on the 15th of April last, the Democrat dispatched a reporter to learn the full particulars. Mr. Carty hoops a restaurant on Orchard street. He received the reporter pleasantly and gave the following history of the transaction: Some time during the latter part of March, he enclosed $1 in an envelope and sent it by U. S. express to the address of the company at New Orleans. In return he received a ticket in the agency one-twentieth of ticket No. 2,924. About a week after the drawing he received from New Orleans a list of the numbers drawing prizes and found that the ticket No. 2,924 had drawn the second capital prize of $100,000. He at once sent the ticket to the company by U. S. express and on April 26, Mr. Hinchliffe, Doolsby, the local agent, handed him the $5,000 in cash. The money will be safely invested and will serve to keep the wolf from the door for many a day.

There are 35,729 Germans in Paris.

Metal Shingles The Best.

Metal shingles are becoming more and more popular each season. Leading builders throughout the country are using them exclusively, and take as the production of buildings of ever description, including Dwellings, Churches, Schools, Factories, etc., manufactured by W. J. Burke & Co., Detroit, Michigan. If you intend to build or roof, or repair, it will be for illustrated circulars giving full particulars.

St. John's Wood has been selected as the site for the new Jesuit college for Ireland, which is to exceed the Eiffel tower in height.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know what salt from sugar, read what he says:

Messrs. J. J. Cheatham & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have I never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence and success as Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and have never failed, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M.D. Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The popular fad in Washington now days is the study of the language and literature of Spain, which we have given a great impetus by the session of Pan American congress.

A select committee of the English House of commons will make a favorable report on the proposition to grant a constitution to Western Africa.

Forty-Five Years Bondage.

GENTS:—For 45 years I have been afflicted with blood impure, liver and rheumatic difficulties. Part of the time confined to my bed. My blood was badly diseased, his liver was torpid, and I suffered as I did the more good than all the other medicines I had taken. My friends have used it and in every case it has proven a wonderful remedy. I have known of some wonderful cures of Rheumatism and scrofulous gis.

Mrs. Mary Hooper, Mitchellville, Iowa. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Tablets are remedies of great merit. I believe they have no equal for the cure of rheumatism and all blood diseases.

Dr. H. Stringer, Druggist, Mechanicsville, Iowa.

The spring is the time to take Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup for the best results. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by The Charles Wright Medicine Company, Detroit, Michigan.

An Arcadian, of a couple were married last week whose combined ages were 79 years, the bride being 44 and the bride groom one year less.

Colorado Cities and Places.

This is the title of a pamphlet just issued by the passenger department of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry. It comprises 60 pages of valuable information, relating to some of the principal cities and towns of Colorado and Utah. Beautifully illustrated, and of different scenic views and localities, some of which original photographs, and which have never before appeared in any work of this kind. In the 100 last pamphlets issued, it is carefully reviewed as is given of the leading hotels, restaurants, etc., in the different places described, with the names of their proprietors, the rates per day or week, and the "bargain" offered by each of the hotels. Copies will be mailed free to applicants in any part of the world on receipt of twenty cents for postage. Address J. Sebastian, Gen'l Tkt & Pass. Agt., C., R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

The French socialists are endeavoring to organize the eight hour movement into a great continental federation embracing all Europe.

An Americus, Ga., young man says that he had a game rooster that kept every other fowl off his beat, and one night he heard a fluttering in his chicken house. In the next morning he investigated it and found the rooster and a very large owl on the floor of his hen house. The rooster had driven one of his spurs clear through the owl's head and the hung there. Alive the owl had a death grip on the rooster's wing. The owl was dead, but the rooster, as soon as released from the talon of the owl stretched his neck and crowed lustily.

Horace Greeley's statue is coming forward. As an Ohio boy sits in Mr. Greeley's chair, and with more worldly success than Greeley ever had even in politics, Joe Reed has declined the mission to Germany from his president and accepted the mission to France from another, so another Ohio boy, Quincy Ward, has modeled Greeley's statue. The proportions of this figure would make it eleven feet high if standing, but it is made sit ting, so that those who pass by on the pavement can look closely into Greeley's countenance.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all reputable druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

BY SARAH MARIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

When I reached my room I could not sleep. The timbers of the stable were yet burning, and cast a crimson light into my window. I fancied I could see the blackened forms of all the horses and cattle on the place, as they peacefully lay roasting in their stalls. Then I remembered by whom all we had been saved from a terrible death. So complete had been the arrangements of his mind, that not a door or window had been left unguarded. The order was given to fire on any one who should attempt to escape. That was the reason of the shot that came whizzing past my head as I opened the window.

Almost unconsciously to myself, Miss Everett had become very dear to me. Her quiet ways and pleasant face had not only brought sunshine into the house, but into my heart as well. I felt glad that to her we were indebted. But what would be the result of this night's work, was an oft returning thought. Would Lord Waverland listen to reason and humble himself enough to make terms with his outraged tenants? or would his proud heart bring further calamities on his family?

With the first sign of day I went out to look at the ruins the fire had made. The long line of stables was now a smoldering pile. But I was glad! surprised to see the horses coming one after another for their morning feed. I found that every living thing had been removed before the fire was kindled. So, I thought, they show more kindness to the beasts than to man. But I believe they would have burned the house. They only thought to frighten Lord Waverland into compliance with their demands. The hollow, fast bell sounded I went to the dining room, but it was empty. I thought Lord Waverland and his friends were making up for lost sleep. When the hour had passed and no one appeared, a search was instituted. It was soon discovered that they all had left in the night. A few days from Lord Waverland's room brought me a note, saying:

"I found this under Lord Waverland's pillow."

I opened the note and read:

"Lord, you may deal with the fearful tenants as you think best. I shall never set foot in this house again if I live alive. I shall return to my home where it is more agreeable, where I can live without the fear of being robbed or burned alive.

"This, then, was the way he chose to protect himself. When the tenants began to gather, after the fire, he found he had left behind him his pocket book, and he found that he had left they were very angry. One man who seemed to be their leader said:

"That is just the way with the English from the highest down, you cannot trust their promises.

"I will listen to your requests," I said, as they began to murmur their complaints.

"You! what right have you to arrange things? When my lord returns he will blame us for making terms with you," said the leader.

When he said that I took the note I had received from my pocket book, saying

"Here is authority, and I shall stick to them. That was sufficient evidence and they were willing to make new contracts with me.

"Now, what are your grievances?" I asked.

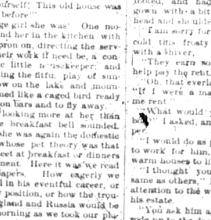
"We want our rent lowered to the Griffith valuation," that being the rate the Land League had adopted, said the speaker.

"Well, if you will come with me I will do the best I can for you," I said, leading the way to the library, where I had a map of the estate and a book containing the rent roll and the accounts of the tenants. The first thing I did was to lower the rent to the Griffith valuation and then from the rent roll I made a settlement with each tenant to the new rate. Then as fast as possible I received the money, and had receipts made out, or provided for them in some other way. From that time I began in earnest to do for the people, as if my people and to save "my inheritance."

On going to the drawing room one morning I found Miss Everett there, watching the sunrise on the lake and among the grand old mountains.

"Well, little girl," I said, as I came to her "you seem happy."

"Yes, sir Loyd this is a charming view. I have watched the sunrise from here for the last six mornings and every morning it presents a different picture. Just now the grand old mountains are shaded by a fleecy cloud. But look, there comes a streak of sunlight! Just now it had been the sunlight, but now, see the dark frowning roar as it rushes down into the room, in reckless haste



She handed me the telegram.

"It is a grand sight. I never saw it before at sunrise. You see what a lazy fellow I have been," I said, watching her expressive face.

"Now I wish my pencil would obey my will," she said, as though forgetful of my presence. "Have you ever labored and wished for anything with all your heart, and then felt the keen anguish of a disappointment?" she asked, turning toward me as she spoke.

"No, I have never been enough in earnest to feel a disappointment very keenly," I said.

"I have," she said. "I have spent hours trying to put just a faint shadow of this beautiful scene on canvas. But disappointment has always been my reward.

"I never knew this was such a picturesque place," I said. "I believe you have travelled in the old world, to change the world to suit yourself. This old house was never so bright before."

What a strange girl she was. One moment I would find her in the kitchen with a clean white apron on, directing the servants or doing their work if need be, a contented domestic little housekeeper, and the next, she would be the girl, full of sunshine and shadow on the lake and mountains. She seemed like a caged bird ready to break its prison bars and to fly away.

While I stood looking more at her than at the scene, the breakfast bell sounded. As instant after she was again the domestic little woman, whose pet theory was that we should all meet at breakfast or dinners for social enjoyment. Here it was we read the morning papers. How eagerly we watched Parnell in his eventful career, or Gladstone's new position, or how the truce between England and Russia would be settled. This morning we read that princes adelegram was handed to my mother.

"What is it, mother?" I asked, as her face grew pale and her hand at first hand trembled. She handed me the telegram, saying.

"Lord Waverland is dead." He was killed at a gambling table in Paris."

With a sad, white face she rose to leave the table. I assisted her to her own room. As I was about to leave her, she said.

"Once I thought I loved him! But leave me now, my son. I would like to be alone."

There was little real sorrow felt for the dead husband, father, and master of Waverland. He had been a cold, proud man, and his overbearing nature had dwarfed

CHAPTER VI.—THE NEW THEORY.

The inheritance was mine. It came heavily mortgaged. I had not finished making my settlement with the tenants at the time of Lord Waverland's death. I continued, however, just as I had begun. One morning at breakfast I said:

"I am almost tired of being landlord. There are so many responsibilities connected with it. In settling up with my tenants on the estate I find thousands of pounds that my mother gave to relatives I have made. I cannot go out and force these poor fellows to pay. Some of them with all the help I have given and can give will suffer from hard times. The last season has made the peat mulit to burn, and what can be done? There is Michael O'Donohue has a dozen of acres, but he has not brought him a living this year. If it were not for his son in America he could never pay his rent. And his is not an exceptional case. There are millions of dollars coming from the Irish boys and girls in America to help keep up this farce of landlordism in Ireland.

"Is that true?" asked my mother. "I did not know money ever came from America to Ireland, except in time of famine."

"I remember hearing my father say it was a heavy tax on the Irish Americans, this land, this land system of Ireland," remarked Stella.

"That is very true," said I, "and yet we often hear that if tenants were only industrious and saver they could pay their rents. That may be true sometimes, but very few of our tenants are industrious. Their small acreage is so small, it is close to for the family without paying rent. So where is my living to come from?

"Why don't you have the poor soldiers come and help you?" asked Myrtle. "I like to see them. Papa had them when he was here."

"Little sister," said, "when the soldiers come some one must leave home. Would you like for the soldiers to come and turn us all out?"

She sat a moment thoughtfully, then said:

"Was it the soldiers that wanted to burn our house?"

"No, but it was because the soldiers had sent so many from home. The men grew so hard hearted they would burn our house for revenge. I answered.

"Miss Stella, if you are at liberty I would like your help in my library for a few minutes." I said, as we left the table.

As we entered the library I took both hand. I held it with the firm grasp of a friend. How sweet, how pure her face, that plain, simple girl seemed to me in that winter's morning. For a moment I did not see the fearfully sice would tell her of my love for her, and of the inexpectedness deprive me of the gift I craved. For a time we stood in silence. It seemed to me as if time, love, hope and fear were crowded in the pause. But really, as time is measured, it was but a moment. Then I spoke:

"Now, my little friend, I said, "it was your words that made me take an interest in this work. Can you help me solve this problem? Can you relieve the suffering and misery of our people?"

Stella's cheeks flushed as I spoke and she turned from me to the table. She must have felt the impulse of my heart, for she remained silent. Then again I said:

"I need the aid of your clear judgment. Will you give it?"

Turning her clear brown eyes to mine, she said:

"Lord Loyd, I know so little about laws governing landlord and tenant, that I can not aid you in this matter."

"You remember the widow that had her cow taken from her for the rent money on the rent. I have made her little house into a school room and she is the teacher."

"I know that, Sir Loyd," said Stella, with animation. "I have often been there and helped her with her teaching."

"You have been there, then?"

"Often when I have been out riding or walking. And I heard how you bought the improvements on Meagee's holding, and gave him a good farm and a good house of his own. And I have also heard how you are fixing up the old tenant houses more comfortably than they ever were before," she said rapidly.

"You little spy! I did not know you were watching me."

"I was not watching you, Sir Loyd. I was only trying to help the poor people, and heard all the news, you see."

"Yes, I see, you were taking sunlight into the poor houses. Just now I need it in my room. Will, they need it. I see so much filth, so much sorrow and discontent and misery. I feel helpless. I can see means of relief. How can you expect purity and peace where men must live with hogs and cows? Our tenants live with their animals that they have sold them to pay the rent. How I hate the word!" I said, leaning on the mantel and looking at Stella as she stood idly turning the leaves of an old album that lay on the table.

"I, too, have seen the misery and want that this terrible rack rent has produced. It is like some fearful monster, that with fetid breath pollutes all within its reach," she said, with earnest indignation.

"Dear little friend, I am going to lay and taking her hand within my own, I may have been more than a friend to me. You have inspired my heart with sympathy for man. Now I come to you, asking for help in finding relief for our little people. I need your aid and—"

"Just then my mother opened the door, saying

"My son, Annie Wren is at the door ask for you." I looked at Stella for a moment. Her face was flushed, and her eyes of love mastered. I was just forming sich words when my mother called me.

Stella seemed to read the thoughts, and the tell tale blush that mantled her cheeks and brow gave me hope that my fault would not be in vain. For one instant I was tongue tied, but then I turned and left the room. I found Annie at the door in her pet pony. I offered to help her dismount, but she said:

"No, Loyd, I cannot stop. Papa sent this note to you and asked me to bring an answer."

I opened it and read the message, and thought the best way to answer it was to see Sir Wren myself.

"Annie, I shall go home," and without ceasing the house, rode away with Annie. As we rode out over the wild moor that lay between the two estates, we met a girl with a donkey cart loaded with the peat she had gathered, and was now taking to the village to sell. She was a decent looking girl, but very poorly clad. Barefooted, and had on only a thin cotton gown with a bit of an old shawl over her head and shoulders.

"I am sorry for such girls. She must be cold this frosty morning," said Annie, with a shiver.

"I am sure something in that way to help pay the rent," I said.

"Oh that everlasting rent!" said Annie "I wore a man no one should ever pay me rent."

"What would you do, you little spice-box?" I asked, amused at her show of temper.

"I would do as papa does. He hires men to work for him, and gives them good warm houses to live in."

"Thought your father had rent, the same as others," I said. I never paid any attention to the way Sir Wren conducted his estate.

"You ask him and see," she said, as we rode up to the door.

Sir Wren was in the library enjoying the morning paper and a warm comfortable fire, as Annie ushered me into the room.

"So, so," he said, as he saw me. "You bring your own answer. Well, that is business like."

"Yes, Sir Wren," I said, taking the chair he pulled out near the fire. "So far as I know I am a business like."

"If have some important business in London. It needs careful attention, though not immediately. And as this rheumatic foot disables me, I thought you could do it for me and take a pleasure trip at the same time. The business is easily managed. I will prepare the documents and you can be ready to start according to directions. I never been to make things as the same as called."

"Then I am to follow directions and have the pleasure free," I said, laughing at his plan.

"I hope it may be a pleasure to you. I am always glad to aid my friends in that direction. How is your mother and the brown thrush at Waverland?"

"My mother is very well. Better, she says, than for years. And Miss Everett is as busy as ever scattering sunshine and gladness wherever she goes. Even the poor tenants enjoy some of her gladness. We were just planning some way by which we could make them more comfortable, when I left home."

"Why, what are you doing now to earn their wages?"

"Wait and see," said Sir Wren, as he took his hat and cane and started for the door. We passed into a large yard surrounded by out buildings. We entered one and found large quantities of vegetables with women and children sorting them into heaps.

"Now, look!" he said, pointing round the room, "I have them sorted in this way to make different grades for market.

"I understand, I see the profit gained by this work is a higher price for produce."

"Just so, just so," he said, patting me on the shoulder "I am lucky enough to see and sell them to my help at a lower price, while the large line ones bring a higher price in the market."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Territorial Hard Times.

During the spring and summer of 1887 about 800 colonists went to Port Angeles, says the Seattle *Press*, and during those same seasons over $30,000 was paid out for labor in addition to the panic. The men would work on the colony's tramways until they fancied themselves tired, when they would call a half day's work, and go for the day. They held stormy meetings, at which all hands would pitch into the dodger, and then after adjournment they would all attend a free lunch and a gloriously good time of it. This was kept up until the funds were all spent and a big debt of about $10,000 or more was accumulated by the Port Angeles Townsend. A cloud had gathered over their heads and they could not see the silver lining. Starvation stalked through the colony, and the men pointed with bony fingers at the vicious lines he intended to carry to his home over the snows of winter.

The hard times came to cut down from a whole carcass a week to a quarter, and then the beef supply was cut off altogether. The butter bill, which had been running along from $50 a week, was wiped out, and the colonists had no butter. Retrenchment was the order of the day, and it was carried to such an extent that the standard bill of fare was as follows:

Potatoes, bread, and cotton-seed oil gravy for breakfast.

Bread, potatoes and cotton-seed oil gravy for dinner, and

Cottonseed oil gravy, potatoes, and bread for supper.

Some people did not even have enough of this. Philip Meager, who has lived in Port Angeles for twenty-six years, said:

"Many a time have I stood on this wharf and counted from forty to fifty lanterns going along the beach. They were generally lanterns carried by them each one a spade and a bucket, going after a meal of clams. They were proud, but I tell you they were hungry, too, and no mistake.

Gullibility of Fat Men.

"Fat men," said a well-known physician, "are the most gullible creatures on earth. Nine out of ten patent medicine sharps have made big fortunes purely by the manner in which they have played upon the prejudices of men who consider themselves fat, and crowned with them and there would seem to be absolutely no restraint too nonsensical or absurd for a fat man to reject. The fat man is always willing to pay for hygiene known perfectly well that the only reasonable way for a man of abundant flesh to reduce himself is by exercise. Then, as he grows thinner, his muscles harden and he increases in strength, but inordinate fat predisposes a man to inertia and languor, and so fat men try to reduce themselves by medicines and medical remedies of various sorts. They succeed in wrecking their digestive powers, and that is about all. Most of them are too lazy and strong enough to protect themselves in a physical sense, but they are veritable victims of quackery they come in contact with quack doctors. T. Sun.

A Millionaire in a Pitiable Condition.

The men I pity most at New York's time are the millionaires, says the San Francisco Chronicle. They have got all their books and they find that they have not made anything like as much as they would like to have made, however rich they may be. They are to pity, too, because my business does not take me much into the haunts of the millionaires. But Judge 1889 has not been a good year for them. The other day a friend of mine went in to see a well-known real-estate owner of other people's real estate as well as his own. He found him seated at his desk, with his bank-book before him, in a brown study. He looked pale, and haggard, and ill.

"What's the matter? You don't look well."

"Don't? Do I look bad?"

"Yes! you look bad."

"Well, I guess you'd look bad, too, if you had $5,000,000 lying idle in the bank, not drawing a ——cent of interest."

The Scramble for Office.

Uncle Sam pays his 200,000 employes, including soldiers and sailors, an aggregate of $250 apiece. The average earnings of the men, for every day citizen, who gets pay in proportion to the work he does, are about half that much, probably. The state of affairs explains, perhaps, why about 26,000,000 male American citizens make a dead set for about 200,000 offices every four years. About 200,000 are disappointed every time, it is true, after wasting a great deal of money and just enough but they have had a chance at a pretty big fling.

A Soap-Bubble Outfit.

Somebody has invented a soap-bubble outfit. It is put in a neat box, and includes a peculiar kind of pipe, made especially for blowing bubbles, a new brand of soap, warranted to beat the world for vexing of him, and other applicances.

Labouchere says that he has the greatest admiration for Stanley as a man of vast energy, great courage, and pulsated perseverance, but he thinks he has done his besides by Stanley through Africa have made humanity in general, or African human beings in particular. He thinks the Africans would have better been left alone.

California's receipts from the sale of dried fruits, raisins and honey last year were fully $6,000,000, and the prospects for the business this year are very flattering.

Col. Amos Tompkins of Virginia City in the office of the Palace last week, indicating a dispatch in the *Examiner* telling how a man had a shot at Bishop Whittaker. The Colonel was elated with triumph.

"You see, it says," he continued, leading the way to the bar, automatically, "that the fellow is a lightning man and wanted to do up the Bishop because he doesn't stand in with highand-dry. When temperance is indulged in to too long and persistently it hardens men's hearts, destroys their better feelings, and too frequently leads to the little crime. What'll you have?"

"Do you know the Bishop, Colonel?"

"Do I? What? Do I know the Bishop? Why shouldn't I? He was at the head of the Episcopal school of theological line only in our State for ever so many years, and everybody who has lived in Nevada knows him and respects him. Why, sir, He wrote two shifts every twenty-four hours and would preach at the drop of the hat, night or day. The only thing any fellow has got against him is that he left us.

"Bishop," says I, I never go to church myself, but Whittaker and I were the highest kind of friends. 'Bishop,' says I to him on C street one day, 'don't leave us. All the long experience you've had of the civilization of Nevada, the nickel-belt, and of Pennsylvania won't suit your tastes at all. Say where you are and be a highroller among the high-rollers.'

"But you see, he didn't, now they've taken to shooting at him. I shouldn't wonder if that would settle things and the Bishop skip back to Nevada. No Comstocker can stand a week like Philadelphia very long. We ain't used to the rough ways of the frontier. Now, I'm accustomed to the hard training his second glass in luxurious comfort, 'nobody ever took a shot at the Bishop over there. The worst that ever happened to him was to be kicked."

"Kicked!"

"Yes, sir; kicked. It was done in Virginia City and I saw it with my own eyes. It was a windy morning and the Bishop was climbing up Taylor street in the narrow path in the snow that the miners had trodden on their way to work. We Bishops are very big men, you know, but two ladies who were behind him could get past him. He was deep in thought and did not see them coming. They were holding their skirts high to keep them out of the snow. The lady ahead of the other got a hold of mud at last and cried out: 'Plague take you, Mildred! get out of the way and let ladies go by, can't you?' and with that she let fly a kick that sent the Bishop clean out of the path into the deep snow.

"Well, sir, you never saw a man so amazed as the Bishop was and as for the lady, she was so mad, she say that when she saw who it was she shed a tear, she blushed and apologized, and any true lady would under the circumstances.

"Ah," said the Colonel, wagging his head and smiling down into his glass, "we all loved the Bishop, and the boys would have made a monument to pay for him. He was over there preaching one Sunday, and after morning service took a stroll in the outskirts of the town and found a place where he preached to a congregation. Prospect shafts were as thick as gopher holes there, and the boys were all at work. Sunday made no difference in those days. Half of the holes belonged to Mike Brannon, an old friend of mine, a perfect giant, and as simple-minded as a baby. He was coming out of his hole when some of the fellows had told him that if he'd rub his head with kerosene oil his hair would come out the crown out of his hat so that the cool air would hit his skull, his hair would grow again.

"That was a joke you know, exploding with laughter, "but Mike took it all in and when the Bishop and the ladies came up to where he was there stood Mike, tugging and grunting away at the windlass hoisting rock, and his bare crown was blazing down on his shining crown.

"The Bishop, one of the best-hearted men that ever breathed, was horrified.

"Good heavens man, says he, 'why don't you get a proper hat?'

"How I Oil be injured?' growled Mike, straining at the windlass, the sweat pouring off him.

"Your brain will be injured.'

"Bishop and Mike talked and Mike put twelve-horse power on the windlass and landed the bucket. Since, an I'd had any brains they think I'd be here?'—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Exercising the Devil in India.

A strange case of superstition was recently investigated before the coroner of Bombay. A Hindoo mill hand named Ramji Dojl had for some time been subject to violent convulsions and pains in various parts of the body. On Aug. 21 he went to the mill to get his wages, but he was so ill that he was taken home in a carriage. He was brought home on the back of a friend in an almost unconscious state and was placed in a sitting posture, being held up by his friend. A man named Deo, who was present, suggested that he was possessed of a devil, in order to keep him from doing himself harm in front of the sick man, and shaved off his hair and demanded of the devil who he was. Not receiving a reply, he struck the sick man violently with a rattan, when the latter fell back in a dying condition, but before his death another friend took the rattan and beat the patient's legs, crossing their bodies to and fro and professing that they were exercising the spirit of a god. The flogging was intended to drive out the devil, and the sick man accordingly died without a complaint. The widow narrated these facts to the coroner and described both floggings to be very severe. The coroner's jury soon found that there were several bruises on the back and an abrasion on the right hip, but that the cause of death was hemorrhage from injuries of the spleen, which was probably not due to the flogging. The jury found a verdict according to the medical evidence, adding that there was no evidence to show that the flogging became required. *London Times.*

MANY PERSONS BURIED ALIVE.

A Physician Tells of a Sure Method of Ascertaining if Life is Extinct.

About once in so often the newspapers are filled with accounts of premature burials and journalists with abnormal imaginations are in demand to paint in vivid colors the agonies that must have been endured by the poor wretches who wake up and found themselves dead. A few days such a case appeared in Hong Kong, China. When the coffin of a young girl who had recently been buried was exhumed the body was contorted in a horrible manner like the victim of a person buried in the palm of the hands, the face was lacerated and the appearance of the corpse indicated that death had not taken place without a fearful struggle. It was a good story, and whether or not it was a "fake," it will probably start the fakers of the newspapers to work and there will be no lack of similar blood-curdling tales for a month or two.

A well-known Chicago physician who recently in the years referred to, says:

"There are plenty of people mouldering under the sod," he said, "who were buried before life became extinct, a certain amount of oxygen before the heart will begin to act, and one full inhalation of oxygen, which is more than oxygen in a modern casket, and the lungs would, of course, be unable to take another. All these stories of fearful sufferings endured by persons buried alive are false; there's nothing to them.

"No doubt, bodies are frequently interred while life is yet existent, but this would not be the case if everybody knew of a certain infallible, and absolutely certain test of death. Such a test I have. It has never so far as I am aware, been in print, and *The Herald* could do no better service to humanity than to publish it. I have proven once upon a time, in one of the Southern states. An old darkey had died suddenly, and I was called to sit upon the body and determine the cause of death. When I arrived the man had been dead twenty-four hours, and the negroes of the neighborhood were preparing to hold the inquest. I impaneled a jury; the family of the deceased testified to the extent of their knowledge; but I was unable to find out the cause of death. I was not sufficient to kill him. I looked at the body, and examined it carefully. Then a thought struck me, and I lighted a match and applied the flame to the end of the fingers of the corpse. Immediately a blister formed. I had the dead darkey placed into his bed, applied various restoratives, and found that same old darky is alive and well.

"That is the test. Do you see the philosophy of it? If you are alive you cannot burn your hand so as to raise a blister. Nature, in the effort to protect the inner tissues, throws a covering of water at the point of heat, between the fire and the flesh. If you were dead, and flame should come in contact with any part of your body, no blister would appear on you, for there would be burned. The blood has been withdrawn from the arteries, and your body is like so much beefsteak.

"All you have to do to apply a match to any part of the supposed corpse. If life remains, however little, a blister will at once form. Simple, isn't it? And I am certain that the most ignorant person in the world can apply it, and no expert physician could settle the question of life or death any more certainly." *Chicago Herald.*

THE WILES OF WOMEN.

Tricks Played by Them on the Clerks of Dry-Goods Stores.

"No doubt," said a dry-goods clerk to a Philadelphia *Inquirer* reporter, "you have seen the stories sometimes told in the newspapers of women who order costly furs or other wraps sent home on approval and then, after wearing them on the special occasion for which they were wanted returning them as unsatisfactory. You would be surprised to learn how common this trick is.

"We find it out sometimes more times we don't—but if the goods are returned uninjured it rarely pays to prosecute. The trick is indeed so easy by the trick, not even the sale of the goods, for the borrower had no intention of fooling them at any time. In such cases the goods are bona fide purchased at some other store and brought to us to have the 'money refunded,' eternal vigilance is the price of safety from such tricks. We have to know our goods more thoroughly to avoid being imposed on than we do to sell them.

"They have a new racket now, though," continued the talkative floorwalker, "that goes ahead of all the rest for downright meanness. It is getting to be a common practice for a certain class of women to say rather large dress patterns and after making up the dress they decide that it was a yard or two left over to bring us the remnant and ask for the money on it. The other day we had a line of goods which we had sold for twenty-five cents a yard in patterns and sold by the pattern. One of our customers, a woman in very comfortable circumstances, came in and bought a pattern of the goods, and she returned two pieces, with two and a half yards in each, and wanted the money for them—or, rather, she wanted us to refund the money she had paid, she had an account with us and this enabled us to trace the transaction. She had to be confronted with the books, though, before she would let on she knew exactly what she had done, and before she gave up the attempt to economize on our expenses.

"The worst thing about this overreaching business is that it is practiced almost exclusively by women who are not obliged to live in poverty. Really poor women seldom trouble us in this way, they want, keep it, or if they do bring it back it is usually to exchange it for something else at the same time, rarely for redemption in cash. The people who drive hard bargains, who find fault with everything, who are the most exacting in every way are those who consider themselves the better class of society, women who dress well, appear to have plenty of money, and who are supposed to be the better class. The poor women, or their bolder lies are not instantly believed. These are the customers that make a salesman tired, and I assure you there is an infinite list of them."

Brook Farm.

From a reminiscent article by Robert Carter in the *Century* we quote the following: "It was a delightful gathering of men and women of superior cultivation, and it was enjoyed to the full. Some of them were in the fields and philandering in its pleasant woods. It was a little month of a picnic for serious profit, and the young men and maidens were rather unduly addicted to moonlight wanderings in the pinery grove, which was close to the good moral training of New England. That little or no harm came of these wanderings at least not to the maidens, was a little matter of the sexes is concerned the Brook Farmers, in spite of their free manners, were as pure, I believe, as any other people.

"Some of the girls, however, after seeming for some years to have succeeded and Brook Farm became the site of the town poor-house. Hawthorne, who lived all the time in the enterprise, has sketched it, in some respects faithfully, in his "Blithedale Romance." I may remark, by the way, that while he has made Hollingsworth was chiefly engaged in taking care of the pigs that being found by experience to be the most of farm labor to which his genius was best adapted."

Southern Phosphates.

The discovery of phosphate deposits in Florida is a matter of great importance to the cotton growers of the south and increasing quantities of this fertilizer. Combined with cotton meal it makes an admirable fertilizer for the cotton crop and is largely transported and economically applied. It is now making the light sandy lands of south Alabama yield large and paying crops. It is now used on farm in all over the south. Thus far South Carolina has furnished the bulk of the phosphates producing last year 600,000 tons. It is believed Florida will be found to be superior to that of South Carolina and as the increased supply must lead to lower cost it will lead to a more rapid development of agriculture in the southern states than has ever been known.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis will probably complete her late husband's biography before sailing for Europe.

That bloom in the beauty of June?
Or the stately and fragrant lilies
Whose bells ring a summer tune?
Ah, sweeter the roses blooming
On the cheeks of those we love,
And the lilies of all Jacob's growing
The cheeks' red rose above.

But how soon the lily and the rose wither in the cheeks of our American women. Why is it? Simply because so many of them are suffering from weakness, irregularities and functional derangements incident to the sex. If they would use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for those beauty and health destroying ailments might be warded off, and we would hear less about women growing old before their time.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. One a dose.

Several basketful of fish that suddenly found themselves on dry land after the water receded were picked up in Maine last week.

Sufferers from Coughs, Sore Throats, etc., should try "Brown's Bron chial Troches." They are simple but surely remedy. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

French scientists have analyzed a quart of water taken from a typhoid infected district and found 1,000,000,000 to 20,000,000,000 typhoid germs therein.

A pocket pickpoken free to members of "Tansill's Punch" cigar.

A penniless Scotch immigrant accidentally stumbled upon a rich secret in New York the other day whom he had not seen for 37 years.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with equal safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and, as an aperient, they excel any other preparation.

Many girls, three and a half years of age, recently travelled from Milan to Sydney home in Thousands unattended. She attracted more attention than a circus.

Six books free, will be sent by Cracin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., upon receipt of 25 Cents, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Cents, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Cents, postage paid,