

"THE WHITE CITY," I

Greece was; Greece is no more. Temple and town Have crumbled down; Time is the fire that hath consumed them all.

Greece lives, but Greece no more! Its ashes breed Still westward—a veiled and virgin shore!

One bright hour, then no more Shall to the skies These columns rise. But though art's flower shall fade, again the seed Onward shall speed, Quickening the land from lake to ocean's rear.

Art lives, though Greece may never From the ancient mold As one of old Exhale to heaven the inimitable bloom; Yet from the tomb Beauty's life forth to light the world ever.

—L. W. Gilder, in the Century.

The Columbian Fair Buildings at Chicago have thus been named by Mr. H. C. Banner.

THE MAN-EATER.

WILIGHT had faded on the hills; the great disk of the moon was riding over the serrated hollows of the two great forests.

The earth, still hot with the dead day's sun, the sudden drop of the breeze, the roaring of nocturnal beasts of prey, the beauty of the firmament above a land still unsubdued by man after thousands of years of civilization, the ruthless ferocity, savage, vast as the ether, invincible as the ocean, took possession of, dominated and amazed the mind of James MacCarthy, and filled his heart with a fullness of poetic grandeur.

MacCarthy, seeing the livid face of the doomed man nearing him, took aim with his rifle. Unluckily a movement of Chandranahour rendered all intervention impossible at the moment; for his head came into the line of sight.

"Curse it all!" murmured James. However, encouraged by the continued indifference of the man-eater, the Hindu began to drag himself along more quickly.

"She is playing," murmured Djouna, who had gone close to MacCarthy. "Yes," returned the other, "the accused brute is amusing herself!" His soul seemed plunged in darkness.

In the intensity of the moment, he realized that by means of certain subtly displaced forces, by a little more ruse joined to the terrifying swiftness and the alert muscularity of tigers, by the merest power of association, the reign of the felino would have been possible.

At that moment there rose in him a desperate thirst for vengeance, overmastering a desire to conquer the man-eater without killing her, to torment her and insult her, to make her feel the supremacy of the being that for six years she had made her prey.

"One day in winter," answered Djouna, in a low voice, "when I went in search after a strayed deer—I saw the man-eater at the mouth of her cavern. In an almost inaudible voice, and trembling in all his limbs, he added: 'She was devouring the remains of a young woman! Since then Chandranahour, he who was carried off this evening, witnessed at the same place a similar scene.'

"Ah!" ejaculated MacCarthy. "Then, can you lead me to the very spot?" "I can," answered the Hindu, with gentle resignation.

They rounded the dense thicket and came to a natural pathway cut by the winter torrent. The moon, midway from the zenith, sent penetrating shafts of light through the branches.

The three men advanced lightly and cautiously, with eyes fixed on the darkness. The fret of their clothes against the plants, the tread of their feet on the ground were indistinguishable from the sound of grazing animals and the slight rustle of the fig leaves.

A soft, bodiless coolness emanated from the undefined denseness of their surroundings. Peril, like an evil spirit, roamed around them, transfiguring the aspect of every tree they passed, inscribing fantastic, gruesome symbols anywhere.

Bavadjee and Djouna, at the inevitable approach of danger, fell into a sort of hypnosis, the source of the passive bravery of so many Orientals, of their gentle, obstinate resistance before which the Occidental has at times recoiled.

With distended pupils, with thought lulled to passivity, they walked like somnambulists, whereas with MacCarthy, his will, nerves and reason were fighting a sharp battle. In spite of his keen realization of possibilities, his purpose never wavered.

While his mind vaguely dwelt on these things in the non-analytic manner of a man of action, he saw Djouna suddenly had stopped and turned nervously to him: "We are there—that clearing behind the block of stone."

They stopped. James took one of the rifles which he had allowed Bavadjee to carry in order to assure suppleness and steadiness to his arm at the supreme moment. Silently, with lightest steps, all three reached the stone and knelt behind it. A fine ground mist hovered before them and sufficed to render them invisible.

He was filled with unspeakable horror.

Toward the middle of the space, ten yards away, at the mouth of a den, formed by superposed blocks of stone, he saw outlined the form of the regal beast; there lay the colossal tigress. Between her huge paws was Chandranahour, the laborer. He was not dead, he did not seem to be wounded even at any rate seriously.

The Irishman could see his eyes open and shut at long intervals, and his breast palpitated with the rapidity of that of a bird caught in a snare. The tigress watched him in an indolent manner, like a cat with a mouse.

Two awful minutes passed. Then slowly, slowly, Chandranahour moved. He stretched out his hands and raised himself on his elbows. The moonlight irradiated his face distorted by speechless terror; the contact with death had stiffened his mouth, and filled his widely distended pupils with stupor.

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Four hours later the creature was a captive. Her body was bound with interlacing cords. A network of bamboo formed a sort of low cage. The men of the village pressed round it. She still seemed formidable to them, with the grandeur of a subterranean deity, of a deity similar to the murderous forces, the sinister powers of sickness and death, of which India has made innumerable gods.

They encouraged one another; they were reassured by the presence of the European, and at the moment when the bearers stooped to raise their burden an old man approached.

"There you lie, man-eater, reduced at last to impotence; there you lie, broken and captive! A man has vanquished you! You will now learn the supremacy of our race, you will howl behind the bars of a cage, and little children will mock at your fury. You will go from village to village, from the top of a wagon you will pass the jungle and the forest, whose delights you will never more taste! Your life shall be a profound humiliation because you have profaned the nobility of our brothers, and because you have played with their glories!"

Now, if omnipotence cannot help others without depletion how can we expect to possess the world without self-sacrifice. A man who gives to some Christian object until he feels it, a man who in his occupation or profession overworks that he may educate, a man who on Sunday night goes home, all his nervous energy wrung out by active service in church, or Sabbath school, or city evangelization, has in addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which the "invalid" would not have been instantly restored.

Notice also in this subject a Christ's sensitivity to human touch. We talk about God on a vast scale so much we hardly appreciate His accessibility—God in magnitude rather than God in minuteness; God in the infinite here in my text we have a God arrested by a suffering touch. When in the shanty street of Christ they struck Him on the cheek we can realize how that cheek tingled with pain. When under the scourging the rod struck the shoulders and back of Christ, we can realize how He must have written under the lacerations. But here there is a sick and nervous finger that just touches the long threads of the blue fringe of His coat, and He looks around and says, "Who touched Me?"

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terror and feeble energy. MacCarthy, this time, was in full possession of all his faculties. He allowed Chandranahour's head to pass the line of vision, and made his choice between the prudence of firing straight to the heart and his eager desire to punish the brute. The report rang out. In the cloud of smoke James saw Chandranahour's silhouette raise itself rapidly and the howling tigress with a crushed paw lifted in a moment of surprised stupor.

"Courage!" shouted the Irishman, as he leaped over the sheltering block. Chandranahour threw himself forward; the tigress made a short, rapid bound. She had not time to recommence. A second shot rendered another paw useless. Overcome, gleaming with redoubled howl, and gleaming jaws she lay there a mere symbol of force. Chandranahour, sheltered behind his protector, had, in excess of joy, lost the use of his muscles. In a dazed condition he leaned against the stone supported by Djouna. MacCarthy seized his second rifle from the hand of Bavadjee and took three steps toward the tigress.

She tried to raise herself, or at least to crawl toward the European; she stretched forward her monstrous head, her devouring jaws in which so much human flesh had been macerated, so much existence annihilated. She fell back powerless, and James contemplated her with a cruel, revenged satisfaction; it seemed to him that she now understood the power of man, that henceforth she would no longer dare fearlessly to seize her prey in the village; that at least she would kill hastily, and apprehensively, as one kills a too dangerous enemy.

"No, Sahib, I want to make her a prisoner. Is Chandranahour hurt?"

"No, Sahib, only a little weak." The rescued man came and knelt before the European and with humility kissed his hands, gratitude and unspeakable admiration shone in his great black eyes.

"There, there," said James gently. "Will you be afraid to remain alone with me while Bavadjee and Djouna go to fetch cords, canvas, a stretcher and bearers?"

"Ah, Sahib! I feel in greater safety near you than behind a triple wall of bronze." "In that case, Bavadjee, you can go. Is your rifle in order. Good. Then go!"

The night under the clear sky, grew cool. The firmament absorbed the heat; the plain was deadly cold. But in the forest there remained a gentle warmth, a dreamy atmosphere rendered heavy by the carbonic exhalation of the trees.

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THE SYMPATHY OF THE SAVIOR

REV. DR. TALMAGE TELLS OF THE Woman Who Was Healed By The Touch of His Garment. Jesus Is Sensitive to the Faintest Appeal.

TEXT: "Who touched Me?"—Mark v. 31.

A great crowd of excited people elbowing each other this way and that and Christ in the center of the commotion. They were the way to see Him restore to complete health a dying person. Some thought He could effect the cure; others that He could not. At any rate, it would be an interesting experiment. A very sick woman of twelve years' invalidism is in the crowd. Some say her name was Martha; others say it was Veronica. I do not know what her name was, but this is certain, she had tried all styles of cure. Every shelf of her humble home had medicines on it. She had employed the best doctors of that time, when medical science was more rude and rough and ignorant than we can imagine in this time when the word physician is a surgeon stands for the word, list of what he supposes may have been the remedies she has applied. I suppose she had been bled and had used all styles of astringent herbs, and she had been mauled and hacked and cut and lacerated until she was a mere mass of raw flesh. Her doctor's bills had run up frightfully, and she had paid money for medicines and for surgical attendance and for hygienic apparatus until her purse was as exhausted as her body.

What, poor woman, are you doing in that jostling crowd? Better go home and to bed and nurse your disorder. No! I will stand by you, suffering, and ever and anon biting her lip with some acute pain and sobbing until her tears fell from her hollow eyes. She was unable to stand before the blinding rain of this crowd that poor body. But just at that time the crowd parts, and this invalid comes almost up to Christ. But she is behind Him, and His long hair falls over her face. She has heard so much about His kindness to the sick, and she does feel so wretched; she thinks if she can only just touch Him once it will do her good. She will not touch Him, however. She will not touch Him on the hand, for that might seem too familiar.

She says: "Will you touch Him on the forehead?" "No, it is not the top of his head, but the bottom of the main fabric, but on the border, the blue border, the long threads of the fringe of that blue border; that can be no harm in that. 'Who touched Me?' He has heard so much about Him. Besides that, I can stand this no longer. Twelve years of suffering have worn me out. This is my last effort. I will touch Him. He is still farther and reaches for Christ, but cannot quite touch Him. She pushes still farther through the crowd and reaches the edge of the blue fringe of the border. She just touches it. Quick as an electric flash there thrilled back into her shattered nerves, and shrunken lungs, and withered muscles, health, beautiful health, and rubred health, God given and complete health. The 12 years' march of pain and nerve and through tunnel of bone instantly halted.

Christ recognizes somehow that magnetic and healthful influence through the medium of the blue fringe of His garment had shot out. He turns and looks upon that excited crowd and starts them with the uttering of the text: "Who touched Me?" "The insolent crowd in substance replied: 'How do we know? You get in a crowd like this, and you must expect to be jostled. You are not a question you know we cannot answer. But the roseate and rejuvenated woman came up, and knelt in front of Christ, and told of the touch, and told of the restoration of her health. 'Daughter, thy faith has made thee whole. Go in peace.' So Mark gives us a dramatization of the gospel. Oh, what a doctor Christ is! In every one of our households He is the family physician.

Notice that there is no addition of help to others without subtraction of power from ourselves. The context says that as soon as this woman was healed Jesus felt that her strength had gone out of Him. No addition of help to others without subtraction of strength from ourselves. Did you ever get tired for doing good? Have you ever risked your health for others? Have you ever preached a sermon, or delivered an exhortation, or offered a burning prayer, and then afterwards felt stronger than you were before? Then you have never touched Christ!

Are you curious to know how that garment of Christ would have wrought such a cure in this suppliant invalid? I suppose that Christ was surcharged with vitality. You know that diseases may be conveyed from city to city by garments that are worn, and so I suppose that garments may be surcharged with health. I suppose that Christ had such physical magnetism that permeated all His robe down to the hem. In addition to that there was a divine thrill, there was a miraculous potency, there was an omnipotent therapeutics, without which the "invalid" would not have been instantly restored.

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human disability makes all the nerves of His head and heart and hand and feet vibrate. It is not a stolid Christ, not a phlegmatic Christ, not a resolute Christ, not a hard Christ, not an iron-cased Christ, not an exclusively sensitive Christ that my text unveils. All the things that touch us touch Him, if by the hand of prayer we make the connecting line between Him and ourselves complete. Mark you, this invalid of the text might have walked through that crowd all day and cried about her suffering, and no relief would have come if she had not touched Him. When in your prayer you lay your hand on Christ you touch all the sympathies of an ardent and glowing and responsive Saviour.

You know that in telegraphy there are two currents of electricity. So when you put out your hand of prayer to Christ there are two currents—a current of sorrow rolling up from your heart to Christ and a current of commiseration rolling from the heart of Christ to you. Two currents. Oh, way do you go unhelped? Why do you wonder about that? Why do you not touch Him?

Are you sick? I do not think you are any worse off than this invalid of the text. Have you had a long struggle? I do not think it has been more than 12 years. Is your case hopeless? So was this of which my text speaks. "Oh," you say, "there are so many things between me and God." There was a whole mob between this invalid and Christ. She pressed through, and she got to Christ.

Is your trouble a home trouble? Christ shows Himself especially sympathetic with questions of domesticity, as when at the wedding at Cana He alleviated a housekeeper's predicament, as when tears rushed forth at the broken dome of Mary and Martha and Lazarus. Men are sometimes ashamed to weep. There are men who if the tears start will conceal them. They think it is unmanly to cry. They do not seem to understand it is manliness and evidence of a great heart. I am afraid of a man who does not know how to cry. The Christ of the text was not ashamed to cry over human misfortune. Look at that deep lake of tears opened by the two words of the evangelist: "Jesus wept!" Behold Christ on the only day of His early triumph marching on Jerusalem, the glittering domes obliterated by the blinding rain of His eyes and on His cheeks, for when He beheld the city He wept over it. O man of the many trials, O woman of the heart-break, why do you not touch Him? Christ says some one, "Christ doesn't care for me. Christ is looking the other way. Christ has the vast affairs of His kingdom to look after. He has the armies of sin to govern and there are so many worse cases of trouble than mine He doesn't care about me, and His face is turned the other way. So His back was turned to this invalid of the text who was famous and popular and wide-sounding. But the context says, 'He turned His head.' If He was facing to the north, He turned to the south; if He was facing to the east, He turned to the west. What turned Him about? The Bible says He has no shadow of turning; He rises on His chariot, crushing scepters as though they were the crackling alders on a brook's bank, and tossing thrones on either side of Him without giving him a sideways glance. From everlasting to everlasting. 'He turned His head about.' He, whom all the allied armies of hell cannot stop a minute or divert an inch, by the touch of His hand, the nervous finger of human suffering turned clear about.

Oh, what comfort there is in this subject for people who are called nervous! Of course for a misapprehended word in that case, but I use it in the ordinary parlance. After 12 years of suffering, oh, what nervous depression she must have had! She knew that the good of medicine taken if it does not cure leaves the system exhausted, and in the Bible in so many words she "had suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse." She was as nervous as nervous could be. She knew all about insomnia, and about the awful apprehension of something going to happen, and health would not have perturbed her. I warrant you it was not a straight stroke she gave to the garment of Christ, but a trembling hand, and an unceremonious motion of the hand, and a quivering finger with which she missed the mark toward which she aimed. She did not touch the garment just where she expected to touch it.

When I see this nervous woman coming to the Lord Jesus Christ, I say she is making the way for all nervous people. Nervous people do not get much sympathy. If a man breaks his arm, everybody is sorry, and they talk about it all up and down the street. If a woman has an eye put out by accident, everybody is asking about her convalescence. But when a person is suffering under the ailment of nervousness, they say, "That's nothing, that's all," putting a slight upon the most agonizing of suffering.

Now, I have a new prescription to give you. I do not ask you to discard human medicine. I believe in it. When the slightest touch occurs in the way of sickness in my household, I always run for the doctor, and do not wait to despise medicine. If you cannot sleep nights, do not despise bromide of potassium. If you have nervous prostration, do not despise morphia. If you have nervous quinine as a tonic. Use all right and proper medicines. But I want you to bring your hand, and bring your irritability, and bring all your weaknesses, and with them touch Christ. Touch Him not only on the hand, where He carries our burden, but on the shoulder, where He carries our burden, and on the forehead, where He remembers all our sorrows, touch Him on the heart, the center of all His sympathies. Oh, yes, Paul was right when he said, "We have not a high priest who cannot be touched."

The fact is Christ Himself is nervous. All those nights out of doors in malarial districts, where an Englishman or an American doctor goes at certain seasons. Sleeping out of doors so many nights, as Christ did, and so hungry, and His feet wet with the wash of the sea, and being a homeless tramp, and the heat of the sun, and the outrage must have broken His nervous system; a fact proved by the statement that He lived so short a time on the cross. That is an lingering death or a worm-out Christ, sympathetic with all people worn out.

A Christian woman went to the Tract House in New York and asked for tracts for distribution. The first day she was out on her Christian errand she saw a policeman taking an intoxicated man to the station house from custody. This Christian tract distributor saw her coming away all unkempt and unlovely. The tract distributor went up, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her. She said, "Oh, my God, why do you kiss me?" "Well," replied the other, "I think Jesus Christ told me to." "Oh, no," the woman said, "don't you kiss me. It is the woman's heart. Nobody has kissed me since my mother died." But that sisterly kiss brought her to Christ, started her on the way to heaven. The world wants sympathy, and Christ is dying for sympathy, large-hearted Christian sympathy. There is omnipotence in the touch.

Oh, I am so glad that when we touch Christ Christ touches us! The knuckles, and the limbs, and the joints, all falling apart with that living death called the leprosy, a man is brought to Christ. A hundred doctors could not cure him. The wisest surgery would stand appalled before that loathsome patient. What did Christ do? He did not amputate. He did not mutilate; He did not scarify. He touched him, and he was well. The mother-in-law of the Apostle Peter was in a raging fever—brain fever, typhoid fever, or what, I do not know. Christ was the physician. He offered no refrigate; He prescribed no drops; He did not put her on plain diet. He touched her, and she was perfectly well. Two blind men came stumbling into a room where Christ is. They are entirely sightless. Christ did not lift the eyelid to see whether it was cataract or ophthalmia. He did not put them into a dark room for three or four

weeks. He touched them, and they saw everything. A man came to Christ. The drum of his ear had ceased to vibrate, and he had a stuttering tongue. Christ touched the ear, and he heard; touched his tongue, and he articulated. There is a funeral coming out of that gate—a widow following her only boy to the grave. Christ cannot stand it, and He puts His hand on the hearse, and the obsequies turn into a resurrection day.

O my brother, I am so glad when you touch Christ with your sorrows He touches us. When out of your grief and vexation you put your hand on Christ, it awakens all human reminiscence. Are we tempted? He was tempted. Are we sick? He was sick. Are we persecuted? He was persecuted. Are we bereft? He was bereft.

St. Yoo of Kermantone one morning went out and saw a beggar asleep on his doorstep. The beggar had been all night in the cold. The next night St. Yoo compelled this beggar to come up in the house and sleep in the saint's bed, while St. Yoo passed the night on the doorstep in the cold. Somebody asked him why that eccentricity. He replied: "It isn't an eccentricity. I want to know how the poor suffer. I want to know their agonies that I may sympathize with them, and therefore I slept on this cold step last night. This is the way Christ knows so much about our sorrows. He slept on the cold doorstep of an inhospitable world that would not let Him in. He is sympathetic now with all the suffering and the tired and all the perplexed. Oh, why do you not go and touch Him?"

You utter your voice in a mountain pass, and there come back 10 echoes, 20 echoes, 30 echoes perhaps—wild echoes. Every voice of prayer, every ascription of praise, every groan of distress has divine response and celestial reverberation, and all the galleries of heaven are filled with sympathetic echoes and throngs of ministering angels echo, and the temples of the redeemed echo, and the hearts of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost echo and re-echo.

I preach a Christ so near you can touch Him—touch Him with your guilt and get pardon—touch Him with your trouble and get comfort—touch Him with your bondage and get manumission. You have seen a man take hold of an electric chain. A man can with the other hand he may take hold of other end of the chain. Then 100 persons taking hold of that chain will altogether feel the electric power. You have seen that experiment.

Well, Christ with one wounded hand takes hold of one end of the electric chain of love, and with the other wounded hand takes hold of the other end of the electric chain of love, and all earthly and angelic beings may lay hold of that chain, and around and around it runs the thrill of terrestrial and celestial and brotherly and saintly and cherubic and seraphic and archangelic and divine sympathy. So that if this morning Christ should sweep His hand over this audience and say, "Who touched Me?" there would be hundreds and thousands of voices responding: "I! I! I!"

The Magnetic Water of Pueblo.

A feature of remarkable interest at Pueblo, Colorado, is that of the peculiar magnetic mineral water found there. This has converted the whole town to a belief in its wonderful efficacy and attracted a great deal of interest throughout the States. Every body seems to be drinking it, and bathing in it at a temperature of about 105 degrees Fahrenheit is considered a panacea for the most obstinate cases of inflammatory rheumatism and derangement of the kidneys and liver, also dyspepsia and various other troubles, including nervous complaints. This water seems to be generally distributed beneath the city of Pueblo at a depth of from 1200 to 1700 feet, and has been reached by seven or eight wells scattered over an area of several miles, which were all sunk in search for petroleum and coal, and in no case has a well which has been sunk to a proper depth failed to reach the water, which is found in a lamination of white sandstone. So strong is the force upon the water below that it equals a pressure at the surface of the wells equal to that of from fifty to sixty feet of water, and rises from one of the wells, which is four or five inches in diameter, and which is the only one which has been properly cased, is estimated at 3000 barrels per diem.

The water is considered most agreeable for drinking, and contains an appreciable proportion of iron, lithia and soda. The particular feature, however, is its strong magnetic character, as it impregnates knife-blades and steel substances held beneath its flow for a few minutes so strongly that they become magnets by which tacks, needles and other small iron and steel objects are readily lifted. This imparting of magnetism by water is, I believe, disputed and scouted by scientists whose theories are quite clear, but the fact nevertheless exists, and incontestably, that the water does, with celerity, highly magnetize steel substances held beneath its flow. It may not perhaps be so by this accepted axiom of science, but that it has a way of doing it is highly satisfactory to the boys as well as the adults of Pueblo. This magnetic quality is accounted the prime factor in rheumatic cases, and it would be difficult to find in the whole of Pueblo any one who knows anything about the water who is not a convert to its supposed almost miraculous qualities. In fact a continuous pilgrimage from the mines and different parts of the State to the water for drinking and bathing is going on, and it is generally believed that no case exists so obstinate that it will not be relieved by bathing and drinking freely of the water.—Boston Transcript.

The Best Dishes for Dyspeptics.

Violent cases of dyspepsia are often cured by refraining from liquids entirely. Never drink at meals, and if thirsty between times sip a little hot water slowly. Little by little, as the person grows better, he or she can take coffee, even tea, at their meals. Where chronic dyspepsia exists, generally the person must be guided by what is found by experience to agree.

Simplicity in cooking and a plain diet is necessary. Pastry, fried articles, meats cooked a second time, and nearly all sweets are to be avoided. The following are some of the foods easy of digestion: chicken, milk, sweetbread, chicken, partridges, beef tea, mutton broth, milk, fish, oysters, stale bread, rice, tapioca, asparagus, French beans, baked apples, oranges, strawberries and peaches.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.