The Leper of the Cumberlands.

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

High above the valley, in solitary grandeur, towers the weird old summit of the Milksick Mountain. Too distinct to claim close kinship with the Cumberlands, too remote to be named among the brotherhood of the Great Smokies, it stands alone; a monarch without subjects, a banished king of a proud old range trending off to the eastward, even away from its accursed companionship. It presents an awesome front, even in its affliction refusing baser fellowship than the clouds which sometimes drop a kindly veil across its rugged brow. The very fence surrounding it has a pitiful significance, as if it said, "Set apart!" "Stricken!"

The verdure, true, is always green there, summer or winter, making a tantalizing temptation for the cattle constantly grouped without the bars, watching with longing eyes the hardy luxuriance which crowns the Milksick Mountain. But woe to the cattle venturing beyond the prohibitory bars! woe to the cattle, and woe to the lips that drink of their milk!

It had brought woe enough, indeed, to the humble dwellers of the valley round about, had this "mountain of poison," as they called it; and one by one, as the deadly milksick had left its mark upon them, the afflicted families had moved farther on, and away from the dangerous locality, until only Grandad Corbin's little cabin remained in the shadow of the "Stricken Monarch." This is the name scientists have given it; for the Milksick Mountain has baffled science, lo, these years.

To the people in Bear Cove it is known as the "Leper of the Cumberlands;" and what to do with it, how to protect themselves from its uncomprehended curse, was a question finally settled by the erection of a great fence entirely surrounding it, and made doubly secure by placing a fine of one hundred dollars upon the hand lifted to lower the bars for any cause whatsoever.

The fence might be scaled at will, but the bars were not to be removed, lest by a slip of man's memory the cattle should find an opening into the deadly pasture. True, the bars might have been dispensed with altogether, only that the mountaineer *never* dispenses with them, and the fine was found to be an ample protection.

Secure in this safeguard Grandad Corbin and his wife, Granny, had dwelt for more than fifty years under the shadow of the mountain, guarding the eastern pass to Hickory Valley.

Poor grandad spent much wonder upon the nature of the poison which affected the bright, tender growth; but to granny it was neither a matter of worry nor conjecture.

"I'm a'n't questionin' o' the Lord's doin's," she would declare. "He made the milksick ez it air, so I reckin it air all right, bein' ez I ain't never heard ex He ware given ter makin' mistakes. I reckin it air all right."

All right! That is just what the people of Hickory Valley, and more especially that part of it belonging to Bear Cove, would have expected Granny Corbin to say.

Indeed, Ben Sykes, surly Ben Sykes, declared: "Granny air mightily noted for that word. Everything air 'all right' ter her. That air the chorus ter her song, an' she air tolerble steddy ter sing it. 'All right;' it air allers 'all right.' All troubles an' ailments that comes ter folks air 'all right,' an' just what ought to be, of a body listens ter Granny Corbin. But I'm a waitin' ter see of things'll be so mighty 'right,' when the trouble lays at her own door. Granny's had a precious little ter fret over, an' its mighty easy ter say troubles an' afflictions air 'all right', when they air sent ter other folks. Granny's got her name up fer that: *I'm* a waitin' ter see how she bears her own troubles."

So she he', as Ben said, "got her name up" as a comforter among her humble neighbors. Where trouble went they had learned to look for Granny Corbin, and it was seldom, indeed, that they looked in vain.

She had such a gentle way of carrying hope to afflicted hearts, such a natural way of making trouble seem less hard than it was, she was a very welcome visitor among the suffering, was dear old Granny Corbin.

None knew this better than Ben Sykes; for despite his braggadocio and scepticism, Ben had very sad and tender recollections of the day his only girl died, and all sunlight and warmth seemed to have left the world together with the little form they were laying away under the dogwood trees on the side of the mountain beyond Lost Creek; and when they had left her there alone, under the blooming dogwood, he had crept back, when the rest were gone, to weep by the little grave that held his heart. For Ben's life at home was not a sunny one; his wife was quarrelsome, and hard to please; and now that the child was gone, he dreaded what it might be—the place he called home—for himself and his son Ruben. Ruben, he knew, would not stand it very long, for he was full grown at eighteen, and only the week before had threatened to leave "if the eternal fuss went on."

It was the child that held the divided house together—the little girl sleeping under the dogwood trees. The little heart would grieve no more for the harsh words spoken; the little lips would no more kiss away the furrows of care and frowns of impatience. Ben sighed for his future peace as he crept back for a last moment on the little red mound that covered his child. It had seemed so bare and desolate, just as her little life had been. If the grass would only hurry and cover it, he thought it would not be so hard to leave her there. He longed for, and yet dreaded to see it—the little barren mound. But when he saw it, his heart gave a great bound, and the tears started to his eyes, and ran down his rough cheeks.

"Granny Corbin," he said, "it ware certainly granny ez done it."

The little grave was literally covered with the delicate dogwood blossoms. First the petals, creamy and pink and pure white, telling how the trees had been violently shaken, until the grave beneath them was well-nigh covered. Then there were sprigs of the pretty blossoms, armfuls, grouped about the little mound until it was, seemingly, only a mound of bright blossoms.

It was a very simple thing to do, a very little thing may be, but it helped him in his sorrow. He never thought of his child again as lying alone in the damp dark earth. She was asleep in a bed of flowers. It was very sweet and comforting thought, and in his heart he blessed the hand that had decked the resting place of his darling.

The next week she had come to him again—dear old Granny Corbin—come to him, as she always came, on the heels of sorrow. Ruben had left—run away; "gone forever," he declared. And granny had come over to tell him it was "all right" that his son should desert him, and his child should die, and his house "be give over to torment." He was very angry, and he b'd granny to "git'ar out," and to go home and learn what trouble meant before she went out as a comforter.

"It's mighty easy ter tell folks trouble air 'all right' so long ez it air not yer own," he declared. "But wait tell it stops ter yer own door, an' see ef it's all so right. Wait tell it stops, I say, an' then come a sayin' ez its all right, an' mebbe I'll b'lieve ye."

Ben was not the only one who scoffed, however, and wondered if affliction would not weaken the old woman's faith, but at the same time was comforted and helped by her.

There was the widow Larkins, whose son Jeff was brought home one day with a bullet in his breast, and the scent of whiskey still upon him. Granny had slipped in behind the men bringing the dead boy in; and when his old mother, blind with grief, had reached her hands across the bed in a helpless, stricken way, they had met Granny Corbin's warm, friendly clasp come to meet her from the other side.

Sympathy was not abundant in the Larkins' neighborhood, for many had felt the effects of Jeff's drunken recklessness. But granny did not stop to consider that. Death is death in the household, whether it takes the pet lamb or the black sheep. So she helped to wipe away the blood, and smoothed the tangled hair upon the white temples, and folded his hands gently upon his breast, and laid a sprig of sweet azalea blossoms upon his bosom, and another against his cheek; and then carried his mother to look at her boy, lying so still and pale and gentle among the white sheets and the sweet azalea blossoms.

He had never seemed so clean, so pure and childlike since the days when he slept upon her bosom—the far-away days of babyhood. Into her heart there crept a hope, a faith, that was to cheer her always, that he might *perhaps* be fit to die after all. It was her boy, her babe, come back again, clean and white in the arms of death.

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"It's mighty easy," Ben Sykes said when he heard of it, "it's migty easy ter comfort when ye don't know what trouble air. Jest wait, I tell ye, tell it stops ter her door; then ye'll see of it air 'all right,' though it *air* 'sent of the Lord.'" So Ben said, and said it until others began to say it, and began to wait, without really knowing it, for the trouble that was to settle Granny Corbin's faith.

And granny lived on in the cabin under the shadow of the Milksick Mountain, "blessed of the Lord," she declared, for her son Ab and his wife and their five little ones shared the chimney corner with her and grandad.

"Not a chick nor a child missin'," Ben declared, "how can she know the sorrer of death an' of deserlation?"

True, they were poor, as the world went, but wealth was a stranger among the Bear Cove people, and granny was as well off as the rest of them. She had the cabin and the patch of ground surrounding it, and "old Star," the cow that had, according to granny, "literally raised the two last chillen, ez her mammy had the oldest ones afore her." The land, true, was a trifle too near the Milksick to be of any great value; for the unknown poison was liable to spread, and had a way, the neighbors said, "of travelin' round ekal ter the mumps an' the 'hoopin' cough." But granny troubled herself very little about the mountain. Grandad worried some, to be sure, but after all it was more wonder than worry that made him sit for hours under the low eaves of the cabin with his faded eyes fixed upon the awesome old summit.

"I allers wandered what ailed it," he said one day, as he watched the dreamful shadow clouds driving above the forsaken height. "I allers wondered what ailed the Milksick anyhow."

Granny looked up from the heel she was turning upon her knitting needles. "I air not questionin' the doin's of the Almighty," she declared. "He made the Milksick ez at air, so it air bound ter be all right, sence *He* done it."

But grandad could not accept the riddle so quietly. For half a century he had lived under its shadow, to wonder at the curse.

"Waall," he insisted, "I'd jest like ter know, afore I die, what it be ez hev pizened the Milksick Mountain."

"Ye can't l'arn it, Obadiah," said granny. "Smarter folks nor we-uns hev been a docterin' of it, an' a wonderin', an' at the last they-uns haint no wiser nor we-uns."

"Parson Orman, he lowed;" said grandad, "ez it air a leper, an' bed ter be set aside, count o' its bein' onclean. It ware a likely sayin' o' Parson Orman's; fur whenever I look at the Milksick, fenced off ther' ter itse'f, it seems ter be a sayin', 'Oncleanl' onclean!' ever time I look."

"Yes," assented granny, "it do seem ez of the hand o' the Lord ware upon it. Yit, I'm thinkin' it air all right, spite o' its ailments."

"I did like ter go over ther'," said grandad, "an' look about a spell, an' try ef I couldn't make out what ails it. Some o' the scienters lowed it ware the dew on the yarbs, an' ez it ware all right after the dew dried up. But the cattle ez went in in dew-time went jest like them ez got in when the dew ware gone. All of 'em went a flyin' down ter the creek, ravin' mad, ter drink theirse'ves ter death. An' some lowed t'ware min'ral *in* the groun' ez pizened the yarbs *above* the groun'. But they digged, an' digged, an' ther' never ware no min'ral foun', not ter this good day. So they jest h'isted the fence, an' furbid folkes a projeckin' with the Milksick Mount'n any more. But I did like ter try ter find it; 'twould be wuth consider'ble ter find out what air hid over ther' in the milksick pen."

"Obadiah!" Granny's voice was sharp in pronouncing grandad's name. "Ye hev got no bizness ter be talkin' sech afore the chillen. Nex' thing we-uns knows Burke and David'll be lett'n' down them bars, an' who's to pay the hunderd-dollar fine fur the life of me *I* can't see."

Grandad said no more; but he thought about it a good deal. He had always wondered at the Milksick's curse. But public feeling was against any tampering with the poisonous growth. The folks had suffered too much from broken rails, and bars left down, and poisoned cattle, and deadly milk. Their feelings were very emphatic on the subject. Grandad knew it.

"Ef a cow was ter git in fifty year from now, they'd say I done it, ef they once knowed I hed been in ther'," he said. So he never ventured beyond the bars; discretion was the better part of curiosity.

But unfortunately grandad's caution did not descend to his grandsons, Burke and David, or else they were too young for its development. Long after the old man was asleep that night, the boys lay awake in the trundle-bed, whispering to each other of the wonderful something which grandad had said was hidden in the milksick pen, and which must be worth so much to the finder.

The moon was flooding the poisonous pasture with her full, soft light when two figures slipped noiselessly through the cabin door, and sped away toward the grim old mountain rising to the left of the garden patch.

Click! click! the bars were dropped from nervous little hands—carefully dropped. But when a low "moo" sounded among the azalea bushes across the road, both boys started with guilty fear, and the half-lifted rail fell with a crash that seemed to awake the very hills.

Both took to their heels, but stopped, breathless and panting, when they heard old Star's bell tinkling among the azalea bushes. It was only the cow that had frightened them, but guilty consciences refused to face their fears a second time. They crept back to the trundle-bed where the little sisters were quietly sleeping. It was not long until they too were asleep. And while they slept, old Star was contentedly grazing within the poisonous limits of the milksick pen.

It was "sun-up" when Ben Sykes and Abner Corbin, returning from an all-night hunt, stopped at the gate of the Corbin place. Early as it was, Ab's wife had breakfast ready. The odor of broiling bacon came, deliciously appetizing, through the cabin door when Abe's wife opened it a moment to bid Ben "come in an' have a bite of warm vittels along of Ab."

But Ben declared he must go on, and was about to do so, when the sound of childish laughter made both men turn and look where the boys, Burke and David, were coming down the road, holding to old Star's tail, and shouting as they came.

In response to their shouts the cabin door opened again, and two tangled tow heads appeared in the light of the misty morning. Polly and Docie, their frocks unbuttoned, their faces unwashed, but with their tiny tin cups, bright and clean, came bounding out at the first sound of old Star's coming.

Within the cabin another ear had caught the familiar tinkle of the cow bell, and Baby Bess turned in her trundle-bed.

Another turn, and the bare feet touched the puncheon floor; then came a kind of swift, right-about movement, a half pull, half crawl, that brought her to the cabin door, where she sat waving her hands and calling, "Too Tow," as lustily as the rest.

Ben Sykes watched the little ones gathered about the docile animal. Burke was the real milker, and he sat with the piggin between his knees, guiding the streams of creamy milk safely through the tiny cups that were thrust now and then between his hand and the piggin, when the younger milkers found their own efforts a trifle slow. Close to Burke's side crouched David, ostensibly "keeping off the calf"—in reality, waiting his turn on the milking-stool. Polly and Docie crouched close to old Star upon the other side; so close, indeed, that more than once Burke called out, —

"Git back ther', Polly, else ye'll be tromped ter death!" Or else, "Move back, Docie, afore ye upset the piggin!"

The two men at the gate watched until one tiny cup was full, and Polly ran to fetch it to the baby crowing delightedly in the cabin door.

"I declar'," said Ben, "them babies of your air a plumb pretty sight; an' ole Star air a wonder fur gentleness."

"Yes," said Ab, "them youngsters would find it mighty dry livin' without the cow." And then Ben said "good-day," and Abner Corbin went in to his breakfast, and his family grouped about the modest table.

A frown darkened Ben's brow as he trudged homeward. No cheery welcome and happy children awaited him at the cabin in Bear Cove. A bit of broiled bacon and corn bread, seasoned with his wife's ill temper, was the best he could hope for.

"No wonder they-uns kin talk so cheerful," he muttered. "Not a chick nor a chil' missin'. No wonder granny finds things 'all right' allers. Wait till trouble comes ter they-uns, *I* say; jest wait till it comes."

It came—swift and sharp and terrible. One of those blows before which reason itself falls in the grasp of despair.

Ben himself tottered with weakness when a messenger went through the cove at sunset telling the awful story of the milksick poison that had appeared, with terrible fatality, in Granny Corbin's cabin.

It was noon of the next day when Ben Sykes visited the stricken house. He could not bring himself to go sooner; he felt somehow as if he had expected the calamity until expiration had become a wish for it. "But not this," he told himself, "oh, my God, not all this."

He had not expected patience and forbearance in the face of this terrible trial; it was too much to ask of the human heart amid such dire misfortune.

The neighbors had shrouded the dead when Ben arrived, and made them ready for their humble burial. David, Polly and Docie lay on the little trundle-bed, fast-locked, pretty, sinless lambs, not in the sweet sleep of restless childhood, but in the old, old sleep of death—that sleep which locks alike the lips of childhood and of age, and seals alike the laugh or sigh upon the lips of grave or gay—that old, old sleep of death.

Under the white sheet on another bed, Bess, the baby that had crowed in the sunshine on the cabin doorstep, lay still and white,—a little frozen mountain flower, poor little dead babe,—by the side of grandad.

As for him, the old man upon whose silver-crowned temples death had lain a gentle hand, the smile upon his face might have been the smile of childhood come again, or, perchance, the smile of knowledge gratified, when death made clear the mystery that had baffled science, and led the old man to the light through that self-same riddle, the milksick poison.

Burke crouched in a corner, sobbing beside the bed where Abner watched the course of the poison throbbing in his wife's veins.

Granny moved from bed to bed, where lay the living and the dead, ministering to one, tenderly stroking the dead brows of the other. The blow had fallen heavily, mercilessly. More than once the assembled neighbors sought to speak their sympathy, but words were choked by sobs. She, indeed, the stricken and afflicted, was the calmest of them all. It seemed as if she needed sympathy of none, nor asked for it. But they understood, those simple folk, she leaned on a stronger arm than theirs.

Once she stopped beside the bed where grandad lay, and lifted up the sheet, and gazed down at the calm, dead face of him who had travelled at her side for half a century.

While she stood thus, tearless and heartbroken, a shadow fell upon the doorstep. It was Ben, the scoffer, but silent now and full of shame.

Granny turned to him, and lifted up her face, pale with grief, and scarred full deep with age. The memory of his words awoke in the poor brain—words spoken when his own heart lay crushed and bleeding: —

"Wait till trouble stops at yer *own* door, then say ez it's 'all right,' an' I'll believe ye."

The words came back with startling meaning; her faith was in the balance. She who had preached confidence must now prove her own, and that, too, to this man whose future might depend upon her strength, sorely tried. She glanced at Ben standing in the sunlighted doorway, then at her dead, stretched in solemn stillness under the white sheets.

The poor lips opened to speak. "It hev come, neighbor," she said, "the hand of the Lord air upon me"—she hesitated for a single instant, and the silence grew intense. But if they expected any faltering, any swerving of the faithful old heart, they were mistaken. One faded hand was laid on grandad's marble brow; the other pointed to the trundle-bed, where the poor dead babies lay: —

"It air all right; all right, else it had not a been."

There was a hush of awe, and not devoid of reverence, in the room, as many a humble, doubting heart took hold again on hope. To Ben, the troubles that had well-nigh crushed him down seemed puny things, indeed, before that majesty of faith which, wrapped still in the pallid arms of pain, could rise triumphantly among the ashes of despair to say that "All is well."—*The Arena.*

The fashion of serving the fish before meats began in 1792.

AN APRIL RAIN.

BY FANNIE FRANCIS.

Softly, softly, patters the rain,
Over the land and over the main,
Bringing sweet flowers and fruit again,
Softly patters the rain.

Softly tinkling all night long,
I heard it rattling a silver song.
Merrily singing its rainy day song,—
"A rainy day never lasts long.

"I fall on the rich as well as the poor,
Passing along from door to door.
I give to all from my treasured store
In gentle patter or heavy pour.

"To all I sing my roundelays,
Bidding you think of the different ways
That God is good; and Him we praise,
In the fitful music of rainy days."

"Hobson's Choice."

The expression "Hobson's choice" is often heard, but comparatively few persons recall its origin. Wide Awake thus explains: "Thomas Hobson was born in 1544; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the university letters, packages, and passengers. In addition to his express business he had a livery stable, and let horses to the university students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order as they stood, beginning with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned to him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase, 'Hobson's choice.' In the spring of 1650 the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to avoid infection Hobson was forbidden to go to London. He died in January, 1651, partly, it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city, to which he left many legacies. His death called forth several poems from members of the university, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, then a student at Christ's College."

Puzzled.

Some years ago a gentleman living in Charleston, South Carolina, had as an attendant a colored man who was an excellent servant in all respects save one: he could not be taught to serve things invariably at the left hand of guests at the table.

At length the gentleman hit upon an ingenious expedient. Coats were then worn single-breasted in Charleston, and he told Cæsar that he must always hand the plates and other dishes to the guests on the bottonhole side.

This plan worked to a charm for some time; but one day there came a foreign guest, who wore a double-breasted coat. Poor Cæsar, in dismay, looked first at one side of it, and then at another, and finally, casting a look of despair at his master, he exclaimed, "Buttons on both sides, massa!" and handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

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If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. THE FIDELITY WALL PAPER CO., of North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send 4 two cent stamps for samples.

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WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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The estimated mean distance of the moon from the center of the earth is 238,833 miles.

16 332

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

Charles E. Pease
Of Connersville, Ind.

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A Boy's Terrible Experience

Given Up by Physicians---Considered a Confirmed Cripple

"For the benefit of other sufferers we state the case of our boy, who was taken with hip disease five years ago, when three years old. The trouble began with stiffness and severe pain in his knee, which suddenly went to his hip. The doctor pronounced it a genuine case of hip disease, and said if he lived he would

Always Be a Cripple.

Imagine our feelings! Charlie was entirely helpless. When we went to his bed to move or turn him for rest, he would scream as though we were murdering him. After two months, I happened to read of a similar case cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is hardly necessary to say that I called for a drug store and got a bottle. This was in April. We gave it to our boy, and in July several places on his hip gathered and broke. When we had taken a bottle and a half of the Sarsaparilla we saw that his general

Health Was Improving.

His color was better. In fact he was better in every way. The sores entirely healed up. We got him crutches and he walked with them for nearly two years. He grew stronger, and now for two years has had no sores, and has not used a crutch for over a year. He limps a little

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

out is in the best of health, goes to school, runs and plays just as lively as any of the boys; he walks over half a mile to Sunday school and return every Sunday.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. The Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. 25 CTS.

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained a wide sale under the name of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

It is now a "Nostrum," though at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine. But after compounding that prescription over a thousand times in one year, we named it "Piso's Cure for Consumption," and began advertising it in a small way. A medicine known all over the world is the result.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

NEW YORK papers in depicting Chicago as a pig seem to have reached the climax of humorous possibility and to be content there to abide. Yet Chicago got only what New York strove for and did not have gumption and enterprise enough to secure. Admitting for argument's sake that Chicago is the fat-jowled animal of Gotham cartoons innumerable, it still rises superior to the dog in the manger.

THE POETRY OF THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED T. JANE.

When the "bloodless warfare" of the naval maneuvres is in progress, countless stories are told along the coast of the havoc wrought by the electric search-light. Romantic walks on lonely cliff paths are disturbed by a flash from the deep. Night is turned into day, and chanticleer feels in duty bound to apprise his neighbors of the fact. The gas burning on parades and sea-walls pales its ineffectual glare, and the dazzled, winking watchers of the strange lights from the sea are unfeignedly thankful when the beams are turned in some other direction. So far they have experienced its prose, now they may hope to see something of what may well be called its poetry. The weird mystery of its ever-changing effects, whose infinite variety is constantly presenting familiar objects in a new aspect, the strong light and shade of its pictures, and the rapidity with which they succeed one another, combine to produce on their observer an impression as lasting as it is impossible of exact repetition.

Whatever effect is produced by the light on observers on the shore is certainly not lessened when the search-light is brought to bear upon observers at sea. From how near or far none of us on the ship can do more than guess; a beam of light shoots hither and thither over the dark surface of the ocean. Suddenly the beam is lost, and in place of it we see a bright and blazing star. And then all the air is filled with a blinding light, apparently circling round and round, and forming a pathway direct to the star from which it comes. It is only for a moment. As suddenly as it comes upon us it has gone, and we feel that even at sea, where night *can* be dark, we have never known before what darkness meant.

Probably our ship is one of a squadron, and is fitted, like her consorts and the vessel whose light has broken so mysteriously upon our darkness, with a search-light of her own. This will be quickly brought into play, and its beams in their turn will dart hither and thither across the dark waters in search of the ship from which the strange light flashed. In this progress the beams will cross and recross the lights of other ships, and will show at one minute dazzlingly opaque, and the next as a transparent film. Every eye is turned to the quarter whence the first light flashed upon us. If the light come from a torpedo boat and fortune favor us we shall sight the boat in a few minutes, but it may be an hour or even more before we do so, for her commander, if he wished to escape detection, would naturally avoid the direct path of the light from his ship. But, sooner or later, telling blue-black against the light beyond her, we catch sight of the low-lying boat, which is passing through a beam and is speeding toward us. She is traveling fast, and we have to shift the light rapidly. Once again the beam falls upon the water, but it catches only the stern of the stranger, making it tell as light grey against dark. Nearer and nearer hastens the boat, darting this way and that in a vain endeavor to elude the blinding ray of ghostly light which follows her relentlessly. The weird mystery deepens as the space between us grows less, and distance, form, and color are distorted and lost. As often as not we see from behind the light the boat which it is covering, as though it were travelling in the air or upon the bulwarks of our own ship.

Weird and startling as is this effect, it is far surpassed by that which is given by the search-light when it throws, as it often does, huge shadows on the sky. Not every state of the atmosphere is favorable to this phenomenon. Fog or smoke must be present in the air, which will then, being made opaque or semi-opaque, take the imprint of a shadow almost as surely as a blank wall on shore. Just in the same way one often sees on the water, when the sun is shining, the sharp shadow of a ship, formed where there is foam, though as a rule the water, being as transparent as the air, will not take a shadow. The same thing takes place with the search-light, only the light being so much nearer to the object than are the clouds upon which the shadow is thrown, the shadow often appears many times larger than the original, and a tiny boat will give a shadow moving along the clouds like a gigantic ghost ship.

Another curious trick of shadow is played by the search-light when the shadow is thrown upon a cliff or upon another ship. In that case, owing to the concentration of light, the shadow stands out by force of contrast apparently intensely black. The general weirdness, and destruction of form and distance, play their part in the illusion, no doubt. But when the shadow is that of a small boat, it is difficult at first to say which is substance and which shadow. So complete is the illusion at times that Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, in the early days of search-lights, once chased what he thought was another boat under the cliffs of Milford Haven, only to find after he had gone a considerable distance that he was pursuing the shadow of his torpedo boat.

If instead of looking from behind the beam of light we look across it from any distance, another curious trick of shadow is to be seen; the masts and yards of a vessel caught in the beam will cast a shadow on a cliff or coast a mile or more away, and will even, under peculiar circumstances, tell on the beam itself as deep blue bars along the silvery grey. The beam is actually straight, but sometimes from a distance it takes the form of a slight white curve athwart the sky. Of course this is another illusion, due, in all probability, to the refraction of the light in passing through the different layers of atmosphere, more or less moist.

Strangest, in some ways, of all the spectral effects of light and shade which the search-light gives is one which was often displayed at the Naval Exhibition—though it would hardly be fair to take the apparatus used there as fully illustrating the powers of those in use in the Navy. Falling upon the water, the beam of light is reflected to the sky in the wildest, weirdest manner. Sometimes one edge of the beam comes out sharply and the other is lost, more often the whole is vague and blurred, but always the scene is weird almost beyond description.

It would be impossible to describe the effects of color produced by the search-light when turned directly towards an observer, some of which are, of course, common to arc lights under all circumstances. The normal ray is a silvery white, but when the light burns badly, the ray appears surrounded by prismatic colors, among which violet is predominant. As a rule, those portions of the ship using the light that are caught in the ray stand out in a beautiful rose-pink. The water, where the light touches it, seems an intense, almost buttercup yellow fringed with emerald green, and shading off into deep blue-black shadow. No painter has yet attempted to grapple with the changing hues and strange effects. They are vivid almost beyond belief, and add in no slight degree to the poetry of the search-light.

A gentleman is one who is willing to abate something from his right.

Surliness of heart must melt a little under the simple effort to smile.

The chronic fault-finder has a devilish spirit whether he knows it or not.

A man without decision can never be said to belong to himself.

Motion of Electricity in Wires.

Kirchoff, in his paper on Motion of Electricity in Wires, first showed in 1857 that, under certain conditions, electricity moves in a thin wire according to the laws of wave motion and with a velocity about equal to that of light. This, however, is only true of straight wires stretched in the air. He found that if the wire be in a zig-zag form, or wound in a spiral, the velocity of propagation exceeded that of light. Prof. J. Stephan has recently been studying the same question, using the method of Hertz, that is, of producing stationary waves and comparing the length of the waves in straight wires with those in circuits. He finds them longer in the latter than in the former, and the increased velocity of propagation in the latter over light, much greater than that given by Kirchoff or Wheatstone, who has also investigated the subject.

A QUEER HOUSE.—In Lake Nyassa there is a kind of black fish which every year build what the natives term a house. In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, heaping up the mud removed from the hole so as to form a little wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall measured together make a basin from fifteen to twenty inches deep. In this lake within a lake this queer little fish erects a mud house, the average sized specimen, measuring fourteen inches across the bottom, rapidly coming to a point in the shape of a broad cone. A hole four inches in diameter, always on the south side, serves as an opening for egress and ingress. A dried specimen of this queer domicile preserved in the Royal Museum at Berlin has two doors and a partition separating it into two rooms.

A Cincinnati musical crank has invented an aluminium violin.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with Pastes, Enamels and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

MRS. GERMAN MILLER.

Saves Another Life!

Suffered for Eight Long Years!

MRS. MILLER SAYS:—"I had been troubled for eight years with stomach and heart difficulties. I lived mostly on milk, as everything I ate distressed me so. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state; was so run down and nervous that at times I could neither sleep or eat. I was treated by the best Physicians in Chicago and elsewhere without any benefit whatever. As a last resort I tried Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and before I had used the third bottle I realized that I was gaining in every way. The use of Swamp-Root has made a Marvelous Cure in my case. Now I enjoy every thing that I eat, and can go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Anyone doubting this statement may write and I will gladly answer." Mrs. German Miller.

Dec. 20th, 1892. Springport, Mich.

SWAMP-ROOT

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if you are not benefited, Druggist will refund to you the price paid.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" and Consultation Free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

At Druggists, 50c. or $1.00 Size.

Two Stepping Stones

to consumption are ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

RUPTURE

Cure guaranteed by DR. J. B. MAYER, 1035 Arch St., PHILA., PA. Exact science; incarceration or delay from business not dilatory. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

CATARRH

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine Warren, Pa.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations,

Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

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