[illegible] of fortune,
[illegible] business
[illegible] with faces
[illegible] bleed,
[illegible] superior
[illegible] friend.

[illegible] your discretion
[illegible] the beak,
[illegible] your pleasantry,
[illegible] fit for rank.
[illegible] upon your favors,
[illegible] confidence
[illegible] as your kinship,
[illegible] don't need a friend.

[illegible] about your name in meeting,
[illegible] to you fame;
[illegible] and your board with presents
[illegible] and pastry;
[illegible] will prove themselves in showing
[illegible] kindness they intend.
[illegible] when fortune frowns your atmosphere
And you don't need a friend.

[illegible] with and note how comical
[illegible] old world can be,
[illegible] the sun throws not your shadow
And your hopes go to sea.
[illegible] may have heard the cucumber
[illegible] to smile to lend—
Well, the world drops under zero
When you do need a friend.
—New Orleans Picayune.

AUNT DURGIN'S TEA.

You never heard about Aunt Durgin's tea? Well, it was a very important tea to me; it was the turning point of my whole life.

You see I was young, about 16, and Aunt Durgin was quite old and queer. She had plenty of money to live on, and do a good deal for us girls—a lot of us there were too. She was really fond of us, I know now; but she was so worrying, always lecturing us and finding fault that we didn't love her very much. I'm ashamed to say—Her money was in an annuity which ceased with her death, so what she did for us must be done during her life. Every year she gave some special advantage to one of her nieces; and it seems—though I didn't know it—that she had about decided to give me the benefit that year.

If I had known!—but it wouldn't have made any difference; it took a shock to teach me.

I remember every moment of that day, if it were yesterday; the result of it seemed to burn every smallest event into my brain. I can even remember the pattern of forget-me-nots on the dress I wore.

Father was going out that afternoon, and as she stood with her hand on the door, she said:

"Be sure to get to Aunt Durgin's in time."

"Why, of course!" I answered carelessly.

"You know she's very particular; she's especially anxious to have you please her today," she went on.

"Why 'today more than usual?' I'm always trying to please her."

"Yes, I've been trying to please her for years and years; but I don't think I shall ever do it unless I get a chance to turn myself into an old woman."

"Much more fond of you than you are of your mother—and I remember how careworn she looked as she turned down the steps—though I didn't know it."

"Why, I should think not!" I laughed, standing in the door. "She names me for her—blame."

"Well, mind you give her no cause to regret it," said mother, opening the door. "And oh! did you remember to put those pebbles off the roof for my princess lilies?"

"Yes, I forgot," I said, "but I'll do it when I go out," and the gate and the door closed at the same instant.

"But I can't guess," I said, as I went slowly up the stairs again, "what's up Aunt Durgin in particular."

With my mother's unusually serious injunction in mind, I went up to my room and laid out my one nice dress, for fear that the ruffles were in order, and nothing should be wanting to delay me at the last minute. I even looked at my shoes to see that the buttons were all right, for Aunt Durgin had sharp eyes like an eagle for anything out of place.

There was still two hours before it was time to dress, and those I intended to give to my practicing, for I had one "grand passion," and that was for music. My father—dear, impractical man that he was, with a soul full of poetry and music—lacked the "push" to get on in those days—or, in their either, for that matter. So he spent his life trying to drill music into stupid pupils; and of course, with his head in the clouds, he made little money. We were always poor, always needing something; but, thanks to his gentleness and my mother's sweet disposition, we were always happy.

But I was ambitious. I was my father's pupil, and at that moment was practicing my best—New York's best—from a great master abroad. It should only be the finishing touches from that master, and the edict of his name (which I felt a good way upon myself), I felt sure I should march to the fame and glory. Such was my ambition—some of my abilities; and I spent hours every day and my dream by day was of fame in music.

[illegible] hours' practice [illegible] started for my [illegible] Durgin's tea. [illegible] the Chinese [illegible] to the roof, [illegible] loose pebbles [illegible] the third [illegible] As I reached [illegible] from the [illegible] which we had put a spring lock after a burglar had scared us by coming down that way, there came into my mind, with almost ominous distinctness, my father's caution.

"Now, remember," he said, "I ever go into the attic without putting something under the door, so that it can't fall and lock you out whatever happens."

I paused: I had nothing to put under. I glanced around the attic—nothing was there. I should have to go downstairs, and I had no time to spare.

"I'll be careful," I said to myself, "and it'll be all right. Father's fussy."

Thus thoughtlessly I settled my own fate, for heedlessness was my fault. Was, I say, for that night taught me something. But to go on.

I opened the door (it stood straight up), went out, and after a good look at the world from that elevated point I collected a little basketful of stones, and reflecting that it was cooler than I thought, and I should have to wear a wrap to Aunt Durgin's, I went back to the trap door.

I don't know how it happened; I suppose I had not opened the spring door quite wide, and my jarring the roof started it—but suddenly it fell with a bang, pushing down the step-ladder by which I reached the roof. I could have jumped down into the attic; but I could not get back; and I thought it safer to lie on the roof where I could attract somebody's attention.

My first thought was: "Dear me! I should be late to Aunt Durgin's!" but the second was more serious: How was I going to arouse anybody? The only persons in the house were my father, giving a music lesson in the back parlor, and our one maid busy with her work in the kitchen. Every one knew I was going out to tea, and no one would be surprised at my absence

There was an old chair on the roof, for we sometimes went up there in warm evenings, and I sat down on it to think the matter over.

Then I began to find that it was very cool, and every little cold I took had a most annoying trick of settling in one tooth, ulcerating and puffing up my face like a pumpkin. I took off my white apron and tied it over my head.

Then I went to work to rouse the household. In the attic, nearly under the trapdoor, was a shelf, on which were packed away many things. I laid down on the roof, leaned over and found I could reach it. First I pulled out a curtain stick, and then I thought I was safe; I could surely make noise enough with that. I got up and pounded on the roof, and even on the skylight, hoping to attract somebody; though I knew Biddy wouldn't come up for hours, and my father was so absent minded that I hadn't much hopes he would notice it.

When I grew tired of that amusement I went to my storehouse again, and this time pulled out an old five o'clock tea. I was a long piece of webbing that would reach to the ground, with a piece of iron in one end. Now I thought I could surely make some body see. I dragged it to the edge of the roof at the back, flung the end over, hoping that father would see it dangle before the parlor window.

Had an effect, but it was on a row of tenement houses on the street behind us. Women began to be interested in my proceedings. First one, woman appeared at her window, hands resting on the sill, sleeves rolled up, and frowsy head stuck out, staring wonderingly at me. Then another window blossomed out with a frowsy head; and so it went on till I had as many as half a dozen staring at me in dumb amazement—at least I supposed it was dumb, for I couldn't hear anything. Then I began to wave my arms and beckon to them. They only stared the harder, and now and then one would look back in the room and then another head or two would appear beside her; but the idea that I was trying to communicate with them never seemed to occur to them.

Then a new thought struck me, and I began to walk back and forth and saw my fire escape across the house. I thought if father saw something moving before his window he must notice it. But not a word did I hear from that.

Then I tried the front, though I dreaded exposing my plight to the street. I might have spared myself the anxiety, for no one noticed except some little boys playing in the street. I called, but I could not make them hear; I made motions to them, and now and then one would see me and point up, and two or three would stare a minute and then return to their play. I couldn't make them understand that I wanted anything.

Up to this time I had been too excited to get cold; but now I began to suffer. Quite more I returned to my attic, and pulled out a piece of carpet. It was dusty and not over nice for a covering, but I could do no better, so I wrapped it around my shivering shoulders, and I dare say I looked more like a crazy creature than before.

Time was passing, too; it was already late; I was getting desperate. Should I have to stay here till Biddy came up to bed? I pounded more vigorously than ever, I shouted down the attic till I was hoarse, and at intervals, rather less and less each time, I waved my fire escape, till at last I flung it over, thinking Biddy must see it then.

All this time I had been reflecting; I was now much too late for Aunt Durgin's, and my mother's manner had impressed me with the importance of it. Whatever might be the consequence, I had no space to blame but myself; that was the hardest to bear.

It was growing dark; I began to be frightened. Suppose I should not be able to make them hear at all! Suppose I DIED to stay cooped up right there! The thought was a terror. The house was in a block; other doors opened from office; people sometimes came out; even, as I know to my cost, a burglar once entered through an empty house and went down through several scuttle doors.

I began to feel a real panic; the thought of flinging myself over began to haunt me. That may seem foolish to you, perhaps; but try it once yourself, and if you can realize the hopelessness of making yourself heard by anything you can do, you will not be surprised that one gets nervous over it.

When I got wrought up to that pitch I chanced to notice three small boys in the yard of the tenement houses, looking up at me. I beckoned to them eagerly. They were gamins, their street education had sharpened their wits; they comprehended that I wanted them. As one boy they nodded, and started on a run around the block.

Hope entered my heart once more. I went to the front. There they were, and with them—oh, blessed relief!—two policemen.

They saw me, and then they and the three boys, and sundry others who had collected, disappeared in our area. Then a long time passed, parleying with Biddy, I suppose, trying to make her let them in.

I was in agony. Ten minutes, which seemed like an hour, passed, and, then, with a joy I never could have believed such a vision could inspire, I saw the head of a policeman above the garret roof.

But let me go back a little and tell how things went on in the house. About two hours after I had gone—as every one supposed—Biddy went up in room to dress. She was startled by mysterious sounding knocks, and voices, as she thought. She knew no one was in the house except my father downstairs. She was superstitious; she ran down with a wild face, and met my mother in the hall. She declared that there were "spirits" upstairs, whispering, and knocking and groaning.

My mother laughed at her, and went up to the third story. She too heard muffled knocks, and what sounded like voices, which she could not account for nor locate. She went into all the rooms; she looked in every closet; she saw the spring door closed, and she never thought of any one's being up there.

She was a little startled herself, though she did not think it was spirits, and she got father up there. He went to please her, though he poohed and said it was nonsense, etc. When he got there the noises had stopped; probably that was when I was coaxing the street boys. So he said "Nonsense" more emphatically than ever, and came down.

When the two policemen with their clubs pounded on the door and demanded admittance, and Biddy went to the door, she was scared again; and they walked right in.

"What do you want?" asked my father, meeting them in the hall.

"We want the madwoman on your roof," they said.

"Madwoman!" cried my mother, "a madwoman! That's what we heard! how could she have got there?"

When the door opened, and the head appeared above it—my relief, after the strain I had been under was so great that for the first time in my life I fainted away.

The policeman dragged me down some way, my head still tied up in the apron, and the old carpet trailing after me. They were about to carry me down the next flight, preparatory to carrying me off to the station, I suppose, when mother happened to catch sight of my face.

She shrieked: "Why, it's my daughter!"

Of course she took me in charge, and the policeman turned upon the crowd who had followed in from the street, drove them out and we were left alone.

When I came out of the faint, my nerves were all unstrung; I couldn't control myself; I laughed, I cried, I could hardly tell my story. The whole thing seemed so absurd and ridiculous, to be a prisoner on one's own roof for hours. And yet it had somehow been so tragical to me.

More tragical indeed than I dreamed; for that very evening the blow fell. Mother dispatched father at once to Aunt Durgin's to explain; but the answer he brought back was crushing.

Aunt had talked her plan over with my mother, made her promise secrecy, and invited me to tea, to talk it over and make her offer. It was—oh, it was—to have a year's study abroad! The one thing I wanted!

When I did not come, she thought it was because I did not want to be bothered to take tea with an old woman—she was always so suspicious; so she sent for Cousin Jane, who lived very near her, and made her the offer to go abroad. That was the news that father brought.

Jane didn't want to study, so she had a year of travel, and Aunt Durgin died before the end of it. So you see, my dear, if I hadn't been so careless that once, my life would have been very different, and I shouldn't have been a common music teacher all my days.—Olive Thorne Miller in Independent.

To Strike a Light with a Case.

Strike the blade of a knife, or other steel, and it contains so much flint that it will exhibit sparks in the dark.—Sunny Hour.

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PHONOGRAPH AS AMANUENSIS.

A New York Clergyman Who Delivers His Sermons to the Machine.

"How do I write my sermons?" repeated a certain noted divine in response to a reporter's question. "Well, to put it paradoxically, I write them with a phonograph."

The speaker was the pastor of one of the most fashionable churches in this city. He draws a salary of $15,000 a year, and, as becomes a preacher of his position, his sermons are notably eloquent and impressive. His house is richly and tastily furnished, and he sat in his cozy study as he laughingly made the remark above mooted.

At his side was a table on which were scattered books of reference. In front of him was a phonograph, quiet and attentive. He said that when the spirit moved him he would sit down and pour into the passive phonograph the appeals and arguments which were to be directed at his congregation later on. If a good idea came while engaged in reading he would commit it to the care of the machine. His assistant took out the roll every evening and transcribed it at his own home, where he had a duplicate phonographic machine.

But it is not only sermons that the doctor's phonograph records. Notes of business matters, couplets of verse and stories, which may be advantageously used in future discourses, are all intrusted to the mechanical auditor. The divine started the machine going while he was talking with the reporter and it poured forth a very edifying torrent of words. Suddenly this rather commonplace remark was ejected: "Dinner at Mrs. A——'s, Friday, 7 p. m.; must try and go."

Keeping right on the machine related an amusing story, in which the names of several prominent people were mentioned. Then the phonograph grew sentimental and reeled off some pathetic verses and, almost in the same breath as it were, came the words: "Put that in at the commencement of the seventh chapter. Send the barber around the first thing in the morning." And so it rattled away for fifteen minutes while its owner chatted.

The clergyman said that he had written his own sermons for years, but had grown weary of it. He had tried a stenographer, but the presence of another person in the room while preparing a sermon annoyed him. No human being could adjust himself to his wants as well as did the phonograph. It never grew tired or sleepy and seldom made mistakes, and so he had adopted it as his amanuensis.—New York Mail and Express.

The First Meerschaum Pipe.

In 1723 there lived in Pesth, the capital of Hungary, Karol Kowatoo, a shoemaker, whose ingenuity in cutting and working on wood brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that being porous, it would be well adapted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Karol cut a pipe for the count and one for himself. He would work on them at odd moments during working hours without wiping the wax from his hand. He noticed that the wax gave the pipes a pretty brown polish, and also that they smoked more sweetly.

Other noblemen, hearing of the wonderful species of clay, imported it in considerable quantities for the manufacture of pipes. The natural scarcity of this clay, known as meerschaum, and the great cost of importation in those days of limited facilities for transportation, rendered its use exclusively confined to the richest noblemen of Europe up to 1850, when it became a more general article of trade. The first meerschaum pipe made by Karol Kowatoo has been preserved, and is now in the museum at Pesth.—Montreal Star.

Handling Manuscripts with Gloves.

I was railroading a few days with the editor of one of the popular magazines. After some conversation we both turned to our reading, he occupying himself with a bundle of manuscripts which he carried in his valise. Before settling himself to reading he donned a pair of gloves, which led to the remark that this was certainly handling authors with gloves. "Yes," he replied, "you may construe it that way, but there is a more practical reason for my wearing gloves whenever I handle a quantity of manuscript at one time. The fact is, I do it as a self protection to health. We continually receive manuscripts from all kinds of people and from all sorts of homes and places. No one knows what sickness may be in some of the homes from which these manuscripts come. And so, some time ago, I made it a practice to don a pair of gloves when ever I sat down for magazine reading. There's nothing like being careful in all things, and in this case I thing care is exercised by not having a miscellaneous lot of manuscripts come in contact with my hands."—New York Letter in Chicago Journal.

An Adelaide, Australia, daily paper has in its employ three men named Day. One of them is called Monday because he is a clergyman, another, being the cashier, is called Pay Day, while the third, being a new reporter, goes by the name of Judgment Day.—Chicago Herald.

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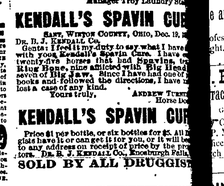

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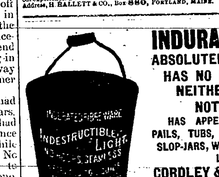

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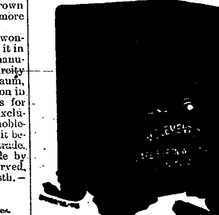

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VOL. III — ANDOVER, ALLEGANY COUNTY, N. Y., MAY 14, 1890. — NO. 38.

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GRAND DRAWING
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Lotería de la Beneficencia Pública,
OF THE
State of Zacatecas, Mexico.
A private corporation has secured the concession for operating this
LOTTERY,
which extends its business throughout the United States and British Columbia.
This will be found a list of prizes which will be drawn on
MAY 27, 1890,
IN ZACATECAS, MEXICO.
and continued monthly thereafter.
CAPITAL $150,000.00
Whole Tickets at $10; Halves, $5; Tenths, $1.; American Currency.
LIST OF PRIZES.
1 PRIZE OF ..... $150,000 is $150,000
1 PRIZE OF ..... 50,000 is 50,000
1 PRIZE OF ..... 25,000 is 25,000
2 PRIZES OF ..... 10,000 are 20,000
4 PRIZES OF ..... 5,000 are 20,000
10 PRIZES OF ..... 2,000 are 20,000
20 PRIZES OF ..... 1,000 are 20,000
100 PRIZES OF ..... 500 are 50,000
200 PRIZES OF ..... 200 are 40,000
300 PRIZES OF ..... 150 are 45,000
500 PRIZES OF ..... 100 are 50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.
99 PRIZES OF ..... $150 are $29,700
99 PRIZES OF ..... 100 are 19,800
99 PRIZES OF ..... 50 are 7,950
Total Number of Prizes of 50 are 49,950
Total $854,600
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Payment of prizes is guaranteed by a special deposit of five hundred thousand dollars ($500,000) in the State Government, and approved by the Archiep. Governor.
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WOMAN'S COLUMN.

At the closing public reception at the White House on Saturday, Mrs. Harrison did a very graceful thing. Among the promiscuous crowd was a crippled girl on crutches. Mrs. Harrison departed from the sensible rule of not shaking hands, in favor of the lame girl, and then asked her to sit down and rest, and stay as long as she liked. The girl's face shone with pleasure and gratification.

John W. Atherton of Kentucky, is the president of the National Liquor League. At one of the conventions of that society, an editor whose name we have, went to him in the capacity of a reporter and said, "Mr. Atherton, is not high license a concession to the temperance people, a step toward prohibition?" The answer of this clerical-looking, kind-faced, astute chief of the whiskey clans, was as follows, and might with great propriety be pinned in the hats of all true Christians who worship at the shrine of high licence: "Well, my boy, theoretically it is, but practically it is not." This is in line with the revelations recently made in the New York Voice concerning the method by which Pennsylvania was carried for license and Nebraska is likely to be.

Two thousand five hundred native christians of Canton have addressed an open letter to the Christian churches of England, imploring them to be active in securing the overthrow of the opium traffic. This year, the time fixed for the revision of the commercial treaty in reference to opium expires, and the Christians of India, to the number of several thousand, have petitioned the executive council and the Emperor of China to abolish the traffic. Canton makes its plea to christian England, basing it upon the baneful effects of the drug: "Our people are originally comparatively strong and healthy, but when they once acquire the opium habit they become mere weak skeletons and can neither eat nor sleep with comfort. This physical deterioration is transmitted to their children and grandchildren, and the curse of opium is seen in the injury it inflicts upon the very life of the people."

Working Women and Suffrage.

The Boston Globe says, in discussing woman suffrage:

In a trenchant letter on this subject, Joe Howard recently pointed out that our working women are at a disadvantage in the struggle for livelihood, because they have no political weight or power. Surely this will not be denied. Let the men engaged in any industry unite to ask for any reasonable legislation to improve their condition, and both parties are at once respectfully attentive. But where is the practical politician who cares whether a thousand, or two working women are satisfied or dissatisfied with the conditions of their employment? The Philanthropist, the humanitarian, the practical christian cares, but the practical politician simply says to himself that only votes count, and that when it comes to votes women are "not in it." And from this point of view the practical politician is right.

How long will it take the multitude of working women, competing for a share of the world's work and wages under these unequal conditions, to realize that the ballot is the only key that will ever unlock the door for their advancement? That, with votes in their hands to give or to withhold, they and their interests will at once become objects of political concern and legislative attention?

The cause of woman suffrage will be quickly won when the hosts of labor take it up in dead earnest as their own. Not only would the ballot help the women to larger consideration and higher compensation for their labor; it would improve the condition of working men also. Equal pay for equal labor, equal hours, equal conditions all round for both sexes would be the sure fruit for their equality before the law and at the polls.

FROM IOWA TO THE ROCKIES.

Rev. E. H Socwell Describes Such a Trip Taken by Himself.

III.

We have had a good night's rest and are now ready to learn something of this city, Pueblo, and to visit some points of interest within its limits.

The name Pueblo is a Spanish word meaning 'village' and was given originally by the Spaniards to a tribe of Indians living in what is now New Mexico. Pueblo, the second city in size in the state, is situated upon either bank of the Arkansas river, standing on the rising and somewhat hilly ground on the north and the mesa (pronounced macy) or table-land on the south, while the two portions of the city are connected by numerous bridges spaning the river on all principal streets and which together with the levees have cost the city more than $100,000.

A street railway system operates on all the principal streets. A telephone system, an arc-electric light, an incadescent light, gas, fire department, free postal delivery, fire alarm, churches, three hospitals, good schools and a public library are some of the enterprising features of the city. Within a few miles of the city are the greatest coal fields of the United States, according to the late geological survey, and a few miles further away are 1,000,000 acres of coal lands that range in thickness from 6 to 9 feet in measurement. Coal retails in city for $3.50 to $5 per ton. Iron ore is found near the city in sufficient quantity to keep the city steel works busy for decades to come and the ore is of the quality necessary for the successful manufacture of Bessemer steel. Near the city are numerous oil wells yielding immense quantities of good petroleum, and new wells are being sunk constantly.

In the city are four large silver smelters employing more than 2,000 men constantly and treating annually more than 5,000,000 tons of precious ore. Besides bullion these mills produce refined silver and gold, refined lead, lead pipe, bar-lead and copper. The steel works produce pig iron, speigle pig, Bessemer steel rails, iron pipe, and merchant bar iron. The city has two Iron founderies and machine shops, a brass foundery, cracker factory, pickle and vinegar works, two broom factories, two planing mills, two public sampling works and many other minor industries.

In one year two hundred residences were built, mostly of brick, within the city limits valued at $375,000.

The railroad companies having lines entering the city recently expended $300,000 in erecting a large union depot. The City Hall, a fine structure, cost $50,000, and $15,000 was recently expended in erecting two new church edifices. A new opera house is now nearing completion and is a beautiful and commodious building; the main walls being brick while the fronts, on two streets, are made of the red rock from the Garden of the Gods, equaling in beauty any Terra Cotta productions I ever saw. The cost of the building when completed will be $225,000. Excavations are being made for a new Board of Trade building which is to cost $50,000.

The population of the city is 30,000; altitude 4,660 feet. Freight trade is 2,000 cars per day. For local consumption 125 cars per day. Passenger business 50,000 per month. Six Banks with capital of 676,000. Smelting output is $890,000 per month. Steel works output two hundred and seventy thousand dollars per month. Wholesale business six hundred forty thousand dollars per month. Monthly pay roll is one hundred eighty thousand dollars.

Some of my friends near Andover thought I was going beyond civilization when I moved to Iowa, but the above are some of the statistics of a city located almost a thousand miles west of us.

Among other places I visited one of the enormous silver smelters in company with the foreman of one of the night shafts. My guide was well versed in the art of smelting and spared no pains in making my visit through the works both pleasant and profitable. We began our visit at the ore yard where long train loads of the precious ore, just from the mines, were being unloaded and the different ores mixed in proper proportions for the 'charges,' ready for smelting. We were shown through the entire works, having each process fully explained and receiving specimens of each variety of ore and quartz as well as specimens from each furnace, till at last we found the pure coin silver and gold ready to be locked up in the huge fire and burglar proof vault. We now have our collection of ores, quartz, &c., safe at home, forming quite a cabinet and one which we prize.

"Bronchos," the wild horses of the plains, are to be seen everywhere in the city used chiefly for saddle and carriage horses. The patient little "burrow," a donkey of small size, with his heavy pack load or drawing his load in a cart, is seen plodding his way through the streets daily.

The water of this country is strongly alkali, so much so that when any quantity of it is poured upon the ground and allowed to soak into the earth there is left upon the surface a white crust of pure alkali.

On one afternoon I took a stroll into the eastern part of the city to visit old Pueblo, or Mexican Town, which is said to be more than one hundred years old. This part of the city is built upon a level tract of land at the foot of a gravel hill which shelters them from north winds, and is inhabitated by 'Mexican Greasers,' a dark-complexioned, filthy, wicked set. Their hovels are chiefly built back against the bold front of the hill; the fronts of of many of them being made of slabs, while the rear is a burrow made in the hill.

Across the Santa Fe Ry. from this settlement is the 'Dago' or Italian settlement, which is as dirty and full of corruption as the settlement just mentioned. These two quarters constitute the 'Flats,' or slums of the city, and a very large amount of the crime of the city is traced directly to these haunts of wickedness.

Many of the people who live further east would think we had almost got out west when we were set down in Pueblo or surrounding country, but I found the mania for 'going west' just as strong in Colorado as in N. Y., and I often think it is stronger. I found many persons in Pueblo who declared that 'this eastern country can't hold me any longer, I'm going west.' While traveling through the Centennial state, lingering amid its grand and beautiful scenery and visiting its busy, thrumming cities I was reminded of its rapid development and quick settlement. But a few years ago this country was the hunting grounds for the Indian. Here roamed immense herds of buffalo and antelope and wild horses, while the nights were made hideous with the growls and snarlings of the wolf and mountain lion. Now, as I beheld the country with its teeming population, its developed resources, its great railway systems and its advanced stage of civilization, I involuntarily call to mind the words of Whittier:

"Behind the squaw's [illegible]
The steamer rocks and [illegible]
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.
I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be.
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a mighty sea.
The rudiments of Empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

We have tarried at Pueblo as long as we have time and must return to our family in Iowa, but we have already wearied you so we will say good by until next week.

E. H. SOCWELL.

GARWIN, IOWA, May 6.

The Ghost Discovered.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Paetz of Indianapolis, were almost ready for several weeks to believe that a ghost was hovering over their peaceful home. A month ago a queer noise was heard in their sitting room. At first it was supposed to be in the natural gas stove, but when they would listen it would escape them and go into another part of the room. At times the ghost moaned like a person in great pain, and at other times it would roar like a great planing mill or a steamboat.

Plumber after plumber was sent for, natural gas inspectors were consulted, but no one was able to locate the strange noise. Mr. and Mrs. Paetz were about ready to give up the haunted house, when John Keen, the picture frame dealer, undertook to find out where the sound came from.

Examining the walls of the room in Mr. Paetz's house, Mr. Keen found near the stove a burnt spot in the wall paper. In the center of this spot was a cracked place, hardly perceptible to the eye. When a hand was held over the spot the noise ceased. The vibrations of the air through this crevice had caused the noises and frightened Mr. and Mrs. Paetz to believe in ghosts.

The hole was plastered up and the family are happy again.—Indianapolis News.

Fortunes from Provisions.

"Many fortunes were made," said Gen. Sherman, "by the sale of provisions to the miners that I remember, but there was one incident of this kind that rather surprised me. When the gold fever broke out the whole United States army engaged with Mexico was stationed in and around Monterey. When the news of gold being discovered first circulated among the troops they began to desert by whole companies, and in a few weeks the army was reduced to about half its original size. A large quantity of army stores had just been received, and there being no one to use them, they soon began to spoil. It was finally decided to sell them by auction, and they were put up for sale. The bidding was not very active, and three men, among them an army chaplain, bought the whole lot for $2,000. They arranged to have the goods sent up to the mining camps by giving the men who took them up one-third of the profits. They were sold to the miners, and when the accounts had been settled it was found that each man had made $30,000 clear of expenses."—New York Herald.

People Over 100 Years Old.

St. Anthony subsisted on a few ounces of bread soaked in water daily, never changed his raiment day or night, and never voluntarily washed. An old man, bald and hearty at 97, had been from his youth up a sucker and chawer of the strongest and rankest tobacco. Two rooms in which lived Mr. Levy, who lived to be 105, were "seldom swept and never washed," while she herself never washed even her face and neck, but smeared them daily with hog's lard, enlivening her cheeks with rose pink. Her opinion was that people who washed themselves always caught cold." Of these instances, all that can be said is, if they lived so long in spite of their hygienic transgressions how much longer would they have existed without them. One man is recorded who married twice after he was 100 years old, another three times, and a third one who took his tenth wife after he had lived to be 106.—Boston Herald.