PEGGING OUT CLAIMS.

Wild Scenes and Incidents Consequent Upon a Discovery of Gold

IN AN AUSTRALIAN ELDORADO.

Hundreds Take Part in a Mad Race to Reach the Diggings First.

THE STRANGE LIFE SWAGSMEN LEAD

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

SYDNEY, N. S. W., May 28.—It was while on my way to a sheep station on the back blocks that I first witnessed what is known in the Australian colonies as a "gold rush." My route lay through a section of country some 300 miles west of Sydney, over which, for a considerable time previously, prospectors had been trying for the shiny metal, and as I pulled up one evening at the "hotel" of an embryo township—the latter consisting of three bark huts, a general store and the hostelry mentioned—it was to find the place in a ferment of excitement over the fact that the red flag, indicating the discovery of gold, had been hoisted a few days previously in a gully not 30 miles distant.

The rapidity with which such news spreads is incredible, and already the shanty which, after the fashion of the country, I have dignified by the name of hotel, was crowded to its verandahs by the vanguard of the army which would soon be on its way to the gold field. These first arrivals were pretty much of a class, hailing from the surrounding sheep runs or stations, and included boundary riders, cooks and roustabouts, with a sprinkling of the traveling fraternity or "swagsmen," as they are called, from the fashion of rolling up their few changes of clothing and blanket into a "swag" or bundle, which they carry suspended from the shoulder by means of a strap.

AFFECTED BY THE GOLD FEVER.

The more wealthy portion of this class—and it covers the entire working population of the colonies when on the march—travel on horseback, with the swag strapped to the saddle in front of them. Few had mining tools, these would be obtained later on, the uppermost idea in the minds of all being to get on to the ground and peg out a claim with as little of delay as possible.

Some, very badly bitten with the fever, would throw down their swags for the moment, rush into the hotel, hastily dispose of a "long sleever" or tall glass of beer, and then resume their march. Many were there who, perfectly penniless, were making for the diggings in search of work from others, and these were not allowed to roll into their blankets under the shady gum, without, after the hospitable manner of the country, being first regaled with a plentiful meal of cold mutton and damper bread at the hands of the worthy landlord. Excitement ran high, intensified by the favorable accounts which had been received of the new field.

OFF FOR THE DIGGINGS.

The opportunity of seeing the development and the contingent excitement of what might transpire to be a rich field was too good to let pass, and I lost no time in arranging with the storekeeper for an 8x6 canvas tent and fly, a few cooking utensils, and an ax and not forgetting the commissariat department by laying in a supply of tea, flour and tinned meat so as to be on the right side until the enterprising storekeepers, who are always among the first flight in a rush, should settle down to business. Casting round for a second horse to serve as a "pack," I was not long in picking up one from a needy traveler, who parted with a good-looking pony for the consideration of $2, and securing from the hotel keeper a pack saddle which had seen better days, I held myself in readiness for a start on the morrow.

It was an animated scene that I gazed upon on turning out next morning. The sun, just topping the range of low hills on the horizon, threw a carpet of light across the expansive plain of sword grass which stretched away in front, and, penetrating the gloom of the shady timber within which we were camped, threw out in strong relief against the leafy background, the scores of white-tilted wagons of all sizes and shapes which had congregated during the night, and glinting from one white fly to another of the hastily erected tents of the foot travelers. Where, a moment since, the quietude of repose had prevailed, now

EVERYWHERE WAS HURRY AND BUSTLE.

Dusky forms unrolled themselves from under the protecting canopy of the umbrageous sun, or from out the shelter of the temporarily erected "mai-mai"—the native term for a wind screen formed of leafy boughs—and made haste for the morning meal and a fresh start; from out of wagon and from under dray, tumbled a motley aggregation of humanity, embracing every type, age, and condition of man, eager to get once more en route for the Eldorado; and soon 100 fires sent their wreaths curling upward, to commingle and form the only cloud in the blue vault above.

Strings of bullocks—the hardy agents of transportation of the back blocks—obedient to the command of the "ballocky" or driver, moved stolidly along to their places beside the long accustomed yoke, their tinkling bells making merry music on the morning air; and the lusty neigh of the horse, responsive to the milder whinny of his sister, was heard on all sides, failing to drown the hoarse clatter of the laughing jackass in a high tree overhead, or the screech of the crimson-hued rosella and yellow-crested cockatoo as they flitted from one leafy refuge to another, vieing, in brilliancy of plumage, with the variegated flowering of the undergrowth.

THE BUSHMAN'S DIET.

It may not be out of place to add here some explanation of such frequent terms in "bush" parlance as "dumper," and "swagsman."

By the "bush" is meant the country remote from a large city, whether it include a plain of hundreds of miles in extent and totally devoid of all growth or densely covered timber land.

"Dumper" and tea form the staple article of food of the bushman, more especially when traveling, and the swagsman, in addition to his bundle, besides the invariable "billy" or tin quart can, always carries three or four small bags to contain the rations he receives from time to time. Dumper is made by manipulating on whatever comes most handy, whether a piece of old calico or a strip of bark, the flour and water, to which has been added a pinch of salt or baking powder, into a stiff dough, which is then placed in the center of the hot ashes of the wood fire, carefully surrounded and covered with more, and after about 20 minutes' baking is drawn out a not particularly unpalatable cake.

The "swagsman" is an institution peculiar to the Australian colonies. The term is applied to men who travel around, whether on foot or mounted, in search of work, and they should not be confounded with the tramp, who seldom leaves the vicinity of the towns, and is disinclined to all labor.

But now the camp is rapidly breaking up; everyone vies with his neighbor as to which shall be first on the road, and exertions are made to overtake those who slipped away under cover of the night. In a very short time the camp had spread itself out into a lengthy column along the track for the diggings.

Driving my pack horse before me, and proceeding rather leisurely, I had opportunity of observing the curious mixture of humanity which, as we progressed, flowed in on our main stream from all sides at once. It was as representative of every phase of life and society as could well be met with. Here were men born to wealth and noble names throwing in common lot with old "lags" of the "transported" days.

A MIXED MULTITUDE.

Broken men of both branches of the English service plodded along in company with the city "larrikin," or tough; the newly-arrived "new chum" displayed as much desire to make a speedy fortune as the city bred youth who was more intimate with the "pen" than the pick; the thrifty storekeeper in his buggy had a greeting for the sailor who had deserted his ship; and there were city people and countrymen, stockmen from the interior and mechanics from the coast, everyone intent on getting to the gold field, under the firm conviction that a fortune awaited him, whatever luck his neighbor might have. Now a company of stockmen—the Australian cowboys—would canter by on their fleet "walers," followed in quick pursuit by a party of shearers—the dandies of the bush; at one time an overturned wagon would be met, and, despite their hurry, willing hands were not wanting in assisting to right it, and at another a halt would be made to fall a tree to allow passage to a larger dray than usual.

Thus, with many incidents and side views of bush characteristics, was the journey accomplished, and toward evening we found ourselves in the immediate vicinity of the field. The ground was more broken than hilly, and between the outlying spurs which we saw in the distance was rumored to lie the wished-for gold. And now that the promised land was in view an uncontrolable excitement seized everyone. It had been a race—a go-as-you-please tournament—from the first, but how depict the indescribable rush that ensued when the locality was fairly entered.

A WILD RACE TO THE FIELD.

Every man lightened himself for the race; each one put forth his best efforts to distance his fellows; bundles and packs were slung away, horses cut from buggies and wagons and ridden forward in a mad race, and, arrived at the location of the gold, what a struggle was there between men in buggies and men on foot, men on horseback and men mounted on bullocks unyoked from the drays, to reach the line of claims already pegged out. And what a hustling and scramble and cries of "First!" "first!" intermingled with oaths and choice expletives ensued, as a dozen men strove to locate on one claim, each attempting to insert a peg where already had been driven half a dozen others. Men lost all control over themselves; pegs were pulled out only to be driven in again; personal encounters, with arms and hands, proceeded by the dozen, and it finally came to this—that the strong prevailed and the weak went to the wall. But this was only a preliminary measure, although a very necessary one, and one on which to establish a title to the claim when the field should be duly proclaimed by the Government warden, for not until then could any pretension to a claim be brought forward.

When gold is discovered the fact is indicated by hoisting a red flag, information is given at the nearest land office and an officer sent down to report on the prospects. If they are good a warden is appointed, after a time the district is proclaimed as a gold field, when any man may come along and peg out a certain section of the land and dig for gold, provided he has paid the Government the sum of 10 shillings for doing so for one year.

THE WARDEN'S CHIEF DUTY

is to issue these licenses, decide between rival applicants for claims, and take magisterial charge of the district. Although no man is recognized as being in possession of ground before proclamation is made, the man who gets his pegs in and keeps them there has the best chance of getting ultimate possession. A man who tries to mark out a section single-handed stands a poor chance of succeeding, even supposing he got his pegs in, for, before the warden, he would be overwhelmed by the weight of testimony against him of his neighbors, who would swear he wasn't there at all. Hence, experienced miners always form a party of four or more, and, having once located a claim, prepare to hold it, "vi et armis," against all comers. In this relation it may be observed that the persuasive argument of the six-shooter and bowie knife is very seldom brought into requisition in the colonies. It is against the law to have or carry such weapons, either concealed or openly, and since it is not customary to carry them they are seldom brought into use.

SETTLING DISPUTES BY FIST FIGHTS.

When a dispute occurs—and the Australian is sufficiently pugnacious—a ring is formed, it is seen that both combatants receive fair play, and the question at issue is decided in the good old fashion known to our forefathers, by dint of personal prowess and skill in the use of the hands.

It was more than a week after my arrival that due proclamation of the field was made, but in the meanwhile the miners had not been idle, and the whilom cover of the kangaroo, wallaby and brush turkey was changed into the habitat of man. A street ran the length of gully, bordered on either side by shanties made of rough timber and the bark of the blue gum. At one end stood a theater and at the other a church; there was a bank and postoffice and stores. A town had sprung up as if from the ground, and by the eventful day of proclamation not a likely piece of ground was left unclaimed, and 5,000 people had squatted in and around the new town of Temora.

As high noon of the fateful day drew near, the air was filled with excitement. The firing of a gun was to indicate that the moment of interest had arrived. I took up a position near the center of the gully where the anxiety to secure a piece of ground was keenest. Every claim hereabouts had its score or more claimants, each prepared with his wooden peg when the decisive moment should arrive. Every party had its member at each corner

PREPARED TO ACT IN CONCERT,

for it was necessary the four pegs should go down at the same time. Very silent and determined became each group as the hour approached, and the scene, a few minutes before noon of that day, was certainly an impressive one. No man could tell but a fortune lay under his feet.

Suddenly the report of a shot rang out on the still midday air.

As if struck by a tornado, the various groups fell to the ground to drive in their pegs. In an instant shouts and imprecations rose from the struggling groups at each corner, as every member of them pushed and jostled and strove to get a peg into the ground at the same time and spot as a dozen others. Conceive hundreds of squirming, gasping, struggling knots of humanity, composed of units kneeling, bending and lying prone on the ground, trying to reach one small spot, resembling nothing so much as a scrimmage in a game of football, but more deadly in earnest, and some notion may be gained of the scene spread over the extent of the field. The excitement was terrific. Men strove and fought as if their future happiness depended on the result. One man had his ear pegged to the ground and another his hand. Others had arms and legs seriously injured, while some were unrecognizable in feature after the struggle on the ground. But just as suddenly

THE EXCITEMENT ABATED.

Tapes were produced, and, after careful measurements had been taken, the claims were left in possession of those whose pegs were nearest the proper mark, subject, of course, to the decision of the warden after a proper survey.

Then the work of opening up shafts was commenced, but not as rapidly as would be supposed. Under the law regulating gold mining operations, a claim was held to be abandoned if not worked for 24 hours. Accordingly at 12 o'clock every day men issued from their tents with shovel on shoulder, and proceeded to their respective claims. A stranger arriving at this moment would wonder at the air of activity which pervaded the place.

Every man stepped on to his ground and commenced to throw up the clay, but when he had continued at this hard task for about five minutes, as if by common impulse, every miner began to shovel the clay back again in an unhurried and solemn manner, and then walked off to his tent to enjoy his pipe and ease after the laborious effort. This was termed "shepherding" a claim, or working it to preserve ownership.

Speculators were numerous. Some of these got badly sold, and swindling was common. A report was sent out one morning that gold had been struck in payable quantities in a claim some distance off the run of the lead. Speculators made a rush for it and tried to induce the owners to sell. No; they thought it too good, and pointed to a heap of wash dirt lying on the bank which they said had come out of the hole. Some of it was washed and panned out very well.

This only increased the desire of the speculators to buy, and one of them wanted to go down and look at the prospects below. He went down and came up with a small nugget, and finally the claim changed hands at a good figure. The sequel to the affair was that when the first bucket of dirt was hauled up and washed it was found that the claim was a "duffer" and had been "salted." F. I. K.

A Large Party.

Yonkers Statesman.]

Crimsonbeak—I expect a large party here to-day.

Yeast—Indeed! Whose coming?

"My uncle."

"Who else?"

"No one else."

"But you said a large party."

"Well, my uncle weighs 350 pounds."

PALACES FOR HORSES.

The Elegant Homes of Highly Aristocratic Thoroughbreds.

BONNER'S MAGNIFICENT STABLES,

Where World Famous Trotters Lead Lives of Luxurious Ease.

THE EQUINE FAVORITES OF RICH MEN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The horses that constitute the upper hippic circles of New York are beyond all odds the most fortunate class of the population. They are so beautiful in body that they can afford to dispense with the souls that some churlish people would deny them. They are so superbly lodged and carefully attended here below that they might well be content with the present. They are the friends and companions of gentlemen, and show the results of association. They have a staff of servants for their use alone. Their only work is that which they most delight in doing, and no delicate carefully cherished woman is so watched lest she overexert herself. The only creatures that approach their state of luxurious content are the dogs, but unlike these they are not the subjects of individual caprice. There are but two flies in their honey pots. They cannot talk and are not allowed to eat all they want.

To speak of the stables in which these horses live seems inappropriate. The word is inadequate and misleading. Here it must be understood to mean city mansions fitted up in hard woods, containing suites of rooms furnished as the needs of a high-bred aristocratic horse require, the appointments having the last touch of elegance and with every consideration for light, heat, ventilation and drainage carefully regarded.

The stables of Mr. Frank Work have already the reputation for being the most perfect of their kind, as has Mr. Work for being one of the oldest and most accomplished drivers "on the road." Without the building is imposing in its size, and from its round arched rock-faced entrance. Conceive within a large inclosure, oak lined and brass bound, with a richly modeled frieze and lanterns of beveled glass and oxydized silver swinging from glittering chains.

HOMES OF FAMOUS TROTTERS.

A heavy hemp carpet gives no echo of a foot fall. Within handsomely mounted glass cases and curiously shaped brass frames hang the silver mounted and polished harness. In velvet-lined inclosures screened by glass are the glittering bits. All the appointments are brass mounted, even the brooms and hay forks that make an ornamental yet useful panel all to themselves.

This is the home of Edward and Dick Swiveller, one of the four great trotting teams that the world has seen. It is proper to approach with respect the first horses who broke the record, 2:20, and have since set up for themselves, 2:16¾. Edward and Swiveller occupy rooms in line and beneath a pillared corridor surmounted by a dome of glass. Their rooms are paneled in quartered oak, above which is an iron balustrade with acanthus wreathed columns. The brass-lined feed trough, if so vulgar a term may be pardoned, the brass hinges, bolts and chains are polished to the last degree of brilliancy. Mr. Harding, who is the architect of these stables, attracts attention from these æsthetic surroundings to the fact that an engine stationed under the sidewalk draws down the foul air and supplies fresh air into these chambers in the winter, and in summer does contrarywise, so that the stables, as we read of them in English novels, are not in evidence at all.

As Mr. Work is there making ready for his afternoon drive, he acts the host, and we are taken up the oak-lined stairway to his suite of apartments on the next floor. It consists of three rooms—sitting room, dining room and bed room.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

Connecting at one side is the marble-lined bathroom; on the other is a butler's pantry equipped with an air of promptness in silver and china and a little dumb waiter in communication with the kitchen under the roof. The wainscotting of dark rich wood, and the subdued light through the hangings add to the luxurious impression made by the furniture and carpets. Truly one may be very comfortable here. At the sound of a silver whistle a beautiful cocker spaniel bounds in, followed by a demure white cat with the marks of tortoise shell ancestry staining her sides. These are the other occupants of the apartment, and of this happy family more at another time.

Nothing is more beautiful about Mr. Work's stable than the friendship between the master and his creatures, on whom he has lavished so much luxury. The groom has taken off Edward's bridle and blanket, and before his master approaches he comes confidingly forward to be caressed. It is impossible to resist such friendly advances. Swiveller is more indifferent and submits as one of those who turn the cheek. Evidently Edward is Mr. Work's favorite. In answer to a demand for a kiss he lifts up his velvety nose and the two rub noses together, while Mr. Work calls attention to the soft beauty of his eyes.

This team cost $61,000 and are priceless, since money could not buy them. Should their master drive them no more they will never be driven again, but spend their days in luxurious ease on the Long Island farm.

THE STABLE OF ROBERT BONNER

is a temple-like, vine-wreathed structure of brick, immediately behind Dr. Hall's church, of which Mr. Bonner is so prominent a member. This home of the three most celebrated American trotters, Dexter, Rarus and Maud S, is half screened by a high board fence, for around the house is the track on which the horses are exercised, otherwise a crowd as faithful as that which waits on Mrs. Langtry's carriage would attend the appearance of Maud S and Rarus taking their exercise. Mr. Bonner's stable was built 16 years ago, and while it has everything for comfort, has none of the elegance that belongs to later stables. That makes no matter, for here is Maud S. She stands in the farther end. She wears a blanket on which one reads, "Maud S, Queen of the Turf." She wears a muzzle, else she would eat up her bed and carpet. The groom removes both, and she comes promptly forward.

Here is a little lady who has done something that none of her kind have ever done before. She is the one horse out of all the world, and she is unspoiled and friendly as a kitten.

"She loves the ladies," the groom says, as she rubs her nose against my shoulder and endeavors to find if a parasol knob is succulent. She loves Mr. Bonner, too, but of all she loves Murphy. Murphy may not get down but twice a year, but when he comes in the far door and calls she knows his voice and shows how glad she is in every way. It is Murphy also who is associated with her greatest successes, and he is the only one except Mr. Bonner who ever drives her.

MAUD S AND RARUS.

Maud S comes from Ohio. Mr. Vanderbilt became her owner and Mr. Bonner bought her from him for $40,000. General Grant afterward offered Mr. Bonner $60,000 for her, acting as the agent of someone else, but Mr. Bonner refused to sell her. Her best time was 2:08¾ made on the Cleveland course.

"Do you think she will ever surpass it?"

"Why not," replied the groom. "That day everything was against her. It was dark and lowering, the track heavy and for two days she had been off her feed. When everything is favorable I don't see why she can't do better."

Maud S has not been driven this season, but soon will be. Meanwhile she stands in her room and looks out the back door on Fifty-sixth street. Day and night she is cared for by this groom. But nothing that relates to her is done except by Mr. Bonner's express order. Near by is Rarus, who seems still to have recollections that he was once king of the turf and cost $28,000. He has not and never had the lovable nature of Maud S. In his proudest days he was cross and his ill-nature has now settled in his hind heels, which we skirt with caution, for they are active, though sore. Rarus is never driven on account of these sore feet, which Mr. Bonner is caring for. He is walked on the track outside the stables, which is prepared with regard to his tender feet.

Across the stable is the stall in which Dexter died, and from which he was taken to his grave on the Tarrytown farm. Here also are Pickett, one of Mr. Bonner's favorites, bred on the farm, a 4-year-old, who has made 25, and some 2-year-olds who have already accomplished 40. These are but a handful of the blooded stock which Mr. Bonner keeps and breeds at his country stables.

THE PERFECTION OF NEATNESS.

Talk of Dutch cleanliness, of the traditional kitchen floor, off which one may eat, neither can surpass the spotlessness, the shining neatness of Colonel Lawrence Kip's stables. There can be no house in town inhabited by humans so flawless as this cheerful, spacious home of May Dawn and Katrine. The waxed floor is flawless as a mirror. The heavy hemp carpet on which the horses walk from their rooms to the door is swept and garnished, really garnished, for an ornamental border of straw fringe borders it. The stalls are thickly laid with straw, scent-laden and shining as if just from the threshing floor. The stablemen have an art of arrangement all their own, and it is turned in at the edges as skillfully as a hem learned at sewing school. The carriage wash is covered with a large and handsome red rug and shade of all that is decorative. The carriage wash is faced three feet high with Mexican onyx. The plate-glass stable doors and windows, the faucets, glass and brass everywhere are shining.

"My stable is my yacht," said Colonel Kip.

The comparison is good, for it is as profusely and nattily rigged and beautifully tended as a yacht. Colonel Kip has been a military man, and he brought to his stable all his military habits of order and precision. Every morning at 9 o'clock he is at his stable and everything is to be ready for inspection. Every implement must be clean and in place. What there is not for convenience he has invented. Swinging like brackets are gilded spikey frames. This is one of his inventions intended to hold the harness as it is removed from the horse, and the ends are covered with rubber that the harness may not be scratched.

COLONEL KIP'S FAVORITES.

The favorites of the stables are May Dawn and Katrine, dark bays. Katrine is the half sister of Guy, whose record of 2:11 makes him the formidable rival of Maud S, whose time many people think he will yet equal, as he is years younger. She is a beautiful little bay mare, with slender aristocratic legs and an air of trimness and tautness which again suggests yachting similes. She comes up promptly to be petted and rubs her nose in that affectionate manner which, as Alfred Wallace says, is the rudimentary form of kissing once practiced by humans. She has no record, having never been trained for speed. She is simply for her master's delight, and, says Colonel Kip, "it would seem a spoilt day if, from 3 to 6, I was not out with May Dawn and Katrine."

May Dawn is but a shade different in color and lives next door, with a small fox terrier, who plays in and out among her heels like a kitten. Her portrait is in the large room and Katrine is to sit for a pendant to an artist next month.

Colonel Kip has quite a picture gallery including Ethel Medina whom he once owned and who was the late lamented Maxey Cobb's great mate.

The only racer in the stable is Bay Tom, who has a record of 2:25, but does not commend himself to feminine eyes on account of his architecture, which Colonel Kip describes as "hippy" and which no amount of corn and oats can overcome.

MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

ABOUT COOKING.

The Purpose Served by the Chemical Elements of Food.

No one has mastered the art of cooking who does not know something of the chemical elements of food and the purposes they serve when taken into the system, says *Good Housekeeping*. It is particularly important that those who are compelled to practice rigid economy should know just what foods will best supply the real needs of the family, and how the most nourishment may be had for the money. They should also know how to supplement one kind of food by another which contains the essential elements the first lacks to make it a perfect food. For instance, venison contains 15 per cent of nitrogen to 52 of carbon, whereas its ratio should be one to four or five. To make it a perfect and satisfying food we must supplement it with something rich in carbon, as wheat bread, oatmeal, potatoes or rice. The human body is being constantly consumed, as surely as the wood or coal in the stove. Not a muscle is moved, not a breath drawn, not a thought given birth, that does not involve the destruction of a multitude of cells. Not only must this loss be made good, but animal heat must be maintained at an even temperature. For this purpose an adult needs eight pounds daily of dry food, water and air—the same amount being given off as waste by the lungs, kidneys, pores and intestines. These processes are simply those of chemical, physiological and vital origin, the blood pressure insuring certain exertions by the most perfectly adjusted system of hydrostatics known.

It has been ascertained that carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and small quantities of iron, sulphur, lime and a few other elements must be contained in the diet if all parts of the body are to be nourished. Oxygen and hydrogen are contained in nearly all substances in the form of water, hence nature has made the obtaining of these elements a comparatively easy matter.

Foods may be divided into three classes: The nitrogenous, which feeds muscle only; the carbonaceous, chiefly heat producing, and those which administer to both needs. It has been proven the body needs four or five ounces of heat to every one of muscle. Herein lies the great secret of chosing and properly preparing food that shall prolong life, maintain health, and be suited to age, occupation, climate and season.

Substances richest in nitrogen, the muscle-making elements are albumens, found in the most perfect form in the white of an egg. The lean or red parts of beef, mutton, venison, and chicken contain a large percentage (nearly 15 per cent), as do also grain, peas and beans, and milk.

Carbon is found the most abundantly in starchy foods and oils. Sago, tapioca and arrowroot, so much used in puddings, are almost pure starch. These dessert dishes are easily digested and contribute carbon, but feed muscle only as they are combined with milk, eggs, etc., in the cooking. Hence they are suitable only as desserts for working people or children who need to have their muscles fed. They are, however, excellent for aged people whose sedentary life and enfeebled respiration require a large percentage of heat-producing food.

It Was Cruel.

America.]

Miss Longout—My dear, how do you like my toilet?

Miss Sprightly—It is lovely, of course, darling; but don't you think that tulle and rosebud are—that is, should be worn only by those who are less——

Miss Longout—I see; you think the costume too youthful for a girl in her seventh season.

Miss Sprightly—Oh, no, dear; I was only going to suggest that moire antique would be so becoming to you.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

-ON-

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The bloodless moral and political revolution which has occurred in Japan during these last few years, is one of the most astounding things in this astonishing century. The revolution is an evolution. Forty millions of people, nearly, have peacably crawled up out of despotism and into the sisterhood of constitutional states. And this in the Orient! Japan retains her monarch, but he becomes a ruler after the pattern of the English Queen or the German Kaiser, with an upper house, like the House of Lords, and a lower house, like the House of Commons, in Great Britain.

In the first half of the century Japan was padlocked against civilization. To-day civilization throbs there like an animated heart and pumps the healthy blood of progress into the extremities of the island. Then she had no navy, no railroads, no telegraph, no popular instincts—a dungeon and the Mikado held the key. Now she has all these agencies of modern life in abundance, and adds science, commerce, popular education.

The Japanese are the Yankees of the East. Their future is bright. Their onward march is assured. Best of all, Christianity has gone in to possess the land; and of a brave, aggressive, enlightened type, too. The increase of churches, and of schools, which always accompany churches, rivals the growth of our own religious and educational institutions. It should seem that we are about to witness another Christian miracle like that in the Sandwich Islands, which are more thoroughly evangelized than New England.

We need to look to our laurels here in America. We are galloping, but Japan travels by the lightning express. Nor is she going to stop at the half-way station of constitutional monarchy. She will only tarry to snatch a hasty lunch there, and then, re-entering the train, will speed straight ahead until the engine whistles down brakes in the depot of democracy. Watch Japan—and pray for her.

The Kind of Preaching Needed.

We hear a good deal nowadays about the kind of preaching needed for our times. Of course, there must be special adaptations to circumstances. But, broadly speaking, sermons addressed to human nature are timely in all latitudes and longitudes; because there is a great deal of human nature in everybody. "Scrape a Russian," said Napoleon, "and you will find a Tartar." Take off the varied garb of outward manners and customs, come to the essence of humanity, and you'll find the same underlying nature. The need of one time is the need of all times. Sin—is it not always and everywhere the transgression of law? Must it not therefore be repented of and forsaken and atoned for in 1889 just as in 1500, or in the days before the flood? Sorrow—how alike it makes us all look, veiling the face, breaking the heart, bowing the form. Is not consolation a universal want? Temptation—who has not faced it, wrestled with it, been thrown by it, felt its power? When, where, has anyone proved such a champion as not to require help in the dread encounter with it?

That preaching, therefore, which recognizes the actual necessities of men and women; which speaks on the broad plain of humanity; which discards technicalities, and brings right home to sinful, sorrowing, tempted souls the sweet lesson of God's forgiving, comforting, delivering willingness, is the kind of preaching for our times and for all times, for St. Louis, for Pittsburg, for Indianapolis, and also for Calcutta or St. Petersburg. When human nature changes, change the message; meantime sound the old notes.

Ministers Who Succeed.

St. Paul says the world is to be saved by the foolishness of preaching, but not by foolish preaching. There is a good deal of foolish preaching. What wonder if stand-up essays, steeped in poppy juice, should send the congregation to the land of Nod? Who is to blame when barrenness follows the sowing of nothing? The reason why many a preacher has not better "luck" in fishing for men, affirms a successful pastor, is that he will insist upon whipping a stream already fished out, or in trying to catch salt fish in fresh waters, or in flying for salmon where only muddish abound, and not infrequently in angling on dry ground.

Sometimes, too, the preacher makes the mistake of absorbing all functions into himself. But he should train others to work. What are the deacons for, or the elders, or the members? The reason why the gospel fleet has been out on so long and fruitless a voyage, says another expert, is because the captains of the vessels have been trying to work their ships alone, carrying the crews as passengers, and themselves doing the steering, handling all the sails from jib to pennant, besides washing the deck and working the guns; only occasionally calling on a raw hand, who obeys the order to reef a sail by casting out an anchor.

The men who succeed in the ministry are those who have the faculty, native or acquired, of calling out and adjusting the activities of the brotherhood. They lead the charges they order; but see to it that the others follow. One man, in this gunpowder age, cannot storm and capture a redoubt.

Divine Sympathy With Workers.

There is no fact in the Bible which shines out more constantly than this of the divine sympathy with work and workers. The drones may be troubled to find a scriptural warrant for their idleness—to find anything but rebuke as where the wise man exclaims, "The sluggard will not plow; therefore shall he begin harvest and have nothing." But as for the sons and daughters of labor they walk starcrowned and clothed in beatitudes. Jesus spent 30 years of his 33 upon earth in a carpenter's shop engaged in manual toil. One of his most significant utterances is this: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." When he was about to set out upon the campaign of the earth's redemption, he selected his staff officers from among the hardy children of labor—tough fishermen like Peter, James and John, tentmakers, like Paul.

Under the economy he came to succeed, the most illustrious epoch-makers belonged to the same class. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Job, were herdsmen. The law-giver, Moses, the minstrel-King, David, the prophets Elisha and Amos were shepherds. Israel itself in manifold splendid passages is represented as a herd, whose shepherds are prophets and kings. Let the church continue to rest low down among the people. And look you, friend Stuck-up, take off your kid gloves and go to work if you would rest by and by in glory.

Pharisees and Sadducees.

To-day is devoted by the Sunday schools of America to a review of the last quarter's lessons. The grand theme has been the culminating week and work of Christ's life. Among the persons who have figured prominently we find the disciples, the devoted women who were last at the cross and earliest at the sepulcher, and the Pharisees and Sadducees. The Pharisees are quite familiar—are they not yet with us? The Sadducees are not so well known. Hence we quote a descriptive sentence or two from the Bible Class Primer:

The Sadducees seem to have been in the first instance neither a religious sect nor a political party, but a social clique. Numerically they were a much smaller body than the Pharisees, and belonged for the most part to the wealthy and influential priestly families who formed the aristocracy of the Jewish nation. Their absorbing interest in the secular side of politics placed them in radical opposition to the Pharisees. Their leaders were the elders who had seats in the Council, the military officers, the statesmen and officials who took part in the management of public affairs. Their religious position was little more than a protest against the extreme demands which the Pharisaic system made on faith and conduct. To the Messianic hope they were profoundly indifferent. They denied the doctrine of the resurrection. They were men of the world, whose thoughts and aims were confined to the present life, and they had no interest in a spiritual world or a life beyond the grave.

The Genuineness of the Gospels.

One of the most eminent authorities on the Bible is Dr. William Smith, the compiler of the "Bible Dictionary," which is a monument of ability and learning. In speaking of the four gospels, he remarks: It may be fairly said that the genuineness of these four narratives rests upon better evidence than that of any other ancient writings. They were all composed during the latter half of the first century: those of Matthew and Mark some years before the destruction of Jerusalem: that of Luke, about A. D. 63, and that of John toward the close of the century. Before the end of the second century there is abundant evidence that the four gospels, as one collection, were generally used and accepted * * * That the Jewish mind in its lowest decay should have invented the character of Jesus of Nazareth, and the sublime system of morality contained in its teaching; or that four writers should have fixed the popular impression in four plain, simple and unadorned narratives without any outbursts of national prejudice, or any attempt to give a political tone to the events they wrote of, would be in itself a miracle harder to believe than that Lazarus came out at the Lord's call from his four days' tomb.

Bright Sunday Thoughts.

"I DON'T like my Sunday school teacher," said the small boy at the dinner table. "Why not?" inquired the head of the household. "Because he is so all-fired pious!" Nothing indefinite about that criticism, and, if it should get around to the teacher's ears, it might do him no harm. Of course he would not stop being pious, but it is just possible he could make his piety a little more winsome in the eyes of the disaffected pupil.—*Congregationalist.*

THERE are some spheres the contact with which inevitably degrades the high, debases the pure, deforms the beautiful. It must be a mind of uncommon strength and little impressibility that can permit itself the habit of such intercourse and not be deteriorated.—*Hawthorne.*

I DO not like to be of a piece with the common thread of life. I like to be the purple sewn upon.—*Epictetus.*

THE devil does not care for your dialectics and eclectic homiletics, German objectives and subjectives, but pelt him with Anglo-Saxon, in the name of God, and he will shift his quarters.—*Spurgeon.*

IF I rest, I rust.—*German Proverb.*

NO MAN ever sank under the burden of today. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

WHEN you are reading a book in a dark room, and come to a difficult part, you take it to a window to get more light. So take your Bible to Christ.—*McCheyne.*

THE GIPSY PEOPLE.

Some of the Lore About the Weird Race of Wanderers.

London Academy.]

There is a fascination about "Gipsy lore" which is, perhaps, increasingly felt now that these nomadic insurgents are being gradually—slowly, it may be, but surely—absorbed by the environing civilization. The altered conditions of modern society make their wandering life more difficult, their language is invaded by gaujo elements, mixed marriages attenuate the strength of the Romany blood; and dotted over the map of Europe there are now little stationary colonies of house-dwelling Gipsies, who no longer take the road or "fold their tents like the Arabs."

The gipsies have been clearly visible in Europe for four centuries and a half. They have been the Ishmaelites of the modern world. If at the present day the law has ceased to treat them harshly, the social pressure is probably greater, so that it is now or never for those who wish to make a scientific study of these wanderers. A volume, entitled "The Gipsies," by Adrian A. Colocci, forms an excellent introduction to such a study. The persecutions of the Zingari have been many and bitter. Even in the last century they were accused of cannibalism. To their foreign appearance and strange mode of life they added the practice of arts that were regarded as irreligious and heathenish.

It will be news to many to learn that it was not until 1856 that, by the abolition of Romany slavery in Dacia, the freedom of the Zingari in Europe was completed. Colocci agrees with other observers in regarding the gipsies as practically destitute of religion, although willing to adopt nominally the prevailing faith of any country in which they may be sojourners. In England they are Protestants, in Turkey, Mohammedans. Morally they are untrained children, indifferent to everything but the satisfaction of the desire of the moment, whether that desire be the offspring of love, or greed, or hate.

While there is but little gipsy poetry among the English tribes, the "gift and faculty divine" appears profusely both in Spain and in the remoter parts of Europe; and one of the most interesting portions of the book is that which gives specimens of the Romany muse. The pieces are mostly short, often strange in form, but not infrequently inspired by genuine poetic feeling. This sometimes finds expression in modes so unexpected as to have almost the quality of genius. The gipsy sings the beauty of his sweetheart; apostrophises the sun and stars with heather fervor and celebrates the success of the knavish ruses by which he has gained an advantage over to the busno. Filial affection, also, finds a place in his songs. While he shows the frankest enjoyment of the material side of life, there is often a spirit of profound melancholy manifested in these lyrics. The Zingari have always been famous for their love of music. The estimate which gives the gipsy race a million souls is probably far below the truth.

UNDER A LION'S PAW.

The Thrilling Experience of a Wild Anima Hunter.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"While trapping lions in the Hottentot country for the Hamburg animal house," said Lawrence J. Raymond, a wild animal hunter, "I had opportunities for seeing the king of beasts at his best and for making close observations of his character. No two lions are alike, except in a few leading traits, any more than two men are alike. Every lion is supposed to roar at night when abroad after prey, but not half of them do so. When you read of one charging into a camp you praise his courage, but for every one such case I can show ten where the lion skulked about like a dog. You never find him twice alike. There are plenty of instances where men have been seized by lions and have lived to relate the particulars, though no two agree as to the sensations. I had been out one afternoon with some of the natives to prepare a bait in a rocky ravine. We had built a stout pen of rocks and logs and placed a calf as a bait. The sun was nearly down as we started for camp, and no one had the least suspicion of the presence of danger until a lion, which had been couched beside a bush, sprang out and knocked me down.

"I can say without conceit that I was fairly cool. It had come so suddenly that I had not had time to get 'rattled.' Had I moved my arm to get my pistol the beast would have lowered his head and seized my throat. So long as I lay quiet he would reason that I was dead and give his attention to the natives.

"All of a sudden I barked out like a dog, followed by a growl, and that beast jumped 20 feet in his surprise. He came down between me and the natives and I turned enough to see that his tail was down and he was scared. I uttered more barks and growls, but without moving a hand, and after making a circle clear around me the lion suddenly bolted and went off with a scare that would last him a week."

HE SCARED THE PRISONERS.

How a Miner Made Some Fun With a Piece of Broomstick and Brown Paper.

Rocky Mountain News.]

"Down at Silverton," said the old timer who was surly and out of sorts because he had not had his usual cock-tail, "about ten years ago there used to be a tall, lanky fellow, I guess he was over 6 feet tall, with curly hair and a bronzed complexion, by the name of Alex Fleming. He was a typical Westerner, of a type of which there are but few remaining. He was a great joker and punster and full of dry wit and humor.

He once shot a man, in self defense of course, as we all did in those days, and his reason was that he did not wish to prove his father a liar, as he had told him to die with his boots on, and his assailant came to attack Alex when the latter was about going to bed and had his boots off. Alex came to the door of his room in the hotel and shot him and that was all there was about it. It was not comfortable to talk too much in those days. One of Alex's friends got arrested and put in the cooler. Alex went over to see him and talked to him through the window. He said he was blamed if he would let his friend remain there. He took a giant powder cartridge from his pocket and placed it under a corner of the jail. He had a long fuse attached which he lighted. You bet there was a yelling in the jail as Alex's friend got away from the window and told the other prisoners. For ten minutes there was a howl you could have heard ten miles, and then—the fuse burnt out. Alex had wrapped a piece of broomstick in brown paper—that was all."

—A century ago only 300 species of orchids were known, and those very imperfectly. Now the latest authority gives the extreme number of known species as 10,000. This may be an excessive estimate, but it shows the immense advances which have been made in our knowledge of these interesting plants, for which collectors now ransack the most remote quarters of the globe. It is said that the modern passion for the cultivation of orchids sprang from the exhibition of some remarkable specimens at the early meetings of the English Horticultural Society.

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

A Good Appetite is essential to good health; but at this season the blood may be impure, that tired feeling predominant and the appetite lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion and giving strength to the nerves and health to the whole system.

Be Sure to Get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Constipation,

IF not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. Ayer's Pills, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Texas.

"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

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A PERFECT Blood Purifier.

A purely Vegetable Compound that expels all bad humors from the system. Removes blotches and pimples, and makes pure, rich blood.

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BILE POISONED BLOOD.

Nearly every one is occasionally troubled with bilious attacks, more especially in the spring months, after the system has been surfeited with hearty food during the winter. The action of the Liver is interfered with, causing an overflow of bile into the blood. The blood carries this bile into every part of the system, causing yellow skin, yellow eyes, liver spots, etc., and often serious cases of bilious fever originate from this bile poisoned blood. A few doses of Burdock Blood Bitters, taken on appearance of bilious symptoms, will remove them and protect the system from a probable serious attack.

If you suffer from Headache, Nausea, Dizziness, Faintness, Alternate Costiveness and Diarrhœa, Yellow Complexion, Weakness, Aching Shoulders or any other symptom of biliousness or Liver Complaint, procure a bottle of B. B. B., which will correct the clogged condition of the Liver, cleanse the blood of all impurities and tone up the entire system. It is an acknowledged fact by all who have used BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS THAT ONE BOTTLE CONTAINS MORE CURATIVE PROPERTIES THAN GALLONS OF ANY OTHER MEDICINE KNOWN.

Run Down in the Spring.

I am using Burdock Blood Bitters for Sick Headache and Biliousness. It is the best medicine I ever took. I was so run down this spring from overwork that my husband urged me to see a doctor. I was scarcely able to stand and concluded to try B. B. Bitters first; the first bottle is not yet finished, but I can go about my work with pleasure already. I shall take another bottle.

MRS. JOHN DONNELLY, care of EDWARD DOOLEY, 15 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Burdock Blood Bitters

A Horrible Condition.

I was in a horrible condition from dyspepsia and a combination of other complaints. In the morning when I got out of bed it seemed as if I could not stand up on account of dizziness. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters highly recommended, I am now using the first bottle, and, although not having used quite a full bottle, the dizziness has entirely disappeared and I am much better of my other complaints. I have tried many other medicines, with no relief.

MRS. MARY CHAUNCEY, 525 E. Ransom st., Kalamazoo, Mich.

I tell you for the benefit of others what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. I have been a sufferer for years from Liver Complaint and weak stomach. At times I was so bad that I would apply to our family physician for relief, which would be but temporary. Last fall I had an unusually bad spell. My mother bought a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and it gave me great relief. It helped me more than anything I have ever taken. It is also excellent for constipation. MRS. LIZZIE GRUBB, Ickesburg, Perry Co., Pa.

1 BOTTLE Will Relieve a Clogged Liver and Cleanse Bile Poisoned Blood.

I had been troubled with Liver Complaint, Indigestion and Palpitation of the Heart for five or six years and could get nothing to do me any good until I tried B. B. B. I used 12 bottles and now I am a sound man. I feel better than I ever did in my life. My digestion became all right and I have no more trouble with my heart. I feel very grateful toward B. B. B. and feel like recommending it everywhere. Yours respectfully, FRANK HICKMAN, New Straitsville, Perry Co., Ohio.

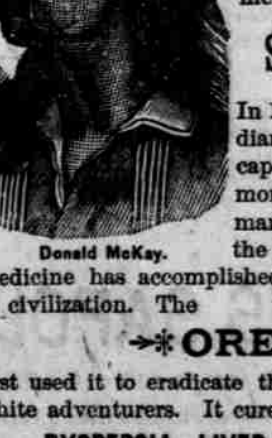
LAST SPRING.

Last spring my health became very poor. I had no appetite and my liver troubled me. I used several medicines, but obtained no relief until I was finally persuaded to try Burdock Blood Bitters. This medicine cured me.

MAUD FISHER, Flackville, N. Y.

THIS SPRING.

I have been taking Burdock Blood Bitters and using it in my family this spring. For three years I have had the dyspepsia. I got a bottle or two of your Bitters and they have cured me, and I never felt better in my life. It is a sure cure for dyspepsia, and best medicine I know of. H. SCHULETH, Covert, Mich.



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In 1866 he conquered the largest savage tribe of Indians west of the Rockies; in 1873 he killed and captured all of the hostile Modocs, accomplishing more effectual service for the Government than any man, living or dead. He introduced Ka-ton-ka to the white people in 1876, and this simple Indian medicine has accomplished more cures than any similar medicine known to civilization. The

→*OREGON + INDIANS*←

first used it to eradicate the Poisonous Blood Taints contracted from the white adventurers. It cures

DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT AND DISEASED KIDNEYS.

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Donald McKay, on White Wrapper, Red Letters.

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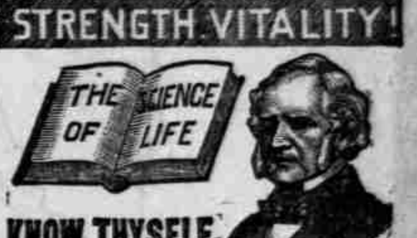

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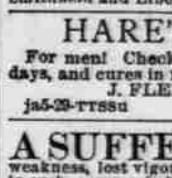

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