Failure of the Lindsay Party in the Exploration of Inner Australia.

EVEN CAMELS BROKE DOWN.

For Twenty-Four Days the Big Beasts Hadn't a Drop to Drink.

AN OASIS THAT HAD SHRIVELED.

Where Giles Found Pure Springs These Men Found All Parched.

NATIVES DRAWING WATER FROM TREES

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Dismal failure has been the lot of the large party, led by David Lindsay, that was fitted out at great cost, over a year ago, to complete the exploration of inner Australia. The terrible heat and the parched desert areas, where hardly a drop of water could be found, are the primary causes of the dis-

The highest hopes had been aroused by the enterprise. The scheme of exploration had been formulated by the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. The oney required, amounting to thousands of dollars, had been provided by one man-Sir Thomas Elder-the weathlest and most enthusiastic promoter in Australia of science and discovery. Everything looked bright for the expedition when in April last year David Lindsay, a tried and successful explorer, started from Adelaide with 12 comrades, including a scientific staff of 9 men and 42 camels to complete the map of Australis. The work of exploring inner Australia had, in the past, devolved chiefly upon nine men, of whom Lindsay was one. Our map shows the most important routes of these travelers. Three Unknown Lands to Explore.

Three great tracts of which nothing was known were to be brought by the tenth expedition to the knowledge of the world. All of them are west of the overland telegraph. The first unknown area to be visited was that between the southern track of Giles and that of J. Forrest, and is about 1,300 miles long from east to west and 350 miles wide. After crossing this strip Lindsay was to turn north to the headwaters of the Murchison river and then work his way back East through the unknown region be-tween the routes of Giles and Warburton, estimated to be 900 miles long and 200 miles The third unexplored district where Lindsay was to end his labors lies in what is known as the Northern Territory, mostly between the overland telegraph and the Victoria river, and is a region of some 400

miles by 300 miles. The routes across the great interior which our map shows could never have been tollowed if it had not been for the introduc-tion of the camel. Early explorers used horses as baggage animals, and their success was poor because water is a scarce commodity in the great wastes. No Arctic enthusiast, no explorer of tropical Africa has ever endured more terrible suffering than has fallen to the lot of Australian

Camels With Arabian Drivers

"The History of Australian Exploration," says Reclus, "gives the highest idea of the grandeur and fortitude of man." Steam brought in a new era in Arctic exploration. Camels introduced into Australia from Arabia in 1846 made long and successful journeys possible in inner Australia. The camels Lindsay took with him were in charge of their Arabian drivers. They had en in the country three years, and having become accustomed to the changed con ditions of air and forage, could be depended upon for good service.

leaving the line of the overland telegraph, Lindsay's real work began at the Everard range of high hills. He soon discovered that his arduous enterprise had fallen upon evil times. In all that region not a drop of water had fallen in two years. Sources of water that had been discovered earlier were wholly dried up. At the start, however, the party were able to fill their water bags, and they set out bravely for the unknown West. Over the parched plain they tolled, past Blyth range and on to Borrow range. At the Blyth hills they ob tained a small supply of water, but by the time they reached Borrow range the situa tion had become very serious. They decided wisely that to push into the unknown regions beyond would probably cost the lives of all. It became now a hunt, not for geographical discoveries, but for water.

An Oasis Shriveled and Burned. Over 400 miles southwest was a remarkable little oasis, discovered by E Giles in 1875. He reported that thousands of cattle and sheep could be raised in this verdant place. There was abundant animal life and fine growth of grass in the little area a few square miles in extent, and Giles called the water he found there Queen Victoria Springs. The Lindsay party struck out straight for these springs. What was their horror, when they arrived there with their camels in a perishing condition, to find that the terrible heat and drought had turned the green oasis into scorched and barren Not a drop of water could be seen and yet they must have water or die.

With the frantic energy of despair they began to dig in one of the hollows, and at a depth of 20 feet they reached water so in drinkable, but, bad as it was, neither man nor beast refused it. The party filled their water bags and advanced 150 miles further south before they came to a fairly good water supply. It had been one of the most terrible marches in the history of explora-tion. For 35 days the party had marched under the blazing sun and had tound only a few quartz of water.

Camels Without Water 24 Days. For 24 days the camels had not a drop to drink, and the 13 men had an allowance of only three pints each a day. It is surpris ing that only three of the camels died, but when they reached the coast at Esperance Bay on October 14 last, they were scarcely able to stand. Two weeks rest was necessary before the party could start north again in the hope of saving their expedition

from utter failure.
Our map shows Lindsay's route North when he started again for the unknown. He learned that he could not count on a drop of water to the north of Hampton Plains. Turning to the West and then to the Northwest he struck out for the upper Murchiso river, his camels becoming rapidly weaker on account of their great sufferings from

At last, the long latent dissension in his staff accused Lindsay of unkind and arbitrary conduct and grave mismanagement. They resigned together, and making their way to the west coast, left Lindsay to struggle on with his brother and came

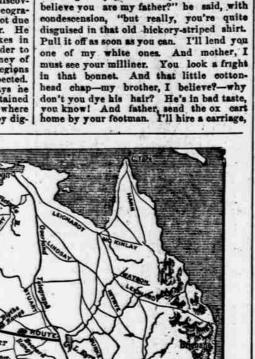
Called Back by the Society.

Though for a short time his camels were so far gone with thirst that they could no eat, the plucky explorer made fair progress until he reached the Cruikshank's ranch not far south of the Murchison. Lindsa. now thought his troubles were nearly over and he had high ho pes of accomplishing something after all. What was his dismay, therefore, to find at the ranch a telegram from the Geographical Society calling him back. The news of the desertion of his scientific comrades had reached Adelaide, and the expedition, which all Australia had ronounced a failure.

Dronounced a failure.

Lindsay lett his camels and baggage to return by easy stages. He hastened to Adelaide and at once proposed to the Geographical Society to explore at least the Central part of West Australia. He was confident that he would find running water there. Sir Thomas Elder, however, while expressing great confidence in Lindsay, declined to re-fit the expedition for the present. The whole enterprise was therefore abandoned.

Took Along Too Many Men. The expedition added nothing whatever to The expedition added nothing whatever to geographical knowledge except the discovery and naming of four mountains. Geographers are agreed that its failure was not due to inefficiency on the part of its leader. He is responsible, however, for mistakes in organizing the party. It was a blunder to take 13 men and 42 camels for a journey of many hundreds of miles through regions where scarcity of water was to be expected. Large as his party was Lindsay says he would have pulled through had he obtained 2,000 gallons of water. In places where water ordinarily was to be expected by dig-



THE COLLEGE YOUTH'S PALL

dren had traveled ten miles in an ox cart to see the young man graduate. It had cost

boy the chance, and now he was going to see him distinguish himself. He arrived

and found his son in the hall talking with

three professors. The young man glared at

him in gold eyeglasses and yellow shoes. "I

ROUTES OF LINDSAY AND OTHER EXPLORERS.

ging three or four feet he found at a depth of 15 feet small quantities that would have Just wait till I get home!"

eight camels the result might have been different. As it was his unwieldy party of scientific experts had no knowledge of bush or desert travel, but their appetites were good and they needed plenty of water.

Drawing Water From the Trees. It should not be interred that all these inland regions are permanently unfit for human enterprises. Lindsay saw them last when they were suffering from an unusually prolonged period of drought; but much of this region needs only rain to vivify it. Natives inhabit certain districts and Lindsay saw them drawing their water supply from the roots of small trees called the malled tree. He says they can tell by the appearance of the trees which will yield a

upply of pure water.

Mr. Charles Chewings and other authorities assert that immense expanses of inner Australia, once believed to be nothing but useless desert, contain large number of nat-ural artesian springs, and they believe that by artesian irrigation many hundreds of thousands of acres will yet be reclaimed for

the uses of man.

Australia and Africa have this striking difference. Africa is like an inverted saucer, the interior being higher than the rim of the continent. Australia is the saucer in its usual position, the inner plateaus being lower than the more or less nountainous outer portions.

A Pince for a Sea but No Sea.

When the early travelers saw the country beyond the highlands of the southeast coast descending to lower levels they imagined there must be some great Caspian sea within which received all running waters. In place of this central, imaginary sea, how-ever, there exists only comparatively small basins without exterior drainage; and it is the utter lack of rivers availal ways to the far interior that has made the exploration of inner Australia so exceed-

ingly difficult.

The history of Australian discovery is more crowded, in proportion, with tragical incidents than that of any other continent. Many explorers have succumbed, some killed by the natives and others ove by fatigue, thirst and hunger. Friends have separated, appointing a rendezvous at some lake or eminence that the treacherous mirage pictured in the distance, and have never met again. Many a record of travel tells a story of intense suffering amid far-spread sand dunes, of floundering through saline marshes or thornv spinifex, the ter-ror of all Australian explorers, with heat intolerable by day and freezing temperature

A Sad Record of Exploration.

The botanist, Cunningham, was murdered by the natives of the Bogan river in 1835. The savant Lelchardt, after his first great journey, which is shown on our map, at-tempted in 1847 to cross the continent from east to west, and disappeared with his entire party from human ken, leaving no trace that has ever been discovered. Burke and Wills perished of their privations in from Lake Eyre, and the only survivor of their party was King, who was

These are only the most conspicuous of the tragedies of Australian exploration. Geographers began to think it was impossible to cross Australia through its center. Finally South Australia offered a reward of \$50,000 to the first man who should traverse the continent from south to north. Stuart made two attempts and

The Great Overland Telegraph Line, He tried again in 1862 and won the rich He tried again in 1862 and won the rich prize, following the route that is now occupied by the overland telegraph; and it has been said that he stood upon the verge of the Indian Ocean "gazing upon it with as much delight as Balboa when he had crossed the isthmus of Darien from the Atlantic to the Pacific." Stations are now established along the telegraph route, and in recent years they have been the base of operations of all expeditions that have pioneered the way into various parts of Western Australia.

Western Australia. In view of the disastrous collapse of the Lindsay expedition it may be some time be-fore the land exploration of Australia is completed; but the present failure is not at all likely to be regarded as final. The explorers' routes, shown on the map, prove conclusively that with the aid of camels, there is no longer any doubt as to the practicability of traversing the interior.

CYBUS C. ADAMS.

Young Fornker's Christian Name. Gov. Foraker's youngest son has been christened Arthur St. Clair, after the first Governor of Ohio. Gov. St. Clair was a gallant but bluff old soldier of the Revolution. It was he, so the story goes, who, when he first embarked at the little village of Losantville, the ancient Ciucinnati, re marked, in his impressive way: "Let's have no more of such a damnable name as that; call that town Cincinnati." His name was suggested to Mrs. Foraker by a medal with which she was presented at the Marrietta centennial celebration during her husband's first term of office.

of 15 feet small quantities that would have helped a small party, but was hardly a thimbleful apiece for his large force.

In 1887-8, this experienced explorer crossed Australia from Port Darwin to Adelaide accompanied only by a native boy and four baggage animals. If he had started on his latest journey with a flying column of four experienced bushmen and eight camels the result might have been different. As it was his unwieldy party of scientific experts had no knowledge of bush or desert travel, but their appetites were good and they needed plenty of water.

Just wait till I get home!"

While the graduate was going on in this style the dumbfounded old man was slowly divesting himself of his home-made coat, and as slowly rolling up the aleeves of his hickory-striped shirt. Then he fell upon the floor, before the astonished professors. "Sit on his head, old woman!" shouted the old man, "and hand me that buggy trace, Jimmy. W'y, the darned onery critter's done fergot his raisin'! That's it, Maria! Hold him down, while I frail the life outen him!"

frail the life outen him!" And ten minutes later the graduate, minus the gold eyeglasses and the yellow shoes, was being hauled home in the ox cart, and his mother was wondering it a flaxseed positive wouldn't help his head.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MINISTER.

He Walks by His Own Church, Where He Was Expected to Officiate. A clergyman in a little town in New Jer-

sey is now without a church, notwithstanding the fact that no member of his faith was ever more devoted to his creed than he. His parsonage was close beside his church, he was accustomed to have services every Sunday evening, and for the three years of his pastorate he had never tailed to preach a

sermon there.

One Sunday night a few weeks ago the bell in his church summoned him to evening prayer; he put on his overcoat and hat, walked toward the church, saying to himself as he did so, "Service is going to be held there," and never dreamed that it was his service, nor that he was the clergyman who was expected to officiate. The church filled, the congregation waited, but the clergyman came not. The vestrymen were surprised, and, fearing that the minister was sick, some one was sent to the house to inquire. There the servants said that he had left the house to go to church, and at this the vestrymen became very frightened. A search was instituted and finally the preacher was found at became very frightened. A search was insti-tuted and finally the preacher was found at the house of a young woman to whom he was engaged to be married, standing by her side singing to her accompaniment. She had been surprised at his visit, but, not being a churchwoman herself, had made no inquiry as to why he should have come at that time, and had said nothing about the service that he was evidently neglecting, while he de-clares to this day—and those who know him best are confident that he is telling the truth—that the fact that he had a duty to perform—one to which he had long been truth—that the fact that he had a duty to perform—one to which he had long been accustomed—had entirely slipped his mind, and that the first intimation of it was when the vestryman put in an appearance. Friends accepted his statement, but his Bishop didn't, and there is no Episcopal pulpit in America open to him to-day.

The New York Recorder is responsible for this story.

THE ANIMAL'S VIEW OF MAN.

It Is Claimed They Fear the Savage More Than the Civilized Being. ular Science Monthly.]

Savage man, who has generally been first in contact with animals, is usually a hunter, and therefore an object of dislike to the other hunting animals, and of dread to the hunted. But civilized man, with his supply of bread and beef, is not necessarily a hunter; and it is just conceivable that he might be content to leave the animals in a

might be content to leave the animals in a newly discovered country unmolested, and condescend, when not better employed, to watch their attitude toward himself.

The impossible island in "The Swiss Family Robinson," in which half the animals of two hemispheres were collected, would be an ideal place for such an experiment. But, unfortunately, uninhabited islands seldom contain more than a few species and those generally birds, or see species, and those generally birds, or sea beasts; and in newly discovered game regions, savage man has generally been before us with his arrows, spears and pitfalls. Some instances of the first contact of ani-mals with man have, however, been preserved in the accounts of the early voy-ages collected by Hakluyt and others, though the hungry navigators were game. ages collected by Hakluyt and others, though the hungry navigators were generally more intent on victualing their ships with the unsuspecting beasts and birds, or on noting those which would be useful commodities for "trafficke," than in oultivating friendly relations with the animal inhabitants of the newly discovered islands.

A Saleslady Captivates the Divine Sara. The story is told of Sara Bernhardt that, visiting a Brooklyn bookstore recently, being pleased with the attentions of the young woman who waited on her, she snatched up a book from the counter, tore out one of the leaves and scribbled on it a pass to the theater, which she handed to the clerk. The latter was much gratified at the honor done her by the "divine Sara," but the proprietor of the store was by no means pleased at the mutilation of the book which belonged to an expensive set of means pleased at the mutination of book, which belonged to an expensive set of Tennyson's works.

A Novel Method of Preserving Ice. An easy way to lay in a stock of loe for summer use is practiced by a Minnesota farmer. In the winter he packs drifted snow in his lochouse, for a few nights, westing it with well-water. When frozen hard it is covered with sawdust. Last summer his stock of snow-ice lasted until September; it was just as good and clear as river ice; and he hadn't the trouble of hauling it.

PLOWS IN it Was the Outcome of His Parents' Visit The Legislative Soil About Washing-The old man, the old woman and the chilton Hesn't Yielded Well.

ONLY 23 FARMERS IN CONGRESS. the old man all the cash in sight to give his While There Are 270 Lawyers Who Can Out-Talk Them Every Time.

PEN PICTURES OF THE STATESMEN

WASHINGTON, June 17 .- The revolt which brought this Congress to the front was understood as being largely in the interest of the plowman, the wheat-grower, the cotton-picker, the herdsman. It was announced that the farmer was demanding attention; that the man who had callosities on the inside of his fingers was about to supersede the man who got his bread by the sweat of his ingenuity and had raised corns on the convolutions of his brain by overworking that organ.

Well, what are the facts? Why, the facts are that the lawyer is just as dominant in this Congress as ever. There are a few more farmers than usual, but they have no more influence on legislation than they had in the Fifty-first Congress and their voices are scarcely heard. As John Davis, one of the ablest farmers in Congress, said to me yesterday: "We scarcely expect to get any of our important measures through this session, but shall be satisfied with an educational campaign. We are going to make some speeches that will inuence votes hereafter. Making Themselves Indispensable,

Another Congressman-farmer from the West permits me to publish his plaint thus: The lawyers always rule the States

And all the rustic drudges;
They crowd the bar as advocates
And fill the bench as judges;
And no man understands the laws
Till after he has paid them For they are tangled up because The cunning lawyers made them!

This is "the farmers' Congress," yet there are only 23 members who really get their living by agriculture, and there are 270 living by agriculture, and there are 270 lawyers—about three-fourths of the whole—and 20 more belong to one of the so-called learned professions. In the Tennessee delegation both Senators and all ten Congressmen are lawyers. Both Senators from Virginia are lawyers and all the Congressmen, except a parson and an editor. Both Senators from Texas are also lawyers and 10 out of the 11 Congressmen—the odd man being "Parson Long," who thus indicates in the Congressional directory that he is virtually and sentimentally a Presbyterian farmer.

A Farmer's Account of Himself. John Senjamin Long, of Rusk, was born in the county of Nacogdoches, September 8, 1848; his education is ordinary; has held no official position of any import; in 1834 he be-came a member of the Order of Patrons of Husbandry, and took an active interest in advocating the cause of progress among his advocating the cause of progress among his fellow laborers; is now Overseer of the Texas State Grange and President of the Texas Farmer Co-operative Publishing Association; has always been a Democrat; is a Ruling Elder in the Cumberland Pre-opterian Church; made the canvass and secured the nomination for the Fifty-second Congress over some of the most prominent and best men of the State; had no expressed opposition after nomination; he received 12, 378 votes, and 56 votes scattering.

Among the other clergymen are Senator Kyle, of South Dakota (Congregationalist); McKinney, of New Hampshire (Baptist); Baker, of Kansas, and Posey Lester, of Virginia, who is "an itinerant preacher in 18 States."

Among the doctors are Gallinger, of New Hampshire; Dockery, of Missouri; L. E. Atkinson, of Pennsylvania, and Thomas Duna English, ot New Jersey, far better known as a poet and author.

known as a poet and author. The Merchants Are Not Politicians.

It is no merchant in the House, but a number are engaged in mercantile pursuits. So a lot of the lawyers are chromo farmers—tillers of the soil at long range. There are half a dozen bankers, too, who are fiat farmersdozen bankers, too, who are fiat farmers—
raising produce at a tremenduous expense,
the horny hands with which they toil being
attached to somebody else's shoulders. One
of these is J. B. Taylor, of Ohio, the
wealthy banker and lawyer. In a recent
speech on the floor he claimed fellowship
with the great body of farmers of this land,
when a collecury something like this took when a colloquy something like this took

place:
Thomas E. Watson (Ga.)—Mine is an easy question: Are you not the President of a national bank?

President of two na-Mr. Taylor—I am President of two na-tional banks, but I do not see what that has

tional banks, but I do not see what that has
to do with this question.

Mr. Watson—Now I would like to ask
you if the profits from your farm enabled
you to buy your bank stock, or the profits
from your banks enabled you to buy your
farm stock? [Much laughter.]

Mr. Taylor—I have always had a farm
since I was able to own one, and I believe
in agriculture.

in agriculture, and 1 believe agriculture has a great future in this country. I do not know of a better investment in this country than a good farm. You depreciate your own business. You cry down your own trade. You destroy your own markets and discourage your own people. These farmers had better complain less and work more. They had better talk less about mortgages and more about their business. Jerry Simpson Bushes Into History.

Mr. Jerry Simpson—The gentleman from Obio utters a sentiment that is very familiar to us all, a sentiment that has been uttered in every age by aristocrats who have lived upon the toil of the people. It is the statement that was uttered by Louis XVI and his satellites when the laboring classes of France appealed to them for relief from oppressive laws. "Work a little barder; talk less," that is the utterance of the aristocrats in every age. "Work more; talk less, leave to us the conduct of government affairs, and we will see that you are taken care of." we will see that you are taken care of."

Some of the most extensive farmers and planters in this Congress are those who practice law as their chief interest. This

is true of Senator Gibson, of Marvland—a man of 50, who does not look his years. He dresses with natty care, wears his gray-ing hair jauntily parted in the middle, and his marked resemblance to General Hawley his marked resemblance to General Hawley is emphasized by exactly the same sort of pepper-and-salt mustache and goatee. He is the owner of Ratcliffe Manor, one of the four manorial estates still remaining in the old Catholic commonwealth. The manor house was built in 1757—a vast, big-chimnied, three-storied, many gabled, spaciously balconted mansion of brick, overlooking 400 excess of the fairnet part of the Festers. 400 across of the fairest part of the Eastern shore. Gibson keeps a farmer, of course. He raises corn and wheat—25 to 30 bushels to the acre of the latter. He has 4,000 or 5,000 peach trees, and sends the peaches and such small fruit to New York and Bal-

Gibson's Oysters Were Stolen.

At a steamed oyster supper once given here, Senstor Gibson remarked that oyster-farming in the United States began at Ratcliffe. "I planted 10,000 bushels myself," he said, "and I should reap a great harvest now, if they had not been stolen. As it is, I barely got enough to eat."

Holman is running a farm of 300 or 400 acres in the southeastern corner of Indians, and he can stand on his front door sill and see court houses in three States—Indians, Ohio and Kentucky. His sightly home is on the Ohio river hills, and the house is the one he was born in, built by his father in the early ploneer days in the first quarter of this century. A kind of solility resulting from courage, sagacity and experience gives him a great deal of influence on the floor. He has been a lawyer, but he now spends most of his time farming when he is nothere. He raises hay, wheat and corn, and "farmer" is written all over him. He is

homelier than Lincoln. Nature made him when she was feeling reckless. He looks as if he had been rived out with a dull ax from a tough maple log. His gestures are all severely angular and his voice sounds like a tinman's cart on a corduroy road. His beard is always three times as long as it ought to be, and his head is covered with cow-licks evidently bestowed when the animal was feeling mad. He isn't as poor as he looks, but, in spite of his proverbial honesty, is worth, they say, \$150,000. He keeps no clerk here, but does all of his own work, even to directing seeds; but I suppose he finds that easier that digging post holes or plowing up a new clearing.

Farmer-Senators From the North.

The Northern Senators from the North.

The Northern Senators are mostly small farmers, and the Southern mostly large phanters. Mr. Morrill spends all the time he can on his little Vermont farm of 65 acres, and never enjoys himself so well as when he is there. But he is almost always present in his Senatorial seat, and looks younger and more vicorous to-day at 82 younger and more vigorous to-day at 82 than Mr. Edmunds did when he resigned at 60. He has been in Congress almost 40

Senstor Casey, of North Dakota, was sent here as a farmer by the farmers. He is one of the biggest farmers in the land, having the control of over 300,000 acres and owning a good deal of it himself. Irrigation is his continual text, and he expects to make his State a garden by bringing to the surface the vast lake which underlies if. The question of fencing his immense domain recalls Senator Farwell, of Illinois, whose Texas fences, it is said, encompassed 5,000,000 acres of land and were enough, if strung out, to reach from Galveston to Chicago.

George, of Mississippi, is probably the most extensive planter in the Senate, owning some thousands of acres. Just now he is disgusted with the markets and is holding his cotton for a rise. In appearance he is disgusted with the markets and is holding his cotton for a rise. In appearance he is undistinguished—a medium-sized, brownfaced, tangle-haired man, spectacled, and with a faded-out stubbly beard, and clothes that are reported to have been cut out with a fretsaw. He is one of the three or four best lawyers in the Senate. He is said to have forsworn carriages and swallow-tall coats, and he has no respect for liveried coachmen with bugs on their hats. The plain, swarthy man scarcely looks a historical character, but he was a private soldier in Jeff Davis' regiment in the Mexican War.

Jerry Simpson Isn's a Candidate, Jerry Simpson Isn's a Candidata.

Jerry Simpson is as lively on his feet and with his tongue in the House as if he were pulling stumps with an unbroken yoke of steers. He owns 1,000 sores, and when he is at home it keeps him busy to take care of the stock. For 23 years he was a sailor, and, though he is not bow-legged, and does not hitch his trousers to any great extent, he stands with his feet pretty wide apart when contemplating the future of parties. He refuses to run again; he thinks he can do more good and have more fun "manufacturing public sentiment" on the terrestrial stump.

ing public sentiment" on the terrestrial stump.

Clover, another of the five astonished men who found themselves elected to Congress from the same State, has a ranch of 1,600 acres and wastes a good deal of valuable time in chasing graded cattle around it. He is willing to take another two years here. Baker has been renominated and says he will be re-elected. Otis is a shy, timid, suspicious man, who feels very much away from home, and is not at all certain which way the volatile feline is going to jump. Funston, of that same tempest-tossed and grasshopper-riven State, seems to be lone-some. I saked one of the Alliance men why it was. "Well,"he said, "he's a farmer, and works at his trade, and he talks in a loud and continual voice in favor of farmers and then he votes against everything that and then he votes against everything that farmers want done, and so we call him Many Farmers by Brevet,

Many Farmers by Beevet.

New York has three alleged farmers in the House—Ketcham, Curtis and Greenleaf. They do not use the hoe or perspire much themselves; they are professionals rather than amateurs. They love farming even well enough to put their money into it. They do not rely on it for support; it relies on them. Col. Greenleaf has an extensive farm fronting Lake Outario near Rochester, on which he has built more than half a mile of solid breakwater, and he and Mra. Greenleaf make a summer home in thee rambling, roomy, antique house that broods there and apreads its maternal wings upon the lawn. He not only grows crops but fine stock, He not only grows crops but fine stock, among which are 40 choice cows and 30 horses—the latter Kentuckian crossed with some of the Arabian steeds that Grant owned. Greenleaf can make a good speech, but he knows the value of time, and when inclined to suffer and be silent. He is a tall, gaunt man, a little handsomer than Holman, but not much. I asked him if he had any income from his farm. the universal mouth is uncorked he is rather

"Income?" he repeated in surprise, "cer-tainly; all income. Pure air, new butter, tainly; all income. Pure air, new butter, alderney cream, fresh vegetables, prime health, good appetite, sound sleep, agreeable company. All there is on this green earth worth having," and I shriveled under his dissapproving eye. He took President Harrison up to Rochester last week and very likely engaged him for a hot-weether visitor. weather visitor.

The Cloud-Compelling Dyrenforth, The Cloud-Compelling Dyrenforth.

They had a very lively discussion in the House the other day over a \$10,000 appropriation to enable Dyrenforth to experiment further to produce rain by exploding dynamite in the air. There was a good deal of fun over it, and Lewis, a farmer of Mississippi won considerable eclat by the able manner in which he championed and explained the project. The House agreed to the appropriation, to its great credit, I think, because that action showed a progressive spirit and a willingness to pursue scientific research. cientific research.

But it is only fair to add that the seien tific men of Washington, beginning with heads of bureaus and continuing straight through the lines of experts in dynamics and meteorology, are almost unanimous against the feasibility of Dyrenforth's plan. Some of them boldly call him a charlatan; not one in 20 believe in his scheme for cajoling rain-water or in his alleged successes One of them has figured out that a moderate one of them has neuren out that a moderate rain, tenmiles square and one inch deep, would weign more than a million of tons, and he asks what sort of an explosion it would take to move that weight? Shall we know any more about it next year? or will the next century listen to this same discussion indefinitely prolonged, and continue to guess whether occurrences are results or coinci-

He Wouldn't Renounce Old Ireland.

lew York Sun.] During the May term of the Superior Court at Carlbon Ma, a number of aliens were naturalized, among them an Irishman. When the clerk put the question, "Do you renounce all allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland?" etc., the Celt replied: "I'll go back on the Queen; but, young man, I'll never go back on old Ireland—never!" The lawyers smiled, the spectators tittered, and Judge Robinson laughed outright. The candidate's conditions were accepted, and he got his papers.

Queen Margherita's Famous Neck ace. Queen Margherita, of Italy, can always be recognized by her necklace of numerous

A GIANT'S FEET

Dreamy Days Spent Watching the Lofty Crater of Momotombo.

THE VOLCANO IS RESTING NOW But Great Plumes of Smoke Ever Wave From His Mighty Head.

PILGRIMAGE THAT ENDED IN DEATH

LA PAZ, NICARAGUA, C. A., June 9 .-This village, situated on the shore of Lake Managua, is a place of small importance. Here the line of the Nicaragua Railroad is broken by the lake, making it a terminal point. The traveler eastward bound must transfer his belongings to the little steamer that will carry him over to the capitel on the opposite shore.

I came here principally to look at Momo-tombo; when I left New York two years ago, I had determined to make a special study of volcanoes, and this being the first opportunity that occurred, I lost no time. Momotombo is a giant standing 7,200 feet in his stockings; he is "rock ribbed and ancient," and seems to me to combine every quality that a first-class volcano should possess. He is bald headed and smokes inessantly after the manner of his tribe. He stands beside the lake and waves his white plume a mile and a half above the waters

that ripple at his feet.

Momotombo is the highest of the
Marabios Range, and is one of the greatest purely volcanic masses in existence. True, the summit of Cotapaxi is nearly 19,000 feet high, but the base, properly speaking, begins at an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet bove the Pacific. Here we have the whole grand pile in view at one time, the shore line marking the beginning of the ascent, which is barely 200 feet above the sea. All Climates Along Its Sides.

The first 2,000 feet, which rises gradually for three miles, is covered with a dense tropical forest, dark, dank and dismal, the haunt of serpents, scorpions and myriads of stinging insects. The huge trees are covered with vines and creepers, and support an endless variety of orchids. It is a congenial nome for droves of monkeys. Above this is a second belt of woodland, but more open, and diversified by wide spaces of barren rock or grassy glades. The trees here are mostly oak and pine, and the scorns furnish food for the herds of wild hogs who claim this region by right of conquest, but who hold their title only by superiorty of numbers and eternal vigilance, and even then fall frequent victims to the fierce appetite of the mountain lions, whose epicurean tastes are particularly gratified by the flavor

of a young porker.
At 4,000 feet all trace of vegetation disappears, and the vast cone rises abruptly, an unbroken mass of lava and scorie, to the

unbroken mass of lava and secrife, to the yawning crater, whose mysterious depths have never been explored.

Long years ago some plous monks thought to cover themselves with glory and add luster to the words of the Holy Church by planting a cross on the highest point. The flery old Monarch smiled grimly, as he watched these pretentious beings creeping upward, slowly, laboriously, now cutting their way step by step through the all but impenetrable jungle, now scaling walls of their way step by step through the all but impenetrable jungle, now scaling walls of basaltic rook that he had reared in infant sport ages past. On they come, slowly, painfully, but bravely withal, burning with religious zeal, dragging the ponderous emblem. They had passed the forest zone, the last stunted pine was now far below, around and ahead stretched a world of cinders and volcanic debris. Here and there masses of black, gneiss rock, and blocks of pumice broke the otherwise smooth outline of this mighty ash hesp.

The View From the Barren Top.

The View From the Barren Top. Undismayed by the awful desolation, they boldly entered this treacherous field of blue line of the ocean was distinctly visible; below them, spread out like a map, with every detail accurately penciled, lay the lake and river, with a dozen villages half hidden among orange groves; far to the southwest the white walls of the Cathedral of Leon gleamed faintly out of the blue

degrees, and the men sank to their waists in the yielding surface, raising clouds of blinding dust.

From the interior of the mountain came a low, premonitory rumbling, like the bellow of an angry beast, low, deep and fearful. It of an angry beast, low, deep and fearful. It was Momotombo's warning to these human insects; it was as if he said "thus far shalt thou come, but no farther." But the voice was unheeded. With a muttered prayer they pressed on, defying the giant, who from his smoky throne had seen continents rise and fall and rise again 10,000 years before the dawn of history. Ah! to be challenged by these midgets! Momotombo shook with wrath, and lo, the desecrators of his solitude were no more.

Just what caused the catastrophe never be known, but the supposition that in their struggle to advance, they started a slide which soon became an ava-lanche sweeping down with resistless force, burying the pious adventurers a hundred feet deep. Not one escaped, and later ex-plorers have been unable to find any trace of the ill-fated party.

Sterp as a Chu ch's Roof, Some idea of the difficulties to be encountered in making the ascent may be formed, when it is stated that the last stretch of 3,000 feet is almost as steep as a church roof, being traversed in many-places by deep fissures from which clouds of steam by deep fissures from which clouds of steam and deadly gases rise continually, so that the traveler is in constant danger of being suffocated should he escape the slides which are almost sure to occur, the whole upper portion of the cone being composed of loose dust and detached rocks, which the slightest disturbance will bring down in a destructive avalanche.

And of the papers the creater has never

And so it happens the crater has never been visited by man. Great characters love to associate with their equals. Momotombo to associate with their equals. Momotombo being great, occasionally invites a thunder storm to spend an evening in social chat. At first their voices are heard murmuring indistinctly, as they discuss some choice bit of gossip, but as the hours roll on the mirth increases, fed by the red-hot cheer from sulphurous larders, until the earth trembles with fear of their mad riot. In the morning all signs have disconcered there he standards with fear of their mad riot. In the morning all signs have disappeared; there he stands smoking tranquilly, extending the hand of peace to all the elements of earth and air.

Age has now cooled the passions of youth. And though he frowns darkly at times, his anger is short lived and easily appeased. A puff of blacker smoke, or a spurt of ashes relieves the pressure and he resumes the calm indifference that has characterized him for more than a century. for more than a century. Little Fe'lows Make Lots of Fuss.

Not so his diminutive neighbors, who in dulge in so much fuss and fume, that unwary Not so in diministive neighbors, who is dulge in so much fuss and fume, that unwary travelers are often misled by their clatter. Especially is this true of Conseguiana, who, though boasting an altitude of only 3,800 feet, is a regular little "spit fire" and throws out such volumes of smoke and dust in her jealous fits as to effectually hide her great rival. Her last outburst occurred in 1835, when she sought to establish her superiority beyond cavil by spreading a coat of ashes ten feet thick over a vast tract of Nicaragua's best grasing lands; the area so destroyed is roughly estimated at 300 square miles. On this occasion the finer dust was carried to a distance of 1,200 miles. At Kingston, Jamaica, 700 miles away, the air was darkened by the cloud, and streets and houses covered with the fine particles. Merchants experienced much annovance, and loss from the effects of the shower, which impalpable as air penetrated the closest fitting cases, watchmakers and jewelers being especially unfortunate.

We tarried many days at a little case, in rout of which, in the cool shade of a pair of mango trees, we lay in our hammocks smoking the delicate and fragrant cigarettes our landlord's pretty daughter, "Bonita," rolled for our especial benefit. At times we slept, but our eyes were always turned to the mountain, dreamily watching the shadows of the clouds as they glide! slowly arrow if

Brary Day Was a Porm. The low murmur of tiny waves on the pebbly abore, the hum of insects in the tress above, the distant thrumming of a guitar, combined with the drowsy atmosphere, filled our hearts with a deep content. Every day was a poem; every night a delightful interlede. Why not remain in this restful seclusion? Let those whose minds are tormented with vain ambition continue the mad struggle for wealth or fame or place—glittering baubles that reward for a moment a life of toil, hardly have they been secured when the hand that grasps them shrivels in death, and the tinsel toys become a bone of contention among quarrelsecome a bone of contention among quarrel

become a bone of contention among quarreling successors.

The sun had set, and the mantle of night was drawn over the lower world, but the high crest of the mountain held the rosy light of evening, the upper fields of broken lava and scorie glowed with life and warmth. The deep gorges, that scarred the vast dome were traced in dark blue lines on a ground of pale violet that gradually melted into a brilliant orange at the summit, the whole standing out in bold relief against a somber sky. From the depths of the crater a luminous cloud rose slowly to a height of a thousand feet, where it spread out in all directions a canopy of gold.

This was our hero's hour of triumph. He had no rivals now, the tallest of his envious

had no rivais now, the tallest of his envious neighbors was lost in the gathering shadows; he alone remained visible, grand, glorious, invincible.

TREBLA.

WALKING ON WATER.

Many Daring Feats Accomplished by Captain Terry and C. W. Oldrevie.

Walking on water has been accomplished by at least two Englishmen-Captain Terry and Prof. C. W. Oldrevie-both of whom use specially made floats. Captain Terry in 1889 walked on the Thames from Barnes to Mortlake, in England, at the rate of nearly four miles an hour, and intimated an intention of walking across the Channel from Dover to Calais, but that walk has not yet come off.

Prof. Oldrevie, who is the champion water-walker of the world, has made several successful exhibitions of his power both in Burope and in this country. He successfully brested the Niagara rapids, walking on the rapids through Hunter Falls in the presence of more than 5,000 spectators. He also performed a daring and dangerous feat in Boston Bay on the 27th of July, 1889. On that occasion he started on a trial trip scross Hull Gut. Three or four harbor boats passed near him, and he was obliged to take their wash; but notwithstanding this, he accomplished the feat easily in 15 minutes, the distance being about a quarter of a mile. Then, the professor was taken into Mr. Cunniff's steam yaobt, which steamed away with him for his next trip. He was lowered into the water and at once turned his face water-walker of the world, has made several into the water and at once turned his face toward the mainland. So rough was the sea that the breakers hid him from view nearly half the time. The yacht followed as closely as possible, her occupants mo-mentarily expecting to see the professor disappear beneath the surface and never After a plucky struggle a distance o

five miles was successfully covered, and Prof. Oldrevie male a safe landing at a point near Strawberry Hill. The wooden floats on the professor's feet The wooden floats on the professor's reet were square boxes of cedar four feet long, furnished at the top with a recess for the feet, and in the bottom with a series of collapsible paddles, hinged to swing horisontally, and on the backward push present a flat surface, like the membrane of a duck's

Where Saurage Is Made From Dog Meat A dog-using sausage maker has been caught at last. A man named Rasson and his wife have been tried at Lille on a charge of systematically dealing in sausages made of dog flesh. Suspicion of Rasson's business led to investigation of his shop, and the Health Inspector of the town of Roubaix found there a regular slaughter louse containing 13 dogs' carcasses and other living dogs waiting for conversion. The prisoners were sentenced to six months' im-

Strange Discipline in the British Army.

New York World.] A singular anomaly in connection with ritish army discipline is reported. In a certain regiment were two officers. One was the husband of a wife who strayed from the path of conjugal duty; the other was the means of leading a wife (not the same but another man's) from the same path. The first officer was requested to send in his-papers, while the second was informed that, not being married, he ought to dine more frequently at the officers' mess-table!

Tolstol's Daughters Dread the Gendarmes, The latest of Count Tolstoi's visitors from the west of Europe reports the Count's youngest daughter as saying: "The approach of a siedge always excites us. Every minute we fear that gendarmes may come to take away our father." The Count himself looked "hale and hearty" and was clad, as usual, in a gray woollen blouse, with top boots on his legs and a plain sheep-skin garnent over his shoulders. He urged his visitor to become a vegeterian.

Last of Tertoni's Famous Cafe, Tortoni's famous cafe in Paris is for sale. and there is a possibility that it will be transformed into a beer garden. Less than a generation ago it was one of the glories of the boulevards, but the tide of fashionable life swept on by it for a harbor further West. But though Tortoni's may go, there still remains the biscuit Tortoni to keep fresh the fame of one of the greatest of Paris restaurauts.

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with injurious effects. Good for old and young of every climate, Ayer's Pills are everywhere the favorite. G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main street, Carlisle, Pa., says: "Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. I would not willingly be without them." .

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