

In Sanctuary.

While pale with rage the wild surf springs
Athwart the harbor bar,
The safe ships fold their snowy wings
Beneath the evening star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A doughmatic difficulty—heavy bread.
"Confound it, you've shot the dog. I thought you told me you could hold a gun."

"Sweet girl—'Is it wicked to sing that song on Sundays?' Brother Jack—'Yes, it is wicked to sing it any day.'"

An Ohio man unpinned a tidy from a chair and wiped his nose upon it. It takes an Ohio man to solve mysteries. Now we know what a tidy is for.—New Haven Register.

He: "My darling, I really believe my rheumatism has wholly disappeared." She: "Oh, I'm so sorry! Now we shall never know when the weather is going to change."

We are glad to learn by a late piece of sheet music that "The Moonlight Soft is Falling." In these times of high prices it is gratifying to learn that even moonlight is falling.

Professor Proctor says that the sun never lacks a supply of fuel, which reminds us that the sun is very much like the family in the neighborhood of our woodpile.—Statesman.

A Pittsburg private watchman fell from a second-story window while asleep, and did not awake until somebody stepped on him. Such zeal will certainly be rewarded.—Free Press.

A young man who appears to have investigated the subject asserts with every appearance of candor that hummocks are always found under hammocks. This is reliable if true.

We don't see why people should think that women can't succeed in fishing. They're quite equal to flirting with three fellows and telling each one stories to make him think that he alone is loved.—Boston Post.

"Pause," said the highly cultivated Boston girl to her lover, who was about to kill a mosquito. "Pause: In the balanced and admirably adapted economy of nature man cannot interfere without disarranging the whole order of things." And he paused.—Boston Advertiser.

"But why did you leave her so hastily?" asked a sympathizing friend who was trying to console a lover for his separation from the object of his idolatry. "Oh, it was a sudden impulse." "What sort of an impulse?" "I don't know exactly," returned the sufferer, thoughtfully, "but it must have been at least a No. 12."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The only animal now in existence having a hand similar to that of the fossil flying-reptile, the pterodactyl, is the bat.

Skins of the prairie dog, an animal so abundant in Texas as to be a nuisance, are recommended as a material for the manufacture of gloves.

Lunar rainbows are occasionally seen, but as the light forming them is borrowed from the sun, they present the same features as do solar ones.

The white, shaggy horse of the elevated plains of Pamir, in Central Asia, is by some regarded as the original stock of the many existing species.

Milnes' tremor indicators, for the purpose of estimating the amount of motion in a mass, are so sensitive that they record a movement of 1-10,000 of an inch.

According to the report of the Paris electrical exhibition judges, the greatest efficiency of incandescent electric lamps cannot be assumed to be more than 300 candle-lights for each horsepower of current.

Straps made from various materials have been tested by Herr Weinlig, who finds that the straps of Russian hemp are about ten per cent. stronger than those of Italian hemp, and twice as strong as those of cotton.

A rail for common roads has been introduced in France. It is imbedded in concrete and is flush at the edges with the roadway. From the sides it slopes down to the center, so as to enable the wheels of vehicles to retain their place upon it. The estimated cost is about two dollars a yard.

Planters in Jamaica, encouraged by the success of the experiments conducted at the Botanical gardens, Kingston, have in a measure ceased to devote their whole energies to the production of sugar. They have now begun to introduce chinchona with great profit, and they have lately done much to make vanilla, cocoa and other indigenous plants of commercial value. Besides oranges, bananas, pine-apples, limes, mangoes and other fruits, grapes are now grown for export.

A scientist who has investigated the chances of the game of "pitch and toss" with a penny or piece of silver, says that in 10,000 flips there will be 5,000 "heads" and as many "tails." Sometimes the "heads" will come out fifteen or twenty ahead, but on the next 10,000 "tails" will catch up, or vice versa. To this it is added, however, that if a penny is tossed up 100 times, it will probably come up "head" fifty times, and "tail" fifty times; but if a player undertakes to call each toss, he will not be right fifty times.

WITTY "BILL" TRAVERS.

Amusing Anecdotes of a Prominent New York Broker Who Stutters.

Mr. William R. Travers is a broker, banker, financier and capitalist. He is really interested in the development of the horse, and to his energetic efforts the establishment of the sport of horseracing in the North permanently is largely due. These things would have given him a prominence in the metropolis unquestionably, but the reputation and fame he enjoys are due more to his wit and humor than to anything else. This is all the more remarkable since he neither writes nor makes speeches in public. His witticisms are usually made in private circles and for currency must depend entirely upon the circulation given them by the listener or the victim. His wit is kindly and his humor mellow. Sometimes it stings, yet it is not malicious, though it often borders on truth too closely to always be comfortable for the object of the barbed words. Mr. Travers is a native of Baltimore, and was a man grown and married before he left Maryland for the metropolis. Mr. Travers is now touching closely upon sixty, though he bears his years well. He is tall, slim and wiry. Perhaps upon seeing him for the first time the beholder would be surprised, for by some absurd process of reasoning which is never justified by associating wit with shortness of stature and humor with rotundity of person. However one needs but a glance at Mr. Travers' face to perceive the humor lurking in the lines of the mouth which, even in repose, seems always on the point of breaking into a laugh, though it rarely reaches it. His eyes are soft and kindly, with a sparkling with that mischief which is irresistible. Apart from his wit, Mr. Travers is a most interesting man, and his talk is graphic, incisive and epigrammatic, and over it all fancifully plays his humor, giving zest and point to all he says. Because he has great reputation for wit, humor and geniality it will not do to assume that his mental qualities are summed up with that statement. He is a strong, wise and able man, well-informed and a thorough man of business and affairs. He has an obstruction of speech which has undoubtedly kept him off the platform, for other qualities which he possesses would naturally lead him there but for this stammer. Yet, so far from its being an affliction, in the sense of its being a bore and annoyance to others, it seems to sharpen the point of his wit and to give zest to his sayings. In fact, much of the spice would be lost if the stammer were gone.

Anything and anybody falls subject to his wit and he does not spare himself or his stammer. Shortly after he had removed from Baltimore to New York city he met upon Broadway an old friend from the former city of his residence. They were glad to meet each other, and fell into an easy chat. During the course of the conversation his friend said: "Why, Bill, you stammer more since you have lived in New York—more than you did in Baltimore."

"B-b-bigger place," replied Travers. This delightfully illogical reason sufficed as an explanation.

Upon settling in New York he became a member of the stock exchange. During the call of the list he essayed to bid upon one of the stocks and at the same time another broker bid the same price. A dispute followed as to whom it should be awarded. His opponent set up the claim that he had named the price first. To this Mr. Travers replied:

"It m-may be-be, Mr. P-president, that M-mr. Jones g-got through b-before I d-did, b-but I'll b-be hang-g if I d-didn't b-begin b-before he d-did."

Amid the roar of the exchange the stock was awarded to him.

But Travers does not always come off first in his encounter. One day, after the close of the board, he was going uptown with several brokers. When opposite old St. Paul's he saw a man offering for sale a number of parrots.

"H-hold, b-boys," he said to his companions, "we'll have some f-fun."

Then addressing the man and pointing to one of the parrots, he asked: "C-can that p-parrot t-talk?"

"Talk?" replied the man, in tones of great contempt. "If he can't talk better than you can I'll wring his blame neck."

"C-come on, boys. The fun is p-post-p-poned until another d-day," said Travers. And later, as his companions were still roaring, he said: "There's n-no n-necessity of saying anything about this to the b-boys, and I'll pay for the b-bottle."

Some time ago a young man made a considerable sum of money in Wall street under Mr. Travers' advice. When the money was turned over, the broker told him that he would be very foolish if he ventured his gains again and advised him not to imagine that he had solved the problem of success in Wall street but to safely invest his money, reserving a part to purchase a home for his family. The advice was followed and Travers assisted in the selection of the house. Some time after the young man was settled he met Travers and was asked how the house suited.

"The house is all right, Mr. Travers," was the reply. "But I am very much troubled with rats."

"G-get a c-cat," stammered Travers. "I've had a dozen, but the rats actually drive them out of the house."

"G-get a d-dog," urged Travers. "I know where you c-can g-get a g-good d-dog. Harry Jennings is my friend and he won't cheat you. I'll g-give you."

So they set out together, and reaching the dog fancier's place, examined the dogs for sale and one was selected. Harry then put a dozen rats or more in the pit and the dog was thrown in to show how quickly he could kill them. The dog did dispatch them, one after the other, until only one was left. He was an old graybeard—nearly as large as the dog. As the terrier made for it, it sat upon its haunches and caught the dog by the lower lip instead of being caught by the dog. The terrier yelped and ran about the pit shaking and trembling, but Mr. Rat held on firmly, terrifying the dog out of all his canine senses.

Travers was running around the pit

in great excitement, and finally shouted out:

"B-b-buy the—b-b-buy the r-rat!"

"Larry" Jerome is celebrated as a story-teller in New York circles. His presence is always welcome, for he has always a good story to tell, a fresh one, and he rarely repeats himself. For this reason he is always considered a good addition to every circle. One day he had been entertaining a few friends at the Manhattan club, when the clique was joined by Travers. After a while "Larry" exclaimed:

"Oh, Bill, by George I've got a new story. Something entirely fresh! I'll tell it to you if you'll listen."

"All right," said Travers, with an air and tone of warm bravado and courage. "I'll stay if the r-rat will."

The story was never told, but Jerome paid for the wine amid the laughter of his friends.

There is a gentleman, who is a gentleman in the sense that he is a man of mild and gentle manners, always courteous and polite, but he has the weakness of philosophizing on the common-places of life.

Standing at the club window with Travers a short time ago, he pointed to a man upon the opposite side of the street and said:

"The coincidences of life are singular and frequent. Occult influences draw men together and into juxtaposition, when they are not acquainted at all, have no knowledge of each other or no connection. What is there between that man and myself? I don't know him, his business or his ends? Yet if I have met him once this week I have met him a dozen times. If I have met him once to-day I have met him four times in different parts of the city, and now I gaze out of the window and see him again."

"P-perhaps he's a d-d-detective," practically observed Travers.

The disgusted philosopher sought refreshment from the steward.

A Deed of Honor.

Our little brave army on the plains is both an explorer of the wilderness and a guardian of the frontier. In order to do its double work it requires the aid of men who know both the country and the Indians. Some of these guides, such as "Old Bridger," Kit Carson, Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill, have become famous.

One of the best and bravest of these plains celebrities is Amos Chapman, who has been a government scout for the last fifteen years. He is a sober, quiet sort of a man, and so heroic that if he had lived in the age of chivalry every true knight would have greeted him as a comrade. The lofty manhood of the man is shown by one of his desperate adventures, narrated in Colonel Dodge's book on "Our Wild Indians."

In 1874 General Miles, while operating against the Indians, sent six men, Chapman being one, with dispatches to department headquarters. One morning as the party was riding along every man was wounded by a volley, and in an instant the Indians appeared on every side. Dismounting and abandoning their horses the band moved to a "buffalo wallow," a shallow depression in the prairie. By working hard and fast the depression was so deepened as to afford cover. One of the men, Smith, had fallen from his horse at the first fire and was supposed to be dead. Seeing him move slightly, Chapman said:

"Now, boys, keep those redskins off me and I will run down and pick up Smith, and bring him back before they can get at me."

Laying down his rifle he sprang out of the "wallow," ran with all speed to Smith, seized and attempted to shoulder him. "Did any of you ever try to shoulder a wounded man?" asked Chapman, when telling the story. "Smith was not a large man, one hundred and sixty or seventy pounds, but I declare to you that he seemed to weigh a ton. Finally I laid down and got his chest across my back and his arms around my neck, and then got up with him. It was as much as I could do to stagger under him, for he couldn't help himself a bit. By the time I had got twenty or thirty yards about fifteen Indians came for me at the full speed of their ponies. They all knew me, and yelled 'Amos! Amos! we've got you now!'"

"I pulled my pistol, but I couldn't hold Smith on my back with one hand, so I let him drop. The boys in the 'wallow' opened on the Indians just at the right time, and I opened on them with my pistol. There was a tumbling of ponies and a scattering of Indians, and in a minute they were gone. I got Smith up again and made the best possible time, but before I could reach the 'wallow' another gang came for me. I had only one or two shots in my pistol, so I didn't stop to fight but ran for it. When I was within twenty yards of the 'wallow,' a little old scoundrel that I had fired fifty times rode almost on me and fired. I fell with Smith on top of me, but as I didn't feel pain, I thought I had stepped in a hole. The Indians couldn't stay around here a minute, the boys kept it red hot; so I picked up Smith and got safe into the 'wallow.'"

"Amos," said Dixon, "you are badly hurt."

"No, I am not," said I. "Why, look at your leg."

"And sure enough, the leg was shot off just above the ankle joint, and I had been walking on the bone dragging the foot behind me. In the excitement I never knew it, nor have I ever had any pain in my leg to this day."

The surgeon at Camp Supply amputated Chapman's leg below the knee, more than two weeks after the receipt of the wound. In a week thereafter I had to take away his clothing to keep him in bed. He is as still useful and as ready to fight as any two-legged scout.

Begin Modestly.

"The trouble with these days," says Uncle Millet, "is that people won't begin modest. Now there's my friend John—, had a fine start in life, but he's petered out. It reminds me of what Squire N—, of Minot, used to say about his daughters, that 'they flew high, but lit amazin' low!'"—Louisiana Journal.

This year we are to have a ship-load of Mormons from Europe every month.

SUNDAY READING.

Faith is not Always Faith.

Words mean very much or very little, according to the use made of them; and according to the spirit and to the measure of understanding in those who hear them. Words that are employed with reference to spiritual truths have pre-eminently a suggestive rather than a definitive value. They, peculiarly, are liable to great misconception.

Perhaps there is no word that has a wider range of values, according to the use made of it, than the word "faith." It runs from a dry and joyless bundle of abstract statements to the life-giving and life enjoying act of connection with the personal Savior that secures rest in Him forever. In any discussion of the nature of the elements, or of the results of faith, it is all-important that it be understood on both sides of the discussion in what sense the term "faith" is used.

Religious News and Notes.

Mr. Moody expects to limit his visit to Paris to two weeks. Of course he will hold meetings.

Montana has one bishop, eight rectors, five church buildings, 388 communicants, 481 Sunday-school scholars.

Russia has 18,000,000 Protestants, and half as many Roman Catholics, and the government gives about \$500,000 a year to each of the two churches.

According to the statistical report of the missionary society of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, it had among the Indians thirteen ordained and licensed preachers, seven candidates, forty ruling elders, twenty-nine deacons, twenty-four organized congregations and 527 communicants.

It has been decided to build a cathedral at Spire, in Bavaria, as a memorial of the Diet held there in 1529, in which was promulgated the famous "protest" against the Papal doctrines whence arose the name "Protestant." The king of Bavaria, himself a Roman Catholic, has given a large sum toward it.

The New York Evangelist says that there are at present in the Fiji Islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned save by a single tribe.

At the twenty-third annual council of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Texas the following statistics of Christian work for the past year were presented: Baptism, 383; confirmations, 146; communicants, 2,425; Sunday-school scholars, 1,641; teachers, 225; clergy, 22; lay readers, 24; Ladies Aid societies, 21; churches consecrated, 12; chapels dedicated, 1; corner-stones laid, 3; parishes and missions reported, 28. The total contributions reached \$51,070, being nearly \$20,000 above that of any previous year.

Sadly Afflicted.

"My boy was badly afflicted with rheumatism," said Mr. Barton, of the great store of Redway & Barton, of this city, to one of our reporters. "We doctored him a great deal but could find no cure; I had heard so much of the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil that I finally determined to try it. Two bottles of the Oil fully cured him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A wonderful spring which exists in Coffee county, Ala., is a cure for all diseases of the skin, and fine whitened sand sent up by the bubbling waters is said to cure the worst cases of dyspepsia.

The local editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Mr. J. H. Mabbitt, says: "We have used St. Jacobs Oil in our family for rheumatism, and found it to be a first class thing."—Boston Herald.

The United States has exported to England since 1878, each year, nearly 45,000,000 cwt., or considerably more than half of all her wheat imports.

"With Grateful Feelings." Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: "Dear Sir—Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Purgative Pellets' have cured my daughter of scrofulous swellings and open sores about the neck; and your 'Favorite Prescription' has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife who had been bedfast for eight months from female weakness. I am, with grateful feelings, Yours truly, T. H. Lono, Galveston, Texas.

A colored man living in Giles county, Tenn., is the father of fifty-four children, forty-nine of whom are living.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For scrofula, sores of all kinds, skin and blood diseases, its effects are marvelous. Thousands of testimonials from all parts. Send stamp for pamphlet on skin disease. Address: WOLFE'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

The practice of going to Europe to travel and rest costs the United States about \$125,000,000 annually.

"Fair Girl Graduates." whose sedentary lives increase those troubles peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which is an unfailing remedy. Sold by druggists.

A BORNHEIM over 1,000 years old is still thriving in the cathedral at Hildesheim.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. THERE are few towns or large villages in China which have not their insurance offices.

Is your hair falling out or your scalp diseased? Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, as now improved and perfected, is just the article you need. Buy a bottle; you will value it as the choicest of all toilet preparations.

Frazer Axle Grease. One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuff offered. Ask your dealer for Frazer's, with label on. It saves your horse labor, and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

Decline of man. Nervous Weakness, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by 'Wells' Health Renewer,' \$1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

25 Cents Will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by New York Newspaper Union, 150 West Street, New York.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—youth, middle-aged or old. 128 invaluable prescriptions.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Purified" Compound Elixir of Gallaria," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

The new frontier of the Cayuga Lake Military Academy, Aurora, N. Y., is a handsome book of 50 pages, full of information. Maj. W. A. Flint is Principal, Henry Morgan, Esq., President.

25 Cents will Buy a Treatise upon the Horse and his Diseases. Book of 100 pages. Valuable to every owner of horses. Postage stamps taken. Sent postpaid by NEW YORK NEWSPAPER UNION, 150 West Street, New York.

What a Three-Cent Stamp Will Do.

It will do more than any other piece of paper of its size and value in the world. It accomplishes what neither a five-cent stamp, nor a ten-cent stamp, nor a one-dollar bill can do. It is the only stamp that is not a mere piece of paper, but a valuable commodity. It is the only stamp that is not a mere piece of paper, but a valuable commodity. It is the only stamp that is not a mere piece of paper, but a valuable commodity.

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Merchant's GARLIC OIL LINIMENT

for human, fowl and animal flesh, was first prepared and introduced by Dr. J. C. W. Merchant, in Lockport, N. Y., U. S. A., 1850, since which time it has steadily grown in public favor, and is now acknowledged and admitted by the trade to be the standard liniment of the country. When we make this announcement we do so without fear of contradiction, notwithstanding we are aware of the many who are misled by cheap imitations especially on account of the many imitations on the market; however, we are pleased to state that our liniment does not contain any of the many poisons which are so common to the cheap imitations.

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