THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

Oh, Earth! Thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedge-row flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word for every living thing.
Albeit it holds the message unawares.

All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them; a spirit broods amid the grass,
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shows as they pass,
And touch of an eternal presence thrills
The fringes of the sunsets and the hills.

RICHARD REALF.

"BEING A WOMAN."

Midnight approaching and a great quiet everywhere.

I went through the street that led to my home in the shadow of the old church by the square—went at an even pace, a little too tired for haste, and meditative, moreover, on the varied happenings of the past twelve months.

There were not many persons in the streets. I saw but one shadow many yards ahead of me, a man walking westward out of my way. My eyes followed him with faint fellow-interest in the cold starshine; saw him pause, turn, look up at a large English-basement house near the next corner, step backward to the curbing, totter forward and fall heavily, with his head toward the doorstep. I hurried and came up to him.

"What's the matter?" I asked, trying to lift him.

But he was apparently unconscious. Not a soul was about for me to call upon for assistance. I glanced up at the house and something that glittered caught my eye. It was the silvered sign of a physician, "Doctor H. Marion," and under it I saw an electric-bell button. The thought flashed into my mind that he had come seeking the doctor, and that my proper course was to ring up the latter. Pressing the button without an instant's hesitation, I dragged the prostrate body—for he was a larger man than I and a dead weight—up the steps and rested it there in an uncramped posture as far as possible. A moment later the door opened and a woman spoke:

"Well?"

"The doctor," I said. "A man is ill—unconscious."

"Could you lift him into the hall?"

She had stooped and now saw him on the door stone. As she raised her face to me again the hall light fell upon it and showed that she was beautiful and not old—not middle-aged—not anything but young.

"The doctor," I repeated, questioningly.

"I am the doctor," she said, in a quiet voice.

I started, but made no reply. I tried to lift the man in my arms.

"My God!" I said, "I am afraid he is dead."

She leaned down and caught his wrist and turned his face toward her.

Something like a shuddering "Oh!" seemed to thrust itself up through her throat. But only for a second. She controlled herself.

"He is not dead," she said. "Help me to—I will help you to carry him into my office. I—I think I know him."

We got him into the hall and closed the street door just in the nick of time; footsteps came clattering by—and passed on. The door of her office stood ajar. We bore him in and laid him on a long, straight sofa. At a motion from her I turned up the gas. Then I saw that her face was deadly pale. It was a beautiful face, with delicately molded brow and compassionate eyes.

"Not dead," she murmured, "but very near death."

She was loosening his cravat with trembling fingers. Suddenly she threw up her hands in a helpless, hopeless way.

"Oh why did he come here!" she cried, convulsively.

"You need help—another physician," I said. "I will fetch one. Where shall I go—to whom?"

"There is a messenger call," she said, "but don't go—don't leave me, please."

"It is late for a messenger," I said. "Is there no other doctor very near?"

"I'll go myself," she cried; "please stay here; I will be but a moment."

Snatching up a wrap of some kind she rushed out.

I stood watching the unconscious man on the sofa. He appeared to be a little over 30 and clearly a gentleman. His clothing was good and his hands were white and soft. She had said she knew him. Was he a relative—an old sweetheart or what? Strange surmises were arising in my thoughts. What was the matter with him? Was it heart trouble—apoplexy—poison? Uneasiness had seized upon me. I breathed more freely when I heard her latchkey in the street-door and saw her enter, accompanied by the doctor she had gone after. I stepped back out of the way while they examined the man. Fainter and fainter, slower and slower his breathing. Was he actually dying?

The other doctor turned to me with a questioning look, and I came forward.

"He was walking ahead of me," I said, "I saw him pause and try to ascend the steps, then fall. I concluded he lived here or had friends, and I rang the bell. That is all I know."

I offered the doctor my card. He glanced at it and handed it to Dr. Marion. She took it and looked at me with a new start.

"You are not the Mr. Ridley who married Ernestine Wilson?"

"The same; my wife is waiting for me now, not four blocks away."

"Your wife! And we are schoolmates—friends!"

I took up my hat.

"I will go home merely to reassure my wife," I said. "I will return soon, to help you if you need me."

Then I went out and left the two doctors and the dying man.

II.

"H. Marion?" said my wife. "Are you sure it was H. Marion? I never knew any Miss Marion except—Hester. Could it be Hester? Her middle name was Marion, I think—Hester Marion Arnold. And she—there was a romance in her life afterward, a strange story. It must be Hester. She always said she would like to be a doctor. And she was so pretty—so pretty. Take me back with you, dear. I will tell you the story as we go."

"But if the man be dying—or dead?"

"A woman friend of hers can do no harm."

And so my wife and I went out into the midnight.

"After Hester had left school—she was graduated with prizes and honors—she had a lover," said my wife. "He was a handsome man of about 25. They were engaged to be married, though Hester's uncle opposed it. Months passed, and nothing was said about the day for the marriage, although Hester and he were supposed to be engaged.

"It was during a holiday time—six, seven—dear me!—eight, yes, quite eight years ago. Time passes so. One day a strange woman came to the town and called upon Hester. She declared herself to be the wife of Hester's lover; George Humphrey was his name. There was a scene. Finally Humphrey went away with the strange woman, and Hester was ill for a long time. After she recovered her uncle took her away to the West. I have never seen or heard from her since."

"Would you know the man if you should see him again?"

My wife hesitated. "I have a good memory for faces," she said. "But can it be he? And why should Hester call herself Dr. Marion? She must have married since—and yet—"

"And yet what?"

"I did not imagine she would ever marry."

"Why not? Women get over the heart-break of false lovers very, very often, my dear."

"But in this case," said my wife slowly, "there was a reason. At least, I always suspected there was a reason why she would not get over it."

"And what was the reason?"

"I suspected that Hester had been secretly married to Humphrey before the other woman appeared."

"Ah!" I murmured. "But even so? If the other woman had a prior legal claim, Hester, as you call her, was not his wife in reality and need not have bothered about him."

"My dear," said my wife softly, "women have ideas of their own on such matters."

We had returned to Dr. Marion's.

"Let me wait outside," said my wife, "until you go in and find out the true state of affairs."

And she stood in the shadow of the porch, while I rang and went in.

All helplessness and hopelessness seemed fled from the beautiful woman within. She seemed to have forgotten all woman's weakness and to have summoned up all woman's strength. With the other doctor she had been working to revive the dying man—fiercely, hopelessly, untiringly. But the end had almost come. Remedies and appliances stood out prominently on the table. A kettle was boiling over an alcohol lamp. No trouble had been spared. But the man was dying.

In a momentary cessation of her efforts I asked softly:

"Would you care to see my wife? She would come to you."

Dr. Marion put her hand to her forehead, as if to calm some inner tumult. Her great black eyes shone fire upon me.

"Not—yet!" she said in a tense way—"not—just—yet!" and returned to the sofa.

I went out and told my wife her words.

"The man is dying," I said, "she wants to be all physician, I fancy, as long as the breath is in his body. After that she will be woman again and need comforting. Let us go and walk in the square, dear, for awhile."

In the light of the stars that pointed toward the distant dawn we walked and talked of past years and years to be. Ever and anon our thoughts reverted to the woman watching by the dying man in the house whence we had just come.

My wife had many a question for me—not the questions of idle curiosity, but of interest and necessity. She wanted to know what views I take of the men she should come face to face with her old friend, what position to take in order to avoid giving pain.

"Do you think she loves him now?" she asked.

I was silent for a moment.

"God knows," I said. "I do not think she hates him. Her eyes are too beautiful for hate. If they blaze it is but with excitement—fever. She has been trying to save his life."

"She would do that even if she hated him, wouldn't she?" said my wife, softly.

"Ah, yes!"

And again we spoke of other things and people. The air was still; there was no piercing wind abroad, and we were warmly wrapped. We walked about the square to and fro, up and down, through and across, for perhaps an hour.

Suddenly my wife spoke:

"I think that we should go there now. Something seems to call me."

And we went.

The man was dead. The other doctor, who had let us in, was writing by the table. Dr. Marion was leaning back in an arm-chair, pale and tearless. My wife went up and kissed her in silence.

"He—he came back to die—you see," said the woman, with a little tremor in her voice, but no great burst of anguish.

"George Humphrey?" whispered my wife.

"Yes. You knew that I was married—secretly married to him?"

"I guessed it," said my wife.

"And then—she came—and I thought that I should die. I prayed to die, but could not."

"And when you recovered you went away West," said my wife gently.

The other woman nodded. "Time passed. I got over the first anguish. I knew I must occupy myself with something. I studied medicine. My uncle died. I had never let him know of the marriage—the shame was too great, I felt. I knew nothing of what had become of—of George Humphrey." Her voice was hardly more than a whisper. "I could not tell whether that other woman's claim was—right, or not. I could not tell if I were married or single—if my name were Arnold or—Humphrey. I was sick of the misery of it all, and I determined to be neither wife nor betrayed woman in name—to be only myself, Hester Marion—Doctor H. Marion. My life was all new, all new and without shame, all clear and bright. Other interests, other hopes entered into it. Another man loved me—loves me." She paused. "Happiness seemed at hand. Then a dark shadow came tormenting me. Was I free—was I bound? How to know without greater shame than that of the past? How to know?" She paused again. "I caught myself wishing he was dead—God forgive me! And then the torment grew stronger. To-night—last night I was suffering so. * * And now—" she broke off and began to tremble.

"Poor child," said my wife. "You are overwrought. Time rights all wrongs. It is dark now, but dawn is coming. Come home with me."

The other shook her head. Tears came—tears of relief.

"I will stay here," she murmured. "Dawn is coming. God make us all humble and forgive us."

Her eyes wandered involuntarily back to the still form on the sofa.

"God give him peace," she said, and wept softly.—Cecil Charles.

TWO CHILDISH STORIES.

Which Show That Youngsters Are Sometimes Wiser Than Adults.

New York Herald.

Some hard-headed poet has cleverly termed men "but children of a larger growth." The recollection of it brings to mind a couple of good child stories.

A mother of my acquaintance was impressing upon her little son the greatness and goodness of God. His blue eyes were wide open with the wonderful story, though his dimpled fingers never ceased to caress the face of a small dummy watch that had been presented to him on Christmas day. It was evident that his mind was divided between the Creator and the created.

"Could God do anything, mamma?" he finally inquired.

"Certainly," was the reply; "anything!"

"Could he make my watch keep time?"

This rather floored mamma, and while she was thinking up a wise answer the little chap broke in:

"I'll course I don't want him to do it if it is going to make him let the stars go out. But I'll tell you what I would do if I was in his place—I'd make all the figures on watches and clocks like these, instead of like those on the clock and on papa's watch, so we could always tell what time it is."

The figures on his dummy are Arabic. And why shouldn't they be in the figures of ordinary business use instead of in Roman numerals? The latter are invariably painted on clock faces with arbitrary incorrectness, anyhow, the 4 being made thus, IIII, instead of thus, IV. The solecism quite naturally makes a four-year-old child doubt the omniscience and omnipotence of the Creator.

My other child story is more humorous, but equally instructive. It is not original, having been printed in the newspapers the other day. So I will tell it briefly.

One day in Tennessee a man killed another man. The murderer was arrested and would have been hanged in the course of time, but the brothers of the murdered man couldn't wait. They got up a club of several hundred people and attacked the jail, with the intention of taking the murderer out and killing him. The men, however, whom these same people had elected and sworn in for the purpose got together and defended the jail, and incidentally the prisoner. The result was that some twenty-five men were slain, among whom were, very appropriately, the two brothers who got up the not unique social entertainment.

Now, if that isn't a funny story then I never heard one. It is enough to kill the devil with laughing. The reasoning powers of the four-year-old child are more perfectly developed than in the adult child, judging from this curious sample of masculine ratiocination.

The Result of Rivalry.

New York Sun.

Business rivalries cause a good many little frauds. A merchant explains why: "As soon as I get up a good thing, say in chocolate—but it would be the same if it were candy, butter, carpets, handkerchiefs, paints or pills—some rival will imitate it in quality and put it on the market at a lower rate. To hold my own I've got to cut his price, but as I can't do that and make a profit, I must adulterate the article a little. He knows the dodge, and he will do the same thing. So we go, cutting at each other, until both of our articles are so cheap and poor that nobody will buy them. Then I start the pure goods again, under another name, and the whole circus has to be gone over again."

Important but Not Essential.

Boston Globe.

At M— the other night there was a temperance lecture in the chapel of one of the churches. The gentleman who was to preside did not show up, and a man known to have a deep interest in the temperance cause was called upon to act in his place. Mr. S— is a very nervous man, who easily gets rattled. He struggled to his feet, and this is what he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: Since Brother — is not here to ask the blessing of God to rest upon this meeting we will proceed with the business and do the best we can without it. Amen."

Mrs. Wm. Hulse, Mantoloking, N. J.

Taken from the grave.

"The doctors said I had the worst case of womb trouble they ever saw.

"I had heart trouble, lost my speech and the use of my limbs. I frequently had fits, fainting spells, and I could not sleep. Three of the best New York doctors gave me up. Friends came to see me—among them my cousin.

"She said she believed *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* would help me, and persuaded the doctor to try it. Oh! how thankful I am they gave it to me, for it took me from the grave. I began to improve immediately. I soon got out, and am now well and strong. No words can express my gratitude to you for my life. Since then I have given it to others, and it never fails."

MRS. WM. HULSE.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

THE CASE INVESTIGATED BY A GLOBE REPORTER.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers. Fac-Simile of the Check for $1000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

TORONTO DAILY GLOBE, July 25.—This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefited fight shy of it, saying, "it was 'cure, cure,' so often before that I wont try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvelous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more health than for years, strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a Globe reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, in the northeast portion of the city, had been employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, two years ago, became stricken with the dread disease—locomotor ataxia—disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waist downward without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and even knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could talk a walking stick and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house and yet he felt nothing. During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tiniest relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was compelled to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man, a member of the United Empire Council, No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of $1000 effected by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made, but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of the total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability, and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Councilor of the Royal Templars a check for $1000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notice was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man reread the circular, and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but on April 14—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed, and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved, and in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a close inspective one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work, but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a $1000 check, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water, and I went on getting better and stronger, and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterward going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained thirty pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvelous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvelous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing-house of the order Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said: "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well-known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. Its provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care who is unable to follow their usual vocation, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty, it is true; he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upward of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled—until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians was made and our Dominion medical referee we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of $1000. He was paid by a check on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water, which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building, just opposite the publishing-house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion Secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in all his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by numerous cures.

John A. Barr, a well-known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. William Webster, after suffering from ataxy for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken the pills, and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr mentioned for was a city patient, who had been cured by the aid of the effects of la grippe after having been given up by doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood. They are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2 50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

STATUE OF ZEBULON PIKE.

The Discoverer of Colorado's Famous Peak to Be Commemorated.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

General Zebulon M. Pike, the discoverer of Pikes Peak, is to have a statue. Colonel J. B. Wheeler, the Colorado millionaire, has commissioned James E. Kelly, the sculptor, whose "Sheridan's Ride" created a sensation several years ago, to make a bronze statue of General Pike. The statue, which is seven feet high, will be erected in the public park at Manitou Springs, at the base of Pikes Peak. It represents the discoverer standing on a natural bowlder, with telescope in hand and rifle slung over shoulder, and wearing the costume described by himself in his mountain records. The statue is Colonel Wheeler's gift to the city of Manitou. General Pike was born in New Jersey. He served with distinction in the revolutionary war and the war of 1812. He met untimely death at the age of 34 by the explosion of an English magazine, pending a skirmish with the British at York, Canada. A brave officer and a daring, venturesome explorer, he was the astronomer, surveyor, commanding officer, clerk, spy, guide and hunter of the Government expedition sent out in 1805 and 1806 to explore the Louisiana Territory, then a Spanish possession, and seek the source of the Mississippi and other Western rivers.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon of November 15, 1806, he discovered a small blue peak in the distance, viewed by a spy-glass, he perceived to be a mountain, and half an hour later the Colorado range was visible, and his disheartened followers gave three cheers. Despite snow and fatigue, General Pike, who knew neither fear nor discouragement, pushed on fifteen miles until he came to the base of the mountain that bears his name and where the proposed statue will be erected. General Pike was the first to bring back to the East the report of the existence of gold in the western country.

Despite late historians, who assert that previous to 1843 there were no evidence of settlers in Colorado, Mexicans suddenly suspected gold and made attempts to mine in the Rocky Mountain range. Such, at least, was General Pike's conviction, for while a prisoner in New Mexico he met an American, James Pursley of Bairdstown, Ky., who showed him a lump of gold brought by himself from South Park, where the Mexicans and Spaniards had sunk shafts. General Pike's widow lived for many years on the Ohio River, near Cincinnati. His only daughter married Symmes Harrison, son of "Old Tippecanoe," grandfather of President Harrison.

The Eight-Hour Day.

Chicago Herald.

The experiment of the eight-hour day, or rather of making forty-eight hours a week's work, is now being tried in one of the largest iron works in England, the Salford works at Salford, which is a suburb of Manchester. The working hours at these works have heretofore been fifty-three per week, and the reduction is made on an understanding with the men that the output of the works shall not be diminished by this shortening of the hours. The men are to be punctual and energetic, and to save the owners from loss because of this shortening of hours, by greater industry. There is to be no reduction of wages, and if the end of a year finds the experiment successful the forty-eight-hour week will be the permanent arrangement.

Smuggling Through the Mails.

Washington letter to the Boston Transcript.

The postoffice inspectors keep a sharp lookout for smuggling through the mails. About 750 sealed packages are seized annually in the New York Postoffice. In an average year 25,000 unsealed parcels are confiscated at the same office and rendered on the payment of fines which are equivalent to the duties. Some very ingenious methods are employed for transmitting dutiable articles by post. Not long ago a package from Germany was found to contain a small roll of butter. A wire passed through it, with an obstruction, which proved to be a tin box filled with valuable jewelry. Probably a dozen silk handkerchiefs are found wrapped up in newspapers in every mail from China. The skill exhibited by the postal clerks in detecting such contraband inclosures is wonderful. It seems to partake of the nature of intuition. They say that they do not know themselves how they do it, but that a newspaper with a silk handkerchief in it has a sort of gritty feeling when manipulated. Silk stockings are mailed from France in the same manner. An odd kind of smuggling is the sending of mushrooms by mail from Italy. They are of a peculiar kind, dried, and are much prized by amateurs of that country in the United States. They come in small bags and are easily distinguished by smell.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

C Sedyweb, Sacramento
W Vogt, Angel Island
G Ehraltman, U S N
A Kolthanich, Fra
C Hodges, San Jose
D Joseph, Hong-Kong
J J Pugh, Mendocino
T Moore & w, Oregon
H Noke & w, Los Angeles
S Nitly & w, Los Gatos
R Aunmen, San Jose
G B Hecworth, Oklahoma
L K Mason, U S N
J Burns, Fresno
R Furey & w, Iowa
N J Stewart, Denver
S W Elivington, Elliott
J Langan, Nevada
H Bliss, Sacramento
Mrs B Reid, Santa Rosa
N Bliss, Eureka
J J Bonton, Mexico

NEW WESTERN HOTEL.

Cragie Sharp, Fresno
H Smith Sacramento
Samuel Pocatello, Idaho
G W Plummer, Salt Lake
J Smith, Idaho
A Hess & w, Alameda
Frank Ledney, Denver
J W Dunn, Rio Vista
D Stewart, Sacramento
Miss Clayton, Grand Rapids
F S Springer, Idaho
C L Rice, Stockton
G N Grupe, Napa

PALACE HOTEL.

C S Alden & w, Clinton
Mrs W Hutchings, Boston
S G Goodson, Menlo Park
S A Perkins, Milwaukee
Mrs J A Clayton, Tacoma
J C Beale, San Jose
D Beck, N Y
E S Hadley & w, N Y
H B Peabody & w, Chicago
G W Fox, N Y
G Brady, Detroit
C L Hawkins, Chicago
H D Bowers, N Y
F Levy, N Y
A H Heath, London
J Magee, Guatemala
J C Flickinger, San Jose
Mrs M L Partridge, N Y
Mrs M S Severance, Los Ang
L Baryelloth, Santa Clara
Miss Dickinson, Denver
J H Curran, N Y
B H Farran & w, Balhinus
Mrs W A Duck, Phila
A A Frost, N Y
M Lewis & w, N Y
Mrs R A Graham, Canada
C E Automaker, Los Ang
Mrs M T Severance, Los Ang
Mrs S Brown, N Y
F S Chrisso & w, Minneapolis
Mrs J W Sutton, Boston
N E Lidgewood, Chicago
Mrs J W Coulan, Sacto
Miss E L Adams, N Y
S J Smith, N Y
Jesse Holden, N Y
M Bowers, Boston
H H Pitcher, Ohio
J M Adrian, N Y
Miss N Shenan, Clinton
Mrs E A Williams, Boston
Mrs J M Lawrence, Wash
J W Wallace, Tacoma
Miss Clayton, Tacoma
W S Mary, San Jose
S H Jenkins, N Y
Mrs S A Hadley, Sacto
C H Platt & w, N Y
J Bean, N Y
C B Holmes & w, Salt L
L Lewis, Portland
E Herman & w, Sacto
D A Murphy, St Paul
B Pinnell, Red Bluff
C W Hall, Boston
H Carter, N Y
Mrs J McWilliams, Chicago
J Roberts, Salt Lake
T R Jones, Kentucky
Miss A Wilson, Cheyenne
J W Ridgeway & w, Brklyn
J S Jenks & w, Phila
C Frishel & w, N Y
C P Frishel, N Y
E Mathews & w, N Y
C S Walcott & w, Chicago
B H Roberts, Salt Lake
J M Ober, N Y
Mrs W Brown, N Y
J S Robbins, Minneapolis
C D Sinclair, Wis
Col McNasser & w, Sacto
C F Adams, Sacto
Mrs A L Foster, N Y
G T Smith, N Y
M Heepe & w, Chicago
O Goff & w, San Jose
A Hamescch, Livermore

RETURNING HOME.

The Editor Has Quite a Reception in His Native Village.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"It's very humorous for one to revisit his native place after many years," said Odell T. Kinsley, who is at one of the hotels, "especially if one has attained any degree of success. Of course this only works in a very small village where one is very well known. I'm not any more successful than a hundred other young fellows who come to the city from little, way-back points in the State of Ohio. Not long ago I went back to my native hamlet. My coming was advertised by relatives and a society squib in the local paper. It was announced that I was the city editor of the ——, and it was a very taking announcement. The following morning after my arrival I strolled out for a bracer and a shave. Every one greeted me. I went into the bar and some half dozen old acquaintances shook hands and then sidled off and surveyed me in an awe-struck manner. 'He be the city editor of the —' and 'He be a editor' were two expressions that I caught at every turn. I went into the little barber-shop and a dozen old friends who knew me when I was a kid "accidentally" dropped in. I must have peculiar whiskers.

"After a few days the then admiring crowd took a reminiscent turn and I was regaled with tales of my 'queerness' as a boy. 'Allus wuz something funny about me.' 'Nobody ever thought that I would grow up' be a editor.' You talk about enjoyment. A city newspaper made a man so small but what a country village could make a giant of him still."

Spanish Libraries.

London Standard.

The managers of the Spanish libraries have a good deal to learn, it would seem, before the conveniences for readers are what they should be. The National Library at Madrid is open only for a few hours in the day, and the greater portion of that time, according to Senor Vaides, is spent in securing a volume that one does not want. The ticket is filled up and presented to an official; he reads it carefully and hands it to a colleague. It passes through several hands, and is then returned to the would-be reader with a suggestion to try the room opposite. In the second room the process is repeated; in a third room he at length discovers that the volume asked for is "not in the library." A second application in due course evokes the answer: "The book you desire is on an upper shelf; it would be rather dangerous to get at it. If you would not mind choosing another—" A choice is made at random, and then the bell rings for the library to close.

MARKET REPORTS.

FRIDAY EVENING, March 24.
SUMMARY OF THE MARKETS.

Silver a shade firmer.
Wheat very quiet.
Barley unsettled.
Oats, Corn and Rye unchanged.
Bayo and Pink Beans advanced.
Ample receipts of Hay.
Burbank Potatoes firm.
Choice Onions sell well.
Another decline in Butter.
Eggs ½c higher. Cheese easy.
Poultry firm. Game quiet.
More Strawberries offering.
Citrus Fruits quiet.
Dried Fruits and Raisins steady.
Asparagus advanced.
Hams, Bacon and Lard inactive.
Tallow lower again.
Hogs lower. Beef unsettled.

English Wheat Market.

LIVERPOOL, March 24.—The spot market is lower at 5s 11d. Cargoes are weak at 28s 6d for off coast, 29s 9d for just shipped and 29s for nearly due.

FUTURES.

The Produce Exchange cable gives the following Liverpool quotations for No. 2 Red Winters: March, 5s 5½d; April, 5s 5¾d; May, 5s 7d; June, 5s 7½d; July, 5s 8¼d; August, 5s 9d; September, 5s 9¾d.

SECURITIES.

LONDON, March 24.—Consols, 98 5-16; Silver, 37⅝; Rentes 97f 30c.

New York Markets.

NEW YORK, March 24.—There was a complete change in the complexion of affairs in the Stock Exchange to-day. The bears were aggressive early in the day, when a sharp raid was made on Sugar, New England, Chicago Gas and a few other specialties. Soon after, however, good news about gold shipments, the railroad situation, etc., stimulated the other fellows, and an active buying movement began, in which commission houses were conspicuous. Purchases covered an unusually wide range, and the demand finally became so pronounced that the shorts took alarm and rushed in and tried to cover, with the result of making strong to buoyant speculation. The advance ranged from 1 to 5 per cent and the market closed strong. Government bonds steady. Petroleum was dull and closed at 68c bid.

NEW YORK, March 24.—United States Bonds, 4's, 112¾; do 2's, 99½; Northern Pacific, 16¾; Canadian Pacific, 82¾; Central Pacific, 26½; Union Pacific, 37½; Atchison and Santa Fe, 33; Wells-Fargo, 148; Western Union, 94; Silver, 82¼; Sterling, $4 87@4 88.

Wheat—May, 76½c. Flour, steady. Coffee, $17 10. Sugar, 2@3½c. Hops—Pacific Coast, 18@21½c. Hides, 12½c. Copper—Lake, $11 70. Tin—Spot, $20 90. Lead—Domestic, $4 00. Iron, $16. Petroleum, 68c.

HOPS.

Hops are dull and unchanged.

SUGAR AND COFFEE.

Sugar—Raw, dull and firm; fair refining, active and higher; A, 4⅝@4⅝c; Mold A, 4 15-16@5⅛c; Standard A, 4 3-16@4⅞c; confectioners' A, 4 9-16@4¾c; cut loaf, 5¼@5 7-16c; crushed, 5¼@5 7-16c; powdered, 4 15-16@5⅛c; granulated, 4 11-16@5c; cubes, 4 15-16@5⅛c.

Coffee—Options closed barely steady from 5 points down to 5 up. Sales, 21,750 bags. March, $17 10@17 20; April, $16 75@16 80; May, $16 60; spot Rio is steady and quiet at $17@17½.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, March 24.—There was moderate business in Wheat, and the market opened ¼@½c higher on stormy weather in the Wheat belt, drought in Kansas and bad crop reports from Indiana and Great Britain, advanced ⅜c, declined ⅜c on sales to take profits, and closed steady at ½c higher than yesterday. Receipts, 83,000 bushels; shipments, 24,000 bushels. Rye, 49c. Barley, 62c.

CHICAGO, March 24.—Wheat—Cash, 74¼c. Corn, 40⅝c. Pork, $17 30. Lard, $11 10. Ribs, $9 90. Whisky, $1 17.

Portland's Business.

PORTLAND, Or., March 24.—Clearances, $243,000; balances, $48,000.

Wool Market.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Wool is quiet. Domestic Fleece, 27@32c; Pulled, 26@33c; Texas, 17@22c ℔ lb.

Weekly