

SYMPATHY.

I.
Over the glad, the green land, you have
Bright head bent low, none traveling
too but sorrow;
While I, as if it were all another's pain,
Set my poor words and few against
your bitter morrow.

II.
O friend and loved, O living golden heart,
No friend, nor loved am I, unless I wear
Myself, this woe—dim out my sun—and
leave.
For you, who now bear all, some less
and happier share.

—Mildred McNeal-Sweeney, in The Century.

A Midnight Raid.

By
W. THOMSON.

While residing in the Canadian Village of Chippewa, I happened one day, in July, 1864, to be detained very late at my office, on the south side of Chippewa creek, which discharges into Niagara river about two miles above the falls. The creek has two mouths separated by Hog Island, which is some three hundred yards below the bridge by which I must cross to reach my house.

Thirty feet from the south end of this bridge stood a large storehouse for bonded whiskey. The building rested upon piles driven into the bed of the stream, and its plank floor was about four and one-half feet above the water. Walking quietly, I had barely come upon the bridge when I heard above the drowsy murmur of the Falls a peculiar grating sound, coming apparently from beneath the warehouse. What could it be? Leaning over the railing, I listened intently.

The grinding noise seemed like that produced by a hand-turned auger boring through soft wood.

I surmised at once that some one was about to tap the lower tier of whiskey consisting of the casks containing one hundred and twenty gallons each. Who could it be? Probably smugglers from the American side of the Niagara were at work, not buying their stuff, as usual, but stealing it.

At this time the United States import duty on spirits was two dollars a gallon. Common whiskey could be bought at the Chippewa distillery for seventy cents per gallon in gold, and readily sold across the line for five dollars in greenbacks; so there was large profit in the contraband trade, even when the smugglers paid for the liquor.

Men engaged in this nefarious traffic used to row down from the distillery to the mouth of the creek at night; then tow their boat up the Canadian side of the Niagara to a point opposite the head of Navy Island, push across to Buckhorn Island, and thence drop down to some previously selected spot on the New York State shore anywhere between Schlosser and Port Day. The smugglers always knew, by a prearranged shore signal, that no officers were in the way, and that a cash customer was waiting for the cargo.

I had listened scarce a minute to the mysterious noise, when a chug was heard, then a renewed and sharper grating. So I know that the auger had gone through the three inch pine plank

north or down river side of Hog Island, and was too near the rapids for anything except very light craft to try.

Softly regaining the shore, I got a loaded revolver from my office, and then hurried away to the shanty of the duck hunters, and soon woke both. They readily agreed to help me, and brought their guns.

"It's sure to be the Schram boys," said Bullamore. "No one else around here has grit enough for such a job. Them fellers has got rich since the beginning of the war; but I'll be hanged if I thought they'd steal whiskey! Square, honest smugglin' isn't no great sin, I s'pose; but out an' out robbin'—I didn't b'lieve the boys would demean themselves to that."

Ignoring Bullamore's fashionable distinction between robbing a government and a private individual, I led to the cut, which was about one hundred yards long and fifty feet wide, separating Hog Island from the mainland. We sat down under the clay-bank midway of its length. The night was not so very dark, but at a distance of ten feet the sharpest eye could hardly have distinguished our gray-clad forms from the background against which they rested.

We knew what the thieves must intend to do. Their scow was so heavily laden that they would, of course, not attempt to row it out on the Niagara here. They would tow it up the Canadian shore a couple of miles, conceal part of their cargo and use their long sweeps to row the scow diagonally across to Navy Island, where they would probably send small boats for the hidden whiskey. So somewhere in the cut they must put a rope and two men ashore. The third would stay on the scow to steer it while the others towed.

We patiently waited for more than half an hour. Then we dimly saw a shadowy black object floating slowly toward us.

Presently, on striking the current of the cut, it began to move faster, and we then saw a single row of kegs ranged on its deck. Two men were sitting on kegs; the third, nearest the stern, noiselessly worked a steering oar.

In a minute or two as the craft was abreast of us and the steersman trying to put it in touch with our shore, we rose to our feet, and I said, "Land right here with that whiskey, men! I'm an excise officer."

"To thunder!" yelled one of the men in reply. "Keep quiet, if you're 's the Schrams, sure enough! That's his voice," whispered Johnson.

"He called out, 'The game's up, run right in, or we'll fire on you!'"

"ullo, Bullamore! That's nice work you, isn't it?" retorted Ike. "Fire 'em and be hanged!"

"Antime the steersman threw the scow's head toward Hog Island, our design was to capture the men out bloodshed, I now fired a pistol over their heads.

"uss both sides can play that game!" exclaimed one of the thieves, three revolvers cracked, while owner instantly crouched behind kegs.

"mere chance, I presume, one of blindly aimed bullets grazed one Bullamore's ears, which so incensed that he threw up his huge smooth-bore and pulled the trigger. Most of shot rattled against the kegs, but oothered and somewhat forcible ulation showed that a stray pellet hit one of the thieves.

"t the boat did not sheer in to surrender. She was fast nearing the city Niagara. We became frightened, don't throw your lives away!" plored, as we kept pace with the scow. "Come in and surrender. If you run into the river, nothing can you from going over the falls. 'ou tend to your business and we'll 'ours!" was the defiant answer. I ose they did not know they were on the river. But in another moment the clumsy hulk had cleared the nd entered upon the current of Niagara, which strikes against Hog Island and takes a strong outward trend. ubless they thought they could, ighting their boat, work their diagonally up and across the m to a safe position; for now, as island hid them from view, we hear them pitching the whiskey board and shipping their sweeps. dy one way, however, could they bly save themselves.

They would be at the head of the cataraacts before we could bring a boat from the village and start to rescue them, which at best would be a desperate venturing of our own lives. The plashing of their heavy sweeps was still audible—but not long. Suddenly a sharp snap was heard, and we knew that one of the overstrained sweeps had broken short off. At this, breaking their silence, they shouted again and again for help. Too late! No human power could save them.

We could not even follow them along the shore, because the broad creek intervened. Shuddering, we listened to their ever receding shrieks. Presently these ceased, and all was still save for the steady roar of the Falls.

"Poor critters! They're gone," said Johnson, as we turned sadly away. "There was lots of good in them fellers, and two of them was married men. They must have swallowed too much of the whiskey, or they'd a' known better than to go out in that tub. Drat the whiskey trade, anyhow! I'm blamed if I'll ever touch another drop of the stuff; not duck huntin', nor fishin', nor no time."

"Bullamore, I'm there, too," exclaimed Van Wyck, and they shook hands on it.

On the afternoon of the next day, two men came over from Grand Island, inquiring for the hapless smugglers.

On learning the melancholy facts, the men went at once to the Whirlpool below the Falls, whose circling eddies sometimes carry to shore the remains of objects that have taken the great plunge. Here they found part of the broken oar, a fragment of the scow, one keg of whiskey intact, but no trace of human bodies. Indeed, the fearful rock-strewn depths above the whirlpool do not always give up their dead.

Having their worst fears thus confirmed, the messengers returned home with the mournful tidings, leaving me to feel almost like a murderer, though I had acted from a strict sense of duty. For months I brooded over the events of that terrible night. Whether waking or sleeping, the dying shrieks of the unfortunate men seemed ever ringing in my ears, and I now thought of a dozen different ways in which I might have averted their fate. Vain regrets! The mischief was already done.

Late in November of that year, I heard that the wives of Isaac and Moses Schram, whose mourning for their departed husbands had been, my informant said, extremely violent, but brief, had sold off their household effects and mysteriously disappeared. For unknown reasons the widows had so artfully covered their tracks that no one was able or cared to trace them beyond Buffalo. I could not have told why this news comforted me, but it did, and I gradually recovered from my depression.

One October afternoon, six and a quarter years afterward, I was sitting in the office of a Minneapolis hotel, when I noticed a respectfully dressed farmer-like man glancing alternately at the register and at me.

After a few words with the clerk, he seated himself by my side, making some commonplace remark about the weather. He seemed a well-informed, agreeable fellow, and we were soon engaged in conversation.

By-and-by, apropos of field sports, he said,—"Stranger, the clerk tells me you're out on a shooting trip. Now, I live about twelve miles out of town, and we're just overrun with prairie-chickens. If you like to come out and put up with us, it won't cost you a cent and you'll have loads of fun."

"Thank you—glad of the chance," said I. "And what is your name, my friend?" for he had repeatedly used mine.

"Well," he laughingly replied, "if you call me Peters you won't be far out of the way."

Soon I jumped into Mr. Peters' spring wagon and away we went, behind a pair of lively trotters. After an hour and a quarter's delightful spin my driver stopped beside a handsome farm-house, and ushered me into the great, cheery kitchen, where a bright-faced woman was busied in preparing supper, while two sturdy-looking men each dandling a child on his knee, sat waiting.

"Do you know who this is, boys?" asked my conductor, as both rose. The men had no more than glanced at me than they placed the babies on the floor, rushed across the room and warmly grasped my hands, while one of them fairly shouted,—

"Guess we do, Pete! It's the man that did us the best turn of our whole lives!"

Then the woman, who had been cooking, and another one, who had meantime come in, heartily joined in the hospitable greeting.

"Friends," I said, "you must mistake me for some one else. I never before saw one of you. What good could I have ever done you?"

"The women laughed merrily. "Tell him, Pete," said one. "Then, Mr. Peters, straightening his face said,—

"We three men are Ike, Mose and Pete Schram!"

At this astounding announcement, such a feeling of joy thrilled me that, for a time, I could not speak. At last I managed to exclaim,—

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Take time by the forelock.—Swift.
A light heart lives long.—Shakespeare.
Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer.—Young.
Arms and laws do not flourish together.—Caesar.

The cock often crows without a victory.—Danish.
Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back.—Ben Jonson.
How use doth breed a habit in a man.—Shakespeare.

He bears misery best who hides it most.—Shakespeare.
A patient mind is the best remedy for affliction.—Plautus.
In the place where the tree falleth there shall it lie.—Bible.

Silver is of less value than gold; gold, than virtue.—Horace.
Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.—Pythagoras.
Among the virtuous disgrace is considered before life.—Euripides.

Press on! If fortune play thee false today, tomorrow she'll be true.—Park Benjamin.
First relieve the needy; then, if need be, question them.—Rule of the Benedictines.

The best way to get a girl to like you is to get her brothers not to.—New York Press.
Sometimes a widow's heart is tender when warmed by an old flame.—Milwaukee Journal.

Man, let the evolutionists remember, advances and rises. The beast does not.—Goldwin Smith.
Precepts often heard and little regarded lose by repetition the small influence they had.—Herbert Spencer.

A girl wants to stay in bed when she has a cold so that men can't see the red nose that goes with it.—New York Press.
The best way for a woman to find out how good a temper her husband hasn't is for her to let him hunt his own shirts in the morning.—New York Press.

A PAIR OF MYSTERIES SOLVED.

Mr. MacSwilliger Now Knows the Fate of Old Trunks and Suit Cases.

"I used to wonder," said Mr. MacSwilliger, "what become of all the old leather trunks and suit cases and handbags and that sort of thing. Of course they must wear out and be thrown away, but you never saw an old leather trunk on the rubbish carts of the Street Cleaning Department, did you?"

"I never did, never, and still they must go somewhere, and I wondered where. Now I know, or I think I know. They go into meat pies and the stews and things that you get in boarding houses. I used to wonder where they got the beef that they put into these pies, it was so tough; but now I know. They buy these old leather trunks and cut 'em up into suitable sized chunks and make this leather beef up into meat pies.

"It is true that I never yet found in a boarding house meat pie or beef stew a trunk lock or a piece of a hinge or any rivets or corner clamps or other trunk hardware, but it isn't necessary for me to find these things in the pie to know; there's a whole lot of things that we may not be able to get any actual proof of that we know just the same are true, and this is one of them.

"I may not find any buckles or keys or casters in my meat pie, but I don't have to; I know what the meat in the pie is made of well enough to satisfy me, and this is to me a great, in fact a double satisfaction. I know now where the boarding house keepers get the meat for these pies, and I know also what becomes of the old handbags, suit cases and leather trunks.—New York Sun.

The Halcyon.

The kingfisher is the halcyon of the ancients, who attributed to its spirit after death the power of directing the course of the winds. The week preceding and the week succeeding the winter solstice comprise the fourteen days that were known as the halcyon days and it was during this time that the sea always remained extraordinarily calm in order that the kingfishers might more easily build their strange nests.

To their dead bodies was attributed the power of giving peace and plenty as well as strength and beauty and all the necessities of a happy existence. They were also supposed to be able to turn aside the thunderbolts and therefore any house in which one was kept was perfectly safe from lightning. In some parts of France even to this day they are often called "moth birds," on account of the supposed power which their dead bodies have to drive away and keep away moths from woollen cloths.—Suburban Life.

Nearly a Hero.

"Hands up!" The passengers on the Pullman car took in the situation at a glance, and did exactly what the train robber told them to.

At the point of his gun, he relieved them of their valuables. But at the sight of one woman, he paused with a start.

"Who are you, woman?" he demanded.

"I," she quavered, "am Miss Fay de Fluffe, the well-known actress. Here are my jewels—take them all!"

"No," he replied, "I may be a robber, but I am no press agent. Keep your wealth!"

LUNG HEMORRHAGES

(I TOOK PE-RU-NA)



MISS NINETTE PORTER.

Miss Ninette Porter, Braintree, Vermont, writes: "I have been cured by Peruna. I had several hemorrhages of the lungs. The doctors did not help me much and would never have cured me. I saw a testimonial in a Peruna almanac of a case similar to mine, and I commenced using it. I wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He kindly gave me free advice. I was not able to wait on myself when I began using it. I gained very slowly at first, but I could see that it was helping me. After I had taken it a while I commenced to raise up a stringy, sticky substance from my lungs. This grew less and less in quantity as I continued the treatment. I grew more fleshy than I had been for a long time, and now I call myself well."

A Bad Cough.

Mrs. Emma Martin, Odessa, Mo., writes: "I cannot thank you enough for curing me. For two years I doctored my cough, which cost me many dollars, but still I seemed to get worse. My cough was so bad I could not sleep. Finally I purchased a bottle of Peruna. After the use of six bottles I feel that I am cured. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure Peruna tablets. For a free illustrated booklet entitled 'The Truth About Peruna,' address The Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mailed post-paid."

Sermon Factory Proves Failure.

Canal Dover, Ohio.—A "sermon factory," which was operated in this city for a time, has proved a failure through the lack of patronage. The concern offered to furnish "stock" sermons to preachers or to write sermons to order on any text. The former were supplied at low price, while the latter were somewhat more expensive.

Always Keeps a Bottle in the House.

"About ten days before Christmas I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busy time of the year," says Mr. Milton Wheeler, 2100 Morris Ave., Birmingham, Ala. "At first I thought I would have to have my hand taken off, but someone told me to get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and that would do the work. The Liniment cured my hand and I gladly recommend it to anyone."

Mr. J. E. Matthews, proprietor of St. James Hotel, Corning, Ark., says: "My finger was greatly inflamed from a fish sting and doctors pronounced it blood poisoning. I used several applications of Sloan's Liniment and it cured me all right. I will always keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in my house."

Mr. J. P. Evans of Mt. Airy, Ga., says: "After being afflicted for three years with rheumatism, I used Sloan's Liniment, and was cured sound and well, and am glad to say I haven't been troubled with rheumatism since. My leg was badly swollen from my hip to my knee. One-half a bottle took the pain and swelling out."

Turkish Mines.

The mineral wealth of Asia Minor is proverbial. In the Vilayet of Smyrna there are about 60 mines being worked under firmans and 75 under licenses. On the shores of the Black Sea the coal fields of Heraclea form an actual source of vast potential wealth to the Turkish empire.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Giant Cranes.

Australia has few more curious creatures than the giant cranes—often five and six feet in height, with beautiful blue-gray plumage. These huge birds mate for life, and as mates are singularly and touchingly devoted to each other. Among their practices that of dancing together is the most remarkable.

Brown's Bronchial Trochies are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. In boxes of 25 cents. Samples mailed free. John I. Brown & Son, Boston, Mass.

The city of Sheffield, England, famous for its cutlery, is the first municipal body in Great Britain to decide to provide a rifle range at public cost for the use of the community.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

One of the fastest growing cities in the world is Kobe, Japan. Its population increased from 190,000 to 360,000 in 10 years.