And then (so comf-riably p'sced!) Suppose you only grew aware hat that dear, dainty little walst Of hers' looked very lovely there;
Pray tell me, scoth—what would you do?
I know—and so do you!

Then, having do e what I just did With not a fr wn to check or chill, Suppose her red lips seemed to bid Defiance to your lordly will; Oh, ted me, sweet, what would you do?

I know-and so do you! -[Eugene Field.

# Hunting a Moonshiner.

BY M. M. POLSOM.

BY M. M. FOLSOM.

"We were very much puzzled over a certain locality in the Cut Log region of the Blue Ridge Mountains," said Revenue Collector Chapman, as he leaned back in his chair. "We knew very well that whisky was being made in the neighborhood, but so carefully concealed was the habitat of the moonshiners that we were unable to obtain any clue to it. There had been a distillery in that neighborhood some ten or a dozen years ago, run by a noted moonshiner—old Reub Davis—but times had become so hot for him that he suddenly decamped, giving out the report that he was going to Texas. It has been so long since his disappearance that people had almost forgotten him.

"Still we were puzzled. Our deputies disappearan gotten him. "Still we

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outer or length of gotten him.

'Still we were puzzled. Our deputies could find evidence unimpeachable of the existence of a contraband distillery by hanging around the little cross-roads villages and attending the different gat herings where 'corn juice' and apple jack were plentiful; but although the base of supplies could be traced almost to the fountain head, the exact place of deposit could never be found. Many and many a weary never be found. Many and many a weary tramp did we take among those rugged mountains and dark ravines, night and day, in sun and rain, but still we were baffled.

baffled.

"Finally we decided on making a reg-ular ring hunt for the culprit, and bright and carly one morning I started out with three of my keenest deputies, determined three of my keeps the consistency of the spend the frosty night in the woods. I sent two of the men in one direction and set out across the Cut Log ridge with Mo-

out across the Cut Log ridge with Mo-Donald.

"Reaching a point near the summit, I caught a whiff of the familiar flavor, and halting began to look around for some ciue as to its source. Perched away up on the mountainside, overhanging a brawling brook that came tumbling down across the road we were traveling, I spied a shabby-looking cabin whion would have appeared uninhabited save for a little curl of smoke ascending lazily from the rough rock chimney. Bidding McDonald remain with the horses, I climbed the mountain, and approaching the low doorway I accosted an old woman who was looking after her household work. Everything was as innocent and unsuspicious as if there was not a drop of contraband in forty miles of the spot.

"May I get a light for my mine?"

he spot.
'May I get a light for my pipe?'

'Ya-as; wait a minit and I'll fetch you a splinter.'
"'No, don't trouble. I'll just come

in and get it myself.'
"'Oh, the house ain't fitten for ye to

come into,' she replied, eyeing me sus-

come into,' she replied, eyeing me suspiciously.

"That's all right, ma'am. I'm used to that sort of thing.'

"As I said this: I stepped in, and, advancing to the fireplace, I stooped as if to light my pipe, but at the same time it occurred to me that the chinney was unusually thick in the back wall.

"Your old man isn't in?' I said.

"You're a widow, then?'

"Yes, so fur as I know. My old man went off more'n ten years ago. Said he were a goin' to Texas,' and I hain't hearn a word from him from that day till this.'

"On account of the revynue men. Ye see he used to make a little licker and they found out about it, and he had to skin ont."

"What is your name?"
"Bavis, Sarah Ann Davis. I'm havin's a hard time of it, and have had these many seers, with nobody to look after fine but myself; but thank the Lord, Fve managed to keep soul and body together."

All this time she was talking in such a meek and innocent way that my suspicions were half disarmed; but still I was unsatisfied, as that whiff of savory steam, that thick-back chimney, and the name of the woman, coupled with the history of old Reub. Davis, had aroused my suspicions.

a little dram hereabouts?" I remarked?

a little dram hereabouts?" I remarked to "God bless you, not as I knows of. I hever tech it, for I'm a strick church member and ef I did I wouldn't know

member and ef I did I wouldn't know whar to start to git a drap of licker.'
"'Much obliged. Good merning.'
"'Good-by, sir. Wish I could accommodate ye, but I cun'ts!
"Descending the path I met a gawkish-looking lad driving an oxteam, leaded with wood, up's crooked road toward the cabin. He eyed me askant, but continued his tollsome journey without stopping to epeak.

out continued his toilsome journey without stopping to speak.

Mobosald, said I, you may think what you please, but we're right close to the den If wa cast knee how to becate it.

"Then I related all the electrostances,

colling and the first see oed to the cable there is a videret that ob-troof the rade is wideret that ob-troofed the rade rade just below where it intersected with the road we were

"Mack, weit here a minute, there is, no harm in's little investigation," and I made my way dewn to the thicket, in which I noticed an old door shutter lying negligently, half concealed by the brambles. Making my way to it, Lears found the mouth of a cavern, which, though nerrow, showed signs of recent though nerrow, showed signs of recent use. Calling to McDonald to fasten the horses and join me, we were soon exploring the cave. A descent of a dozen steps brought us to a turn in the cave and a rough door. I gave it a kick, but there was no response, except a hollow wait here a minute; there is and a rough door. I gave it a kick, but there was no response, except a hollow reverberation which indicated a con-

reverberation which indicated a considerable apartment beyond.

"Get me a rock and I'll break it in,' I called to McDonald, but just then I was startled by a shriek in the rear.

"Don't kill. him! Please don't kill him! and down came the old woman I had seen at the cabin. 'If you won't kill him!'ll let you in.'

"We don't want to kill anybody,' I replied. 'So go ahead.'

"She produced a rusty key and unlocked the door, which grated roughly against the rock as it turned on its rude wooden hinges.

"Come up. Reuben: they've found it out.' she gried.

wooden hinges.

"Come up. Reuben: they've found it out, she cried, but no Reuben answered. Oh, you've scart him clean to death, fur he weren't well nohow," and she dived into the cave and we at her heels. A stight glimpse of a smoutdering blazer guided us. and we were soon blundering among tubs and kegs, from among which we dragged the body of a man.
"Wake up, old man, and kindle a ight," said I.
""Mister, I'll go, ef you'll promise not to hurt me."

to hurt me.'

"No danger of that. Come on.'

"Well, sir, he was the most forlorn and abject specimen of moonshiner I ever saw. He looked as if he hadn't seen the light in ten years, and I think he hardly had. He had spent his days in the cave since he pretended to leave for Texas, venturing forth only at night, and then with every possible precaution.

"The cave, partly natural and partly artificial, extended as far as the center of the main highway, which ran along the side of the bluff at that point, and our men had ridden over it unsuspectingly hundreds of times.

"He brought the water through a covered pipe from a spring above the house, and by a cunningly-contrived counter-pipe, conveyed the smoke and steam to and up the rear of that double chimney, thus concealing every trace above. Below he let the slops down by a subterranean ditch to a point where the little brook descended into a wild and wooded glen, broken by many cascades, so that he trace of it could be discovered wooded glen, broken by many cascades, so that no trace of it could be discovered in that direction.

"The mouth of the cave was so care-

fully concealed that in hauling wood a few sticks could be thrown off, as if by accident, and carried down after dark, as were the raw materials for the distillery, and in the same n anuer the liquor co be taken out in small kegs and carted

"It looked almost like a shame to de-"It looked almost like a sname to de-stroy such a place of ingenuity, but of course we did our duty, although the old man fairly blubbered as he saw his still broken up, his kegs removed, his tubs of mash overturned, and all his intubs of mash overturned, and all his ingenious safeguards exposed to the gaze of the world. He was sent up for five years, but he did not serve out his time. The discovery and exposure, together with the enforced habits of prison life, proved the death of him."—[Atlanta Journal.

#### Rain in Japan.

During the summer season in Japan droughts are very frequent, and the rice fields, before so beautiful, presenting as they do all the different shades of green innumerable, gradually lose their brilliancy of color, turn yellow and parched and threaten the total destruction of the crop. Not only does the rice suffer, but the wells dry up and necessitate the carrying of water from long distances. So a drought in Japan is indeed a great

So-a-drought in Japan is indeed a great calamity.

After waiting long and hoping for a downfall of rain, the people turn en masse to evoke the power of their deities to send them the saving showers. A procession is formed of perhaps 200 men, hearly naked, who, carrying straw emblems representing the sun with the rain pouring from it, and with long streamers having prayers written on them flying in the wind, proceed to the nearest river or buy, where the whole company wade into water until they are waist-deep, and surrounding the emblems, pray aloud and throw water on the images with both liands.

throw water on the images with both hands.

After doing this several times the procession is reformed, when it proceeds to the temple to pray agrin. This ceremony is repeated several times, and should the rain come in abundance prayers are offered in thanksgiving; should it be only a shower they blame themselves for not having prayed fervently enough, and continue their devotions until a downpour takes place.

Another form of devotion for the same purpose takes place at nightfall, when a long boat is filled with men and paddled swiltly across the harbor, accompanying the prayers by the regular beatings of tom-toms and gongs. Sometimes at night, away down the bay, may be heard the weird sound of the tom-toms and the volces of the men gradually growing leadered landers as a wifely and gradually growing leadered landers as wifely and gradually distinct the search man bending to his paddles in regular time if the paragraphs.

The strange disapparance of Milton Readley from his hame at El Dorado, Kanesa, three years ago, was a local sensation of the hour. His confession of sation of the hour. His consession or identity and his death at Parsons revive the interest in the old story, though they do not solve the mystery of his dis-

identity and his death at Parsons revive the interest in the old story, though they do not solve the mystery of his disappearance.

Bradley was a prominent man in Butler County, Kanass. He was wealthy, owning several farms, and when elected county, treasurer moved to El Dorado, the county seat, where he lived and served two or three terms.

When he left the farm he developed a great passion for fishing. One day Bradley hitched up his covered spring wagon, put a small tent and some cooking utensils in the wagon, with his fishing pole, shot gun and rations, and started for a three weeks' outing trip. After he left the bridge agross the Walnut at El Dorada he was never seen there again. The very ravines of the Walnut might have swallowed him up, so far sa any clue as to his whereabouts was concerned. He was a prominent Odd Fellow and that organization spent several thousand dollars trying to find him. The "fiint hills," twenty miles east of El Doradó—a wild stretch of country wherein there is a "dead man's gulch" and all sorts of cairns and gulleys—were searched. The Walnut River was dragged for his body. But wagon, gun, tent, man and dog were completely obliterated, it seemed.

The newspapers contained detailed descriptions of the lost man. A wandering man was found in Arkanssa—the usual Arkanssa wild man of the woods—but he was not identified—as Bradley by the saarching party from El Dorado that treed the crazy man near Bentôwille. Another wild man turned up in Arizona. The county commissioners of Butler County sent Mrs. Bradley down there with the sheriff, but the trip was useless. Every little while photographs of some strange man would appear at El Dorado to be identified as Bradley, but none of them tallied.

As the months wore by into years the matter was dropped and Bradley was

tallied.

As the months wore by into years the matter was dropped and Bradley was given up for dead. His estate was probated and, though he held thousands of dollars in trust for others, every cent was accounted for and no one suffered the loss of a penny. His son and daughter and his wife mourned him as dead. And as such the community accepted him.

Anu as such the community accepted him.

As such he was to his former life, after he left the bridge on the Walnut. From that moment he began another existence. He went to Parsons, where he began life anew as a farm hand; he was then a man of nearly sixty years, but manual labor, though he had not been used to it for twelve years, did not discourage him. He did not breathe of his identity, of his social position and his political influence in Butler County, but persisted in his new life. He read the story of his own disappearance, of the search for him, of the mistakes of his frieads, of the grief of his wife and children, and was silent.

A few moments before he died he revealed himself to his new found friends. But he did not explain his departure; that was his secret and, being always a silent man, he died with it unspoken. His wife has identified the remains, and they will be interred in the bleak little graveyard on the wind-swept hill over looking the little town where his success in life was attained and where the people who knew him wonder and surmise and gossip about the cause of the strange deed which marked his latter days.—

[Kansas-City Star.

Quebracho Wood for Railway Sleepers.

The Quebracho Colorado wood is described by Georges Poulet as being of a blood red color, very bright when freshly cut: It is found in great abundance in large forests in North Argentina. The wood so far has only been appreciated in in large forests in North Argentina. The wood so far has only been appreciated in Europe by tanners, as it contains a large proportion (said to vary from fifteen to twenty per cent.) of its weight in tannin, to the presence of which the author ascribes its extraordinary durability. It is stated that when, for the purpose of extending railways in the province of Santa Fe, posts which had surrounded grazing inclosures were taken up, the wood, though having been for 150 years, and sometimes longer, in ground alternately purched by great heat or sodden by tropical rains, appeared to be in as good condition as though recently cut. The wood is specially suitable for railways sleepers, on account on the stability it gives, from its durability and weight, and by its freedom from attack by insects.

It weights shout seventy sight rounds

sects.

It weighs about seventy eight pounds percubic foot, does not decay, and is not compressible, so that holes must be bored clear through the wood, and equal to the diameter of the bolts, etc., used.

is calculated by the author that a saws sleeper, f. o. b. at the port of shipment, would cost with freight to Europe (reckoning eightsleepers to the ton) about \$1.55.—[Scientific American.] merican.

#### A Novel Business.

One of the novel business trades of Boston is that of a dealer in secondhand plate glass. Nearly all of this glass is bought by the dealer from insurance companies. The large plates of this kind of glass are insured when put in a window, and when any of them is broken the owner of the injured glass usually prefers that the insurance company should replace the broken piece rather than that he should be paid its price. The dealer in the secondhand glass contribute to utility novel business trades of

SHOULD be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of

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the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal

Pure. Baking Powder, through the action of its ingredients upon each other in the loaf while baking, itself produces the necessary gas and leaves the wholesome properties of the flour unimpaired.

It is not possible with any other leavening agent to make such wholesome and delicious bread, biscuit, rolls, cake, pastry, griddle-cakes, doughnuts, etc.

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

A TREE ON FIRE.

No Flame Could be Seen, Yet it Smoked for Months.

The Bennington (Vt.) Banner tells the

for Months.

The Bennington (Vt.) Banner tells the story of a remarkable occurrence to a great elm tree which stood in the township of Williamstown, Mass., not far from the Vermont line. The tree was one of great size, and was a landmark for all the country about.

Twenty years ago a Williams College professor measured it, and found its first limb to be one hundred and five feet above the ground, and the trunk twenty-four feet in circumference.

This tree continued to grow and thrive until, during a recent night, it was, as all supposed, struck by lightning. Large pieces of bark were stripped off and thrown many yards away. The ground was dug up, and a limb two feet in diameter thrown down. Next day the tree was seen smoking at the top. It was thought to be hollow, and that the lightning had set it on fire. No flame was to be seen, but smoke poured out as from a smokestack.

During the latter part of summer the tree, was struck by lightning a second time, but the difference was made in its 1 appearance by the second bolt. It continued to smoke on steadily.

Weeks and months went by, and the tree still smoked. Suddenly a great piller of flame shot upward from the elin tree twenty five feet into the sir. It was seen by several people in the neigh borhood, who came rushing to find out what it might be. The flame was a companied by a roar like that of a watertall. No immediate inspection was made of the trunk of the tree, but some

companied by a roar like that of a water tall. No immediate inspection was made of the trunk of the tree, but some time afterward it was examined.

It had now been burned away until it was not more than thirty-five or forty feet high. In the the centre of this xtub was found a substance which resembled molion metal, and was slowly burning its way down through the tree. At quantity of this substance was remoged, and was sent to Williams College for examination. Portions of it were also sent to Bennington and placed on exhibition there.

bition there.

It is of a light brown color, and about the weight of hard stone. It has a greasy feeling, and the taste resembles that of potash. Pendling the report of the Williams College analyzers, it is supposed to be meteoric metal; and it is also supposed that the tree was struck, not by lightning, but by a meteor, which remained, with the aid of the tree's wood, incandescent, for more than three months. It is not, indeed, known that the fire in the tree is yet extinguished.

The tree could not have been hollow or decayed, for, if it had been, it would have burned much more rapidly. Previous cases are on record in which trees have been set on fire by meteors, but none, perhaps, in which a tree has so long afforded combustible material for a heavenly missile. bition there.
It is of a light brown color, and about

heavenly missile.

It is said that pans: leaves spread amon: furs and woolens wil. protect them from moths.

### Old Time Methods

Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know

of treating that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

**Scott's Emulsion** 

phosphites, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y.

Horny-Handed Gentlemen.

An Englishman in Fiorida being forced for the first time in his life to earn his bread with his hands, found himself thrown daily, in contact with American laborers. His fellow workmen easily saw that he was not accust med to such work and that he was a man of excellent education and bringing up. They did not realize, perhaps, that he, too, was taking silent note of their conduct. When, however, fortune again smiled upon him and he made his way to New York he declared to acquaintances here that his late companions were gentlemen, every one. They had shown him the utmost consideration, and they fothore, with a declicacy he had not expected, to ask questions touching his past and the cause of his ill luck.—[New York Sun.

Vandyke b ought portraiture to the highest degree of parasta a. U 44

#### ALL RUN DOWN.

Tired, Sleepless, Discouraged. Swamp-Root Cured Me.

Amsterdam, N. Y. June 9, 1893.



Fain in the Back and across the kidneys and was generally run down, had no ambition to do anything; in fact, my life was a burden; could not sleep nights, was completely discouraged and gare up of ever being any better. I took SWAMP-ROOT and am now able to do most of the work as usual and feel like a different person. Dr. Kilmer's

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