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THE BUTLER CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

By Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham

There is no accounting for the tastes of travelers. Mr. Paul the Chailli was born in Africa, where he made wonderful journeys and discoveries that earned him world-wide honor; but although he proved himself superior to all the torments of equatorial travel, it was quite natural to suppose that yearly, after his return, he would, on the approach of winter, hurry shivering from New York to at least the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

What he really did, however, when seized anew by the fever of travel, was to cross the Atlantic and go as near to the north pole as the route by land would allow. For five years he remained within or near the arctic circle; and although though his impudence would cost him his life, he returned in variable health, having entirely escaped even the rheumatism that is supposed to claim for its own all travellers from milder climes.

One important result of his trip is a large and extremely interesting book, just published simultaneously in America, England, Germany, France, Sweden, and Denmark, an incident unparalleled in the history of book publication.

Like the author's other works, "The Land of the Midnight Sun" derives much of its charm from the novelty of the scenes and people described. Portions of Scandinavia have at times exerted mighty influences on the destinies of nations; and it would seem that at least the southern parts of Sweden and Norway would attract the attention of many writers.

Mr. Du Chailli, however, belongs the honor of having written the first comprehensive sketch of the country and its inhabitants. The Scandinavian peninsula, not devoted to attention strictly to its own affairs, it is not on the road between the remainder of Europe and anywhere in particular; so, excepting a few English sportsmen and an occasional party whose first desire is to see the sun at midnight, their second longing being to get back to their comfortable homes as soon as possible, the foreigner is seldom seen there.

The natives are simply what their own surroundings have made them, and their dress, customs and homes are in a great part unlike those of any other country. Where else in the world is the buyer trusted to make out his own bill?

What else do parents go to bed at night before their children's heads are tucked under the pillow? In what other part of Europe are there provinces where there are jails that are never occupied, where the annual death rate is not one per cent, and where jurymen are elected by the people, instead of being drawn haphazard from among such citizens as are not smart enough to shirk jury duty?

Nearly every one of Mr. Du Chailli's descriptions of the people compels the reader to believe that if the descendants of Vikings are so honest, industrious, peaceable and hearty, the dreaded incursions of alleged marauders did not do England any great harm at all.

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden and the far north the author and friends were treated with the greatest hospitality. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight.

The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting anyone's feelings, he ate thirty-two cups of coffee. Often strong coffee is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a smorgasbord, or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers.

On a single smorgasbord table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, smoked salmon with poached eggs, caviar, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, beets and onions.

There were also three kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner.

When an American who would attempt to gain an appetite would be helpless before reaching the dinner table, and his dyspepsia would be one of the most wonderful cases on record; but the Swedes seldom complain of indigestion, and they certainly live longer than their Western neighbors.

There is a delicious satire in the fact the Norseman of the present day, the descendant of the most famous robbers that overran Europe, is distinguished above all other Europeans for his honesty and simplicity.

Not once during his long residence in Scandinavia did the author lose any of his property by theft, although he often left his bag of money exposed in sleigh or wagon.

On two or three occasions he lost his watch or his money, but invariably they were found, and brought back to him without any assistance from the authorities; and the bringer would appear not only surprised but hurt if offered payment for what seemed a mere



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night, and so does everything else picturesque, for, as if to compensate the native for almost total withdrawal of daylight during the winter season, nature gives him moonlight and starlight such as are seldom seen in lower latitudes.

Where the scenery does not startle the beholder by its grandeur, it is quite likely to charm by its beauty, for the less hilly portions of the peninsula are fully covered with farms, the buildings of which are quaint and quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere.

The age attributed to some of these buildings seems impossible, for it is not assuring to national pride to know that some Swedish farmers lived in solid, comfortable, roomy houses when our English ancestors occupied mere hovels, but the evidence that some of these farm-houses date back five, seven, and even ten centuries seems conclusive.

Equally old and interesting are many of the churches, and they are not, like most of those of a similar period in other lands, merely picturesque ruins, as will be seen by a picture or two which we borrow from the scope or more that the author displays in his book.

The interiors of some of these old churches indicate that Sweden had money enough to secure the best architects of the day, and to fully carry out their designs.

Indeed, for interesting antiquities Sweden may safely challenge comparison with any other nation in the north of Europe. Even had she only the remains of the old city of Wisby, she could outdo any of her neighbors in a competitive display of antiquities and venerable historical monuments.

In the days when London was merely the principal city of England, and centuries before Liverpool existed as a shipping port, Wisby was the centre of trade in Northern Europe, her business relations extending to Greece, Rome, India, and Persia.

The present walls of the city, which are sixty or seventy feet high, were built six centuries ago, for even at that time the community was so rich as to require special protection. The merchants had their code of commercial laws, which still is held in high respect in business circles everywhere.

The city was as full as London of rich and noble families, and the general beautification of the city, which is beautiful to testify to the wealth and taste of their builders.

Like all of the rich European cities, Wisby was one day captured, sacked, and almost destroyed. Perhaps it was at this time that the citizens buried the immense quantity of valuable portable property since that time they cannot easily be estimated, but all of them will understand why there are but few bachelors in the land of the midnight sun.

Long as are the wedding festivities those of Christmas far exceed them, for feasting and fun are industriously kept up from Christmas-eve to Twelfth-night, and almost every one of the people are said to be merry.

The patriarchal mode of life seems to have been better preserved in Scandinavia than in any other part of Europe. Even in the cities, where the habits of good society are in no way inferior to those of similar circles in England and France, servants and other social inferiors are treated with thoughtfulness and consideration to a degree that is rarely approached even in our own land of boasted equality.

Hundreds of buildings still remain as mute evidences of the substantial prosperity of the old merchant, and numerous ancient family tombs make interesting additions to the city's record.

But Wisby (which is on an island) is only one of the old Scandinavian cities on the mainland. The Wisby is only one of the many other and much larger, although perhaps not so rich, and their remains are equally interesting.

How many of the valuable things found in these cities really originated there is a somewhat delicate question to discuss, for the old Scandinavians, like all other powerful nations of the same period, had a habit of going to other countries, and bringing back whatever suited their fancy, dispensing entirely with the formality of asking the original owner's consent.

Exquisite vessels in gold, silver, and bronze have been found, and so have valuable ornaments in great profusion, while household utensils, armor, weapons, and even fairly preserved Viking ships are numerous enough to throw much light on Scandinavian life in the Middle Ages.

As usual in old countries, the tombs yield valuable contributions to the general store of antiquities, besides being quite curious in themselves.

Most interesting, however, of all the antiquities are the rock tracings, which at one stage of the country's development were the only substitutes for national and local records.

Every one knows what they are when he sees them, but their knowledge ends there. Many students have labored over them as faithfully as others have done over our own dating obelisk, but no translations disagree as hopelessly as politicians.

More legible in appearance, though sometimes just as puzzling in reality, are the rune stones, bearing inscriptions in characters that were designed to be mystical, and certainly succeeded in being mysterious.

Among those that are decipherable are some inscriptions on megalithic stones, which state that the late lamented departed this life in Greece, Rome, or the Saracen land—places to which the Norsemen have not generally been suspected of wandering.

Of course the author's first duty was to pay his respect to the midnight sun, which he saw from North Cape, the northernmost extremity of Scandinavia.

As he approached the arctic circle he naturally expected to be delivered from the swarms of buzzing insects that sometimes make life miserable in lower latitudes; to his great surprise and disgust, however, the pests increased as he moved farther north.

Mosquitoes were sometimes so numerous that it seemed a mystery how they could find enough air to breathe, and the author insists on being believed when he tells of a swarm so dense that it hid three men who were standing near by. In the middle of August these pests give way to a hard-biting

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gnet, which is nevertheless not wholly pitiless, for it remains out-of-doors, and does not bite at night. After these come a sand-fly that lanches on poor humanity until cold weather supervenes.

All of these tormentors attend to business throughout the whole summer day, which is not broken by anything worth the name of night, a trip to the midnight sun costs much more than money, although the traveller will not admit that the cost is too great.

A sketch of the far North without some description of Lapland, its people and its reindeer, would be as disappointing as a performance of Hamlet without the melancholy Dane.

Mr. Du Chailli spent much time in Lapland, and declares the Lapps to be a much-misrepresented people. Instead of being dark of complexion, black-haired, stout, heathenish, and murderous, as some Swedes and Norwegians believe them to be, the author found them light of hair and color, agile, industrious, bright hospitable, and as good Christians as any other people.

They are not always as cleanly as some other races, for building material is scarce in Lapland, houses or tents are small, and washing and cleaning are sometimes impossible.

Their morals are of a high order. Many of them are fairly educated, and nearly all of them are religious in both form and spirit.

The author's religious beliefs were carefully investigated at length by men and women alike. Some of the Lapps go abroad and become rich; Mr. Du Chailli has described a peculiar case in the United States, where one of them owns a brown-stone front; but most of them prefer to remain in their own land.

In the words of the author: "Happy and contented with his lot in the world, endowed with a religious nature, and a barren and lonely land contribute to intensify the Lapp's religious feelings, and his Bible, in the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and in a future life. From that dreary waste his songs of praise and his prayers are uttered with a faith which ceases only with his breath, and he departs rejoicing that he is going to the 'better land'."

The reindeer, which in any way or another is almost the entire support of the Lapps who have herds, is a large, heavy animal with remarkable independence of character. He will not accept shelter under cover, no matter how inclement the weather may be.

Neither will he eat any food that is offered him; he prefers to seek his own sustenance, which consists principally of a peculiar moss, and as this grows very slowly, requiring about seven years in which to reach maturity, the Lapp must shift his home from time to time to meet the necessities of his herd.

In midwinter the moss may be covered by several feet of snow, but the deer digs a hole with his feet, and disappears from the surface, burrowing his nose from one tuft of moss to another.

The flesh of the reindeer is quite palatable and nutritious, his skin makes very warm garments as well as durable harness, and cheese made of reindeer milk is very rich, although the quantity of milk yielded per day seems scarcely worth the taking, as it amounts to mere acupfuls.

One of the general travellers who writes books, Mr. Du Chailli has interested himself in every intellectual, social, and industrial phase of the national life. To those who read his frequent allusions to the music and song heard everywhere it will no longer seem strange that Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, and Ole Bull should have been named.

Sweden is not kept up with the supposed mother of singers. The dying art of vocal serenading seems to flourish vigorously in Sweden and Norway, and instrumental music is so common that the author reports pianos within the arctic circle, and towns farther south where these instruments are found in the ratio of one to every five people.

Great attention is bestowed upon dress and the beautifying of homes, although taste is superior to the rage for display. Facilities for communication are good, cheap, and fully equal to the demand; the postal service is fully as good as our own, and a perfect telegraph system covers the peninsula, the operators being compelled to understand at least three languages.

The common schools are as thorough in their methods as those of America, and considerably higher in grade, for the poorest child can obtain instruction in higher mathematics, the natural sciences, Latin, Greek, and modern languages.

Excellent technical schools exist, and good universities crown the educational system. In Norway and Sweden there are many mines and mills, most of the people gain their living either out of the soil or the sea.

The farmer in either country is a marvel of industry and thrift; he would live upon what an American farmer wastes, and live more comfortably than the most favored population do, as a rule.

The amount of labor performed at the special dairies, to which cattle are driven in summer, generally by girls, would horrify a Western maiden; but the Swedish and Norwegian girls thrive on it, enjoying rare good health, and consequent happiness.

Still more exacting is the home care of cattle in winter, when much of the food must be specially prepared. On some soil that here would be condemned as good for nothing, fair crops are grown and harvested in a short summer, while in the southern provinces the yield is equal to that of model farms in America.

The maritime fisheries of the two countries, and of Norway in particular, are simply staggering. Last year more than a thousand Norwegian vessels entered the port of New York, and seven times as many were busy elsewhere.

More than sixty thousand sailors man these vessels, and yet Norwegian sailors are numerous in the merchant navy of almost every other country; about a hundred and twenty thousand Norwegians are engaged in the fisheries. The author minutely describes the great fishing stations of Norway and here, as elsewhere, is struck by the attention paid by the government to all its resources.

Every fishing station has a superintendent, appointed by the government and the date of beginning the season's work, the time of starting out for the day, and even the places in which the fish are prepared for market, are determined by him; but the officer's duties seem to consist principally in preventing confusion or bad feeling. No liquor is sold at fishing stations, and yet the men, who are directly in the path of all the 'American wealth' that crosses the Atlantic, are a remarkably healthy and vigorous set of fellows; they wear good clothes, too, which is not done by fishermen in general.

Their abstemiousness must be attributed to the lack of strife; during a long visit to the fishing stations the author saw no fighting, and did not hear a single oath. No fishing is permitted on Sunday. Drunkenness and profanity are rare everywhere in Scandinavia; the reader can scarcely find a word about the country that the book does not answer. The geology of the country, and the effect of the glaciers, many of which are still at work, are minutely set forth.

The development of the people is traced from the stone age down to modern times, and even the dwellings, from the first departure from cave life, are described at length, the text being illustrated by many engravings of houses at different periods. Much valuable information is given about the fauna and flora, the climate, temperature, and rain-fall—the result being a general disabusing of popular impression. Unlike many books of travel, these volumes are illustrated solely from photographs and sketches made from the people and scene described, so the pictures contribute directly to the reader's information.

Mr. Du Chailli can not claim to be the original discoverer of Scandinavia, but he certainly has the honor of being the first to make known to the world the country as it exists to-day.

KEEPING APPLES. It is well, perhaps to touch upon this subject, as the time is approaching when we must prepare room to store the winter apples. In this, as in almost everything else, people differ to the best method of keeping apples through the winter as well as into the spring. In fact, they are frequently kept until June, with the flavor very little impaired.

Of course the utmost care must be taken in gathering them from the trees, then sorting them and putting them lightly into dry hour sacks. The barrel should be heaped somewhat, and the heading pressed down firmly, being careful not to bruise them. The sacks should be left under a dry, open shed until as late as November as the frost will admit of. Light freezing weather will not harm the fruit; in fact it is only when there is danger of freezing that it should be covered.

The barrel should then be taken into a fireless room where there will be no danger of freezing; or, which we would much prefer, a cold, dry cellar. When carefully disposed of in this way, there is little risk of apples becoming unsound throughout the winter and spring provided they are of a fair keeping variety, such as Smith's Ogle's, the Carthons, the Baldwin, the Rhode Island Greening, the Spitzenberg, the Northern Spy, etc.

It must be remembered, however, that a barrel, say of Baldwins, from one tree and one locality will not perhaps keep as well as a barrel from some other. It may be from some peculiarity of the soil, though perhaps as likely to be from some constitutional defect in the tree. One thing is well ascertained, that fruit from an old and worn-out tree will not keep as well as fruit from the same variety of which there may be but a moderate quantity on the tree. It seems, therefore, that one fine, large healthy-looking fruit of any one kind should have the preference as long-keepers.

If these precautions are taken the apple is not hard to keep. Most fall from keeping them too warm. The usual store-room of the house, where they are generally put, is not the best place for them. They need to be kept as cool as possible. Indeed, as we have already said a little frost does no harm to them, provided the low temperature is regular. A frequent change from cold to warm is fatal to the keeping quality of any fruit, much less the apple.—Germanown Telegraph.

If you can't 'bear' a cough, 'Bull' it with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our temper; and in society, our tongue.

A Hammock's Wild Way. An Illinois exchange fell called to thus deliver itself: 'His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind, and tumbled the Hon. J. S. Irwin on his head, and but for the application of St. Jacob's Oil, he might have gone to 'where the woodbine twines. Even so dear Beacon as many others have gone, who failing to use the Great German Remedy in time, for their rheumatism and other dangerous diseases, have paid the debt of Nature.' Rub is our motto.

A train recently passed over the Pennsylvania Railroad that contained 1200 immigrants. Our little Johnny had been given up to die (Diphtheria) when we gave him Peruna; he is well.

Michael O'Boyle, of Sugar Notch, Luzerne county, aged 72, is deaf. He was insured for \$200,000 by grand jury speculators.

The latest and greatest discovery is Peruna. If you do not feel well take it once.

Lady lodger: 'Your dog, sir, is unbearable. He howls all night.' Male lodger: 'Indeed; he might be night dog worse than that, he might play the piano all day.'

ADVERTISING RATES.

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From the fact that the CITIZEN is the oldest established and most extensively circulated Republican newspaper in Butler county, (a Republican county) it must be apparent to true business men that it is the medium they should use in advertising their business.

MISTAKE ABOUT HAMP SEE. A Practical Lesson for Teachers and Pupils. 'Hamp See a dance! Well, my boy, but after what I've seen, it 'ud take a smarter schoolmaster than you to make me think so.'

It was Riley Vaughn who spoke, and although old Riley had no education, his hard sense and sound judgment were respected by all the men who were at the village postoffice waiting for the mail. He had grown prosperous by dint of hard work and good judgment, and his neighbors were accustomed to ask for and respect his opinions.

'I did not say precisely that, Mr. Vaughn,' replied Mr. Penruddock, the schoolmaster. 'I only said that my best efforts to educate the boy were rendered futile and nugatory by reason of his inexplicable inability to grasp and retain so simple a thing as the accidence of the Latin verb.'

'That means in plain English that he ain't got no grip on what you teach him, don't it?' asked Riley.

'Yes, that is what I mean,' replied the schoolmaster, 'with something like a shudder at old Riley's English. 'I will make an honorable exception in the matter of mathematics. He seems instinctively to grasp arithmetical principles.'

'Yes,' drawled old Riley; 'one of your boys told me Hamp could figger out how long it 'ud take for a cistern to run down a creek. He said he had different sizes a runnin' into it, an' two others of still different sizes a runnin' out.'

'Yes, he is expert in the practical applications of arithmetic; and yet even in arithmetic his standing is not good, because he seems incapable of mastering the exact terms of the formulae and rules.'

'Well, now look here,' said old Riley, rising and striking the counter with his big fist; 'it just comes to this here; the boy ain't got no grip on your words an' things; but he's got a good grip on ideas an' principles, an' it's my belief that the inside of sense. I don't want to be unnecessarily offensive, but you and all schoolmasters like you ought to teach parrots, if they don't want no ideas, they just want words, an' that's your notion of learnin'. That's the trouble of this here country down here; men learn words an' kin make speeches, but they can't do nothin'.

Now I've seen that boy Hamp See do what nary a man in this country could do. I bought the first reaper-machine as was ever used in these parts, and when his father crossed up like an' finally he said to me, says he, 'Mr. Vaughn, let you git her together, I says I got a five-dollar bill for you.' Maybe you won't believe it, but afore noon that very day that there reaper was a reaper' wheat like a dozen hands. The boy just seen into the thing. Now I say, if he's a dunce the sooner most people in here do this here parts lose their senses an' get to be dunces the better it will be for all concerned.' And with that old Riley stalked indignantly out of the postoffice.

Notwithstanding all that old Riley could say, however, public opinion was against Hamp See. It was certain that he had done in his lesson, and he did not keep up with Mr. Penruddock's classes, and instead of studying his Latin verbs, he was perpetually interrupting the schools by asking Mr. Penruddock to explain things like thunder and lightning, and the presence of shells in the rocks on the mountain, and the curious ways that plants have of taking care of themselves, things which had no relation to the work of the school. It was agreed that Riley Vaughn could not know anything about education, because he was not himself educated. It was even said—and this came to Riley's ears—that he was prejudiced against education.

Even Hamp's mother was discouraged. Hamp was always 'pottering,' she said, instead of attending to his books. 'Why,' she said, 'he's been foolin' with a spring up on the hill back of the house the whole season through. He's laid pipes to bring the water down here, and now he's turned the whole house into a mill.' Then she would show her visitor what Hamp had done. He had constructed an ingenious water wheel with which to turn the mill, and the power afforded by the spring, and had set it at a variety of tasks. A stretch of line shafting passed under the floor of the house, and bands were passed through the floor to the churn and sewing machine, and even the sausage-chopper could be attached to it. 'I don't deny that it's handy and saves work,' said his mother. 'And how he's made a sort of fan in the dining-room, and has set that a-going too, so that it keeps the flies off the table. If we had a baby in the house, I believe he'd make the water rock the cradle. But it's discouraging about his studies. Mr. Penruddock is in a desperate way, and he don't know what is to be made of the boy.'

The summer proved to be a very dry one, and the gardens especially suffered for water. When the people began to complain, Hamp had an idea. He always had an idea when an emergency arose. He went into his mother's garden and worked all day, digging a trench down the middle, and making little trenches at right angles to the main one, so that each bed was surrounded by them, and the larger beds crossed as well. He was very careful to keep all these trenches on one level. When he had finished, he laid a drain from his water-wheel to the main trench, so that the water after turning the wheel, was carried into the garden and emptied into the trench. Little by little the main trench filled; then the water trickled into the smaller trenches, and as the spring from which it came was a never

falling one, the garden was supplied with water throughout that dry hot summer, and such a garden nobody in that region had seen that season.

'People said that Hamp See certainly was a handy sort of boy; but they were sure to add, 'it's a pity he is so dull.'

One day old Riley Vaughn was offering extravagant prices for horse, mule or ox teams to haul stone. He had taken a contract to supply from his quarry the stone for the railroad bridge over Bushy Run, and now the time for delivery was near at hand, and no teams could be had. The water was low, and the teams were at work on the creek, and it began to be feared that old Riley must either lose money on the contract by hiring horses and mules and teamsters at ruinous prices, or forfeit the contract itself. He tried in every direction to get mules and wagons, offering twice the usual wages, but still he could get very few. He was in a desperate way, a loss of several thousands of dollars threatening him.

One day Hamp, who knew what trouble Riley was in, went down to the creek, and cutting several twigs, began setting them up at a distance from each other, and sighting from one to the other. The few teamsters who were at work watched him curiously, but could not make out what he was doing. He went up the creek with his sticks, moving one of them at a time, and always carefully sighting from one to another, or rather from one over another to a third. In this way he worked up to the quarry, which lay immediately on the creek, nearly a mile from where the bridge was to be built.

When he had done, he walked back, examining the banks as he went; then he presented himself before Riley Vaughn.

'Mr. Vaughn,' he said, 'I've an idea that will help you out of your difficulty.' 'Will it hire teams to haul stone?' asked Riley.

'No; but it will enable you to haul stone without teams.' 'If it will—Well, let me hear what it is,' said Riley, changing his purpose while speaking.

'Raft the stones down,' said Hamp. 'Now look at this here, Hamp See,' said old Riley. 'I've stood up for you, an' said you wa'n't no dunce when everybody else said you was; but this here looks as if you was right an' I was wrong. How in natur' kin a raft stone down a creek that ain't got no more'n six inches of water in it, a bubbin' runnin' among the stones of the bottom?'

'Well, you see, Hamp See,' said old Riley. 'I've levelled up from here to the quarry, and there's only two feet fall, or a little less, and the banks are nowhere less than five feet high; and so, as there's a good deal more water running down in a day than most people would think, it's my notion to build a temporary dam just below the bridge, an' you've got enough timber and plank here to do it with two hours' work of your men—building it, say, six feet high, there where the banks are closest together. Before noon to-morrow the water will rise to the top of the dam, and run over. When it does, you'll have six feet of water here, and four at the quarry, and your men can push rats down as fast as they can load them.'

'How do you know there's only two foot fall?' asked old Riley, eagerly.

'I've levelled it,' said Hamp. 'That is you figured it out with them sticks?'

'Yes.' 'Are you sure you've got the right answer?' asked the old man, wild with eagerness.

'Perfectly sure. You see, it's simple. I plant my sticks—'

'Never mind about how you do it; I can't understand that if you do explain it; but look me in the eyes, boy. This thing means thousands of dollars to Riley Vaughn, and you've got your answer right. I kin understand that much; an' if you've worked out this 'gum rig for me, I'll choke the next man that says you're a dunce just 'kase you don't take kindly to old Penruddock's chatterin' sort of learnin'.

I'll do it, or my name ain't Riley Vaughn, an' that's what I've been called for nigh onto fifty two years now.'

Old Riley was visibly excited. He called all his men to the place selected, and set them at work building the dam, while Hamp looked on, and occasionally made a suggestion for simplifying the work. The dam was finished at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at six o'clock timber and plank had risen two feet six inches, while the back-water had passed the quarry.

'There,' said Hamp; 'that proves my work. The water is level, of course, as far up as the back-water shows itself, and we have six inches of back-water at the quarry to two feet six inches at the dam; so the fall is two feet.'

It looks so, said Riley, who was also eagerly watching the rise of the water. The workmen had gone home, all of the convinced that this attempt to back the water a mile up the creek was the wildest foolishness; but old Riley and Hamp watched and waited.

'It doesn't rise so fast now,' said Riley. 'That's because it has a larger surface; but it still rises, and the surface won't increase much more now, as there's a steep place just above the quarry, and it can't back any further up.'

The two waited and watched. Midnight came, and the moonlight showed three feet six inches depth at the dam. Still they waited and watched. At six o'clock in the morning the depth was four feet two inches. Then Riley sent a negro boy to his house with orders to bring back 'a big breakfast for two.' At seven o'clock the breakfast arrived, and the measurement showed four feet three inches and a half.

'It's risin' faster agin,' said Riley. 'Yes; the level is climbing straight up the bluff banks now, and notspreading out as it rises,' said Hamp.

At nine o'clock the depth was four feet eight and a half inches, and the

Continued on Fourth page.

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