## DOWN THE ANDES.

**A Rough and Exciting Ride on the Transandine Railway.**

A correspondent sends an interesting description of a crossing of the Cordillera de lose Andes, in the present state of the Transandine railway. The letter says:

"By seven a. m. we were at the first inn on the Chile side. We there chartered a four-horse carriage to drive us to the end station (on this side) of the railway, which feat was accomplished in two hours' time. I call it a feat because the road is all along the river cut into the mountain side, and often there is hardly room for four horses abreast to pass, and when I looked out of the window in the roaring river below I often wished I had been on my mule. We did the distance between the two end stations in about half the time usually employed, only being on horse back for seven hours and two hours in the carriage. At the station we were told there would be no train for Los Andes till three p. m. next day, but we might telegraph for the contractor's engine to take us down, which we did. We had only to pay thirty dollars for it and saved a whole day by doing so.

"At about 10 a. m. the engine arrived, and a very flimsy little thing it looked. We were put on a small bench at the back of the boiler, the driver and stoker standing in front. We were soon spinning along, through tunnels, over bridges and around curves, on a track of about two feet six inches gauge, at a rate of thirty miles an hour, and it was all that we could do to hold on to the jolting and rattling little machine. I don't believe I ever passed a worse half hour, expecting every moment to see the engine leave the track and to be dashed into the river below. Stones one the line, which made us all jump off our seats, animals running across the rails, sudden desperate curves round the corners of the rocky cliff—nothing seemed to daunt our driver, and the noise was so great that it was impossible to ask him to slacken down. After we had gone half way, however, he lost a kettle overboard and stopped to pick it up, and then I remonstrated with him and told him to slacken speed, as I did not care to risk my life for the sake of getting to Los Andes a few minutes sooner. He said there was no danger, but drove more slowly, and we got into Los Andes an hour and two minutes after mounting this infernal machine, and right glad I was when he drew up alongside the platform with our bodies and luggage safe and sound."—Blackburn Times.

—It was the old way of the Renaissance; the way of nature with her roses, the divine way with the body of man—and it may be with his very soul—conceiving the new organization by no sudden and abrupt creation, but rather by the action of a new principle upon elements all which had indeed lived and died many times.—W. Pater.

—A small landed proprietor was taking a drive with his daughter and his intended son-in-law, for the purpose of showing the latter round the estate. The coachman drove at a smart pace. "Johann," whispered his master in his ear, "don't drive so fast, else the estate will look so small."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory.—Bacon.

—Tintoretto spent his boyhood in his father's watchmaking shop. He had a strong mechanical taste, and was so clever at the business that his friends at first much regretted his determination to paint.


**Fall Medicine**

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

"My little boy fourteen years old had a terrible scrofula bunch on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine, and the result has been that the bunch has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." Mrs. Ina Hood, 394 Thorndike St., Lowell, Mass.

**Hood's Pills** are prompt and efficient. 25c.

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## [illegible]TED.

Rev. Dr. Talmage selects the subject of Sunday's sermon from the pews: "The Carsmen Delivered." The text being Jonah i., 13-16: "Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to land; but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

Navigation in the Mediterranean sea is perilous. Vessels [illegible] in a storm. Passengers [illegible] terribly. When, by reason of the weather, it was necessary to furl canvas or haul it in, the men were entirely dependent upon masts [illegible] twenty or thirty feet above the deck of the vessel. Sure-footed outside your [illegible] as my text says, [illegible] he had not [illegible] was running [illegible] when a man [illegible] Lord he has [illegible]

God had told Jonah [illegible] to preach about the destruction of that city. Jonah disobeyed. That makes rough water, whether in the Mediterranean, or the Atlantic, or the Pacific, or the Caspian sea. It is a hard thing to scare sailors. I saw them, when the bow of the vessel was almost under water, and were walking the deep knee-deep in the surf, and the small craft by the side of the vessel crashed as small as kindling wood, whistling as though nothing had happened; but the Bible says that these marines of whom I speak were frightened. That which sailors call "a lump of sea" had become a howling, deafening, swamping fury. How mad the wind can get at the water, and the water can get at the wind, you do not know unless you have been spectators. I have in my house a piece of the sail of a ship, no larger than the palm of my hand; that piece of canvas was all that was left of the largest sail of the ship "Greece," that went into the storm two hundred miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what a night that was! I suppose it was in some such storm as this that Jonah was caught.

He knew the tempest was on his account, and he asked the sailors to throw him overboard. Sailors are a generous-hearted race, and they resolved to make their escape, if possible, without resorting to such extreme measures. The sails are of no use, and so they lay hold on their oars. I see the long bank of shining blades on either side the vessel. Oh, how they did pull, the bronzed oarmen, as they laid back into the oars. But rowing on the sea is very different from rowing on a river; and as the vessel hoists the oars skip the wave and miss the stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn the flying paddles. It is of no use, no use. There comes a wave that crashes the last mast, and swept the oarsmen from their benches, and tumbles everything in utter confusion. Hear the men shriek in impending shipwreck! Hear Jonah's prayer as it "The men rowed hard to bring it to land; but they could not, wherefore they cried unto the Lord."

[illegible] to me, [illegible] grace and [illegible] it intelligently [illegible] preached a sermon on this subject, and [illegible] Houston, Tex., [illegible] the reading of [illegible] had led him [illegible] another letter [illegible], saying that [illegible] in Australia [illegible] souls to Christ. [illegible] why not take another subject, [illegible] can raise [illegible] in weak-[illegible] other phase [illegible] salvation to [illegible] and salvation [illegible] shall read. Men [illegible] how to pray, [illegible] God [illegible] Almighty [illegible] times in his sermon, [illegible] his argument, and say: "Now, I will tell you a fable." And to-day I would like to bring the scene of the text as an illustration of a most important religious truth. As those Mediterranean oarsmen, trying to bring Jonah ashore, were discomfited, I have to tell you that they were not the only men who have broken down on their paddles, and have been obliged to call on the Lord for help. I want to say that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in the efforts we are making to bring souls to the shore of safety and place their feet on the Rock of Ages. You have a father, or mother, or husband or wife, or child, or near friend, who is not a Christian. There have been times when you have been in earnest about their salvation. A minister of Christ whose wife was dying without any hope in Jesus, walked the floor, wrung his hands, cried bitterly and said: "I believe I shall go insane, for I know she is not prepared to meet God." And there may have been days of sickness in your household, when you feared it would be a fatal sickness, and how closely you examined the face of the doctor! He came in and scrutinized the patient, [illegible] and you followed him into the next room and said: "There isn't any danger, is there, doctor?" And the hesitation and the uncertainty of the reply made two eternities flash before your vision. And then you went and talked to the sick one about the great future. Oh, there are those here who have tried to bring their friends to God! They have been unable to bring them to the shore of safety. They are no nearer the land than they were twenty years ago. You think you have got almost to the shore, when you get back again. What shall you do? Oh, no! I do not advise the oars; I advise the oar! Oh, ye fathers, whom the billows of death have repealed—[illegible] the strongest oar, the oar of prayer, the oar of faith, that there has got [illegible] praying before God [illegible] to Christ. [illegible] to have, [illegible] side of the [illegible] other part of the [illegible] other side of [illegible] part on [illegible] going to the left—further apart, and further apart—until the signals cease to [illegible] and there are only two specks on the horizon, and they are lost forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen have a counterpart in [illegible] efforts some of us are making to bring souls to the shore of safety. There were so many [illegible] people in there [illegible] the social [illegible] against their [illegible] seems [illegible] there never [illegible] for young people [illegible] the literary [illegible] to be [illegible] the [illegible] anxious [illegible] We can not think of going into Heaven without them. We do not want to leave this life while they are tossing on the waves of temptation and away from God. Oh, I hear some parent saying to-night, "I have tried my best to bring my children to Christ. I have laid hold of the oars until they bent in my grasp, and I have braced myself against the ribs of the boat, and I have pulled for their eternal rescue: but I can't get them to Christ." Then I ask you to imitate the men of the text and cry mightily unto God. We want more importunate praying for children, such as the father indulged in when he had tried to bring his six sons to Christ, and they had wandered off into dissipation. Then he got down in his prayers and said: "Oh, God! Take away my life, if through that means my sons may repent and be brought to Christ." And the Lord startlingly answered the prayer, and in a few weeks the father was taken away, and through the solemnity the six sons fled unto God. Oh, that father could afford to die for the eternal welfare of his children! He rowed hard to bring them to the land, but could not, and then he cried unto the Lord.

There are parents who are almost discouraged about their children. Where is your son to-night? He has wandered off, perhaps, to the end of the earth. It seems as if he can not get far enough away from your Christian counsel. What does he care about the furrows that come to your brow; about the quick whitening of the hair; about the fact that your back begins to stoop with the burdens? Why, he should not care much if he heard you were dead. The black-edged letter that brought the tidings he would put into the same package with other letters telling the story of his shame. What are you going to do? Both paddles broken at the middle of the blade, how can you pull him ashore? I throw you one oar now with which I believe you can bring him into harbor. It is the glorious promise: "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." Oh, broken-hearted father and mother, you who have tried everything else, now make an appeal for the help and omnipotence of the covenant-keeping God, and perhaps at your next family gathering—perhaps on Thanksgiving day, perhaps on Christmas day, the prodigal may be home; and if you crowd on his plate more luxuries than on any other plate at the table, I am sure the brothers will not be jealous, but they will wake up all the music in the house, "because the dead is alive again, and because the lost is found." Perhaps your prayers have been answered already. The vessel may be coming homeward, and by the light of this night's stars that absent son may be pacing the deck of the ship, anxious for the time to come when he can throw his arm around your neck and ask for forgiveness for that he has been wringing your old heart so long. Glorious reunion! that will be too sacred for outsiders to look upon; but I would just like to look through the window when you have all got together again, and are seated at the banquet.

> Though parents may in covenant be,
> And they have their heaven in view,
> They are not happy till they see
> Their children happy, too.

Again, I remark, that the unavailing effort of the Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in the effort which we are making to bring this world back to God. His pardon and safety. If this world could have been saved by human effort it would have been done long ago. John Howard took hold of one oar, and Carey took hold of another oar, and Adoniram Judson took hold of another oar, and Luther took hold of another oar, and John Knox took hold of another oar, and they pulled until they felt back dead from the exhaustion. Some dropped in the ashes of martyrdom; some on the scalping knives of savages, and some into the plague-struck room of the lazarretto; and still the chains are not broken, and still the despotisms are not demolished, and still the world is unsaved. What then? Put down the oars and make no effort? I do not advise that. But I want you, Christian brethren, to understand that the church and the school, and the college, and the missionary society are only the instrumentalities; and if this work is ever done at all, God must do it, and he will do it in answer to your prayer. They rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not; wherefore they cried into the Lord."

Again, the unavailing efforts of those Mediterranean oarsmen has a counterpart in every man that is trying to row his own soul into safety. When the Eternal Spirit flashes upon us our condition, we try to save ourselves. We say, "Give me a stout oar for my right hand, give me a stout oar for my left hand, and I will pull myself into safety." No. A wave of sin comes and dashes you one way, and a wave of temptation comes and dashes you in another way, and there are plenty of rocks on which to founder, but seemingly no harbor into which to sail. Sin must be thrown overboard, or we must perish. There are men who have tried for years to become Christians. They believe all I say in regard to a future world. They believe that religion is the first, the last, the infinite necessity. They do everything but trust in Christ. They make sixty strokes in a minute. They bend forward with all earnestness and they lie back until the muscles are distended, and yet they have not made one inch in ten toward Heaven. What is the reason? That is not the way to go to work. You might as well take a frail skiff, and put it down at the foot of Niagara, and then head it up toward the churning thunderbolt of waters, and expect to work your way up through the lightning of the foam into calm Lake Erie, as for you to try to pull yourself through the surf of your sin into the hope, and pardon, and placidity of the Gospel. You can not do it in that way. Sin is a rough sea, and longboat, yawl, pinnace and gondola go down unless the Lord deliver; but if you will cry to Christ and by hold Divine mercy, you are as safe from eternal condemnation as though you had been twenty years in Heaven.

I wish I could put before my unpardoned readers their own helplessness. No human arm was ever strong enough to unlock the door of Heaven. No foot was ever mighty enough to break the shackle of sin. No oarsman swarthy enough to row himself into God's harbor. The wind is against you. The tide is against you. The law is against you. Ten thousand corrupting influences are against you. Helpless and undone. Not so helpless a sailor on a plank, mid-Atlantic. Not so lifeless a traveler girded by twenty miles of prairie on fire. "Prove it," you say. I will prove it. John vi., 44: "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."

But while I have shown your helplessness I want to be put by the side of the power and willingness of Christ to save you. I think it was in 1686 a vessel was bound for Portugal, but it was driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast. The captain had his son with him, and, with the crew, they wandered up the beach and started on the long journey to find relief. After awhile the son fainted by reason of hunger and the length of the way. The captain said to the crew: "Carry my boy for me on your shoulders." They carried him on, but the journey was so long that after awhile the crew fainted from hunger and from weariness and could carry him no longer. Then the father rallied his almost wasted energy and took up his own boy and put him on his shoulder and carried him on, mile after mile, mile after mile, until, overcome by hunger and weariness, he, too, fainted by the way. The boy laid down and died, and the father, just at the time rescue came to him, also perished, leaving only long enough to tell the story—sad story, indeed! But, glory be to God that Jesus Christ is able to take up out of our shipwrecked and dying condition and put us on the shoulder of His strength, and, by the omnipotence of His Gospel, bear us on through all the journey of this life, and at last through the opening gates of Heaven. He is mighty to save. Though your sins be long and black, and incexusable and outrageous, the very moment you believe I will proclaim pardon—quick, full, grand, unconditional, uncompromising, illimitable, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I am overwhelmed when I think of it. Give me a thousand ladders, lashed fast to each other, that I may scale the height. Let the line run out with the anchor until all the cables of the earth are exhausted, that we may touch the depth. Let the archangel fly in circuit of eternal age in trying to sweep around this theme. Oh, the grace of God! It is so high, it is so broad. It is so deep. Glory be to my God, that where one man's sin gives out God's arm begins! Why will ye carry your sins and your sorrows any longer when Christ offers to take them? Why will you wrestle down your fears when this moment you might give up and be saved? Do you not know that everything is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus has the ring of his love all ready to put upon your hand. Come now and sit down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet. Ye who are in rags of sin, take the robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped by the breakers around you, cry to Christ to pilot you into smooth, still waters. On account of the peculiar phase of the subject, I have drawn my present illustration, you see, chiefly, from the water. I remember that a vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas a great many years ago. It had a vast treasure on board. But the vessel being sunk, no effort was made to raise it. After many years had passed a company of adventurers went out from England, and after a long voyage they reached the place where the vessel was said to have sunk. They got into a small boat and hovered over the place. Then the divers went down, and they broke through what looked like a limestone covering, and the treasure rolled out, what was found afterward to be, in American money, worth $1,500,000 and the foundation of a great business house. At that time the world rejoiced over what was called the luck of these adventurers. Oh, ye who have been rowing toward the shore, and have not been able to reach it, I want to tell you to-night; that your boat hovers over infinite treasure! All the riches of God are at your feet. Treasures that never fail, and crowns that never grow dim. Who will go down now and seek them? Who will dive for the pearl of great price? Who will be prepared for life, for death, for judgment, for the long eternity? See two hands of blood stretched out toward thy soul, as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

## WHY BEARD TURNS GRAY.

**A "Tonsorial Artist" Says It Is Due to Early and Frequent Shaving.**

"Somebody asked the other day," said the barber, carefully cleaning his customer's ears of lather, "why the beard grows white more quick than the hair. He says his beard is twenty years younger than his hair, and looks twenty years older. Yes, and every man's beard is so, eh? First come the hair of the head, eh? So. What you do? By and by have your hair cut. How? Just the ends on the top, close around the edges, and shave in the neck. So, eh?

"Then the beard come. What you do? Shave around the face and leave the little moustache. No boy wants a beard, so he shave him, eh? Sometimes shaves moustache to make him thick, but not often. But the beard every day. So. By and by, your doctor tell you cover your throat, or you have not time for shave, or your wife think you look too young for her age, eh? Anyway, you let your beard grow, and it comes in gray.

"Why? I tell you. Because of sharing. To cut off the ends of the hair sometimes does not hurt its life—perhaps help it. I have my doubt, but to cut it close or shave it all the time is to kill it. And why? Because every time you cut the hair close or shave the beard you cause it to push, it is irritated into growing extravagantly, and what of its life should go into the colouring matter—the pigment, eh?—goes to the false growth. And it come out white, eh? And see if this is not so, for where of the hair begins the gray to come? Here at the temples, where it is clipped so short; here at the back of the neck, where it is also cut short, but above all in the neck back of the ears, because there it is shaved. So?

"And I shall tell you something more, eh? To have the whole hair cut so short and so often will make the whole head gray ten years before it should be. Bay rum, eh? No; not eh. Thank you, sir. Come to see me again, eh?"—N. Y. Sun.

### Girl Babies of Sicily.

In some parts of Sicily the birth of a girl is looked upon as such a misfortune that a black flag is hung out the window to proclaim the sad event. Having to be supported by the family as long as they are unmarried, and being obliged to dower the bridegroom, they are looked upon as expensive luxuries. Boys, on the other hand are very soon self-supporting, and when the time comes for marrying increase the family wealth by bringing home a bride and her dot. The girls live in seclusion, are most kindly treated and at the age of fourteen or sixteen they are disposed of in marriage on a purely financial basis.—N. Y. World.

An English committee of sportsmen and naturalists are taking in hand the protection of South African mammals—the giraffe, zebra, eland, gnu, koodoo and other antelopes—against their threatened extinction. A suggested method of accomplishing this is to secure an enclosed park of about 100,000 acres.

Prof. Robt. S. Ball, F. R. S., professor of astronomy at Cambridge university and formerly astronomer royal of Ireland, thinks that all modern scientific research tends to a belief in the possibility of human existence in other worlds than this terrestrial ball of our own.

Investigations as to the method of preventing death from snake bites by inoculation with a culture of the venom are being made by Dr. Calmette, of the Pasteur institute, Paris. It is said his investigation a number of poisonous snakes have been sent to him from this country.

## NOTED PEOPLE.

**Biographical Sketches of Some Prominent Persons.**

**Frederick T. Greenhalge.**

The republican nominee for governor of Massachusetts, Frederick T. Greenhalge, was born in England in 1842. Early in the fifties his family came to the United States and settled in Lowell, Mass., where the subject of this sketch entered the public schools. In 1859 he entered Harvard college, but three years later was obliged to leave because of the death of his father, which left him the main support of his mother and six sisters, he being the only son. He was admitted to the bar in 1865; held several city offices, and in 1885 entered the state house of representatives. He also served in the Fifty-first congress. He is a very popular man in his state.

F. T. GREENHALGE.

**Gen. Thomas H. Ruger.**

One of the most talked of men in United States army circles is Gen. Thomas H. Ruger, who will in all probability succeed Gen. Nelson A. Miles in command of the department of the Missouri, with headquarters in Chicago. He is now located at San Francisco in charge of the California division. Gen. Ruger is about 58 years of age and is a very genial and accomplished man. He entered upon his cadetship at West Point, July 1, 1850, and graduated in 1854, taking rank as lieutenant. Till 1855 he served as assistant in charge of constructing the defenses on the approaches to New Orleans. He then resigned and began practicing law, but at the outbreak of the war promptly enlisted and did excellent service for the Union throughout the war. He was brevetted brigadier general for gallant services. Since the war he has been in almost constant service and held many responsible army offices in all parts of the country.

GEN. T. H. RUGER.

**Ernest Cady.**

Ernest Cady, whom the democrats of Connecticut have chosen as their leader in the gubernatorial contest, is the present lieutenant governor. He is a prominent Free Mason, a Grand Army man on the strength of service in the navy during the civil war, a wealthy manufacturer and leading citizen of Hartford. He was born September 6, 1842, at Stafford, Tolland county, lost his father when but 9 years old, and thereafter supported himself by his own labor. His education he received at the winter terms of the public schools. Since 1882 he has been in the firm of Pratt & Cady, manufacturers of steam boiler appliances at Hartford. Mr. Cady has twice been elected lieutenant governor on the ticket with Luzon B. Morris.

ERNEST CADY.

**Dr. A. Conan Doyle.**

One of the distinguished personages now in the United States is Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the famous English novelist. He came to fill a lecture engagement and will probably remain a couple of months. Dr. Doyle is a London physician, whose readers have forbidden him to heal people, that he may write books for them to read. Novel writing was originally merely a diversion with him, but, as often happens, it grew into a serious occupation. Among detective story writers in English, Dr. Doyle easily stands at the head. His first success was "Micah Clarke," and his last "The Refugees."

DR. A. C. DOYLE.

**Count Yamagata.**

The present commander-in-chief of the Japanese army in Corea is Field Marshal Count A. Yamagata, who has just brought the Ping Yang campaign to a brilliant close. On account of his quiet strategy he has been called the Von Moltke of Japan. Count Yamagata is about 47 years of age and of humble origin. He was a born soldier and received his military education in European schools. While yet in his teens his strategy and tactics in the field as commander of the army commanded the admiration of all military men. Since joining the army he has borne a prominent part in all campaigns in which Japanese forces have participated.

COUNT YAMAGATA.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

The giraffe has a tongue almost sighteen inches long.

The original home of the bison was in the Great Salt lake valley.

The eyeball is white because the blood vessels that feed its substance are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

The horse's eye has a thick, glutinous secretion, because his eye being large and much exposed to dust, the viscid secretion cleanses it more effectually than would a more watery agent.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus elaps) has been added to the zoological gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the corbra. It occurs in India, Burma and the East Indian archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

## HISTORICAL.

During the civil war the confederate cruisers captured or destroyed eighty ships, forty-six brigs, eighty-four barks, sixty-seven schooners and eight other vessels flying the American flag.

In some of the ancient temples of Egypt perfectly sound timber of tamarisk wood has, it is said, been found connected with the stone work, which is known to be at least four thousand years old.

Washington is the only president who did not live at some time during his administration in the white house. The corner stone of the house was laid in 1792, and the building was first occupied by John Adams in 1800. It was burned by the British in 1814, while Madison was serving his second term, and was occupied again in 1818, when Monroe was in his first term. Since then every president has lived in it.

## SNAKES FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

**A Blacksnake Can Kill a Rattler, as Was Demonstrated in This Instance.**

Can the blacksnake or the blue racer, as the larger variety of this constrictor is called in this part of the country, kill the venomous rattler? That is a question which has been variously settled many times, but Nat Smith, of Carey's Run, who is not only a weather prophet of more than local fame, but an authority upon the habits of all the beasts and birds of the field and denizens of flood and fen, has finally pronounced the opinion that the rattlesnake has no business about his ebony brother on any day of the week.

The reason Nat has for the faith that is in him is the peculiar battle he witnessed on the summit of a little hill about a mile back of his house, in a region famous for the length, breadth and thickness of its reptiles.

Nat was sitting on the side of the hill awaiting the appearance of a squirrel he had an appointment with, when his attention was arrested by a buzzing, whining noise just back of him. He remained motionless for a moment, thinking that a camp-meeting of squirrels had just broken up and was coming his way, but after a time when the noise neither receded nor came nearer he crept cautiously in the direction whence the sound came, and when he got in a position to command a view of the little open space at the top of the hill he was rewarded by a sight seldom vouchsafed to the most industrious naturalist.

There, in the very center of the space, was a magnificent specimen of the rattler species. He was coiled for fight, with his head erect, nearly a foot from the ground, and his eyes flashing with anger. The head weaved slowly around, and followed with intensity the rapid motions of a blacksnake, which described a circle about the rattler, the radius of which, taking the coils of the rattler for a center, was about five feet. Nat had to wipe his eyes once or twice before he was sure that the object which moved about the outer circle like a streak of lightning was a blacksnake. He then observed that at every turn the blacksnake narrowed the diameter of his field of operations by an almost inappreciable distance.

Just how long this went on Nat was unable to say, but in his excitement it seemed a long time. Then, when the circle had narrowed down to within two feet of the rattler, there was a sudden spray, a black streak like a lash was thrown across the circle, and the next instant the tail of the blacksnake was wrapped around the throat of the rattler.

The latter knew his time had come, for he relaxed his coils and made no great struggle to escape. Slowly the victor drew the victim into his shining coils, crushing as he went, until he had involved the entire length of the rattler. Then he drew the convolutions tight, while the spotted body of the venomous snake bulged out between. When this was done the rattlesnake held his grip for possibly one minute, then slowly unwound from the tail back, taking the coil about the neck off last. When released the body of the rattler turned over, an inert mass of dead snake. The conqueror gave his victim one contemptuous glance, and then, with his red tongue still flashing, glided off into the woods.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—If a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other; an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the dilletante as well as the learned.—R. Thornton.

## THE MARKETS.

| CINCINNATI, Oct. 16. | | |
|---|---|---|
| LIVE STOCK—Cattle—Common | $2 00 | @ 2 60 |
| Select butchers | 4 00 | @ 4 20 |
| HOGS—Common | 4 00 | @ 4 85 |
| Good packers | 4 60 | @ 4 75 |
| SHEEP—Choice | 2 75 | @ 3 50 |
| LAMBS—Shippers | 2 75 | @ 4 40 |
| FLOUR—Winter family | 2 65 | @ 2 75 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red | | @ 68½ |
| No. 3 red | | @ 67 |
| Corn—No. 2 mixed | | @ 33 |
| Oats—No. 2 | | @ 30½ |
| Rye—No. 2 | | @ 55 |
| HAY—Prime to choice | | @ 16 50 |
| TOBACCO—Medium leaf | 10 00 | @ 11 75 |
| Good leaf | 15 00 | @ 17 75 |
| PROVISIONS—Mess Pork | | @ 12 25 |
| Lard—Prime steam | | @ 7 60 |
| BUTTER—Choice dairy | 13 | @ 14 |
| Prime to choice creamery | | @ 26 |
| APPLES—Per bbl | 2 25 | @ 2 50 |
| POTATOES—New—Per bbl | 1 75 | @ 2 50 |
| NEW YORK. | | |
| FLOUR—Winter patents | 2 75 | @ 3 00 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 1 North's | | @ 65¾ |
| No. 2 red | | @ 71 |
| CORN—No. 2 mixed | | @ 44 |
| OATS—Mixed | 31½ | @ 32½ |
| PORK—New mess | 14 50 | @ 15 00 |
| LARD—Western | | @ 8 00 |
| CHICAGO. | | |
| FLOUR—Winter patents | 2 10 | @ 2 80 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red | 61 | @ 62½ |
| No. 2 Chicago Spring | 54½ | @ 55½ |
| CORN—No. 2 | | @ 40½ |
| Oats—No. 2 | | @ 25½ |
| PORK—Mess | 12 40 | @ 12 60 |
| LARD—Steam | 7 65 | @ 7 70 |
| BALTIMORE. | | |
| FLOUR—Family | 3 [illegible] | @ 3 00 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 | 69½ | @ 69¾ |
| Corn—Mixed | 44 | @ 44 |
| Oats—Mixed | 32 | @ 32½ |
| LARD—Refined | | @ 11 00 |
| PORK—Mess | | @ 16 00 |
| CATTLE—First quality | 4 [illegible] | @ 4 12½ |
| HOGS—Western | 5 80 | @ 5 80 |
| INDIANAPOLIS. | | |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 | | @ 67½ |
| Corn—No. 2 mixed | | @ 34½ |
| Oats—No. 2 mixed | | @ 30 |
| LOUISVILLE. | | |
| FLOUR—Winter patents | | @ 4 25 |
| GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red | | @ 64 |
| Corn—Mixed | | @ 36 |
| Oats—Mixed | 31 | @ 32 |
| PORK—Mess | | @14 00 |
| LARD—Steam | | @ 7 62½ |

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The Pellets are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or sickness to the system. They act in a mild, easy and *natural* way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*.

**The Pellets cure** biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mild cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from overeating, take one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

*Officially reported,* after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department, *Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.*

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

**The most Careful Housewife will use no other.**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.


## WHERE FRENCH TIPS GO.

**Not Into the Pockets of Attendants, but Into Those of the Employers.**

A learned foreign numismatist has just revealed to Parisians a fact of which most of them were certainly ignorant. It appears that at least in one of the celebrated museums in Paris the few sous given to the attendants at the cloakroom for taking care of an umbrella or coat do not go to the servants attached to the establishment, but go to swell the budget of the institution.

This savant was the other day just leaving the museum on the left bank of the Seine, where he had greatly admired the admirable collection of old coins, when he fumbled in his pocket to find a few sous to give to the attendant who kept his umbrella. He had drawn four sous from his pocket, and was about to hand them over to the attendant, along with the ticket for the umbrella, when a superbly dressed usher told him in a rather mysterious voice to put the money back into his pocket. He did so, and was rather astonished when he claimed his umbrella to find that the attendant did hold his hand out for the tip.

Being determined to ascertain the cause of this extraordinary conduct in a city where gratuities have to be given for everything, the foreign savant went up to the official who had advised him to keep his money and asked him to explain the mystery.

The gorgeously dressed usher declared: "Well, yes, sir; it is true I and my colleagues do not care to receive money from visitors. You see, we are not allowed to keep it, and it only gives us trouble. We have to put it into the till, take it out again, count it and make packets of it. It gives us indefinite bother. It has to go to swell the treasure of the museum, and only serves to increase the number of curiosities you have just seen. Things have been going on so for the last nine years.

The [illegible] never before [illegible] in Paris, decided [illegible] four sous [illegible] cloak room [illegible] as the [illegible] consequence.—Boston [illegible]

[illegible] pride a lady displayed a piece of house [illegible] saying as she held it [illegible] Look, Bridget, [illegible] has been in our family [illegible] years." Bridget [illegible] attention carefully, [illegible] close up to her mistress [illegible] most confidential [illegible] whispered, "Mrs. Arthur, [illegible] quiet about it, and [illegible] body, who would [illegible] bought bran new [illegible]—Tid Bits.

[illegible] always buried their dead. [illegible] the first of the adversary who [illegible] was learned. Under the empire burning became customary, and continued until the establishment of Christianity as a state religion in the fourth century.

—Newark, N. J., was first called Milford, from the name of a town in Connecticut. Its name was changed at the suggestion of Rev. Abraham Pierson, an early minister in the town, who had been ordained at Newark, in England.

—Her little life dream, rounded so with sleep, had all there is of life—except gray hairs; hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep, and that mysterious tie a mother bears.—T. W. Parsons.

—There is more pleasure in giving than receiving," was the proverb that a mother was trying to instil into a youthful mind. "That's true about castor oil, mother," was the answer she got.—Tit-Bits.

Foon—"Poverty is a misfortune, not a crime." Figg—"I don't know about that; at any rate poverty has been the cause of much poetry writing." Fogg—"You mean the writing of poetry has been the cause of much poverty."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Trotter—"I told you that Cholly's attentions to Emily Brown would never amount to anything." Mrs. Trotter—"Well, you were wrong again; they frightened Dick Faster into proposing at last, and Emily has accepted him."—Harper's Bazar.

Jillson says the girl whose adorer tells her he loves every hair in her head will be fooled if she thinks he won't kick like a bay steer if he should happen to find any of them in the biscuit after they are married.—Buffalo Courier.

"Parker uses a great deal of cologne, it seems to me. Awful bad form!" said Hawkins. "It would be in you," said Hicks, "but it