AN ISLAND TRAGEDY.

The Experience of Judge Ad-Vocate General Remey Off the Coast of Brazil.

CONVICT'S SAD END.

He Swam to an American Man-of-War to Plead for His Liberty.

RETURNED ONLY TO BE SHOT.

Facts About One of Mary Anderson's Most Touching Recitals

TOLD IN METER BY LORD LYTTON'S SON

I WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR 1



UDGE Advocate General Remey, of the United States Navy, has a handsome office on the East side of the great War and Navy Department Build. ing. General Remey is the highest officer charged with

officers. He also | neses upon contracts and questions of legal interest. His position is that of a judge of a court of the highest appeal in the service of he navy. He is a centleman in the neigh-

borhood of 40 years of age. One day, when I was in his office, he turned from the perusal of some papers on the desk before him and told me a most remarkable story. This story was suggested by a map of South America attached to the papers which he was examining. Pointing to a little spot upon the map to the northenst of the coast of Brazil he said:

That is Salute Island. It is a French convict station. It is a barren strip of sandy desert, bare absolutely of vegetation. I lies very low and is wholly unprotected from the glare of the tropical sun. Life here has not one attractive feature. Only envices of the most unfortunate character re sent to the island.

Almost Equivalent to Death Sentence. Fevers are common. In the despair and scomfort of this hideous life the prisoners le like sheep. To be sent to this island is lmost conivalent to being sentenced to eath. The Sisters of Charity go there and their devotion show the unselfish spirithat animates them. They go there and share the miseries and discomforts and ceaths which are common to all on the

-as attached a number of years ago to eet in the South Atlantic, and during ourse of our journeying we anchored alute Island. One night I sat upon the s in the company of another officer. We certain and dim. We were laxil moking our after-dinner cigars, when I ately to the rail, as I thought it was a case of man overboard. But there was a



The Man Regan to Tell His Story. allor ahead of me, who tossed a rope to a un who was swimming in the water be w. In a moment he was drawn up on -k and at once he began an explanation d his appearance.

"He was a convict from the dread station in the island. He had seen our flag, and he mi swam out to the ship. 'Would we take im aboard and enable him to escape?" Tells His Story to the Admiral.

"I did not listen to another word of his explanation. It was altogether too serious matter for me. The Admiral of the fleet was then dining on board the very ship where I was. I sent an officer to him askng him if he could come on deck. I hall never forget the picture presented suen the Admiral appeared. He was in the ull dress of his rank, as the dinner was one d ceremony. He was a handsome officer with snowy white hair and short white eard. In striking contrast was the attiude and the appearance of the prisoner. he latter was tall, gaunt and haggard. He

nood dripping in his convict dress in an at-itude of intense entreaty.

"The Admiral said, 'Well, sir,' and then he man began to tell his story in the clear, cell modulated French of an educated per-According to his story he had c nitted no crime. He had been exiled for is political opinions. He had a wife and unily at home. He had come out to the ip at great peril in the hope that he would and here tracdom. He swam out to the and liberty. Had he made his appeal in

essive. The Admiral believed that he ns I stening to the words of a man of truth no listening to the words or moved, but his ad honor. He was deeply moved, but his was stern as he said: "I am sorry, sir, me was stern as he said: 'I am sorry, sir, it I can do nothing for you. It is not ir life or mine that would be at stake. If were to take you away I would be guilty interfering with the police regulations of iendly foreign nation, and that would be fficient cause for a war, in which many scent lives would be lost. I am sorry, you must go back."

A Bace With Muffled Oars. The prisoner's attitude was now one of tenne dejection. He said without further "Sir you have just condemned

How is that?' asked the Admiral. According to the regulations of the i, which is governed by military law," replied the prisoner, 'any prisoner who attempts to escape is shot. A 9 o'clock the rounds of the cells are made. If a prisoner is absent at that hour his absence is considered as proof of an attempt to get away."

"Our American Admiral started as if he had heard the crack of a shot.

"My God, man!" said he, 'what time is it daw?"

it dow?" "He pulled out his watch as he spoke

"He pulled out his watch as he spoke with a nerveus wrench.
"It is only 20 minutes to 9! I will get you back."
"Without a second's delay the Admiral turned to the side of the ship opposite the island. A few hurried orders were given in a low tone. A boat was dropped. The oars were promptly muffled and a boat's crew clambered down like monkeys. The prisoner was hidden in the bottom of The prisioner was hidden in the bottom of of the boat and within four minutes from the time the order was given the boat shot out on its errand of mercy toward the island. A little black cloud came across the moon just as the boat started, as if the elements were lending a kindly hand in con-cealing the return of the unhappy man. The officers who had heard the story all swarmed to the rall with their glasses. We swarmed to the rail with their glasses. We watched in the darkness for the appearance of lights or some signal of alarm. The boat landed without a single sign of disturbance. The prisoner was back a few minutes before 9, in ample time to return to his cell. A sigh of relief was breathed by us all when we saw the boat coming back and nowhere any evidence of anything unusual in the appearance of the island. earance of the island.

Many Double and Misgivings "But still we felt very uneasy. The Ad-miral walked up and down talking about the poor man. Some way we felt that it was not all right. We could not feel certain of his escape. We sat up nearly all night studying the island through our

"The next morning we felt that we must satisfy some way our doubts. The Admiral decided to pay a visit of ceremony to the French military commander of the island. The officers on board our ship were invited to accompany him. We thought surely in a visit of this kind we would hear if any unusual event like an attempt at an escap or an execution had taken place.

records of the court martial trials of naval officers. He also



liteness. The French commandant invited us to remain for a midday breakfast. We accepted his invitation. We chatted with the officers of the station, but during the wait and during the long breakfast there gave us the slightest information concerning did not dare to ask any questions. Yet this lack of information, this absence of any reference to anything unusual did not some way satisfy us that everything was all right At the close of the breakfast the command ant selected a young officer of his staff and directed him to turn out with a guard of honor to accompany us back to our boat. The commandant in giving his instructions added, 'When these gentlemen are ready to depart give them my message.' This phrase sent a cold chill through our company. We

felt that everything was not all right. He Was Shot at Four O'Clock. "We marched back in silence to our boat, d just finished dinner below. It was a mention might with occasional soursol cloud, which made the night light at a way the young French officer said, with his hand at his head in an attitude of mili-

tary salute:
"This is the message of the commandant ard a cry of 'Help!' from the water be-tollowed by a splash. I ran immedi-to you his compliments. You are brave and a merciful act. Last night a prisoner escaped from this island. He was seen by the sentry as he entered the water. seen by the sentry as he entered the water. He was seen to swim out in the direction of your ship. We all saw that he was taken on board. Every gun in the battery on this island was brought to bear on your ship awaiting your decision. We saw you when you let fall the boat to bring the prisoner back. We watched the boat advance to the island through our wight glesses. the island through our night glasses. We received the prisoner as soon as you landed him. Gentlemen, the prisoner was shot at

This remarkable story, remarkable from its dramatic and pathetic qualities, made a deep impression upon my mind. Several months afterward I was a guest in the house of Miss Mary Anderson, the celebrated actress, at her home at Hampstead, near London. Miss Anderson spoke of the dramas of real life and as an illustration of her thought I related to her General Rem

ey's story. She asked me to write it out for her just as he told it. She said that she had never heard a story which had so deeply moved her, and which presented in a simple fashion such a cruelly vivid picture of unhappi

ness and misery. "Two years later I met Miss Anderson is Marseilles. She was then on her way with her mother to the Riviera in search and health. She said that one day in Paris



she was a guest of Lord Lytton, the British Ambassador, After the dinner Miss Anderson was asked if she would recite something. She complied and recited the story of Sa-lute Island. Miss Anderson said that she had never in her life made any dramatic recitation which had produced a greater recitation which had produced a greater effect. It was at a reception after the din-ner that the recitation was made. The room was filled with distinguished guests. During the recitation there was absolute silence. The brutal climax of the story came upon the audience with a shock like a

Lord Lytton's son, then 15 years of age, was present. He had inherited the literary qualities of his distinguished grandfather and father. The lad was so deeply moved by the story that he took up his pen a day or two afterward and embodied the story in a poem. This poem has since been published T. C. CRAWFORD.

-A 20-10,000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a differ ence in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour. DISHES OF THE SOUTH.

Secipes From a Delightful Old Cook Book the Aunties Used-The Virtue of Corn-New Ideas on Tomatoes-Hot Weather Delicacies.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE,] We bear so much of the good old days "befo' the wah," the mystic charm of the Southern cuisine, and the unattainable concoctions of our grandmother's days, that one may be pardoned for experiencing somewhat the feelings of a second Columbus upon discovering a key to many of their culinary mysteries. The appended recipes are taken from a cook book yellow and tattered with its three-score years, having drifted by the exigencies of late from the romantic realms of Auntie Chloe to plain, prosaic Northland. The following formulæ for the preparation of seasonable vegetables have been selected with the view of belping the housekeeper in her incessant effort for "something new" in the summer menu. Here is the recipe for green corn

Mix a pint of grated sweet corn with three tablespoonfuls of milk, a teacup of flour, a large spoonful of melted butter, a teaspoon-ful of salt, a little pepper and one egg. Drop the mixture into a pan, fry until brown, us-ing fresh butter for frying. These cakes are served with meat at dinner and are deli-

Sweet corn succotash after the Southern manner is prepared as follows: Boil together for half an hour lima bean and sait pork, cut the corn from the cob, boil with the beans and pork until tender. Just before lifting add a pinch of celery seed and a portion of rich cream, which has

previously been warmed. They Knew How to Use Tomatoes

Notwithstanding the prejudice against tomatoes in the days when this book governed "pots and pans," that vegetable enacts quite a role in gastronomic affairs. So wholesome and universally used a vegetable is not to be overlooked, while its cheapness and plentifulness render it ac-cessible to all classes. Prepared in this mode and you have a dish "for the gods:" Take six large tomatoes, wholly ripe, after removing the skin place them in a large dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs, sprinkling each layer with salt, white peper, a dust of sugar, small bits of butter, a teaspoonful of rich cream and two cloves. Place in the oven and bake for three-quarters of an hour. The flual layer should be of bread crumbs.

Another equally delicious recipe is called "Tomato Soy." Why "soy" deponent saith not—and, for those who are fond of onions, is worthy the trouble of preparation: onions, is worthy the trouble of preparation:

Prick ripe tomatoes with a fork, lay them
in a deep dish, and to each layer put a layer
of salt. Let them remain thus for several
days, then take them out of the salt and put
them in vinegar for one night. The next
day drain off the videgar, put the tomatoes
in a jur with sliced onions in alternate layers, allowing half a pint of mustard seed,
half an ounce each of ground cloves, black
pepper and celery seed to each peck of tomatoes. In the course of ten days they will
be in fine eating order and should be kept
and served thoroughly coff.

Tometo soun is given thus:

Tomato soup is given thus:

Tomate soup is given thus:

Take the remains of reast lamb or mutton, real and beef: boil in sufficient water to cover it. When quite tender take it out of the liquor, cut off all the fat. and, mincing the lean meat, place in the liquor, together with skinned ripe tomatees in the proportion of a dozen to three quarts of the liquor. Boil the whole together for three-quarters of an hour, season while boiling with a spoonful of sugar, pepper, salt, mustard seed and a few cloves; strain and serve, adding a cup of scalding milk.

A Substitute for Fire.

A Substitute for Fire. A delicious and wholesome conserve thus prepared and volept "Tomato Fgs:" thus prepared and yelept "Tomato Fgs:"

Allow three pounds of sugar to six pounds of tomatoes. Take those that are fully ripe and single or pear-shaped, scald them and take off the skins, stew them very slowly in one-half the sugar, not using water, as the juice of the tomato will suffice to form a syrup. When the sugar appears to have thoroughly penetrated, spread them on dishes and dry in the sun, sprinkling over them the reserved sugar while drying. When perfectly dry pack them in jars with a layer of sugar between each layer of tomatoes. Preserved in this manner they will keep for a year and resemble figs in flavor. Care should be taken that no moisture—neither the rain nor the dew—shall fail neither the rain nor the dew-shall fall upon them while drying.

In this fashion is egg plant made very Boil for a few moments to extract the bit-ter flavor, then cut in thin slices, sprinkle sait between each layer, letting them re-main so for an hour. Then dip the slices in the yolk of an egg, dusting over each slice a little sait, penper and grated bread. Fry in butter until brown.

According to this authority "salads should be gathered and placed in cold water an hour before using." Then draining the water off the leaves should be placed on the table, each individual dressing his own with a sauce prepared in this way:

Take two eggs beaten to a froth, mix with them a teaspoonful of mustard, a large spoonful of sugar, a little black pepper, one-half teaspoonful each of mustard and celery seed, a teaspoonful of butter and one-half teacup full of vinegar. Place on the fire, stirring constantly. Allow the mixture to thicken (It must never boil). Bemove from the fire, and, after cooling, stir in a teacup full of cream or milk, mineing with it a hard-boiled erg. boiled egg.

Some Hot Weather Foods, For hot weather discussion potted cheese

s excellent. It is prepared thus: Take rich cheese cut into small pieces, the rind excluded, place in a mortar and pound into a fine mass. Having thus resolved it, mix brandy with it in the proportion of a tablespoonful of brandy to each pound of cheese. When thoroughly mixed, put the whole in an earthen pot, press it down tight, turn a little brandy over the top of, cover it and keep in a dry, cool place. Potted cheese is best when a year old, but will keep for a number of years.

his way: Bell mealy potatoes and mash them quite fine, mix with a cap of the mushed potatoes a large spoonful of butter, a pint each of milk and water, a teaspoonful of salt, three eggs, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; add two large spoonfuls of yeast, turn into buttered pans, having the batter about an inch and a half in thickness; let it remain four or five hours to rise, then bake and eas hot.

An excellent "Sally Lunn" is made in

The following is the direction for making herb spirits for soups:

Take, when in their prime, the following sweet herbs: thyme, sweet marjoram, sweet basil, and summer savory. Dry, pound and sift them; steep in brandy for a fortnight; the spirit will then be fit for use. The famous corn dodgers of the South are

Scald a quart of Indian meal, when sifted, Scald a quart of Indian meal, when sifted, with just enough water to moisten the whole; add a teaspoontul each of salt and sugar, mold them up into cakes the size of a large biscuit and neurity an inch in thickness. Rub flour on the hands when molding to keep them from sticking. Drop them into sufficient fat to nearly cover them. When quite brown on the under side turn them. From 12 to 15 minutes is necessary so cook them, but when finished they are the joy of more hearts than Pompey's or his master's.

Almost as indispensable as the tea table of the present day was the hospitable tender of wine served with an accompaniment of little cakes called "vanities," in the Virginia house. This is the recipe:

Beat a couple of eggs, stir in a very little salt, and rosewater to flavor; add sifted flour till of the right consistency to roll out. Roll as thin as possible; then cut into fanciful strips with a "jagging iron" and fry in lard. There should be considerable fat, and it should be quite hot when they are put in. Sitt white sugar on them while still hot. When thoroughly cold serve them in Southern fashion, and methinks the guest will exclaim with the wisest man—barring a slight alteration—"Vanities! Vanities! Let all be vanities!" BOBBE

Strong Argument Against Cremation Dr. Buchanan, the New York wife murderer, says that he regrets that he did not have the remains of his wife cremated. This suggests a grim possibility whose truthfulness cannot be questioned. The facility for getting rid of the victims of poison, and at the same time of the mostconvincing evidence of guilt by cremation, is one of the greatest objections to this method of disposing of the dead.

FORM IN THE CHURCH. It is Necessary but Must Not Degenerate Into Formalism.

THE USE OF A BOOK OF PRAYER Fanctioned Not Only by Antiquity but by Intrinsic Excellence.

GETTING THE PEOPLE TO PRAY

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints. Rev. v., 8. The prayers of the saints are part form and part spirit. There is utterance and there is aspiration. The golden bowls are full of incense. The difference between the prayers of the

saints and the prayers of indifferent and irreligious people is not a difference in form so much as in spirit. The utterance may be alike in both cases. The saintly person and he unsaintly person may kneel side by side, and recite the same sentences of de-votion. The difference is in the hidden aspiration of the heart. Every worshiper in the congregation has a golden bowl. But the golden bowls of some of the worshipers are empty; the golden bowls of other worshipers are filled with foolish, unworthy and unseemly things. The golden bowls of the saints are full of incense.

Difference in Form and Formalism All public worship, even the plainest, has in it the element of form. The moment a word is spoken there begins a form of prayer. The only way to have a service without a use of forms would be to have it in unbroken silence. All Christian people, even the Society of Friends, agree in the use of some kind of form. What we are all desirous to avoid is not form, but formal-ism. Formalism is the use of empty form. It is the utterance of the words of prayer without the aspiration of prayer. It is the hearing of petition with the ear while the nearing of petition with the ear while the thoughts are away outside the church and quite apart from devotion. It is the up-lifting of bowls empty of incense,

Formalism does not depend upon the form which is provided for the use of the worchiper. There is no possible arrangement of the service that can keep formalism out. It depends upon the individual Christian. It is true that an elaborate service must always and of necessity be entered into with a certain amount of formalism by a stranger. The stranger is obliged to occupy some of the time of service in finding the places, and in trying to understand what is being done, and in wondering what is going to be done next. His thoughts are in a measure diverted from his prayers. Whatever he says or does while he is thus preoccupied is said or done formally.

Formalism to the Stranger. But the stranger would be very much mistaken who, finding this element of formalism in his own unaccustomed use of the service, should think that everybody else in the congregation is equally a formalist, and that the service itself is but an empty form. This formalism is all his own. The service may be simple or it may own. The service may be simple or it may be elaborate, it may be extemporaneous, or it may be read out of a book, the petition may be a "long prayer," or it may be a li any,—the formalism of it depends largely upon the individual worshiper. Wherever any single person is not intent with his whole heart upon every single word, there is formalism. there is formalism

It is true that the greater the length and It is true that the greater the length and the mora complicated the conduct of the service, the wider opportunity is there for formal worship. And the more words that are set for the worshiper to say the more danger is there that he will say some of them with his lips rather than with his heart. It is equally true, however, that the man who had ten talents had more of the marker's money to sounder it he his master's money to squander, if he chose, than the man who had but one. But he had also more to use, if he would, for his sibility always go together. Yet we do not decline our opportunities. We know that much will be required of those who have that we can get.

Formalities Are Like Affection How much pain might be avoided by living all alone in a cave and never entering into any of the relationships or friendships of lite! Every new affection is a new avenue for grief to get into the soul. But we want our lives to be filled with affection. No doubt, also, but a good deal of the danger of formalism might be avoided by having the simplest service possible. In deed, we might escape formalism altogether by never saying our prayers at all. But the more there is in the service, so much the more is it freighted with possible blessings, so much the more may we get out of it into

We have, no doubt, a great deal of formalism in all the churches. We are all formalists at times, to our great shame. And some of this formalism is very likely due to the beauty and the richness of the service, and to the very high spiritual standard that is set in it. But that is our fault. The best thing to do is not to bring the standard down to our own lower leve of living, but to try to live closer and to think and pray nearer to that high ideal. Formalism grows out of a lack of zeal and a lack of love. And I am afraid that we must all of us plead guilty without much dis-Christian whose golden bowl is always full

Two Reasons for Going to Church, The golden bowl is the symbol of worship. The church ought to emphasize the fact of worship. There are two reasons for going to church, which ought to have their place in the purpose of every Christian. We ought to go partly for the praying, partly for the preaching. We ought to go thinking of God, and of our own souls. It should be our purpose, on the one hand, to make an offering to God, the offering of our adoration, of our praise and prayer, of our renewed consecration of ourselves to him. It should also be our purpose, on the other hand, to bring away a blessing from God, a blessing upon our souls. We desire to learn the will of God, to get the help of God. The golden bowl is the symbol of wor-

Both of these reasons for church-going ought to be fully recognized in the church. The service is not a preaching service only, nor a praying and praising service only; it is both together. The emphasis, indeed, should be rather upon the side of worship than upon the side of instruction. Our thought should be directed even more toward God than toward ourselves. This element of worship in the service of

the church is best emphasized by the use of some form of prayer. There are two grounds upon which this method of conducting the service may be commended. One is the ar-gument from antiquity, the other is the ar-gument from excellence.

Use of a Book of Prayer The use of a book of prayer is older than The use of a book of prayer is older than the Christian era; it goes back into the days of the earlier dispensation. Our Lord and his apostles, who attended the services of the temple and the synagogue, used the prayers which were there read out of the appointed books. Jesus himself not only gave a form of prayer which his disciples might make a part and pattern of their devotions, but he chose the phrases of it for votions, but he chose the phrases of it, for the most part, from the familiar sentences of the Jewish prayer book. When Chris-tian people use a form of prayer, they use a way of worship which was used by Christ

This example was followed, down to the days of the Reformation, by the whole Christian world. Every church had a Christian world. Every church had a prayer book as naturally as it had a Bible. The Hebrew service of the synagogue was christianized and translated into Greek. Then when the balance of power changed from the East to the West, the Greek book, changed to meet the spiritual needs of the day, was translated into Latin. Finally,

But the argument from antiquity is not the most convincing argument. The most persuasive kind of reasoning to-day is that which is based on the solid foundation of actual excellence. We have no great rev-erence in these days for things that are old simply because they are old. We are insimply because they are old. We are in-clined to believe that the new is the better. We have improved upon our fathers. In-deed, is it not true that the young men are clare than the old men, because they have had the benefit of a whole generation more of human experience?

Not Only Old But Good.

had the benefit of a whole generation more of human experience?

We are practical people, little given to sentiment. We do not care very much where things came from, no matter how far back in the past, but whether they can do their work. We are on the watch, not for the oldest but for the best. We are ready to put away any, even the most venerable, institution that we have, if we are assured that we can get something more serviceable, something really better, in the place of it, We insist upon testing all things to-day, not by their age, but by their excellence.

Accordingly we lay most emphasis upon the real spiritual advantages which attend the use of a form of prayer. One advanthe use of a form of prayer. One advan-tage is the securing of reverence. Another is the maintaining of truth.

To Make the Worship Reverent. A form of prayer helps to make the church's worship reverent. It is necessary for the securing of reverence that the service should be taken in large measure out of the ordering of the minister. All ministers, unhappiny, are not men of pro-found spiritual gifts. If we could have the Archangel Gabriel in every parish, there is no doubt but that an extemporaneous service, such as he would arrange Sunday after Sunday, would be the best arrangement possible. An extemporaneous service conducted by a saint is the ideal service of

conducted by a saint is the ideal service of the Christian Church.

We must take men, however, not as we wish they were, but as they are. And as they are, with all their imperfections, shallownesses, prejudices, low ideals, sometimes in the spirit, and sometimes out of the spirit, we account it better that the service of our worship should be lifted effectually above the littlenesses of men, above the fluctuation of spiritual heat and cold in the human heart, out of dependence cold in the human heart, out of dependence upon the weather or the size of the congre-gation or the health of the officiating minister, and made permanently reverent, worthy, uplifting, religious Let us make sure, at least, of the golden bowl.

full of hedge-hog quills and spoil him. You'll have to pay for him, that's all!' Leaving to Individual Preachers. Nor is it enough to have a golden bowl. We want a golden bowl that is large enough. We want a bowl that is round, that bears in its shape the circle of completeness and of comprehension. We desire not only reverence but truth. toward the place where we were to do our nutting. Jonathan Card was along. We got up on the hill near the head of the creek, had out down a chestnut tree, and had only just nicely begun to pick the burrs

Not all ministers, unfortunately, are me either of wide experience of the spiritual needs of human nature, or of deep ac-quaintance with all the phases of religious truth. The chances are that if the services are left to the individual minister, some spiritual necessity will go unheeded, some prayer will be without a voice. All men, indeed, even with the best intentions and with the largest advantages, are one-sided; that is, they naturally look at truth more from one point of view than from another. It is natural, and probably inevitable, that men should dwell most upon those truths which most appeal to them. With all the helps that can be provided in a form of prayer, there is a constant temptation to teach religious truth unequally. Without a prayer book the temptation meets with but little hindrance. Some ministers will teach that God is our Father, and say little about God as our judge; some will empha-size the first and great commandment so as to obscure that second commandment which is like unto it; some will dwell much more upon the doctrine of the incarnation that upon the doctrine of the atonement.

Not a Monopoly of the Parsons. Every religious teacher knows how diffi cult it is rightly to divide the word of fruth and to preach the whole gospel of God. But here a prayer book is a constant guide and inspiration. Week by week, as the Christian seasons pass, the church herself in the up, turned round like a flash, grabbed the prayer book, whether the minister wishes gun that I had set against a tree nearby, it or not, can set forth the great round of Christian truth. Not one essential or helpgimed toward a clump of high bushes and blazed away. I hadn't heard anything, and didn't see anything when Leroy shot, but when the gun cracked out jumped a big buck and went off down the hill. He was

tul article of taith can be left out. Finally, the use of a form of prayer secures reverence and maintains truth not only by taking the worship of the church out of the exclusive ordering of the minister, but by putting a considerable part into the lips of the people. Religion has always suffered, has always fallen into superstition and falsehood when it has been allowed to become a monopoly of the parsons. The church needs the good sense of the people. The people, too, have their rights in the church. The people are the church. The worship of the sanctuary ought to be the people's worship. In the prayer book it is.

GEORGE HODGES. A TREASURE IN A BUCKET.

The Effection of a Postess of Passion Tha Went to the Wrong Fellow.

It struck him on the head and down he went. He was up on his knees again in a "Socrates Snooks" sends the following second, though, and I downed him with anfor publication: The other day, while propother stone. ng the mysteries of my dinner bucket, I ame across a scrap of paper on which was written a song that I found as easy to digest I made up my mind it wouldn't do to take as the pie on which it rested. It didn't any more chances with stones, and I pitched take me long to discover that that song had into the creek to settle the deer there. seized him by one horn with my hands, and een put into the wrong dinner bucket. placing my foot on the other horn, prepared to flop him over and drown him. Well, for the next minute or two that buck churned Alas! Would that my name were Frank!

Now, as I know neither the fair authoress or the lucky swain of whom she sings, it s malfest that I am guilty of no breach of onfidence in sending that song for publication. Moreover, it is desirable that Frank should see that song, so that he, according creek the water flew up three feet or more and kept going up and coming down over us like a fountain in steady play, so regular and rapidly did the buck keep up his churning. Added to this ducking and tossing that the buck, now mad as fury, was treating me to, he was able to give me a dig every now and then with one of his sharp fore feet, eatching me at the shoulder and slashing it down. to his temperament, may fly to the arms of his loved and loving one, or fight shy of a possible future poeters of passion; and where, I sak, is he more likely to see it than in the columns of The DISPATCH? The lady neglected to prefix a title to her love lay, and it is with diffidence that I suggest that it be called "How Frank Got There With Both Feet." Here it is:

When my Frank first came a-wooing
Bashfully he hung his head;
My delight was in reviewing
All the things he left unsaid!
Hey, for the summertime!
If o, for the summertime sweet!

When my Frank first came a-wooing. Tremblingly he pressed my hand, While his eyes were mutely suring All his love I'd understand. Hey, for the summertimel etc.

When my Frank first came a-wooing, Mock vexation I would play; Pouting lips were his undoing, For he kissed the pouts away. Hey, for the summertime! etc. It seems to me that the best thing about that song is the etc.—the things that were left unsung. Possibly Frank will think differently, but that, at all events, is my

Wanted His Charge to Make Sacrifices Dr. Pierson, who has so acceptably filled Spurgeon's pulpit for several months, re-cently preached a sermon asking for money. He inquired why some of his auditors would not give up smoking and devote the results of this economy to charity and suggested that ladies might likewise make sacrifices by selling, or sending him to sell, some of their jewelry. The very next evening, while he was sitting with his deacons in council, a box was handed into the room, and, upon examination, was found to be full

and, upon examination, was found to be full of costly jeweis. Southern Republican States. Louis Globe-Democrat. 1

with new changes, enrichments, and amendments, the Latin book was translated into English, and in that form is used to-day, either in entirety or in selection by almost all English speaking Christians. The value of the use of a form of prayer has thus the attestation of the Christian past.

DUCKED BY A DEER.

Anxious for Reinforcements.

"Just as I made my lunge at the deer's neck with my knife, with a result so disastrous to the knife, Jonathan Card came up, attestation of the Christian past.

Reading Upon the

Anxious for Reinforcements.

"Just as I made my lunge at the .deer's neck with my knife, with a result so disastrous to the knife, Jonathan Card came up, and was taking in the circus from the bank. "Fetch me your knife Jonathan," I shouted. "Jonathan didn't bother to fetch me his knife, but took it out of his pocket and, as I came up from a dive on the buck's horns, tossed it at me. I missed it, and it fell in the water right under the buck's neck. When I went down again I felt around for DUEL IN THE BED OF A CREEK The Animal Got Mad and Soused His Assatiant Unmercifully.

hunter with his gun over my shoulder, he

wanted to know of me: 'What are you go-

"I told him that I might maybe see

chestnut that nothing but a rifle could reach. Just then his dog came trotting up.

" 'Well,' said Leroy, 'you'll get him all

A Big Buck Lying in Ambush,

"I didn't say anything, and we went on

Out Jumped the Buck.

of when anddenly Leroy Lyman jumped

hit, of course, and Leroy said to me:

"Now in those days I thought it wasn't

such of a trick for me to do to outrun the

bank was quite high. I started toward the deer and he rose to his knees. I knew

something had to be done right away or the buck would get out of there and make trouble, so I picked up a big three-cornered stone and hurled it at him with both hands.

Getting a Good Bath,

and soused me up and down in that creek as if he was a washwoman and I was a bed quilt,

and he was going to give me an all-pervad-

ing rinsing.
"Every time he sloshed me down in the

creek the water flew up three feet or more

ing me at the shoulder and slashing it down almost the full length of my arm. This soon removed what cloth there was between his hoof and my arm, and then began on the hide and flesh. I didn't know that I

on the hide and flesh. I didn't know that I dared let go of the buck, for his dander was up so far that he would have come at me with hoofs and horns too, as I was well aware, and I was well enough acquainted with deer to feel that he would probably have me down and spiked and punched full of holes before I could get up the bank.

The Other Man Was Having the Fun.

dared to let go of the buck was that I didn't know that Leroy Lyman had arrived on the scene, and was peeking out from behind a big tree, enjoying himself enough to burst at the way I was whipping the deer. Of course, if I had jumped away from the deer and the deer had jumped after me, Leroy would have put a ball through him so quick that he naver would have known what his

would have put a ball through him so quick that he never would have known what hit him. But I didn't know Leroy was taking the buck and me in from behind the tree, and consequently held on for dear life, and felt around in my pocket with one hand to find my kuife, for if that fight was to be ended in my favor it had to be done before

"I found my knife, opened it with my teeth, and, with all the deliberate calcula-tion I could command under the circum-stances, being up in the air one second and

stances, being up in the air one second and under the water the next, I felt for the buck's jugular. When I thought I had the keen blade just right I plunged it into the deer's neck, but my calculation was a trifle off. I thrust in the knife clear to the hilt. It struck against a bone and the blade snapped off close to the handle and stayed in the wound. But the sousing and tosing and raking with the buck's sharp hoof kept right on with a steadiness and regularity that would have made the walking beam of a steambost schamed of itself. My shoulder and arm were telerably well slitted and

"The reason that I didn't know that I

"But still be wouldn't stay down, and so

'Who untied that dog?' he asked.

ing to do with that gun?"

" 'I did,' said L

When I went down again I felt sround for it and actually found it. I wasn't much encouraged, though, after I got it, for it was one of these shilling knives that have to be heated before they will cut butter.

"I didn't have time, though, to send Jonston heat to they after good knife and HARD SLASHING AT THE JUGULAR athan back to town after a good knife, and so I began sawing away with it on the buck's neck. I began way up close to his head, but I worked the knife all the way ROULETTE, July 7. F ever a man got a down to the gullet before I could find a place where it would take hold. Then I rattling up by a



He Churned and Soused Me.

rasped it across that spot until I finally wore the skin through, and then got the knife inside and actually tore a hole across

knife inside and actually tore a hole across his throat that wasn't long in putting an end to the fight.

"When I at last was at liberty to take what was left of me ashore, and did so, Leroy Lyman stepped from behind a tree and looked so pleased that I knew he had seen the whole performance, and that made me feel worse than the way the buck had treated me, for I had only been assuring him a day or two before that I could whip without weapons any deer, wounded or well, that ever was rash enough to let me get my hands on it—something that I changed my mind on after the rattling that old buck gave me in the hole in the brook."

ED MOTE. ED MOTT.

A PAMOUS LITTLE MAN.

Pen Picture of Blowitz, the Famons Paris

Correspondent. I had a glimpse of the great little correspondent of the Times, M. Von Blowitz, during his recent visit to England, writes a DISPATCH correspondent. He has been on familiar terms with Kings and Emperors, and without doubt possesses more valuable "inside information" about royal doings and wire-pulling than any other newspaper correspondent living. He writes all his Paris correspondence in French, not being a master of English, and it is telegraphed from his manuscript and translated into English in the Times office. He's an odd

English in the Times office. He's an odd figure, dwarfed in stature, with a round, heavy body, a "luck nound" on his shoulders, a short, thick neek, and a big, round head covered with thick gray hair.

I saw him lunching at the Savoy, and when, after paying full respects to a tempting menu, he pushed his chair back, cut the end off a cheroot over six inches long and stuck it in the corner of his mouth, he looked like a combination of Quilp and a gnome. His face is a quizzical one, with daring, canning, and, if I read his sharp, black eyes aright, something of cruelty in it. He's a wit of the flintiest and brightest, and his bon mots are well worth quoting. Though not actually a dwarf, he has the grotesqueness and quaint cleverness of one, and rather exploits it and takes advantage of it to make himself a favorite with ladies and he succeeds admirably, daring to say things and do things a bigger and handsomer man would never muster the audacity to do, and would suffer for if he did.

much of a trick for me to do to outrum the dogs when I took after a deer, and I started for this one. I soon passed the dog, and chased the deer to the bank of the creek. The dog had gone up over a point of the hill. I discovered the buck in the creek lying in a deep hole. There was a pile of drift lumber in the creek below him and the back are outer high. I started toward the Farmers will be interested in a new hay stacker which can be erected in a shed or barn, or any place where hay or straw is to be stacked. The device receives the hay or straw directly from the fork, and can be nanipulated from the wagon so as to distribute the load on any side of the stack desired. It consists of a platform with an extension frame, the latter being extended or withdrawn by two ropes or cables. Other cables are provided by which the frame and platform are rotated upon a central post to receive the straw or hay delivered by the fork, and denosit it directly on any side of the stack. By this innovation it is proposed tribute the load on any side of the stack

to effect a great saving in labor

A plant for hydraulic testing purposes is to be installed near the town of Santhia Italy. The proposed establishment is in-tended for the determination of many points at present more or less obscure in the flow of water through large sluices. It is to be located between the Cavour and the Cigliano canais, where the requisite volume of water for such experiments can easily be obtained, the Cigliano Canal being elevated about 83½ feet above the Cavour Canal. The preliminary plans provide for the construction of a large and small sluice, measuring basins and wells, and accommodation for the testing of all kinds of hydraulic apparatus.

Tell 'Em Howdy. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Ye tink dat chile done favah met Well, I can't say how dat may be, Sum tink he look des lak he paw, Sum say he imidge ob he maw. Dat nose of his'n, flat and close, I tink hit favah paw de mos'; Dem gret big eyes ob his he may Git frum he maw, dat wat dey sa

But honey, wat I ca' 'bout dat! I ony kno s yuz roun' an' nat An' soi' an' cute an' mighty sweet, An' plenty good enuf ter ent! Now, son, set up an' be good chile, An' show de ladiz w'en yu smile Dem leetle bran' new toots ob Dat bit iny fingalis ter de bone

But law! he did it des in play,
"Twuz lak ez if he meant ter say,
"I knows de use of toofs—ter ent,
An' yer can't fool me, dis iz meat."
Stop suckin' ob dat leetle fis'
An' nabe yo' leetle han' lak dis,
An' tell de ladis "howdy." Soul
He won't show off fer anyone! De fus' ting at de peek ob day Dat chile sit up in bed an' say, "Maw! howdy, maw!" an' puli my har
Wid all he might, I do declar,
An' when he paw go off ter work,
He nabe he huns an fally juk
From out my a'ms, po' leede man,
A-yeilin' "howdy!" loud'z he can.

An' wen he paw git home at night, Hit sut'n'y am a pooty sight. Ter see dat baby lif an' crow. An "howdy" wen he paw "hello." Dat 'bout de ony wud he know, An' wen folks come an' wen dey go, Ef dey doan tek no note ob him, He call out "howdy!" leetle limb!

But of dey coax him, des dat sho' He suck he leetle fis' de mo'. Hit pea'hs ter me dat des de way Dat big folks actin' ebry day; Des coax, an' mek dem tink dey'z aum

Now wat I tell yu! des see derel He tink we done iergit ter ca', An' so he up an' show he trick, My bressed iamb but yu iz slick! Yes, tell 'em "howdy," iesele man, An' watch 'em des ez fur'z yu can, Myssé den tink man cutte rich.

The Effect of Tobacco, Alcohol and Reading Upon the Eyes.

A BOAT THAT CANNOT BE SUNK.

The Amount of Coal That Can Be Sent in Powder Through Tipes.

SETTING UP TYPE WITH BOTH HANDS

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR. Dr. L. Webster Fox has, in a recent leet-

ure, given some hints and advice of the utmost value concerning the care and preservation of the ovesight in middle life and old age. While pointing out that the excessive ase of tobacco not only weakens the muscles of the eye, but also produces a lowering of the aculty of vision and a form of color blindness, Dr. Fox mentions incidentally as a well authenticated fact that boys who have indulged in the use of tobacco are not mentally and physically as strong as those who abstain. Not only have medical men recognized the tendency to a depression of the vital force in boys and young men who are constant users of tobacco, but athletic trainers will never select their boat's crew rom such ranks. They know that tobacco reakens the heart, and, although the tobacco smoker may be a giant in strength, when the final-test comes collapse and defeat follow.

"When such facts are known to medical nen." says Dr. Fox, "no wonder that 29 States have passed laws forbidding the sale of tobacco to boys."

There is, nevertheless, a large gulf be-tween the use and abuse of the fragrant reed. Men who have gone through a certain amount of mental strain are the better for smoking one, two or three cigars daily; they have a soothing effect on the overwrought nervous system, and smoking crushes away the cobwebs and makes man a nore sociable creature.

Among the sources of the greatest trouble to the eyesight are the chewing of tobacco (this above almost all others), the excessive use of wine, spirits or beer; the indis-criminate administration of quinine; the use of cosmetics for heightening the luster of the eye, and mixtures for dying the hair and eyebrows, and there is a case on record where a diminution of vision has been traced to the wearing of an artificial wreath of flowers. Another source of failing vision may be traced to impeded circulation. The wearing of tight neckwear, such as collars which are too small or shirtbands or neckties tightly drawn, should be avoided, as they prevent the downward column of blood returning to the heart, and dilatation and development of disease is likely to follow. The same rule holds good of constriction of other parts of the body.

Another most serious source of eve strain traced to the wearing of an artificial wreath

Another most serious source of eye strain is constant reading in railway carriages, which is the practice of nearly all business is constant reading in railway carriages, which is the practice of nearly all business men in going to and from their offices or stores, and the injury to the eye from this cause alone is incalculable. Nothing gives tired eyes greater relief than a green disc or square of sufficient size, suspended on a direct line of vision at or against a wail on which the eyes can rest; but best of all to look upon is a green grass plot or green trees. It is suggested that it would be a public boon if our monthly magazines were printed on paper of a neutral tint and the drop curtains in theaters should have seenes painted on them showing great perspective. It is a rest to the eyes after the concentrated effort made in trying to watch the facial expression or eyes of an actor to look upon such a picture.

After the last epidemic of la grippe Dr. Fox was particularly impressed with the large number of patients complaining of the loss of power of the converging muscles of the eye. Upon investigation he found that while these, patients were confined either to bed or home they would read incessantly. The result of this over-taxation was weakened eye muscles, and so long as they remained unaupported by prisma the patient suffered with pate over the care region, headached and other evidences of eye strain. Individuals suffering from any depressing disease should be as guarded as to the length of time they read or use their

depressing disease should be as guarded as to the length of time they read or use their to the length of time they read or use their eyes on straining work as they are with regard to physical exertion of any kind. Fresh air and a moderate quantity of light are great essentials to good eyesight. High temperature helps to ruin people's eyes more than is generally known, while too much light, especially if it be reflected, is particularly injurious.

Composing With Both Hands

A foreman of a composing room has conceived the idea of using both hands in picking up and setting the types in the stick. Ever since the composing stick was known the left hand has held the stick while the thumb pressed each successive type into place against the pieces already in line. A one-armed compositor came to the foreman's room and with a single hand set almost as much type as his fellow laborers did with two. After thinking this over the foreman worked out two inventions, by which he proposes to use both hands at once. The first is little mechanical device for taking the place of the thimb, and the second is an ab-achment by which the stick can be put in a convenient position for receiving the type, without being in the way of any subsequent

without being in the way of any subsequent operations.

Having got so far, the foreman found that his next step was to train the left hand. This was by no means easy, but after patience and practice a considerable degree of efficiency was attained, and he radied 80 per cent to his former capacity. He believes a still further advance as practicable, but is confident that any compositor, by the use of his inventions, which are to be patented, will be able to add at least 50 per cent to his speed, thus enabling hand work to maintain stordy competition with the typesetting machines thus lar invented.

A Leith, Scotland, boatbuilder is constructing a yacht which, in regard to design and material, is probably unique. This builder is the patentee of a boat which he claims is unsinkable and uncupsizable. Hitherto he has constructed them of steel, and he claims that owing to the manner in which the fore and aft sections, which are conical in shape, are permanently and her-metically sealed, the boats are rendered unsinkable, even if filled with water, as the water runs back into the sea through the opening in the center-board casing. The crusing yacut he is about to build will not be of steet, however, but of an aluminum alloy. The metal is as white as silver and possesses a breaking strain of 24 tons to the square inch. It is annifected by water. The yacht, which, instead of being painted will be polished, will be about 32 feet long and 8 feet broad, and will be provided with a roomy cabin paneled in oak and a commodions forecastle. All the deck fittings, as well as a centerboard dingry which will accompany the yacht, will be made of the same white metal. If this experiment should term out successfully a new departure in yacht construction and fittings may be expected. water runs back into the sea through the

Rubber Heel for Military Boots. The jar communicated to the spinal col-num by the striking of the heel on the ground in walking on a hard surface is a fruitful source of trouble under ordinary conditions, but in the case of the regular marching of soldiers the effects are still more serious. A physician in the French army, after investigating the subject, came to the conclusion that the regularity of the step causes a shock to the brain and bones far causes a shock to the brain and bones far more injurious than an irregular walk, giving rise to peculiar aches, pains and illnesses of the troops. This shock is repeated 40,000 times in a day's march, and the strain often breaks down the strongest men—those who could endure readily a much longer ordinary walk—in two or three days. A partial remedy has been found in the adoption of a rubber heel in military boots.

Apropos of the proposal to pipe coal to the seaboard, the quantity of coal that can be carried by pipe in a given time is astonishing. A pipe of 4 inches diameter at 1,200 pounds pressure per square inch will deliver over 300 tons per day; a 13-inch pipe will deliver 5,000 tons, and a 24-inch pipe will deliver 28,000 tons per 24 hours. It is proposed, in carrying out this principle on a large scale, to have pumping stations from 30 miles apart, according to grade. The Notion of Piping Coal.