricultural colonies. And among other sensible things it has done the one thing which should be first and best done in every farming com-munity in the world-built roads that will vie in their enduring qualities with the finest to be found in England and New Eng-

A Good Road 700 Miles Long. Indeed in wandering through Galicia, I am not certain but that I would count these grand Galician roads as the greatest of all blessings of all time to the peasant Poles. Their general direction has been governed by the course of the great chain of Carpathian Mountains which forms the Hungarian boundaries which forms the Hungarian boundaries the south garian boundary on the south.

Away down in the southeast corner of

Bukovina, over against wild and untrav-ersed Bessarabia and wilder Moldavia this great artery of Galician life and commerce begins. Thence to the northeast it passes through Kolomea, which has recently come into prominence from being the base of operations in the new Galician petroleum fields. Thence, through the valley of the Prutn into the valley of the Dniester, it touches ancient Stanislavov, whence it bears north to Lemberg, the central and greatest city of Galicia. From Lemberg it winds like the Carpathians around to the west and passes through this ancient Polish capital, and thence on to Moravia and Vienna.

On this mighty thoroughlare, fully 700 English miles in length, are all the great market towns of Galicia; and despite her newer railways which for the most part run parallel with it, pass to and fro to this day most of the goods and products which the "circles" of Galleia exchange with each other, the rude products of Moldavia and Bessarabia, the cattle from the great steppes toirs, the willow carts of fancy wares from Austria to Russia, and all the innumerable and unmamable goods and wares which are smuggled into Russia.

parallel with this main artery for shorter distances. Three great roads intersect it from north to south. One in the east runs from north to south. One in the east runs south from Bukovina into Transylvania. In Central Galicia, another, starting at Lemberg, passes south, cutting through the Carpathian range, to Munkaes, in Hungary. The third zigzags southward from this city, passing into Hungary, through the valley of the Arva, at the western base of the Tatra Mountains; and on this mountainshadowed, forest-fringed, cliff-hung and cascade-tremulous highway, I tramped with cartmen and packmen, soldiers and pilgrims, beggars and Gipsies, to the Tatra Mountains to know their strange and unknown peasantry.

known peasantry.

I am thus explicit regarding the thoroughfares of Galicia, because without this, those who travel with me can hardly know Galiwho travel with me can hardly know Gall-cian folk and their ways. Their roads fur-nish the outward seeming of their lives and affairs. Upon these roads every form of traffic, threading to and from a score of countries and sharply defined peoples, is seen. From them every variation in out-door daily life, aspect of quaint husbandry, ceremonial between classes, and hint and tint of peculiarity and color in national fact and feeling comes close and clear to fact and feeling, comes close and clear to the traveler upon his legs. And I have no-where else in Europe seen such a variety and wealth of roadside shrines.

A Cross Set Up Every Half Mile. I should think that in the 2,000 or 3,000 miles of the great stone roads of Galicia a huge wooden or stone crucifix, or a tiny brick or stone shrine, might be found on

a huge wooden or stone crucinx, or a tiny brick or stone shrine, might be found on the average at the distance of every half an English mile. Most of the crucifixes are of wood hewn out of beech or oaken logs. Whether of wood or stone, as if from some great burden, every one leans, and this very leaning lends a strangely suggestive andness and loneliness to the landscape.

They are most frequent in districts nearest the Carpathians which form the Hungarian boundary. The Ruthenian peasants being of the Russian stock are all Greek Catholics, and the Polish Galicians are without exception Roman Catholics. They are equally pious, and you can never pass crucifix or shrine without witnessing a group of both in rapt devotion, many of whom are groveling prostrate upon the earth before the sacred reminders of Calvary. At Whitsuntide one will see crowds of these simple and pious devotees crawling upon all fours, while trailing huge wooden crosses from their necks and shoulders, around every roadside shrine in all Galicia. At the dittle inn where I tarry in Cracow, At the little inn where I tarry in Cracow, I made the sequaintance of a youth of 20 who had tired of Tatras peasant life, and who and thred of latras peasant life, and had come to the great city to seek his fortune as a kellner or servitor. He had led the dog's life of the city inn long enough to pine for his old mountain home with an unalterable longing. I bought his freedom of his landlord master for 80 marks, and thus secured the most devoted guide translate. secured the most devoted guide traveler ever knew to the shepherd hut homes of the wild and almost untraversed Tatra Mount

Glories of a Mountain Journey. The glories of this mountain journey were unrivaled. Wild, rugged, grand nature, unchanged from creation by the hand of man, was mine for complete enjoyment. This, too, was entrancingly varied by occasional simultaneous views of a marvelous character. Our way led mainly along the character. Our way led mainly along the southern or Hungarian slopes. But now and then my guide, Ludvig, who seemed to move straight as the flight of a mountain bird to his own eerie, brought me to the very peaks of the dividing heights.

To the north the country sloped across Galicia along the great Polish plain into Russian Poland. Winter still held all this land of terrors and ferming in its stack great leads of terrors and ferming in its stack great leads of the program of the program in the stack great leads of the program of the program is stacked by the south program of the program of the program is the stacked great leads of the program of the program is the stacked great leads of the program of the program is the stacked great leads of the program of the program is the stacked great leads of the program of the

land of terror and famine in its steely grasp.
Only in Galicia, and especially in some of
the sheltered southern valleys beside the
Carpathians, were the greens and gladness
of spring beginning to be manifest. To the
south another clime—indeed another world. Hungary, land of wine and dance and song, encircled by its mighty wreath of mountains, and, visible as far as Buda-Pesth, lay spread before our gaze a disk of throbbing green and bloom.

folk of the same sort in the Tatra range. They are all shepherds, principally goatherds, and the number of animals they care for must reach millions. For about four months of the winter they retire to such towns as Niedzwiec, Jablonka, Neumarkt, Thurdorin, Dunajec, Mdgurá, Repisko and Kriwan—although many remain in their huts upon the mountains profiting by woodcraft in trapping and snaring animals and birds—so filling up and overcrowding the rilleges that they become winter either villages that they become winter cities.

Grand Physiques Without Alcohol.

They call themselves Podhalians. Their language is a mixture or dialect of the ancient Magyar and the Germanic tongue. Their food is simply oats, either boiled into a thick porridge or made into a thin bread of oatmeal and salt, baked before the coals like the Scotch "bannock," goat-milk whey, the wild mountain fruits and such small the wild mountain fruits and such small game as they can secure in the mountain forests. They neither have nor wish any other. Unlike the Galician peasant, who is a slave to brandy, and the Hungarian peasant, who loves and can secure good and cheap wine, they drink no liquor of any sort whatever, and are huge in frame, handsome in face and physique, robust and powerful, and live to an extraordinary old

age.

The band which I visited was a fair example of them all. It had just come upon the southern slopes of the mountains from the valleys with its herds, but its members had already built a mountain village of 30 huts. These were of tree limbs, bark and leaves, large and comfortable, but all opening to the court. ing to the south. All the band, including women, were dressed in the untanned skins of the goat, with hoods and sandals of the same material. They do not remain long in these sylvan huts, but, as the summer advances, leave them, never to return to the same structures, for the higher grazing lands, where new homes are built with each change of location. Each band really comprises one immense family, patriarcha comprises one immense family, patriarchai in system, and, as nearly as I could judge, to a great extent communal in regard to their little gainings. By nature they are full of sentiment, and are rude poets and artists of no mean quality. The mountain giens around them constantly re-echo their wild and endless vocal melodies, and the exultant notes of the eziganok and the splendid enthusiasm of their movements thrill one when on an evening they engage in the czardas, as only these strong-legged mountaineers can whirl and leap in this weird Hungarian national dance. They are Arcadians pure and simple; simple, goo and pure. EDGAR L. WAREMAN.

REDUCED IN WEIGHT

TO ORE MUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE POUNDS By Catarrh in the Head.

HAPPINESS. The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Com-pany received the tollowing letter, dated April 1, 1892. The letter is given as a fair sample of many hundred received every week. Anyone doubting its genuineness can write to the address below given and

REGAINS WEIGHT, HEALTH AND

convince themselves:
"GENTLEMEN-Received your letter of March 23, 1891, also your pamphlet on treat-ment of catarrh. I am thankful to be able to tell you that I am well, and am heavier than I have been for 15 years, for which I give Pe-ru-na the whole praise. I believe Pe-ru-na saved my life, for when I began to take it I only weighed 129 pounds, and now I weigh 168. My friends are all surprised, and remark how fat I am. I think the Peru-na is worth its weight in gold. I only

parallel with it, pass to and fro to this day most of the goods and products which the "circles" of Galicia exchange with each other, the rude products of Moldavia and Bessarabia, the cattle from the great steppes which reach the German and Austrian abbattoirs, the willow carts of fancy wares from Austria to Russia, and all the innumerable and unmamable goods and wares which are smuggled into Russia.

Studying People From the Roads.

Many highways equally well built run

Tunna is worth its weight in gold. I only took six bottles of it, and will never be without it again. I wish you all good luck.

"H. C. TAYLOR, Champion, Ark."

A pamphlet of 32 closely printed pages (no pictures or foolish jokes), giving cause, symptoms and cure of catarrh, acute and chronic, la grippe, consumption, coughs, colds, bronchitis, pharyngitis, sore throat, catarrhal dyspepsia, catarrahal deainess, catarrhal sore eyes, etc., sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, Q.

CARRIED ON A WAVE A Steamer That Stands High and Dry Two Miles from the Coast.

THE VOLCANIC CRASH OF 1883.

Billows Washed the Lighthouse Top 130

Feet From Sea Level.

FORTY THOUSAND LIVES WERE LOST

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. Tourists who visit Batavia, south of the great land we know as the Orient, nowadays are quite out of the fashion if they fail to make the passage through Sunda Strait, and see all that is left of Krakatau, and the vestiges of the ruin wrought by the terrible eruption of 1883. It they push up the Bay of Lampong, on the Sumatra side of the channel, they are likely to land on the low shores occupied by the village of Telokh-Betong, and hire carts for a short jaunt into the interior; and when they have gone about two miles they will pause to take in the carious scene presented in the picture accompanying this article; for here is seen one of the most interesting results still visible of the great wave of Krakatau.

There was just one man amid all that wild scene of death and devastation who was not overwhelmed in the common ruln. He escaped, while 40,000 perished. He was the lighthouse keeper who lived alone on an isolated rock in the strait. It was broad daylight when Krakatau burst asunder, but in a few moments the heavens were so densely shrouded by dust, dirt and smoke that the darkness of midnight covered all

A Lighthouse Keeper's Escape. The guardian of the lighthouse was in the lantern, 130 feet above the sea level. Here he remained safe and sound in the midst of



the terrible commotion. He felt the trembling of his lighthouse, but it was so dark that he could not see the threatened danger. He did not know that a tremendous wave had almost overwhelmed the lighthouse, and that its crest had nearly touched the base of the lantern. He did not hear it be-cause he was deafened by the awful detoua-

In a few moments, however, the wave, over 100 feet in height, had swent along a total coast line of nearly 100 miles on both sides of the channel. Scores of populous villages were buried deep beneath the avalanche of water. Great groves of cocoanut palms were leveled to the ground. Promontories were carried away. New bays were dug out of the yielding littoral. Every work of human hands, except that light-house, was destroyed, and 40,000 persons perished in the deluge that mounted from the sea or beneath the rain of mud that

filled the heavens. Fate of a Pleasure Steamer,

The picture shows a little side-wheel steamboat that was borne on the top of that wave through forests and jungle, over two miles into the country, and was left as the wave receded in the position here shown. It will be remembered that for weeks before the final cataclysm at Krakatau, the volcano was in a state of eruption. Pleasure parties were made up at Batavia to visit the volcano. Not a few people landed on the isl-and, little dreaming that in the twinkling of an eye two-thirds of it was to be blown into the air as though shot from a gun. They wished to get as near as they thought they might safely venture to the growling,

steaming crater.

This little steamboat, on the day before the explosion, carried one of the parties to the island. There were only 20 on board besides the crew. They spent a couple of hours around the island, and then steamed up the deep and narrow bay of Lampong, and it is supposed they anchored for the night in front of the big town of Telokh-

Betong, which was one of the largest settle-ments on the south coast of Sumatra. Only Two Bodies in the Boat,

The ill-fated pleasure party was never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell in the surf. It had every appearance of such rough usage when it was found some months later. The machinery and furniture were badly broken, and were strewn about in the greatest confusion. But the vessel held together, and was finally set down in good shape, erect on her keel, as she is seen in the picture which was made from a draw-

in the picture which was made from a drawing by Mr. Korthals, a member of the Dutch Scientific party that was sent out to study the effect of the Krakatau eruption.

Only two bodies were found in the vessel. They were, of course, below deck. As it was morning when she was picked up by the wave, it is supposed that nearly everybody was on shore. Not a vestige remains of the villages that lined the water edge. But the hulk of this little boat still stands, battered and broken, though as erect as when battered and broken, though as erect as when she plowed the channel, and she is the most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic cruption of modern times. CYRUS C. ADAMS.

WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP.



cures pain where others fail.

Worth taking trouble to get. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

I CURE FITS!

warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Bend at once for a treaties and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

W. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. T.