

St. Tammany Farmer.

Published Every Saturday.
COVINGTON, LOUISIANA.

A QUEST.

I have heard of a wonderful island, have you?
The fairest and sweetest on earth, some have said,
Where blossoms the poppy, white, amber and red,
Where languorous slumbers bring languorous
dreams
To dreamers who lie down by murmuring
streams;
Where the radiant hours
Are like exquisite flowers—
So flooded with fragrance, so wondrous of hue,
In a mystical island called, *Nothing-to-Do*.
On the shores of this island—they swear it is true—
From work-a-day worlds, not a keel ever
grazes,
And care's busy hand never knocks at the
gates;
While sweet-scented winds of each long at-
tempted
Set poems of April to music of June,
And the birds always sing,
And it always is spring,
And Lotus fruit grows, but no express nor
mail,
In the marvelous island of *Nothing-to-Do*.
On the map of my life its vague quest I pursue,
I've searched all the oceans and intimate bays,
The coast line, indented with years and with
days;
The gulfs and the straits and the furthestmost
seas,
For even a glimpse of the birds or the
bees,
Or the fabulous fruits,
Or the spreading ree-roots,
Or plants which the sunniest blossoms be-
strew
In the far away island called *Nothing-to-Do*.
I have dreamed—have not you—of its low-lying
lands,
Its brown, sleepy brooks—of the shadows that
pass,
In annuals of silence athwart the lush grass;
Of drowsy waves dropping upon that beach,
Which ever and always lies just beyond reach;
Of its humming-bird hues,
Of its dawns and its dews,
Of ripple-kissed shells on the halcyon sands,
And of life, a perpetual folding of hands!
It was only a dream—never yet to my view
Has risen that tale with the forest of palms,
Its indolent valleys, its odorous calms,
Or omelet groves, and the voice of its deep,
The voice of an ocean that chants in its sleep:
On some morning or night,
It perhaps was in sight,
But past it my bark sailed ere captain or crew
Knew we neared the fair island of *Nothing-to-Do*.

To its far, charless borders what hand holds
a ring?
There, toll is unknown, and existence is bare
Of effort or purpose, of duty or care,
Of pain or reward—of the thought and the
deed,
For the infinite breadth of life's infinite need.
After all, is it sure?
Do the false mists allure?
Do but to a mirage—a phantom pursue,
When I seek the famed island called, *Nothing-to-Do*?

—Mary Ashley Townsend, in Time.

A RANGER'S STORY.

The Thrilling Romance of Canyon Blanco.

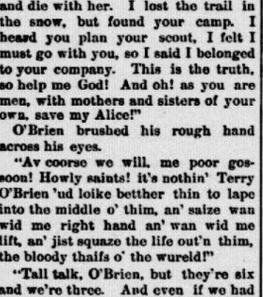
Written for this Paper.
I was camped in the Canyon Blanco and a mighty bad time we were having there. We were after cattle thieves running stock into Mexico, but a flurry of snow came up, covered the tracks, and drove us to the lee of a big bowlder and a camp-fire to keep from freezing.
We had finished our supper and were smoking round the fire, when all on a sudden there rang out from somewhere amongst the rocks the awfullest scream mortal ear ever heard. We all jumped up in a hurry, and says I:
"Great Scott! boys, what's up? That was a woman's voice."
"Ye've missed it like yer mammy's blessing, Dick," says O'Brien. "T'wixt no more like a wamin's voice then yer own loud rusty bell-clapper rubbin' fornicist the file in yer throat is loike a canary bird's whistle."
"Sounded more loike a painter'n a woman," said another.
"Painter be hanged!" growled old Gryce. "I've scoured these peraries an' mountings for forty years, an' I never hearn no painter scream loike that."
"Hush!" says Cap'n, holding up his hand. "D'ye hear that?"
Soon as our jabbering stopped we heard sounds of people laughing and talking together, and once—twice—thrice—a long-drawn moan.
"Faix!" says O'Brien, "it seems loike we've camped right over the mouth of purgatory. Be jabbers! I hope it isn't me old grandmither that's meanin' an' groanin' that a way! There's been a power of masses said fur her, rest her soul! An' she'd oughter be in paradise be now."
"More likely it's somebody on the road to purgatory or a worse place, O'Brien," says Cap'n. "Any body here know any thing about this locality?"
We all looked at old Gryce, who stroked his white beard and puffed at his pipe.
"Well, Cap'n," he says, at last, "I hev hearn tell us how Grayson's gang's got er cache somewhars 'bout here."
"Rather far north for those gentry," says Cap'n.
"Well, yer see—it's handy fur runnin' stock over the border, an' thar never was a better place fur hidin'. Lord love yer, Cap'n, thar's no need thar her holes an' hollows. I could send away a regiment within pistol shot, an' ye'd never s'picion er thar was er livin' soul anywhere 'bout."
"I dare say, an' it's from some of these holes the sound we hearn came. Well, nothing can be done to-night, but in the morning we'll have a search for the wolves and foxes that are hid- ing here."
"Whisht, ye noisy divil! Do ye want to rouse the howl camp. Looky here, Dick, what d'ye say to a moonlight scout all on our own two selves? Ould Gryce does be so fond of his scoutin' yams, it's meself that'd loike to have jist was to match him. We'll look up the catymount or the wamin, whichever it is, an' report to the Cap'n at breakfast."

"A moonlight scout, you Irish blunderbush! The night's as dark as—"
"Av ye'll take the trouble to open thim slapy eyes o' yer own, ye'll find it light enough for a blind man."
Sure enough when I opened my eyes the storm clouds had all rolled away, and a full moon was pouring a flood of light over every thing around.
"But, O'Brien, it's rather a risky thing to go stumbling about these rocks in the middle of the night. We'll tumble into a trap the first thing we know."
"Och!" cried O'Brien, turning up his snub nose contemptuously. "It's meself thought Dick the Divil always ready for a fight or a frolic. Faith! I mistook ye, an' I'll report to the Cap'n my lane if I get blowed into smithereens."
"No, you won't. It shan't be said Richard Readyhand refused to follow where Terence O'Brien'd lod. Come on."
"Wait! I'll make a third in the company."
I looked round and saw a slip of a boy standing near. In the moonlight he looked as fair and delicate as a girl.
"Hello! my prairie chicken," says



"Hello! my prairie chicken!"
O'Brien, "where might ye have sprung from into the middle o' things loike this?"
"I belong to the band," says the youngster, as cool as you please. "I joined two weeks ago. You mayn't know me because I've been on a scout most ever since, but it's so."
I recollected that some such looking chap had joined us about that time, but I couldn't have sworn to him even by daylight. However, it made little odds to us, and all three of us struck off from camp together.
"Which way did the sound come from?" asked I, after we had gone about fifty yards.
"From the north," answered O'Brien, promptly. "I does be thinkin' that's the rasin we heard it so plain. The wind's blowin' loike it came straight from the pole, an' it fetched the scream wid it."
Due north we steered, and after walking a quarter of a mile or so we saw a big bowlder ahead with a red blaze shining somewhere near it, distinct from the white light around us.
"Howly saints!" ejaculated O'Brien, "that does be the place sure. Sergeant, what's yer orders? Ye can take the lead now."
"Keep your mouth shut then, and creep after me as easy as mice. Pull your guns, but no firing without orders."
As we drew nearer, the red light grew broader and deeper, but we could see no fire.
"Faix! an' that's mighty queer entirely," whispered O'Brien, whose tongue nothing short of a gag could have silenced. "I'm thinkin' they does be holdin' witches' sabbath up here, and that loight'll vamoos as soon's they get out of us."
Just then we made out that the light came from the base of a huge bowlder.
"Old Gryce hit it. A cache of Grayson's or some other gang; perhaps the very gen's we're be followin'. Who'd have thought of looking here?"
"Let me go on scout, sergeant," says the boy, in a mighty hurry as I thought. "That light comes from a cave—for God's sake let me find the way in, and see who's in it."
"Hold on, youngster," says I, gripping his arm as he was making off. "Pears to me that you're too previous. How do I know what you're up to? You're a stranger to me, young fellow; you've forced yourself along with us; for all I know you'll give us away to whoever's hidin' in that hole. You thing queer about you, and if I see any thing queer about you, it'll be the worse for you."
The boy threw up his hands with a gesture of wild impatience. "My God!" he muttered, "if they only know!"
This made me distrust him still more. It was plain he was hiding something.
"Go on a step before us," said I, motioning with my pistol toward the light; "and mind—no word—not a step aside—or I shall just scatter your brains on these rocks."
That seemed to stiffen him, for he put down his hands and went on quietly enough. In five minutes more we were opposite the mouth of the cave and could get a glimpse of the inside. Around the fire six great bulky fellows lay stretching their lazy length in the hot glow. It was plain they hadn't any idea of our neighborhood, for they laughed and talked loudly, and often took a swig from a brown jug standing by. They were a common looking lot of border ruffians, and among them I recognized Grayson and Coats, who were wanted all over Texas for murder, train robbing and horse stealing.
A woman was seated on a rock in the full glow of the fire. I could not see her face, for her elbows were propped on her knees, and her head buried in her hands, but I judged from her figure, and the long black hair falling round her like a veil, that she was young. At sight of her the boy uttered—I don't know what—it sounded like a curse smothered in groans.
The girl raised her head quickly and looked round. What a face! Never saw its like before—I never shall again. It was the most beautiful I ever looked at, but white as the dead, and the big black eyes stretched wide in a glass stare as if they had

seen some sight so horrible it had turned them into stone. I seized the youngster with a grip that reminded him to keep silence, and dragged him away to a safe distance.
"Now, boy, just explain this business, and say why you can't keep a still tongue when all our lives depend on it."
"It's in luck we are," broke in O'Brien, "that the spalpeens is makin' such a hullabaloo thimself, or it's riddled wid bullets we'd be, me boys."
"Sergeant," cried the boy, the big tears rolling down his face, "it is my sister those villains have got there. These devils came raiding into the Panhandle where we lived. I was out hunting, and when I returned I found nothing but ruin and desolation. Our cattle and horses were driven off, our house burned, my father shot down for defending his property, and my young sister carried off. My father was still alive, but could only gasp a few words charging me to follow and save my help—our nearest neighbor lived ten miles off—and I had no time to lose. I buried my father as well as I could; then followed the robbers, determined to save Alice or kill her and die with her. I lost the trail in the snow, but found your camp. I heard you plan your scout, I felt I must go with you, so I said I belonged to your company. This is the truth, so help me God! And oh! as you are men, with mothers and sisters of your own, save my Alice!"
O'Brien brushed his rough hand across his eyes.
"Av course we will, me poor gossen! Howly saints! It's nothin' Terry O'Brien 'ud loike better thin' to lapo into the middle o' thim, an' save wid me right hand an' an' wid me lift, an' jist squeeze the life out'n thim, the bloody thaifs of the world!"
"Talk talk, O'Brien, but they're six and we're three. And even if we had equal force, only one at a time can enter that cave, and we should be shot down singly. No chance for a rush. I see nothing for it but to return to camp and report. In the morning—"
"Morning!" cried the boy. "Good God! Sergeant, can you stand there and coolly talk about morning! It is my sister, my sister, I tell you, in the hands of those devils! I shall go mad before morning."
"My boy, I feel for you and would gladly help your sister. But what can we three do?"
"I've got it!" cried O'Brien, "ye poor unfortun' Saxons hav'n't the taste o' contrivance. That bloody ould cave's got another dure—"
"How do you know?"
"Tare an' ages! there ye go win yer hows an' whys. Av a man knows a thing, what's the difference how he knows it? I say there's another dure to the bloody ould cave, an' av ye foller me ye'll find it. Wan uv us'll stand at this openin'!"



"An' jist squeeze the life out'n thim,"
"I will said young Bray. 'I'll save Alice from any thing worse than death."
"Don't be in such a mortal hurry to shoot yer sister, me boy. Toime enough for that. Cover the morrowder six to ye; and whin ye hear a wild ruxty yelp blaze away, and moind ye don't waste yer shot. The sergeant an' me'll drop two more that same mornin'; jist jump in an' finish 'em."
"But, O'Brien—"
"But, Dick the Divil, yez don't mane to turn tail before six thavin' vagabins wid me to the fore? Come along, an' yez see we'll give a good account o' thim to the Cap'n, an' take the shoine off'n ould Gryce."
"We must summon them to surrender first. Rangers don't shoot men down in that cold-blooded way."
"Ye're mighty peckerick. It's little Cap'n 'ud care how we bagged Grayson. But have yer own way, so yez come along."
Out-talked and led on by the darsel spirit of the thing, I followed O'Brien, while the young stranger moved to the cave-door and stood with ready pistol before it. We had not moved more than fifty paces towards the rear of the cave before we saw a gleam of light, which brightened as we advanced, until we reached what was evidently a back entrance to the robbers' den.
We crept cautiously in and had not gone far before the increasing glow warned us we were coming to close quarters. Silently we drew near enough to cover our men; then we issued our command, "Throw up your hands!" rang through the cave.
The startled desperadoes sprang to their feet, but with no thought of surrender. The muzzles of six revolvers flashed simultaneously, and the cave echoed with shots fired at random, but with deadly intent. Then we fired, and three of the marauders lay stretched on the rocky floor. Through the thick smoke we rushed in and grappled with the others. Bewildered by the unlooked-for attack, my antagonist and O'Brien's made but little resistance, and were soon disarmed and pinioned. But the outlaw chief, the notorious Grayson, was unluckily attacked by young Bray; and before our contest was finished he had stabbed the poor boy mortally, thrown him aside like a dead leaf, and leaped through the door, making good his escape for about the twentieth time.
Poor Bray died before morning, rejoicing with his latest breath that his life had ransomed his sister from a much worse fate than death. His last

words were to me: "I leave her to you. She has no one to take care of her now. Be good to her."
I accepted the legacy, and if any of you ever come up to Erath County, give me a call, and ye'll see a little black-eyed woman with half a dozen black-eyed children. She's my wife, and it's girls to me she looks sarter like the girl I found in Grayson's cache.
A. G. CANFIELD.

SPITTING DIAMONDS.

The Sharp Game Practiced by a Small Dealer in London.
Hatton Garden (the great diamond district of London) had quite an unpleasant experience last year. All the dealers lost a great number of stones, and they couldn't understand how the leakage occurred until about Christmas. After sorting and string up they would put the stones in the usual parcels with the weight marked. When they sold the parcels they would find that the weight had decreased and that one or two of the stones had vanished. Many small dealers, who never let the staff go out of their sight and who had no assistants, suffered as well as the others, and for months it remained a mystery of the deepest kind. Every body was afraid of every body else; some quit coming to the diamond exchange, but whether they came or not their losses went on just the same. At last almost by accident the mystery was solved, and the solution was simple enough.
There was a small dealer who lived in Clerkenwell. He wore glasses and professed to be very short-sighted. This gentleman bought sparingly last year, but he did a tremendous amount of going around and examining. An employe of a large Hatton Garden firm became suspicious of this small dealer and had a talk with his employes. The next time the eyeglasses came in, before the safe was opened and anything handed out, two men were posted where they could watch every movement of the visitor. He opened a paper of stones (about 14 carats apiece), with ninety-six stones in the parcel. He put them quite close to his eyes and then lowered them a little, as if he wanted to damp them.
"Damping," it may be stated, is breathing upon the stones. Most dealers do this when examining a parcel, as any flaws or faults can be better observed as the moisture evaporates. After damping them he looked again (handed them back, made an offer, which he knew would not be accepted), and was going away. The two men watching had not seen him do anything suspicious, but still he was kept in conversation while the parcel he had just handled was taken into the private office and weighed. It was found about two and one-half carats short. Two of the stones had somehow disappeared. There was a consultation and it was decided that he had them in his mouth. One of the men was instructed to get behind him and strike suddenly at the back of his head while he was talking. This was done, and Mr. Eyeglasses spit out the 14-carat stones. He was pounced upon and was given the choice of restitution of all former losses or arrest. He chose the former and, having a large sum in Bank of England notes in his side pocket, he settled the score. He was then allowed to go. The expectation incident got around the next day, when a rush was made for his place of business. He was out, and he remained out until I left London. He will most likely stay away, for if he ever shows his face around Hatton Garden again he will have considerable more spitting to do.—Jewelers' Weekly.

—A loud call is being made for missionaries in Chili, Brazil and other South American States. Romanism, more than any other religion, has reigned there for 300 years. The true light is just breaking in, and a powerful reaction in favor of liberty, intelligence and religion has commenced.
—H. H. Johnson, the traveler and explorer, says he has little interest in the doctrinal and sectarian aspects of Christianity, but he is compelled to admit that missions have been of great benefit to all the heathen nations among whom they have been maintained, in elevating the people in all the arts and appliances of a peaceful civilization.
—A religious society has been organized in Cleveland under the name of the "Cleveland Evangelization Society," which has bought a wagon, with the intention of having the wagon driven through the streets of Cleveland on Sundays and of having addresses made to the people from it on religious topics. The clergymen who will make addresses from the wagon will especially aim to induce their hearers to go to church.
—Mr. F. D. Phinney, superintendent of the Mission Press, at Rangoon, in writing of the scope of a missionary's work, says: "There is not a missionary in Burma whose time and talent are absorbed in the preaching and pastoral care of a church of converted heathen. The work required of a missionary, and the calls upon his time and talent, are so various, that his best talents ever given to a Christian minister may all be put into use in the work of converting the heathen."
—A New Departure
From ordinary business methods is made by the manufacture of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangement of the liver or stomach, as indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scaly skin, eruptions, scaly skin, eruptions and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on a trial, it does not cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your breath, but use Dr. Price's Catarrh Remedy and end it.
The Prince of Wales is showing a disposition to make himself useful as well as ornamental. He has invented a velvet dress coat.
Half States to the St. Louis Fair and Exposition.
On October 5 to 11, inclusive, the Iron Mountain Route will have on sale round-trip tickets to St. Louis and return at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP. This will enable all to visit the Great St. Louis Fair, Races, Vailed Prophet and Exposition. For free program of the activities, sleeping-car, berth, etc., address
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London and Paris railroad street-cars and omnibuses are allowed by law to carry only a certain number of passengers.
Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars"? Don't you do it any longer. Get a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Anti-Dote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.
Up to the end of August 14,000,000 tickets were taken at the Little Liver Pills; and the number was only 7,125,000.
Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.
Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY has become an active member of the Goethe Society, which has its headquarters at Weimar.
You hardly realize that it is medicine, when he takes the Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.
Is young men will not believe in themselves no man or woman can believe in them.
Work for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to E. P. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they can't help you.
A LITTLE SAVING SAVES MUCH LOSING; a little speaking saves much talking.
FOR A COUGH OR SORE THROAT the best medicine is Hild's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.
Don't indulge in the luxury of stony opinions in the presence of your elders.
PAIN in the Side nearly always comes from a disordered liver and is promptly relieved by Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't forget this.
Remember impertinence isn't wit, any more than insolence is brilliancy.
ESTER freedom from injurious drugs makes "Tansil's Punch" 5c. Cigars most popular.
He who waits to do a great deal at once will seldom do anything at all.
BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Fiao's Remedy for Catarrh. By Druggists. 5c.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are moved by kindness.
LONDON consumes 10,000 tons of ice daily during its very brief hot season.
THERE are over 800,000 more widows than widowers in England. In France for every 100 widowers there are 194 widows.
The Maharajah of Juddipore has ordered two of his Ministers to discuss with an assembly of nobles the advisability of abolishing polygamy.
AN English journal tells of a couple of small hand screens painted by Corot, which sold in Paris the other day for £140. Corot disposed of them for \$4.
When the Shah of Persia was quartered at Birmingham Palace sixteen years ago it took \$100,000 to clean and redecorate the apartments that had been occupied by him and his entourage.
Some of the brick houses erected in England 300 years ago are so cemented together that the walls have to be blown down with gunpowder when the site is wanted for something modern.
The duck is to China what the cockfish is to the rest of the world. They eat duck raw, cooked, boiled, fried, baked and every other way, and they worry over the duck about the same as we do over wheat.
A new restaurant in London is to be run so as to furnish travelers of every nation with their accustomed food. Yankee will be served with canvas-back duck, terrapin, clams, American oysters, green corn and other products of the country in season.
The novelty of a horse-car line from Cairo to the Pyramids is likely to become a completed fact before long. The money to be paid for the Government concession has been actually handed over to the official concerned, and preliminary operations have already commenced.
In a village in New England the following superstitious belief is prevalent: During services in the church, if the church clock strikes while a hymn is being sung, the belief is that some parishioner will die within the week. The striking of the clock is always stopped during services in which hymns are sung.

—A MUTE FISHERWOMAN.
Nantucket's Deaf and Dumb Skipper and Her Cat and Dog Crew.
A dumb woman is one of the best fishermen on the island, owning and managing a small schooner, of which she is the captain, and with the assistance of a huge black Newfoundland dog and a gray kitten, crew. She knows all the best feeding grounds and is almost the only Vineyarder who has had good luck with her lobster pots this summer. She lives alone aboard her schooner and seldom sets foot ashore. They say herabouts that when she was a young woman she shipped as a cook on a whaler once and nobody discovered her sex until she returned home. She is not a Vineyarder born and bred, but comes from somewhere down the coast of Maine.
The morning I saw her first she was pulling a dory toward the beach in search of salt pork and crackers at the country store. Her skin was tanned by exposure of the weather, and the coil of dark hair at the back of her neck was the only indication of her sex visible, rough fishermen's boots and trousers forming part of her apparel. Her eyes were bright, and her face not wholly unattractive.
The cabin of her boat is a marvel of disorder, stowed with miscellaneous odds and ends of buttons and thread and shoe laces and peddlers' knickknacks, which in the intervals of fishing she sometimes drives a trade in with scattered coast families. She is faithful at least to one feminine instinct, turning half the days of the week into wash days and keeping her garments in various stages of dilapidation flying from clothes-lines or schooner board continually. She is said to make, as seasons go, an excellent living, and the fishermen mix a little superstition with their feeling toward her, looking about a bit uneasily as they hear across the water the uncanny, articulate sounds which she knows come from the mute fisherwoman scolding the kitten or informing the dog that it is time to up sail.
We sat out past No Man's Land with our strange skipper and returned convinced that it is not impossible for a woman to be a sea captain. She is piecing a quilt of crazy patchwork for her bunk at odd times when the tide does not serve.—Nantucket Cor. Boston Transcript.

—Carpet is made to cover the floors of a house, and rugs are made to cover the flaws in the carpet.

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BEST, easiest to use and cheapest. Fiao's Remedy for Catarrh. By Druggists. 5c.

GRATITUDE is the music of the heart when its chords are moved by kindness.
LONDON consumes 10,000 tons of ice daily during its very brief hot season.
THERE are over 800,000 more widows than widowers in England. In France for every 100 widowers there are 194 widows.
The Maharajah of Juddipore has ordered two of his Ministers to discuss with an assembly of nobles the advisability of abolishing polygamy.
AN English journal tells of a couple of small hand screens painted by Corot, which sold in Paris the other day for £140. Corot disposed of them for \$4.
When the Shah of Persia was quartered at Birmingham Palace sixteen years ago it took \$100,000 to clean and redecorate the apartments that had been occupied by him and his entourage.
Some of the brick houses erected in England 300 years ago are so cemented together that the walls have to be blown down with gunpowder when the site is wanted for something modern.
The duck is to China what the cockfish is to the rest of the world. They eat duck raw, cooked, boiled, fried, baked and every other way, and they worry over the duck about the same as we do over wheat.
A new restaurant in London is to be run so as to furnish travelers of every nation with their accustomed food. Yankee will be served with canvas-back duck, terrapin, clams, American oysters, green corn and other products of the country in season.
The novelty of a horse-car line from Cairo to the Pyramids is likely to become a completed fact before long. The money to be paid for the Government concession has been actually handed over to the official concerned, and preliminary operations have already commenced.
In a village in New England the following superstitious belief is prevalent: During services in the church, if the church clock strikes while a hymn is being sung, the belief is that some parishioner will die within the week. The striking of the clock is always stopped during services in which hymns are sung.

—A MUTE FISHERWOMAN.
Nantucket's Deaf and Dumb Skipper and Her Cat and Dog Crew.
A dumb woman is one of the best fishermen on the island, owning and managing a small schooner, of which she is the captain, and with the assistance of a huge black Newfoundland dog and a gray kitten, crew. She knows all the best feeding grounds and is almost the only Vineyarder who has had good luck with her lobster pots this summer. She lives alone aboard her schooner and seldom sets foot ashore. They say herabouts that when she was a young woman she shipped as a cook on a whaler once and nobody discovered her sex until she returned home. She is not a Vineyarder born and bred, but comes from somewhere down the coast of Maine.
The morning I saw her first she was pulling a dory toward the beach in search of salt pork and crackers at the country store. Her skin was tanned by exposure of the weather, and the coil of dark hair at the back of her neck was the only indication of her sex visible, rough fishermen's boots and trousers forming part of her apparel. Her eyes were bright, and her face not wholly unattractive.
The cabin of her boat is a marvel of disorder, stowed with miscellaneous odds and ends of buttons and thread and shoe laces and peddlers' knickknacks, which in the intervals of fishing she sometimes drives a trade in with scattered coast families. She is faithful at least to one feminine instinct, turning half the days of the week into wash days and keeping her garments in various stages of dilapidation flying from clothes-lines or schooner board continually. She is said to make, as seasons go, an excellent living, and the fishermen mix a little superstition with their feeling toward her, looking about a bit uneasily as they hear across the water the uncanny, articulate sounds which she knows come from the mute fisherwoman scolding the kitten or informing the dog that it is time to up sail.
We sat out past No Man's Land with our strange skipper and returned convinced that it is not impossible for a woman to be a sea captain. She is piecing a quilt of crazy patchwork for her bunk at odd times when the tide does not serve.—Nantucket Cor. Boston Transcript.

—Carpet is made to cover the floors of a house, and rugs are made to cover the flaws in the carpet.

—A loud call is being made for missionaries in Chili, Brazil and other South American States. Romanism, more than any other religion, has reigned there for 300 years. The true light is just breaking in, and a powerful reaction in favor of liberty, intelligence and religion has commenced.
—H. H. Johnson, the traveler and explorer, says he has little interest in the doctrinal and sectarian aspects of Christianity, but he is compelled to admit that missions have been of great benefit to all the heathen nations among whom they have been maintained, in elevating the people in all the arts and appliances of a peaceful civilization.
—A religious society has been organized in Cleveland under the name of the "Cleveland Evangelization Society," which has bought a wagon, with the intention of having the wagon driven through the streets of Cleveland on Sundays and of having addresses made to the people from it on religious topics. The clergymen who will make addresses from the wagon will especially aim to induce their hearers to go to church.
—Mr. F. D. Phinney, superintendent of the Mission Press, at Rangoon, in writing of the scope of a missionary's work, says: "There is not a missionary in Burma whose time and talent are absorbed in the preaching and pastoral care of a church of converted heathen. The work required of a missionary, and the calls upon his time and talent, are so various, that his best talents ever given to a Christian minister may all be put into use in the work of converting the heathen."
—A New Departure
From ordinary business methods is made by the manufacture of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangement of the liver or stomach, as indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scaly skin, eruptions, scaly skin, eruptions and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on a trial, it does not cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your breath, but use Dr. Price's Catarrh Remedy and end it.
The Prince of Wales is showing a disposition to make himself useful as well as ornamental. He has invented a velvet dress coat.
Half States to the St. Louis Fair and Exposition.
On October 5 to 11, inclusive, the Iron Mountain Route will have on sale round-trip tickets to St. Louis and return at ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP. This will enable all to visit the Great St. Louis Fair, Races, Vailed Prophet and Exposition. For free program of the activities, sleeping-car, berth, etc., address
H. D. WILSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
309 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn.

London and Paris railroad street-cars and omnibuses are allowed by law to carry only a certain number of passengers.
Have you suffered long by reason of Malaria; tried everything, and finally come to the conclusion that "all men are liars"? Don't you do it any longer. Get a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Rochester, Pa., and get a bottle of his Anti-Dote for Malaria. If not cured in a week, say so, and the money will be immediately returned to you.
Up to the end of August 14,000,000 tickets were taken at the Little Liver Pills; and the number was only 7,125,000.
Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.
Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY has become an active member of the Goethe Society, which has its headquarters at Weimar.
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