

Suppose, my dear, that you were
And by your side you were
The distance 'twixt you, were too great;
Now tell me, dear, what would you do?
I know—and so do you?
And then (so comfortably placed)
Suppose you only grew aware
That that dear, dainty little waist
Of hers looked very lovely there;
Pray tell me, dear, what would you do?
I know—and so do you!
Then, having done what I just did
With not a far wren to check or chill,
Suppose her red lips seemed to bid
Defiance to your lordly will;
Oh, tell me, sweet, what would you do?
I know—and so do you!
—[Eugene Field.]

Hunting a Moonshiner.

BY M. M. FOLSON.

"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 habit 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 could find evidence unimpeachable of the existence of a contraband distillery by hanging around the little cross-roads villages and attending the different gait herings where 'corn juice' and apple cake 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 tramp did we take among those rugged mountains and dark ravines, night and day, in sun and rain, but still we were baffled."

"Finally we decided on making a regular ring hunt for the culprit, and bright and early one morning I started out with three of my keenest deputies, determined to make a haul before night or else 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 McDonald."

"Reaching a point near the summit, I caught a whiff of the familiar flavor, and halting began to look around for some clue 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 which 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 unsuspecting as if there was not a drop of contraband in forty miles of the spot."

"May I get a light for my pipe?" I asked.

"Yes; wait a minute 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 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 chimney was unusually thick in the back wall."

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

"I hain't got an old man."

"You're a widow, then?"

"Yes, so far 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."

"Why did he leave?"

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

"What is your name?"

"Davis, Sarah Ann Davis. I'm havin' a hard time of it, and have had these many years, with nobody to look after me but myself; but thank the Lord, I've 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 dissipated; 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.

"I suppose a traveler couldn't get a little dram hereabouts?" I remarked.

"God bless you, not as I know of. I never tech it, for I'm a strict church member and ef I did I wouldn't know whar to start to get a drop of lickin'."

"Much obliged. Good morning."

"Good-by, sir. Wish I could accommodate ye, but I can't."

"Descending the path I met a gawkish-looking lad driving an ox-team, loaded with wood, up a crooked road toward the cabin. He eyed me askant, but continued his toilsome journey without stopping to speak."

"McDonald said I, you may think what you please, but we're right close to the den. If we only knew how to locate it."

"Then I related all the circumstances."

The strange disappearance of Milton Bradley from his home at El Dorado, Kansas, three years ago, was a local sensation of the hour. His confession of 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, Kansas. 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 across the Walnut at El Dorado he was never seen there again. The very ravines of the Walnut might have swallowed him up, so far as 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 "dint hills," twenty miles east of El Dorado—a wild stretch of country wherein there is a "dead man's gulch" and all sorts of cañons 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 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 appearance by the second bolt. It continued to smoke on steadily.

Weeks and months went by, and the tree still smoked. Suddenly a great pillar of flame shot upward from the elm tree twenty five feet into the air. It was seen by several people in the neighborhood, who came rushing to find out what it might be. The flame was accompanied by a roar like that of a waterfall. 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 center of this stub was found a substance which resembled molten metal, and was slowly burning its way down through the tree. A quantity of this substance was removed, and was sent to Williams College for examination. Portions of it were also sent to Bennington and placed on exhibition there.

It is of a light brown color, and about the weight of hardstone. It has a greasy feeling, and the taste resembles that of potash. Pending 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.

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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 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 parched 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 railway sleepers, on account of the stability it gives, from its durability and weight, and by its freedom from attack by insects.

It weighs about seventy-eight pounds per cubic 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.

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

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 contrives to utilize that number of the unbroken part of the plate.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure.

Should be used wherever yeast has served heretofore. Yeast acts by fermentation and the destruction of part of the gluten of the flour to produce the leavening gas. Royal 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.

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

Horny-Handed Gentlemen.

An Englishman in Florida 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 accustomed 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 forbore, with a delicacy he had not expected, to ask questions touching his past and the cause of his ill luck.—[New York Sun.]

Vandyke's ought portrait to the highest degree of perfection. U 44

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Amsterdam, N. Y. June 9, 1893.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen—I ought to have written you long ago of the great good your Swamp-Root

has done for me. For a long time I had been troubled with a

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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 gave 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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It has helped me more than any other medicine I have ever used and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for the wonderful benefit I have derived. Mrs. H. Mabey Suits.

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Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands where all others failed; will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For Lane Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S PLASTER, 25cts.

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Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50cts. Injector free.

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No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them in easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor wire for the rivets. They are strong, tough and durable. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or send etc. in stamp for a box of 100, assorted sizes. Made by JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WALTHAM, MASS.

10 CENTS (11.75¢) pays for handsome PEOPLE'S JOURNAL, 1 year on trial and address in the "Agents' Directory." Our patrons get baskets of mail. Try it. T. D. Campbell, 233, Boylston, Ind.

PISO'S CURF FOR Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use PISO'S CURF. It has cured thousands. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

Old Time Methods of treating Colds and Coughs were based on the idea of suppression. We now know that "feeding a cold" is good doctrine.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites, a rich fat-food, cures the most stubborn cough when ordinary medicines have failed. Pleasant to take; easy to digest.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All druggists.

"Better Work Wisely Than Work Hard." Great Efforts are Unnecessary in House Cleaning if you Use

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